

## IMMANUEL'S LAND.

THE LAST WORDS OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

THE sands of time are sinking,  
The dawn of Heaven breaks,  
The Summer morn I've sighed for,  
The fair sweet morn awakes :  
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 the vain world vanish,  
As from the ship the strand,  
Since 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 fulness,  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's Land.

E'en Anwoth was not heaven,  
E'en preaching was not Christ ;

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And in my sea-beat prison  
My Lord and I held tryst :  
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, dwelleth  
In Immanuel's Land.

The little birds of Anwoth  
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 Anwoth by the Solway,  
To me thou still art dear !  
E'en on the verge of Heaven  
I drop for thee a tear.  
Oh ! if one soul from Anwoth  
Meet me at God's right hand,  
My Heaven will be two Heavens  
In Immanuel's Land.

I've wrestled on towards 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  
In 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 Halleluiah  
With yon triumphant band,

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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 lusted by His love :—  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
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 briar  
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 Belovèd'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 other stand,  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's Land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,  
Filled with His likeness rise,  
To live and to adore Him,  
To see Him with these eyes :  
'Tween me and resurrection,  
But Paradise doth stand ;  
Then—then for glory dwelling  
In Immanuel's Land.

The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face ;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace,—  
Not at the crown He gifteth,  
But on His piercèd hand :  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's Land.

I have borne scorn and hatred,  
I have borne wrong and shame,  
Earth's proud ones have reproached me,  
For Christ's thrice blessèd name :  
Where God His seal set fairest,  
They've stamped their foulest brand ;  
But judgment shines like noonday  
In Immanuel's Land.

They've summoned me before them,  
But there I may not come,—

My Lord says, 'Come up hither,'  
My Lord says, 'Welcome Home !'  
My kingly King, at His white throne,  
My presence doth command,  
Where glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's Land.