撒母耳·卢瑟福出生于1600年苏格兰的尼斯贝特附近，他在1627年成为了安沃斯教会的牧师。

安沃斯是一个乡村教区，会众们分散在山上的农场里工作，卢瑟福在这里孜孜不倦地牧养。他有一颗真正的牧者之心，总是为羊群不停地工作。会众谈到卢瑟福时会说："他总是祈祷，总是教导，总是探访病人，总是写作和学习。"

然而，他在安沃斯的最初几年，却被悲伤所吞没。他的妻子病了一年零一个月，在他们的新家去世。他的两个孩子也在此期间死亡。但是，神却用这段苦难的时间来预备卢瑟福，使他格外能安慰心灵破碎的人。

1636年，卢瑟福出版了一本书捍卫恩典的教义的作品以对抗阿米念主义。这使得他与英国主教制统治的教会当局发生冲突，进而被流放到阿伯丁。

这次流亡对这位可爱的牧师来说，是一次痛苦的考验，因为他觉得与自己的羊群分离是难以忍受的。然而，正是因着他的流亡，我们现在有许多他写给他羊群的书信——他遭遇放逐的邪恶，变成了一个伟大的祝福，为世界各地经历不同伤痛的人带来深切的安慰。

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尊贵的罗伯特·兰德夫人：

愿恩惠、怜悯和平安归于您！我为您灵魂的兴盛，并所结出的属灵硕果而深感快慰！

要知道，这一切都是得益于祂的管教，在祂充满疼痛的杖下，您得以在少年时期就与祂熟识，不再将祂视为陌生人。这是主的恩慈，祂在烈火中要炼净我们身上的渣滓。唉，究竟有多少人能够体察，在我们进入天 国之前，需要剔除自身何样的杂质？天国之门是如此狭窄，以至于我们何等念念不忘的——我们的自尊、自爱、偶像之爱、世俗之爱——这些一堆一堆的东西，必须被一锤一锤地敲去。唯有如此，我们才能屈下身子、弯下腰，爬进那狭窄而多刺的入口。

现在，对我自己而言，住在祂这火炉旁，把帐篷搭在祂这磐石上，是最甜蜜、最神圣的生活。祂是最可靠的、最坚实的地土。

我感谢祂，因为祂在我的旷野里教导我，使我明白不要将祂和虚浮的人混在一起，因为祂就是祂，魔鬼就是魔鬼，世界就是世界，不义就是不义——万物皆为其自身。因此，请您不要用一张网，一根线，将祂和祂甜蜜的爱，与尘世和尘世一切的它物交织在一起。是哦，如果我自己能持定祂，不将祂和别的混合在一起，这就足够了！

是啊，如果我能在眼泪中，贬低我那可诅咒的自我价值和重量，并学会如何将祂的价值和重量提升到两倍、三倍......数百万倍，那就太好了。但即便如此，我仍然是病态的学者，即使我迈进了天堂的大门，我也仍然要学另一半的功课。是哦，只要我们在时间的手下，我们就永远是愚拙的小孩子......是的，在新耶路撒冷，我们仍然需要宽恕和医治的恩典。

我发现，十字架是祂为我们雕刻的作品，祂又用十字架把我们雕刻成祂自己的形象，剜去我们的邪恶和败坏。祂切割，祂雕刻，祂挫伤......祂做任何事，为要使父在我们身上的形象变得完全，使我们因着荣耀而相遇。

请为我祷告（我常常想念您），主若愿意，就恳请祂借我一间屋子，让我能传讲祂的公义，并述说我在祂身上所听见、所看见的荣美。

不要忘记，在祂的坟墓和熔炉中有锡安山，祂将从那施行祂的工作。愿恩惠与您同在。

您的撒母耳·卢瑟福

1638年1月4日于阿伯丁

https://mp.weixin.qq.com/s/2GjXWl1eg0MMoV52VZgN1w

LVIII. To LADY ROBERT LAND

Like many other of the great ladies of the Covenant, some of whom we

have already met in these letters, and others of whom are in the full

collection, Lady Robertland was a woman of deep personal faith and of

devoted service to the cause of Christ. She was noted, too, for her

witty and fascinating conversation and her way of illustrating

spiritual truth by most vivid and homely similes and parables.

MISTRESS, -- Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. -- I shall be glad to

hear that your soul prospereth, and that fruit growth upon you, after

the Lord's husbandry and pains, in His rod that has not been a stranger

to you from your youth. It is the Lord's kindness that He will take the

scum off us in the fire. Who knoweth how needful winnowing is to us,

and what dross we must want ere we enter into the kingdom of God? So

narrow is the entry to heaven, that our knots, our bunches and lumps of

pride, and self-love, and idol-love, and world-love, must be hammered

off us, that we may thring in, stooping low, and creeping through that

narrow and thorny entry.

And now for myself, I find it the most sweet and heavenly life to

take up house and dwelling at Christ's fireside, and set down my tent

upon Christ, that Foundationstone, who is sure and faithful ground and

hard under foot. I thank God that God is God, and Christ is Christ, and

the earth the earth, and the devil the devil, and the world the world,

and that sin is sin, and that everything is what it is; because He has

taught me in my wilderness not to shuffle my Lord Jesus, nor to

intermix Him with creature-vanities, nor to spin or twine Christ or His

sweet love in one web, or in one thread, with the world and the things

thereof. Oh, if I could hold and keep Christ all alone, and mix Him

with nothing! Oh, if I could cry down the price and weight of my cursed

self, and cry up the price of Christ, and double, and triple, and

augment, and heighten to millions the price and worth of Christ. But we

are still ill scholars, and will go in at heaven's gates wanting the

half of our lesson; and shall still be bairns, so long as we are under

time's hands, and till eternity cause a sun to arise in our souls that

shall give us wit. We may see how we spill and mar our own fair heaven

and our salvation, and how Christ is every day putting in one bone or

other, in these fallen souls of ours, in the right place again; and

that on this side of the New Jerusalem, we shall still have need of

forgiving and healing grace. I find crosses Christ's carved work that

He markets out for us, and that with crosses He figureth and portrayeth

us to His own image, cutting away pieces of our ill and corruption.

Lord cut, Lord carve, Lord wound, Lord do anything that may perfect Thy

Father's image in us, and make us meet for glory.

Pray for me (I forget you not) that our Lord would be pleased to lend

me house-room to preach His righteousness, and tell what I have heard

and seen of Him. Forget not Zion that is now in Christ's caums, and in

His forge. God bring her out new work. Grace, grace be with you.

ABERDEEN, Jan 4, 1638