

A

MEMOIR

OF THE

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BY WILLIAM MAXWELL.



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deserves this imputation, and nothing in the Old Bachelor, which, give me leave to tell you, “*venia deter verbo,*” you and your magazine, and your writer, ** have underrated. There is a juster criticism of it in the Analectic Magazine—but this writer, too, has not true taste nor sensibility. He accuses me of extravagance only because he never felt, himself, the rapture of inspiration. And you accuse me of redundant figure, because you are not much troubled yourself with the throes of imagination—just as G— H— abuses eloquence because there is no cord in his heart that responds to its notes. So take that. And if you abuse me any more, I will belabour your magazine as one of the heaviest, dullest, most drab-coloured periodicals extant in these degenerate days. What! shall a Conestoga waggon-horse find fault with a courser of the sun, because he sometimes runs away with the chariot of day, and sets the world on fire? So take that again, and put it in your pocket. But enough of this badinage, for if I pursue it much farther you will think me serious—besides it is verging to eleven, and the fire has gone down. I began this scrawl a little after five—walked for health till dark—came in and found company who remained till near ten—and could not go to bed without a little more talk with you. But I shall tire you and catch cold—so with our united love to Mrs. Rice, my dear Harriet, and yourself, good night.

Your friend, in truth,

WM. WIRT.

TO THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D.

Richmond, February 3d, 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

The prospect in my congregation is encouraging still. There is no very powerful excitement, and I confess that I dread things of that sort. But there is much seriousness, and a disposition to attend prayer meetings, &c. We have received about twenty, and expect ten or twelve more.

We have an Andover missionary in New Kent and Charles City, who pleases the people exceedingly. They are raising a subscription there to establish him, and the prospect is encouraging. I think it likely that Mr. Curtis (who married Mr. Lumpkin's widow,) will settle in Brunswick. Thus we are moving forward a little.

Have you seen Dr. Mason's sermon, and do you hear the yelping of the Unitarians? They are better politicians than we are. Our bitter denunciations don't do any good, and much harm—at least so it seems to me. Many of my brethren think me too soft and milky; and rather reproach me for it. How does this case seem to you?"

TO MRS. JUDITH M. SMITH.

Richmond, Feb. 21st, 1822.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am sure that you will be delighted to hear, that the prospects of religion are more encouraging in the congregation than they have been perhaps at any time. I sometimes am almost persuaded that we are going to have a great revival here. To be sure, the present excitement may all pass away like the morning cloud, or the early dew. And often I very greatly fear that this will be the case; we are so utterly unworthy of so great a blessing. Yet we have great reason to be thankful for what the Lord has done. We were not worthy of that; nor of the least crumb of mercy; but still the good God has blessed us with a number of additions to the church. I think about thirty since the middle of November. And, take them all together, they make a number of as hopeful converts as I have ever seen. They are principally young people—the lambs of the flock, whom the good Shepherd is accustomed to take and carry in his bosom. O may all these be kept in safety! Remember us all in your prayers!

I constantly regret, that you, my dear friend, and the few about you are so far removed from the fold to which you belong. Still, however, you are not out of the fold of Christ;