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who required all men able to bear arms to repair to the trenches to repel the threatened raid of General Wilson. It was the Sabbath day, but instead of entering his pulpit, he had to arm himself for war. With foreboding as to what the result might be, he gathered his loved family around him and kneeling down, he commended them, himself, his church, and his country to that God whom he loved and trusted; then rose from his knees, armed himself with the unfamiliar and uncongenial weapons, and tenderly embracing his wife and sister-in-law, took his place in the trenches with his people. Late in the evening of that Sabbath day the enemy made an assault on the city, and he fell, pierced to the heart by a bullet from the Federal lines, and died at his post.

Mr. Small was married November 14th, 1855, to Miss Martha Ann, daughter of B. P. Stubbs, Esq., of Midway, Baldwin County, Ga., with whom he lived most happily until the day of his death. She survives him as Mrs. Chancellor Graham, of Tuskegee, Ala.

In person he was rather below the medium stature, but symmetrically formed and handsome; his manners easy and pleasant; and his uniform courtesy, amiable and gentlemanly bearing, rendered him attractive to all who came in contact with him. He had a pleasant voice and manner in the pulpit, and was sound in doctrine. As pastor he was greatly beloved by all.

WM. FLINN.

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### REV. ROBERT R. SMALL.

ROBERT ROBERTSON SMALL was born in Charleston, S. C. While he was quite young, his parents removed to Mecklenburg Co., N. C., where for several years he attended school. At the age of fifteen, he became a clerk in a mercantile house in his native city. In this position he maintained an unblemished character. At a time when there was no religious excitement, he was made a subject of converting grace, and connected himself with the

Second Presbyterian church, Charleston. After making this profession of his faith in Christ, he felt himself called to preach the gospel. He began his studies preparatory to the ministry in 1847. He entered Oglethorpe University in June, 1849, and was graduated in 1852. While in College, he won the esteem of his fellow-students for his integrity and the consistency of his Christian walk. He was one of the founders of a missionary society which was connected with the institution, and with affectionate earnestness endeavored to bring his fellow-collegians to the saving knowledge of Christ. In November, 1852, he entered Columbia Theological Seminary, where he pursued his studies for three years, and was graduated in 1855, with a reputation for uncommon piety. He was licensed by Charleston Presbytery, April 1st, 1855. Soon afterwards he undertook a missionary work among the ignorant and destitute "sand-hillers" in the neighborhood of Columbia, S. C., which was signally blessed. Having received a unanimous call to the church at Rocky Mount, Bossier Parish, La., he prepared to enter upon the pastoral work. But the distinction between the preceptive and the decretive will of God received in his case a fresh illustration. The one will called him to preach; the other appointed him to die. He was stricken with typhus fever, and exhibited under its fatal ravages the sweetest acquiescence in the will of the Lord. One circumstance connected with his last moments deserves to be recorded and noted; and for the fact the writer vouches as an eye-witness of the scene. After having lain in the dying change for hours, speechless, motionless, and at the last with a fixed, unwinking gaze, three times his arms were lifted and extended in the direction in which he was apparently looking, and an indescribable expression of joy flashed each time, like a beam of glory, across his sunken features. The third time his lips parted, and he was heard to say, in a faint, but thrilling voice: "Earth is receding—heaven!" He died, at the time when he expected to be married, in Charleston, in 1856, and his body was buried in Magnolia Cemetery. A more affectionate and Christlike spirit the writer never knew. He thirsted to preach Jesus to sinners, and had a heart to bring the world to him.

JOHN L. GIRARDEAU.