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Finley Letters

James B. Finley Letters

3-9-1813

Letter from Robert W. Finley to James B. Finley

Robert W. Finley

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O my Children, that the tender Mercies of God
 seem still Breathing in this house of clay. I have
 enjoyed this winter a tolerable State of health
 for three days past I have been Confined, by my
 old Disorder in my back for two days I could stand
 no more than a child just born. to day I am better
 to morrow I hope to be able to go on my Circuit. your
 Brother William will leave the Circuit on the eight of
 next Month. I have lately heard from John & Joseph
 though I them & families well. Polly though getting better
 your Brother Samuel & family well likewise
 your Brother Robert ^{was} all but ready to start, he is not
 very stout, He has had two colds this winter, so
 thought it not advisable to let him go alone, especially
 as he has no horse & none of us can go with him.
 If Joseph could have come back I would have sent
 along with a beast. He appears unanxious to go, & told
 me to write to you that if you came down this
 spring he would go with you & stay a year or two
 go to School & try to get religion. James is getting
 better on my Circuit. The Cream of my Societies
 attend & begin to enjoy religion. I suppose I shall
 to preserve the Cream, & ~~throw~~ throw the rest out
 to the Pigs, as women do with their milk. Judgement
 has begun at the house of God, & so, what shall be
 end of the Sinners? God have Mercy on them. I have
 had but five conversions on the Circuit as I
 know of, ~~as~~ few have joined, I have just finished the
 repairing the waffles of the last year and begin to
 look for the overwhelming showers of divine ~~power~~
 grace to turn upon us from the throne of God &
 the Lamb. As for myself, I am sensibly approaching
 to ^{the} grave & basking on the shore of Heaven - The
 thoughts of death and eternity are pleasing to me
 I long to join the armies in the sky, & join the
 eternal Anthem, and drink in the glories of

Tell my Dr Betsey, to get her soul converted, & god
love her precious soul. O Betsey my Dr. make
sure work for eternity, you have but one soul
if you lose that, you will suffer an eternal & an
irreparable damage, Lord Jesus have mercy on my
little Betsey —

Yours children I recommend you to god & the word
of his grace, to keep you, sanctify you throughout
& take you into ~~heaven~~ heaven — Write me
soon, & let me hear what god is doing with, &
for you. I remain your affectionate
Parent —
Robt. J. Finley

Heaven. Salvation to my conquering Master, through
him I shall soon shout victory, I feel a pledge of this
moment in my soul. Preach on children and never rest
till you touch the heavenly ground, Scale the walls
of glory. & dwell with sweet Jesus for ever. if I
never see you here expect to meet me on the Suggling
mount of god where friends never part —
I think it probable I shall not see you soon, as
as I cannot yet persuade myself that it will

be my duty to ride so long a journey, to answer
no purpose, but just the gratification of seeing a
few friends, I can scarcely think it just to crowd
Conference just into a remote corner of the district —
My Quarter meeting will be on the 13 & 14 of
this instant at Brother John Finkles.

The season is now commenced when men have
a choice either immediately to embrace religion
or be swept by the Person of Deceptions into
the gloomy horrors of damnation, god will not
wait much longer. A few weeks ago on the
Rocky fork of Point on the Sabbath evening
a number of youth were met together, to
pass the time ^{away} ~~enjoy~~, it was like to close in a crisis
one youth awaking, fell dead in a moment,
and the spirit burst from his forehead down his
breast & his bowels like to burst out —

From your last I understood you had seen a number
of my old acquaintances that was desirous of seeing
me. If you should see them again, present them
with my best compliments to them, & tell them I am
bound to meet them in Heaven, & to seek for that re-
ligion that will stand the light & bear the inspection
of eternity. Several pious friends out of the Circuit
in this winter gone home to god in triumph to glory
My Dr children, may god almighty bless you, & sweet
Jesus bless you in this work to glory —