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Finley Letters

James B. Finley Letters

1831

Letter from "T" to James B. Finley

'T'

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My dear Sir,

The following reflections were occasioned by your sermon
 at a meeting a few days since.
 Hail those, of juster worth, but not thy own
 Careless the poor and rich, care of the flock
 Of God. Orest! say, highly favoured thou.
 Thy calling holy, and thy charge divine.
 Had it no toil, it were unworthy thee
 To crop, unlike thy Saviour. Had thy path
 So thorns, 'twere not like this, 'twere not the way
 To Heaven.
 'Tis thine to guard the fold, to feed the lamb
 To raise the fallen, to sustain the faint,
 To cheer the mourner, stay the wanderer
 To soothe the bed of death, to point the soul
 Just fluttering from its clay, to Canaan's shore
 Yeaven to hand it over the fearful stream
 Till angels meet, and mid the of thy charge
 But glories more than these are thine, & more
 Than man, or angel tongue can ever describe.
 'Tis thine to preach the gospel, to proclaim
 Salvation to the lost, life to the dead.
 Sublime employment! entrusted by divine
 First given to angels, then transferred to man,
 The highest honour, Heaven could best bestow.
 O mourn it not, rejoice with every breath,
 With every power, & triumph in this.

From J.
 Lin July 5 1831

Rev. J. B. Furber
 Presb. mch

Still keep the treasure sacred, it has worth
More than ten thousand worlds.

Look round thee on the field thou standest on,
Ting it has sown, but still the wheat will thriven.

Behold it ripens, its golden heads,

Reflect the rays Divine; bright & unsullied

Though the foe has pass'd, it shall be reap'd:

And thou, rejoicing, shalt thy sheaves bring home.

Look upward. See Him stand, who died for thee,

Died for the sinners thou art call'd to call,

He offers life to thee, life for the dead.

He spreads his banner over thee, and his arm

Encircles thee in love. His power sustains,

He is thy sun, thy shield, even to the end!

The end, how near, ah who can tell! thy crown

Who values? or who counts thy trophies won?

From many a land, even from the savage shore,

Eternity along, the Redeemed

Perchance, more dear than all, & nearest thee,

The Forest's son shall shine, & point the ^{back}

To the blest hour when first thy welcome ^{voice}

Brought to his startled ear, a Saviour.

Or what are all thy toil, grief & afflictions?

Thy watching, & thy spirit's kindest woe,

Wighed with the glory that shall be revealed.

Cincinnati July 5th / 31