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James B. Finley Letters

10-25-1848

Letter from John McMahon to James B. Finley

John McMahon

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Mr. McKim

Woodsfield, Monroe County Ohio Oct 25. 1845

Dear Sir, I long wondered in my mind what part of the vessel was assigned as a sphere of action, but could not find out until recently, upon looking over the advocates, I find that you are sent to preach to the spirits in prison, which were sometimes disobedient when once the long suffering of the common weath awaited them previous to the action of the court upon their individual cases.

It was just thinking of a noble text suitable to the condition of these poor fellows in Zechariah 4th Chapter 11th verses.

What a change there is in things since I saw you last Steam Cars, Telegraphs, & Pneumology, Steam in Machines, driven by light wing, the elements weighed comparison, & their electric lines carried out,

The wonder working magic of the itinerancy in full pace with all the rest, Oregon, what a conference in Prisons, China, Africa, Old Jerusalem regarding with methodist praying in their meetings like as in the time when Peter was let out of prison by the angel at the third hour of night, who could have thought 35 years ago that such a poor frail constitution as mine then was could ever have reasonably hoped to have seen this day, yet so it is, the banner of advancing love is bravely flying over Kingdom, France, politics, poikery, thidney, dominion and all rule & authority - The least & false prophet on the verge of seemingly Justice, & the response swelling in the bosom of the verethue thiong harte luyer, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth and here we are still, but how many of the old stoek have gone home

Mr. McKim
Columbus
Franklin County Ohio

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Asbury, M. Knolice, Roberts, Quinn, & others
where are they? Mandieth and waste the away
yea man giveth up the ghost and where is he?

I ask the rocks on Petrarch's nodding hills
I ask the dells, I ask the noisy rills,
I push the enquiry to the ocean's shore

The Bard where is he? Echoes, in its roar
I turn, & to Jesus, ask, & where lay, my soul well?
A sweet response came bounding over the hills,
See Abram, living, and with Abram, know
Layrus immortal Greece grow in scenes of wo

Happy spirits these, they have gone to join the illu-
trious dead of other yeas, with Wesley & Whitfield
Luther, & in eternal hon, God be praised
for that life and immortality, which is
brought to light in the soul by the gospel of
Christ, & only by that gospel - away with
your metaphysics, & disquisition on immort-
ality - Because I live you shall live is
the sheet anchor in Zion's ship -

Holiness is the watch word of the crew, and heaven
Sweet heaven the land of their destination
In that land I have a mother, a lovely daughter, a
noble boy, our second son Dr. A. D. who, entered port
with sails flying in the triumph of victory, & in
march last, & the Faith & love that is shown
in the last battle of God's children, never did we
witness a more signal & glorious triumph over
death, In that land I have two mothers, & a father
& mother in law, several brothers & sisters in law &
I trust a good foundation laid up for time to come
& glorious hope of perfect love it lifts us up
to things above it bears on eagle's wing

My Locks are whitening I am getting old, like
the aged pine the blasts whistle, round me
and wither the trunk but I trust the leaf
will remain green & that which I am, doing in
the vineyard I shall prosper; & how I regret the
yeas of sequestration I spent from the church -
When I think of the days of other yeas, & the preaching
of those yeas, and try to walk amid them in my
remembrance, what chilling sensations run through
me. These sons of thunder, these western, pioneers
these lights in the western wilds, have all gone
home - the name of Finley & young, are nearly
all that remain, but faithful & useful, go on
Go on: soon you two will join the western
constellation of other, times taking your
shares with you, As for me all though my
house has not been so with God, yet I think
I have with him an everlasting covenant, sure
and steadfast & in all things well ordered.
This world to me is of small concern, it is true it has
been a school in which Christ has himself conde-
scended to be the head teacher, but I only look upon
it as the place where we are to learn the first rud-
iments of the sciences known & taught in the heavenly
land - Betsy is in fine health sends her warm love
to you - prays, as fervent & shouts as loud as
ever, thanks with joy on the meetings of old
servants & looks forward with pleasure
to the time of the great meeting of the general
assembly ^{church of the} just born in heaven - I must
come to a close, pray for me my Dr. Brother,
and write if you should think proper -
I am truly in Christ Jesus, and the
grace of his gospel

Wm. J. B. Furly
John's wife