

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.

Brother Riley was a man of great anxiety, ambition, and effort, and so he early finished the public school and went to Hampton Institute. Having graduated from Hampton he entered Morgan College, took up the Theological course, struggled, toiled and prayed for three trying, testing, proving years, and graduated with high honors in the Spring of 1893. Four years thereafter (July 28, 1897) he was wedded to Miss Mary Elizabeth Tenny. They lived happily together 17 years 10 months and 8 days, when on the fifth day of August, 1913, while Bro. Riley grew weaker, and more discouraged, with six children stricken with astonishment, wonder and amazement, sister Riley passed away. A sore affliction! a crushing load! And it was while rushing to his relief in these extremely adverse circumstances that the serious accident befell our beloved District Superintendent.

As a brother and worker in this (the Delaware Annual Conference) he was near and dear to many a friend here present. How we miss his heavenly shake of hands, and his serious nod of the head when talking; and how we shall miss him in the working force of the Conference session, as Examiner of Classes for Admission!

As a preacher he was earnest and commanding in his learning, terse, concise and forceful in his expression.

Rev. brother Riley was a gospel preacher and the people heard him gladly. Higher criticism and current opinion had little place in his discourses when he beheld the upturned faces of anxious men and women he went to the fount of life, to the living word and filled the hearts of the people with manna from on high.

As pastor in the special function of Sheperd he always encouraged young men to go to school and those already started he would advise to push their way up, through every opposition in life, fight for a place among strong men, attempt the impossible and accomplish it by the help of God.

Ah, the touch of his soft hand and the soothing tones of his tender voice, used in the sick room, have refreshed and inspired many a weak patient.

He was a personal worker for souls. It was his daily business to find an opportunity to caution, warn and constrain someone to turn from the world to Christ.

Rev. R. G. Riley, clean and pious, scholarly and devotional, warm hearted and zealous for righteousness, has passed from labor to reward, from the cross of struggle and hardship to a crown of peace and repose, from the Church Militant to the Church triumphant.

Upon the day of his birth
 God blessed the
 Long his memory be kept alive,
 Inspiring the humblest to strive.
 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but grasp His name.
 Preach Him to all
 And cry in death
 Behold, behold, the Lamb.

Read by W. A. T. MILES.



MATHIAS HORSEY.

The late Mathias Horsey, the son of Charles and Mahala Horsey, was born at Wye Mills, Queen Anne County, Md., Oct. 12, 1842. While he was quite a youth his parents moved to Milford, Delaware. Here he learned the ship carpenters trade. It was from this industry he heard the pressing call for volunteers to save the Union. He with his brother Charles, who a few years ago fell from our ranks, enlisted September 4, 1864, in Winchester, Penn., and was consigned to Co. A. 41st U. S. C. T. The regiment was made up at Camp William Penn. They moved to Fort Hamson, from there to Petersburg, Va., then to Camp Edinburg, Texas, on the Rio Grand River. He was discharged Oct., 1865, mustered out in New Orleans, La., came home by Cairo, Ill.

He was converted at an early age and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was married to Miss Mary Ellen Palmer of Milford, Delaware. From this happy union there were born twelve children: Margaret, Chas.