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Finley Letters

James B. Finley Letters

11-25-1819

Letter from Shadrack Bostwick to James B. Finley

Shadrack Bostwick

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Canfield Nov 25th 1819-

My very Dear Bro^r Finley.

Permit me to address you with double thankfulness, for your remembrance of me and mine, and especially for your kind token of Octo^r 1819 - which I should have answered sooner, but no opportunity of private conveyance presented, and I cannot longer forbear.

The spirit, the sentiments, the Christian breathings of your kind epistle, I esteem more honourable, more excellent, and precious, than the choice Rubies, that adorn the robes, and crown of the great King of Tyre.

O! Christian Love, who is like unto thee? No communion so precious, as thy soul cheering language, in the depressing moments of trouble and affliction, which awaits mortals here below. I thank God my Bro^r that you are well and happy!

I thank God my Bro^r I am too! I still feel the ^{same} turning pleasures, from the throne above (in some degree) which Heaven poured upon you and me, in Decifield, which came so nigh floating off my little bark, to the boundless Ocean of Eternal life.

When I read, and still read, (as I often do) your friendly letter, the holy Oil, seems poured upon my head, & runs down my beard, yea as Davids beard, and the very skirts of the garments of my poor performances feel better: yea to my very soul, that becomes so melted, that it seems ready to leak out at mine eyes, and fly away from this

Wm
1819
J Botwell

Dec 13
Amos D. Finley

Dec 13
Champion County
Ohio

Shattered bark of Clay. O! Bro are we to meet no more in
in time? Can it be so? I fain would hope not! But if
so O! Lord grant us that due preparation, allways to be ready
Where ever our Lot is cast, always, acting for God, that as Death
advances, Our prospects may brighten, and sweet glory encir-
cle our souls together when parting will be no more.

I shall not, I cannot forget, the sweet refreshing
seasons, of Gods holy presence we have frequently
enjoyed together in this reserve, but those privileges
are gone, & past for their blest effects I hope will
never wear out. I have often thought of the
singular separation which severed you & myself when
last together at Dovers Camp Meeting! Perhaps it was
best! "Whilst thy servant was busied here and there,
making arrangements for a homeward course, you were
gone! I saw you no more! I think I could not
have fortified myself at that time, sufficient to have
taken my leave of you. O! Bro I believe and
feel, that the same God, who spake to Moses, out of
the burning bush at Horeb in the Arabian Wilderness
hath opened his eyes upon you and myself for
good, and the Methodists in general. I hope your
prayers with mine in reciprocal breathings may always find
their way to God for each other, and find endless success

with him, as well as for the Church in general!
Satan hath shot his volleys with furious blasts
against my soul since I saw you, but thank God I yet
live and enjoy his peaceful smiles. I feel like reaching
my Father's House above e'er long, and feel no doubt if I do
but I shall some day meet and know my dear Bro-
Finley there! I hope you'll not fail in writing me
every Opportunity; and visit us again if kind Heaven
should open the way. My dear Wife joins me with
my dear Children all - Almira, Lovina, Lu - Harriet and
Charles Edward - in kind and affectionate respects. Lord
bless them the melting tear could not be restrained from
eyes, when I read your letter in their ears. Please
my kindest respects to your bosom companion; whom I have
saw, yet I highly esteem and your dear Daughters too.

Also my kind respects to my Bro James
Bostwick. O! bless the old man I am glad to hear from
him, and shall write to him soon, I should have written
sooner, but knew not when to write. There is yet a good
work, but I must fear not quite so bright as there has been
on this Circuit. Bro. McManis has talents to introduce
himself in Gods name, but has not yet had time to get the
vessel under full sail, since he took command of the ship.
I must conclude by commending you & yours
to the encircling arms of Jesus - I remain as ever yr
Shadrach Bostwick