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James B. Finley Letters

9-17-1818

Letter from John P. Finley to James B. Finley

John P. Finley

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latitude in which I ever lived, and say, Thy presence
 and can cheer. This dungeon where I dwell, 'Tis paradise
 if thou art here. If thou depart to hell I must
 conclude I am yours forever. John Finley

Piqua Seminary Sept 17th 1818

My dear James } By the next mail I rec^d your
 long expected letter. I am extremely disappointed that
 you did not come down to see us this Autumn
 according to expectation. I much fear that all will
 end like the morning cloud or like the early dew
 The people in this section of country all expected you
 But their expectations like my own are all disappointed
 I sympathize with you in your afflictions and hope
 that by this time you are recovered from them
 I pray that the good seed sown at conference may
 bring forth abundantly, & that the vineyard may
 flourish, Zion rejoice, and Israel be exceedingly glad
 for the Lord Jehovah sits between the Cherubim, and
 pours forth from the treasures of his grace, the benediction
 of his love, on the garden of his Church, and the little
 stone that was hewn out without hands is becoming
 a great mountain, and filling the whole Earth
 I suppose that Bro. Sutherland got his soul
 frequently filled, and running over, I think I can
 now see him in the congregation, with his handkerchief
 in one hand and band in the other, and his eyes like
 great moons, streaming, as tho' the fountains of the
 mighty deep had been broken up - May God bless
 him and family - I further suppose that the shell of
 the nest egg was broken, and that the old Gander
 issued a few more children. You may think this
 my last supposition is contrary to the laws of nature
 but you will easily take my meaning May heaven
 bless Castle Blaney with a long, peaceful life, and a
 soul triumphant Death. I also suppose that he has
 grown so tall since the commencement of conference
 that his breeches are quite too short. I take this from
 his own words, you recollect he told you himself
 once how much he grew when Bishop McWhorter
 preached a Sermon in early times in Wells' graveyard, and
 from which I conclude he is now much taller

1818
 Piqua O.
 Sept 17th
 Rev James B Finley
 Hendersonville
 Ohio

O my dear the children all join in sending our warmest
 love to you - John Finley and Lewis Briggs and many
 who may improve the day. But often and long by
 your love to get my money from George - If you get it you
 can send it by check to George or by money order to me

I am much disappointed in the case of Bro Gray
for instead of being a Merchant, I should have supposed
him to be ready for another rant upon the circuit.
My spirits are rather volatile at present to write a very
religious letter I hope you will pardon my civility.
Bro Brackboonier has been at my house I think him pious
but he certainly needs much polishing. He brings some
very heavy sighs as tho they came from the bottom of
his ventrum - he is homesick, and thinks that he is sent
out of the world almost. I am busily engaged in the
business of my school - we are and have been very healthy.
I am living on my own ground, my house is not yet
finished, but will be in a short time. This place is very
dull in religion, and prospects of that nature are dull
and gloomy. I have preached frequently with usual zeal
but no fruit, and as I have always been, so I am yet among
the most unprofitable of all the labourers, who labour in
the vineyard. I preached not long since in Dayton to perhaps
the largest congregation I ever saw in that place, we had
a refreshing season indeed. The preachers of this circuit
last year ruined and wounded Methodistism, so that I fear
the best physicians could not more than perform a cure this
year, the public mind is agitated against us, and we will
have to be as wise as serpents and as harmless as doves to
regain our lost reputation. As to myself I do feel
more than ever determined to devote my life in supporting
the good cause, I think I can say with Father Wesley in one
of his hymns when addressing himself to God. O let me
to thy glory live. And in thy cause expire - I yet breathe
the spirit of a Missionary, tho' confined at home with my
Wife and children. But the time perhaps will come when
my ardent soul shall enjoy the unspeakable honor &
happiness to preach Jesus & the resurrection every day. Oh my
dear James never think of leaving, until you sit down
with Gabriel in the City of God. Be not discouraged at
any difficulties that may intervene, hold up your head
and consider that your heavenly father is beautiful
and will provide for you and yours forever.

How vain are all things here below. The real mean-
ing of this line has lately been more applied to my heart
than ever. Mr Cooper the proprietor of Dayton had
hitherto declined building in said town until all the rich
had made their dwellings. That he might build more
superb than any, to have it said he lived in the grandest
house in town. Accordingly all had built that were
wealthy, and he marked off 100 feet in front to be 4 story
in height including the cellar. The foundation was
laid, but ere the first piece of superstructure, was laid
his soul was required of him, and his name was written
from the book of life. He lay perhaps for 6 or 7 weeks, had
his senses all the time prayed continually for mercy. This great
Man could now hear the weakest person pray. There is
hope in his death. Then let you and I have our share of
treasures in heaven where moth will not corrupt or thieves
break through and steal. If George Baberman does
not pay me soon I cannot tell what I shall do, I want
you to urge him to payment, the old lady will certainly
pay it - please to leave nothing undone that
to get him to pay. You say you are going to be a
opposed to it indeed. It certainly is the wrong course
I am very jealous of you. William is forgetting you
I do all I can to keep you in his remembrance. John
gets up on a stump and declares he will never forget, a
great, big Man Presiding Elder District Ohio. My
paper says close. The sun is among the distant trees
the shades of night will soon obscure this part of our
Globe. What a death like complexion is cast on the face of
nature. The forest emits a hollow death sound occasioned
by the zephyrs which move slowly through, as tho it were
breathing its last. And when I look out of the window
of my Academy every thing above and beneath looks
so gloomy, And when I advert to myself I feel so very
melancholy, so far from any of my friends, But God
is there - blessed be his name. I look up from the deepest