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Finley Letters

James B. Finley Letters

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3-25-1822

## Letter from Robert W. Finley to James B. Finley

Robert W. Finley

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March 25 - 1822 Piquet

My dear children) Yesterday I received yours dated the 20 of this instant, which a little revived me, when almost overwhelmed in a flood of embarrassments, but bless the Lord my head is still above the rolling waves. I left my own house on Monday morning to perform my Tour Round the Circuit & persevered till the Saturday following. Just after I left home your Mother was taken ill with a Phlegmy, Doctor Hor was sent for, he bled her, & left medicine to check the Cough & fever, she spit up blood in large ~~quant~~ quantities & suffered the most <sup>acute</sup> pain, with patience & resignation, & with fortitude said she was freely willing to try the struggle with death, that she had no doubt but that her Redeemer she would <sup>obtain</sup> victory on Saturday. Dr. Francis came to Piquet for me, that night he lodged at John Johnstons, on Sabbath morning your Bro, John, related the distressing mispage, on that evening at 2 o'clock I arrived at home, she said & it was thought she was better after some observations, I concluded it was only my presence that preserved & gave a little strength to nature. We spent a good part of that evening in conversation about the state of her soul & the sanguine expectation she had of her acquaintance with & future felicity, she said the parting time was come, but the separation would be short, & our meeting joyful and to last for ever, she then gave me her advice what way to manage, which I shall not mention, that night she rested better than she had done from she was taken, on Monday morning she appeared Capricious, she did <sup>not</sup> spit blood, it was turned into a kind of yellow matter, that at times came away in such large quantities she was like to strangle, from I first saw her, I was apprehensive of an inflammation in the Lungs, & was now confirmed in that opinion. I proposed to <sup>send</sup> for Doctor Hor, she said no the pain was abated her cough less, and she had medicine yet to take only wait till the next morning, & see how she would be then, but said I shall die & an interchange of words cannot be soon, as the day rose she got worse, ~~so~~ I wanted to go or send for the Doctor, <sup>in the evening</sup> but she would <sup>not</sup> hear of it. I then gave up all hope of her recovery, but did <sup>not</sup> expect the time of her departure was so <sup>close</sup> at hand, we had some comfortable conversation, she expressed in strongest terms with respect to her peace with God, she said it would be a satisfaction

An account of Mother's death

Piquet  
March 26

James D. J. Amey  
Esq. Newburyport

12 1/2

to me to have seen more of <sup>the</sup> child <sup>an</sup> <sup>committed</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>god</sup>, but as it is not the will of my  
god. I <sup>am</sup> <sup>fully</sup> <sup>satisfied</sup>, I leave you <sup>to</sup> <sup>god</sup>, with an <sup>expectation</sup> <sup>and</sup>  
hope <sup>that</sup> I shall see you all soon in a better world to part no more & to  
spend our eternity on the pleasing <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>throne</sup> of redeeming love. That  
night at worship we <sup>the</sup> <sup>sung</sup> the hymn. My god the spring of all my  
joy & when we came to that verse. My soul would leave this heavy  
clay & she <sup>should</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>what</sup> <sup>strength</sup> she had. when we sang the  
last verse. Fearful of Hell & <sup>ghostly</sup> <sup>death</sup>, she cried my sinner. Let me  
say it. I sat down by the bed. and asked how she felt. she replied  
I have perfect peace with god. & there is not a shadow or cloud be-  
hind <sup>me</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>right</sup> <sup>glory</sup>. after some time she asked to be helped up  
on her chair. It was done. she sat and talked <sup>for</sup> <sup>some</sup> <sup>time</sup>. her  
~~breath~~ <sup>breath</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>gone</sup> an hour or more. she at length said I am dying bless  
the Lord. Robert give your hand. & by the time we got her in bed not  
more than 2 minutes she breathed no more. she never gave a groan  
not brought a long breath. On the 25 of Feb 18 ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> <sup>12</sup> <sup>o'clock</sup> at night  
on the monday night after ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> <sup>taken</sup> she left this ~~val~~ <sup>val</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>tears</sup>  
& state of pain and sorrow. & bid us all ~~adieu~~ <sup>adieu</sup> - she was ~~buried~~  
buried on the Wed - following. the funeral was preached by  
Brother Samuel Hitt from 1 Tim 6. 12 to congregations of Bethel  
& St. Andrews People. The cost of the funeral <sup>was</sup> <sup>20</sup> <sup>dollars</sup>. I have  
given you as short & comprehensive an account of her last illness  
& moments as I can, satisfied <sup>with</sup> <sup>afford</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>satisfaction</sup>. the family  
is not yet settled, and <sup>what</sup> <sup>will</sup> <sup>get</sup> <sup>place</sup> <sup>expended</sup> on the opening  
of Providence. But I am apprehensive that Robert will go to John  
or Joseph's, but I am inclined to think to Joseph's. as to what I shall  
do myself it is wholly a mystery. I have not spent a moment in  
thinking for myself. whatever Providence point out as duty, with sub-  
mission I shall do with my might, and here with a cheerful mind  
with respect to religion on the circuit, times are much better than  
were, & I think would be pleasing. If we had discipline or government  
but that we <sup>are</sup> <sup>left</sup> <sup>without</sup>. Bro Hobbs has been much. & is not present  
often. & is not so popular as I expected he would have been. Pray for us  
we commend you all to god and the word of grace & we <sup>as</sup> <sup>apart</sup> <sup>as</sup>  
remain as formerly. your affectionate father till death

Bro James. B. Finley

Prot. W. Finley