

1-31-1811

## Letter from John P. Finley to James B. Finley

John P. Finley

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### Recommended Citation

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Denver O. July 31

Granite  
 Post Office  
 Fishing County  
 Vermont  
 1855  
 James A. Furley  
 20  
 1855

MS  
20 Rev. Furley

John P. Furley

Brother James Some time hath elapsed since I recd  
 your letter and being prevented from answering you for  
 certain reasons. as soon as I might have done have assisted  
 But all having passed that way in the way I gladly seize  
 the moment and hasten to gratify myself and your  
 eager expectations which I suppose by this time are some-  
 what elevated. Nothing remarkable has happened since  
 your departure from this place, only the marriage of sister  
 Betsey and Richard Drake which took place a few evenings  
 past about 4, O, C. P. M., The next morning they went to  
 Father Drake's where they have taken up their residence  
 Bro Drake was here since they were all well and remember  
 gave in this letter to you an Hannah. But why should  
 I consume time about marriage when my anxious soul  
 (like a rapid stream having its course obstructed and ready  
 to sweep all before it by breaking through) wishes to declare  
 the goodness of God. Sometime about Christmas in the morn-  
 ing after I had arisen from bed and proceeded to make  
 fire I made an attempt to lift a stick of wood. I imme-  
 diately <sup>felt</sup> a violent pain under my left arm it was so  
 severe I felt faint and perceptibly experienced a ~~strange~~  
 strange deadning in my ~~depart~~ flesh I thought it was  
 an arrow of death and that the time of my departure  
 was nigh I lifted my heart to god and instantly felt  
 tranquility and peace with the King of heaven through  
 the all atoning merits of his son I went to the house  
 and was taken bedfast for two weeks the most of  
 which time I was racked with the severest pain that  
 I ever felt before Sabbath morning Bro Davis came to  
 visit me I asked him to go to prayer he sung and began  
 to pray my soul began to leap heaven began to open and in  
 such holy ~~ecstasy~~ ~~transport~~ ~~of~~ ~~unpeakable~~ joy I never was  
 lifted before I am in a state of convalescence and feel  
 thankful to God for his chastisement. I know that the  
 religion of Christ is flourishing in my soul the farther  
 I travel the sweeter it is and I am determined by the  
 grace of God to pass on untill I drink of the new wine  
 at the fountain head in my heavenly fathers Kingdom  
 O! How soul cheering to think of ~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~animation~~  
 to think of Eternity of existing ~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~animation~~

with God of heaven in company with angels and all the glorious  
host of the redeemed But; Not all the harps above. Can  
make a heavenly place. If Jesus do withdraw his love.  
Or but conceal his face. His adorable countenance will be  
the light of the city While the sweet streams of redeeming  
love will tune our <sup>harps</sup> immortal and the new Jerusalem resound  
with Alleluahs and shouts of triumphant praise. How sweet  
the contemplation my soul feels the weight of the important  
subject while I am writing and while the ink flows from my  
pen tears begin to flow from my eyes. my throbbing <sup>heart</sup> melts  
down with love and I know if my head was a fountain of waters  
I could weep them all away for having ever committed a sin as  
merciful a God. How glorious is the name of Jesus it chases  
our fears and bids all our sorrows cease, tis music in the ears of  
mourning souls and strength to the sons and daughters of Sion  
For when <sup>we</sup> fall into temptation and floods of grief and sorrow  
like the surging billows of the raging deep are ready to burst  
upon us and sink us down to naught If we only cry Master  
assist Thou not that we perish behold the raging billows lie  
still and sleep our foes are vanquished at his frown. And when  
the furious bears of persecutions are ready to prey upon us as a  
dead carcass; comfort ye; comfort ye my people my people are  
the soothing accents that fall from his blessed lips. So wonder  
are we delivered made strong in the strength of Sion and pass on  
through this thorny wilderness to the land of rest which  
remains for the people of God I make no doubt but you  
experience something of the kind and the language is not unfamiliar  
to you. I have by contemplation followed you all your circuitous  
route. I have beheld your anxious looks heard your sighs and groans  
for the souls of Men and Women in your lonesome rides in the  
gloomy forest Whilst I would a happy crowd the gates of  
heaven with prayers for you But I am weak and feeble are the  
prayers of man when Christ can pray to intercede for you and  
comfort you with the consolations of the holy Ghost No doubt  
you would long since retired from the walls of Sion had you not  
been supported by the grace of God and comforted with the sweet  
spirit of love. How sweet and reviving is the thought of being  
for all our good works and entering into that rest where the we  
cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Sometimes  
I think of heaven and am ready to cry out with the poet

look over all my mistakes for I am greatly  
thronged by the business of school

Peter John

There has great and glorious  
impressions about preaching

ded

" O heaven sweet heaven I long to be there  
With angels my kindred and Jesus my dear so reviving  
are the contemplations that our journey through the  
Wilderness appears but short and all the sorrows of life  
sweetened. — We have had quarterly meeting great  
preaching but little good apparently done. Our old Father  
was here they were all well of our relations about  
Newmarket except sister Jane she has been much  
afflicted with baily corn is very scarce there they have  
to bring it from Hellards Ballans, It is expected  
that Father will ride the circuit on which I live  
Bro Frailey declined going to his appointment and  
through pity is stationed on white oak circuit  
But I think he had better been left at home after  
making nearly two years preparation and Conference  
giving him the appointment to disobey through timidity  
proves to me that his call was not great. There is a  
class formed on white oak at Hoans and Richard  
has lost his senses supposed to result from the opposi-  
tion he met from his friends in joining the Methodist  
society. Bro Maxey wishes you to try to get Resert  
to come and live on his place if possible and to write  
to him concerning it. Your Daughter is and has been  
well I keep her at her book and she is learning to  
spell tolerable fast and a better girl of her size I  
hardly ever saw she is obedient faithful and agreeable  
in every <sup>thing</sup> and of more service to <sup>her</sup> family in one week than  
her Aunt was in an year. All the friends in this  
place salute you We also remember our love to you  
Be faithful and if you meet in heaven May  
and spiritual blessings  
I am your affectionate  
Dear James B Finley  
Jan'y 31 1811  
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