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James B. Finley Letters

6-28-1842

Letter from A.M. Alexander to James B. Finley

A.M. Alexander

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Gallipolis Ohio June 28. 1842

Dear Brother Finley

Our worthy and beloved brother Isaac C. Hunter is no more! He died in this place on yesterday at half past 5 o'clock P.M. His disease was quick Consumption. He was taken on the 17 of May with Pleurisy, which in a few days resulted in inflammation of the lungs and finally carried him off in Consumption of the lungs. Doctor Morgan, his physician will write you a particular account of his sickness. It was his request that you should prepare his memoir for the minutes, which request we promised should be made known at conference that you might be the committee for that purpose. He said that he was born at Bellefonte, Centre County Pennsylvania on the 30 of August 1795 and that as far the rest you knew all about it, as you brought him into the work &c. I have written an imperfect notice for the Advocate, with the promise of a more particular ^{account} hereafter which I hope you will furnish the Editor as soon as convenient. In addition to the facts now in your possession you will find some in the notice which I have written, and the Rev. N.P. Gaddis is in possession of some of his expressions, which I would be glad you could have but

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Rev. James B. Finley
 Dayton Ohio



he is in Virginia, and I know not where to direct to him. However, if they cannot be obtained before, they may be had at Conference to be incorporated in the Memoranda for the Minutes. As I before remarked, Dr. Morgan will furnish you with some items in a few days, and I will now make some statements all of which, perhaps with sufficient material for the present Brother Hunter enjoyed his accustomed good health till about the first of May. He then complained some of slight cold; but not more than is common to all. On Sunday May 15, he preached at his quarterly meeting in Chester, Meigs County, on the text "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world" &c. He told the people that he had come to preach to them and he intended, God helping him, to do it. "And if it is my last sermon" said he, "If I am carried from this pulpit to my grave I intend to clear my skirts of the blood of this people." He preached two hours and 15 minutes with his accustomed energy. It was his last sermon. He came home on Monday, (his residence was here) quite unwell, on Tuesday the pleurisy commenced, the particulars of which the Doctor will give you. Perhaps in the death of no one, was the triumph of the Christian faith more strikingly exhibited. No murmur escaped his lips during that six weeks of excruciating pain. On one occasion while sorely afflicted with the hicough (with which he was afflicted for about 8 days perhaps

though they left him a week or more before his death) the friends were singing - the power of the Lord came down, and his glory was there. Bro. H. shouted aloud for some time, it was a glorious place, all were happy in the Lord, and we rejoiced in stead of sorrowing. His hicough stopped, and when they finished singing the hymn he said "Now you see friends, that does me more good than all the medicines in the world". and asked are you not fatigued? He raised his hands and clasped them together, looked the interrogator in the face, with eyes sparkling with holy joy and replied "Not a whit. I tell you it is good for soul and body". He retained his right mind to the last, but for the last 2 hours was so low as not be able to speak. His last struggle was, as you will suppose, hard; but the Spirit has gone to Heaven. Bro. H. was beloved in this region, I believe, by all who knew him. He was exceedingly useful and is mourned by all classes. They started this morning with the corpse for Burlington, where he is to be buried. Thus the wife has lost a husband, the children ^{in number} have no father and Marietta District is without an Elder. The Lords ways are past finding out. I am in great haste, and much confused and give you but a sorry sketch; but this and the other sources will do perhaps, when, if we all live to get ther, I may give you some more. I am your unworthy son in the Gospel
Per J. B. Finley
A. M. Alexander