

A

MEMOIR

OF THE

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BY WILLIAM MAXWELL.



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5

and receive the tokens of his love. I hope that you have proved, by your experience, the truth of these remarks; and that cold and ungenial as the season has been, your heart has felt the cheering influences of the Sun of Righteousness, and that you have been able to rejoice in Christ Jesus, without confidence in the flesh.

I am very much pleased with the prospect of seeing you with us this spring. Presbytery, I suppose you know, meets at Bethesda, the first day of May. You will then have an opportunity of seeing a number of our clergy, with some of whom, I have no doubt, you will be pleased; and by the hearing of whom I hope you will be edified.

Mrs. Rice wishes to write to her friends at Willington, and must therefore decline the pleasure of writing to you at this time; but I can bear witness that she loves you as she loves very few people on earth, and that she unites most cordially with me in imploring on you the best blessings of heaven.

I am, affectionately and respectfully, &c.

JOHN H. RICE.

TO THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

*Charlotte, May 3d, 1811.*

I see every year more reason to believe that I ought to remove from this place where I now am. I wish to know where I ought to go; and thither I hold myself ready to go. May Heaven direct me!

Our Presbytery is now in session. But there is nothing of any importance before us. We have no candidates for the ministry; and indeed hardly any business at all to do. The state of religion is very unpromising this spring, in most of the congregations among us. The agreeable appearances which presented themselves last fall, have in a great degree vanished, and the church now presents a dreary scene of barrenness and desolation. There is, however, a prospect of doing good in the missionary way.

But the scarcity of missionaries is deplorable. Can you help us in this particular?

Here I must pause to attend to the business of Presbytery. Joseph Logan has accepted a call from the Byrd congregation, and is to be ordained next October. John Hoge has taken a dismissal, to put himself under the care of Winchester Presbytery. This is all the Presbyterial news that I have to communicate. I am every day more and more disgusted with the way in which things go on amongst us, and am resolved that I will seek another habitation. Had I not already engaged to keep school next summer, I would, as soon as I am in a condition to travel, set out with a view of discovering whether there is not some place in the world where I could labour with more comfort to myself, and with a greater prospect of usefulness to others. I could in the fall be, every way, completely at liberty; but winter travelling is every way unsuitable. Heaven will, I hope, direct me what I ought to do.

TO MRS. JUDITH RANDOLPH.

*Charlotte, July 12th, 1811.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Have you never had the tone of both mind and body so far destroyed, that *barely to live*, was the highest thing that you could even think of aiming at? Uncertainty and perplexity have brought my mind, and this blaze of the sun for the last ten days has reduced my body to this very situation. Were I as mercurial as a Frenchman in my natural constitution, I should by this time have been made as phlegmatic as a Dutchman. In these circumstances, I only write that I may redeem a promise made through St. George; and not that I have the least hope either of edifying or entertaining my friend.

Upon reflecting on what I have said, I believe that I have rather overcharged my statement. For since I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with you, I have never