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James B. Finley Letters

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12-4-1839

## Letter from A.W. Musgrove to James B. Finley

A.W. Musgrove

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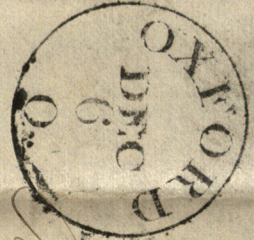


Oxford Ohio Oct 24<sup>th</sup> 1839

Dear Brother, Tibley I take a pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your letter, which I received this afternoon, and which I will now try to answer. And first, you call me dear Anthony: this is a token of regard, which (though I may not deserve it) I am proud to receive. I say proud, but I hope not self-conceited. I trust always to remember my own worthlessness. If what others think of me, would make me vain, then I would wish to be forgotten by all. But I trust, I may make a better use of the regard, my friends have, for me.

The present world, and its variety! - What a picture! A variegated scene of light and shade, of peace and tumult; of joy and sorrow, of youth and age. - On one hand, the eye beholds the lordly tyrant holding the reins of unnatural rule over those, less favored by the wind of fortune than himself; and while he revels in the lap of plenty, regardless of the miseries that are around him, he forgets that hand which bestows his blessings: on the other hand, we behold the humble sheet of poverty, - sighing, Cries weeping over the misfortunes of the afflicted inmates, - while withered hopes and blighted prospects sadden the hearts of disappointed expectants.

But, though the picture of the present world, is gloomy, yet there are some bright spots to cheer the heart of man. Though the sky has dark and angry clouds, there is a star, that kindly lends its light to lead man to happiness. And may man be happy? yes, and that too, surrounded with tumult. Religion must make his possessor happy, amidst a thousand evils. Alas she like an angel of mercy, comes to our world; and from her lips fall words of peace, while at her entrance the darkness, in which the benighted mind of man had long been enshrouded, vanishes, like the nightly shadows at the approach of morn. - I saw the offspring, while his weeping eye bespoke the inward anguish of his heart, as he bent over a new made grave, and near him stood, clothed in a garb of mourning, what seemed a sister, and she also wept. But Religion came



For James H. Tibley,  
Evanston, Ill.

A. M. M. Jones

MS





came, and smiling on them, said: "God is the father of the orphan,"  
I saw the widow in her lonely cottage, friendless and  
without bread; but Religion kindly whispered: "God is  
a husband to the widow." The widow heard it, and her tears  
were dried. I saw the homeless stranger stand friendless  
upon a distant and barren shore, his heart sighed for happiness  
and he longed for a friend; just then Religion whispered:  
"God is the stranger's friend: serve him, and thou shalt have  
a home in heaven." O Religion! cup of man's happiness!  
fountain of internal pleasure: without thee, Earth is a prison,  
Man a slave, and hell must be his portion. The white  
thy steps I see, imprinted in the path, marked out by  
Wisdom, thy steps I'll follow. Thus while the merciful  
providence of God, educates us for eternity; and our afflictions  
seem to make us the more willing to quit our hold of time,  
Religion makes us long to dwell in heaven. Then let life  
wax on pass: the Christian dying, lives to die no more.  
Who would not wish to die? since dying brings us to our  
rest above.

You speak of taking rain. To this practice you  
are no stranger. Oft have you bared your bosom to the storm,  
and dared the fierceness of a winter's day. As God's embassa-  
dor to rebel man you have braved the dangers of a lip of toil.  
Oft soon the last toil will have been braved. Storms and  
last duty shall have been performed, and the veteran sol-  
dier, covered with scars of honor, shall quit the field  
of battle, for the grove of peace.

That strong solicitude, which you feel in my  
behalf, affords me pleasure. Especially, since it is felt  
by one, in whose prayers, I trust, I have an interest.

My labors this year have increased; as you  
know two appointments have been added to the station.  
I returned here with much trembling, but  
leaning on the strong for strength, I have been enabled  
to labor with some success. Through the divine  
blessing, the Church here, is much revived.

Up to this date we have received about sixty.  
About thirty have been converted since Conference.

Our first P.M. fourteenth inst.

I am glad to learn that Bro. Latta &  
Conroy are recovering.

Give my sincere regards to Bro. Brooks Family  
Remember me affectionately to your other self;  
and also to grand father.

Tell family I should like to see him  
and now I must close, having written  
perhaps more than will interest you; but the strong should bear  
the infirmities of the weak.

Farewell

Yours truly

L. H. M.

Bro. Motters & Family send their love  
to you & yours. All your friends re-  
spectfully. Do not neglect to write to me.  
Since paper is cheap and thoughts are free  
Forgive the foibles of my pen.  
Thy friendship's true which has no end

L. H. M.