

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD was a Scotch divine, who suffered much during the religious persecution in Scotland, but maintained his strong integrity of character and deep-toned piety to the last. At death, his last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land." The lines following are made up mostly of expressions of his own.

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for—
The fair, sweet morn—awake.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! well it is for ever—
Oh! well for evermore;
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore;
Yea, let this vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
While glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

There the red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume:
Oh! to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fanned,
Where glory, glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land!

The King there, in his beauty,
Without a veil is seen;
'It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between.'
The Lamb with his fair army
Doth on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh, Christ—he is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Of in yon sea-beat prison,*
My Lord and I held tryst;
For Anworth† was not heaven,
And preaching was not Christ,
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spanned,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

But that he built a heaven
Of his surpassing love—
A little new Jerusalem
Like to the one above—
'Lord, take me o'er the water,'
Had been my loud demand;
'Take me to love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's land!'

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew.
And then for cause of absence
My troubled soul I scanned;
But glory shadeless shineth
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds of Anworth—
I used to count them blest;
Now beside happier altars
I go to build my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence;
No graves around them stand;
For glory deathless dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anworth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear;
E'en from the verge of heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if one soul from Anworth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens,
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these lie all behind me:
Oh! for a well-tuned harp!
Oh! to join Hallelujah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land!

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered with his love.
I'll bless the hand that guid'd,
I'll bless the heart that planned.
When throned where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down earth's bitterest woes;
Soon shall the desert brier
Break into Eden's rose;
The curse shall change to blessing,
The name on earth that's banned
Be graven on the White Stone,
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved is mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his 'house of wine.'
I stand upon his merit;
I know no safer stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

* At St. Andrew's

† His parish,