

God's will, not ours, be done!
The shadow is deep, my brother; you grieve, but not alone. Our hearts
mourn with you and we cannot did them cease.

"Yes, grieve; it can be no offense to Him
Who makes us sensitive our loss to know.
The hand that takes the cup filled to the brim
May well with trembling make it overflow.

Who sends us grief means that it should be felt;
Who gave us tears would surely have them shed.
The metal which the furnace does not melt
May yet be hardened all the more instead.

Yes, grieve; 'tis nature's, that is, God's behest,
If what is nature called be will divine;
Who fain would grieve not cannot know how blest
It is to sorrow and yet not repine.

GREETINGS.

Berlin, Md., April 1, 1914.

To J. H. Blake Conference Secretary:

The Wilmington Annual Conference now in session at Berlin, Md., sends greetings to the Delaware Annual Conference, bespeaking for you a most delightful and profitable session.

W. A. WISE, Secretary.

WELCOME.

WHEREAS, In the wisdom of the Board of Bishops and the Providence of Almighty God, Bishop Wm. A. Quayle has been appointed to preside over this, the 51st Session of the Delaware Annual Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church,

RESOLVED, First that we thank God for the preservation of his and our lives, the gracious continuation of our health, and the blessed privilege of our health, and the blessed privilege of meeting each other as chief and sub-postor at this time and under these pleasant auspices.

RESOLVED, Second that we heartily greet his coming as a benediction to our Conference and to our lay constituency.

RESOLVED, Third that we pledge to have our earnest support and hearty co-operation in the transaction of all the business of the session, and implore Heaven's richest blessings upon him and us while he shall preside over our deliberations.

RESOLVED, Finally and especially, that knowing of his wonderful ability to speak as we do that we most earnestly request the Bishop to make his speeches both often and as lengthy as it seems to him consistent.

W. C. DICKERSON, Chairman.

J. W. KING, Secretary.

IN MEMORIAM.

DANIEL WEBSTER MARTIN.

Rev. Daniel Webster Martin, the son of George and Mary Martin, was born in Still Pond Neck, Md., September, 1861. His mother was a devoted Christian and through the influence of this Christian home he was converted to God at 15 years of age and joined Union Methodist Episcopal Church at Coleman, Md. He was united in holy wedlock to Miss Clara Wilson in 1883. To them was born 14 children. He was granted local preachers license by the Quarterly Conference at Coleman and in 1894 he supplied Trappe, Maryland, filling the unexpired term of Rev. Robert J. Waters and served that charge 1 year and 6 months; he also served Greensboro, Md. 3 years; Church Creek, Md. 2 years; Aireys 4 years; Nassau, Del., 6 years; and Hurlock, Md. 2 years and 8 months. He was admitted in the Conference in 1902 and his success as pastor, organizer and builder, proved that the Conference made no mistake in admitting him. He was a good and forceful preacher. It can be truly said he made himself thoroughly acquainted with his work. All the children knew him well and were glad to see him some. Too much cannot be said of him as a manager of his work. But like a true soldier he fell at his post of duty on Sunday night, December 14, 1913 at 9:45 p. m. This is an account of his last day's work: Sunday, the 14th, at eleven o'clock, he preached at Washington Church from Psalms 17:15: "And as for me I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness," and those who heard him said he was at his best. After services he went to the parsonage and after dinner, he went to Petersburg Church and at three o'clock in company with the writer, listened to a discourse by Bro. Yancy Nichols and at night we listened to a sermon by Rev. Daniel Dafney, a local preacher, and after services he said, Brother Bowling, will you walk with me to Brother John Sprys, it is too close here for me in this church. We went and so strange it seems, it was our last walk together. It was very sad indeed. In the yard at Bro. Sprys he staggered and fell, and before we thought what had happened, death was in our midst and brother Martin was gone from this strange world of ours, no more to gather its thorns with its flowers. He died in the midst of his congregation, loved and revered by all and his pastoral work up to date. He was a kind husband, father and friend. He is survived by his wife, four children and five brothers.

"Servant of God, well done; thy glorious warfare past, the battles past and victory won, and thou art crowned at last."

J. W. BOWLING.

ROBERT GRANT RILEY.

Robert Grant Riley was born near Centreville, Maryland, Sept. 11, 1867, died at his father's home, Centreville, Md., Nov. 5, 1913, at 3:30 Wednesday morning, the day after election 1913, aged 46 years, 1 month and 24 days.