

## ***Rutherford on Seeking Christ***



Possibly no one ever wrote about seeking Christ so much as did the Scottish Divine, Samuel Rutherford, in his letters during the seventeenth century. Rutherford authored one of the most influential books ever written. *Lex Rex* (The Law, The King).

While banished from his pulpit and denied the right to preach anywhere, he wrote to his parishioners and friends throughout the British Isles.

He said he had more of Christ's love than ever before, more sometimes than his body could well stand, but complained that it was often still so little.

Here are a few excerpts from *Letters of Samuel Rutherford*, compiled by Andrew A. Bonar and published by Banner of Truth Trust.

Oh, if the heaven, and the heaven of heavens, were paper, and the sea ink, and the multitude of mountains pens of brass, and I able to write that paper, within and without, full of the praises of my fairest, my dearest, my loveliest, my sweetest, my matchless, and my most marvelous Well-beloved! What course can I take to extol my lofty and lovely Lord Jesus?

Oh, if ye saw the beauty of Jesus, and smelled the fragrance of His love, you would run through fire and water to be at Him.

I would that I could persuade you to grow sick for Christ, and to long after Him, and be pained with love for Him.

It is a pity that there were not many imprisoned for Christ, were it for no other purpose than to write books and love songs of the love of Christ.

I fear nothing now so much as the losing of Christ's cross (his "imprisonment"), and of the love showers that accompany it.

I verily count the sufferings of my Lord more than the world's lusted and over-gilded glory. My Lord Jesus hath fully recompensed my sadness with His joys, my losses with His own presence. I find it a sweet and rich thing to exchange my sorrows with Christ's joys, my afflictions with that sweet peace I have with Himself.

Many a sweet, sweet, soft kiss, many embracements have I received of my royal Master. Christ's love is a foretaste of heaven.

I am so in love with His love, that if His love were not in heaven, I should be unwilling to go thither.

Our best fare (food) here is hunger.

Seek the Lord and His face.

Look up to Him, and love Him. Oh, love and live.

Let Christ be dearer and dearer.

I'm sure I shall never get to the end of His love. Therefore, dig deep; and sweat, and labor, and take pains for Him. Set by as much time in the day for Him as you can. He will be won with labor.

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