

Xxxix. to Marion Mcnaught

by Samuel Rutherford

Samuel Rutherford, a prisoner, calls on the people to pray and supplicate for his release and the well-being of the kirk, emphasizing the importance of faithfulness to Christ and the Gospel.

Scripture: Isaiah 40:31

Topics: "Perseverance In Faith", "Gods Guidance"

Description

Samuel Rutherford, in a letter from Aberdeen in 1637, expresses his longing to return to his flock and continue serving the Lord despite being a prisoner of his enemies. He acknowledges his sadness at not being able to minister to his people and prays for God's guidance and light in his dark times. Rutherford's deep desire is to preach the beauty and glory of God once again and see his joy in the Lord's work restored.

Transcript

DEARLY BELOVED IN OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, -- Grace, mercy, and peace be to you. Few know the heart of a stranger and prisoner. I am in the hands of mine enemies. I would that honest and lawful means were essayed for bringing me home to my charge, now when Mr A. R. and Mr H. R. are restored. It concerneth you of Galloway most, to use supplications and addresses for this purpose, and try if by fair means I can be brought back again. As for liberty, without I be restored to my flock, it is little to me; for my silence is my greatest prison. However it be, I wait for the Lord; I hope not to rot in my sufferings: Lord, give me submission to wait on. My heart is sad that my days flee away, and I do no service to my Lord in His house, now when His harvest and the souls of perishing people require it. But His ways are not like

my ways, neither can I find Him out. Oh that He would shine upon my darkness, and bring forth my morning light from under the thick cloud that men have spread over me!

But that day that my mouth was most unjustly and cruelly closed, the bloom fell off my branches and my joy did cast the flower. O that I might preach His beauty and glory as once I did, and my branches be watered with the dew of God, and my joy in His work grow green again and bud and send out a flower! O, that I may wait for Him till the morning of this benighted kirk break out! This poor, afflicted kirk had a fair morning, but her night came upon her before her noonday, and she was like a traveler forced to take house in the morning of his journey. And now her adversaries are the chief men in the land; her ways mourn; her gates languish; her children sigh for bread. O, that my Lord would bring me again amongst you with abundance of the Gospel of Christ. Remember my love in the Lord to your husband; God make him faithful to Christ! And my blessing to your three children. Faint not in prayer for this kirk. Desire my people not to receive a stranger and intruder upon my ministry. Let me stand in that right and station that my Lord Jesus gave me. Grace, grace, be with you.

ABERDEEN, 1637

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