

age. On the fly-leaf, in his boyish handwriting, he copied these beautiful lines, written by his mother, when he was an infant :

'He who the raven's wants supplies
For all his creatures will provide ;
To him I raise my ardent eyes,
In Him my trembling lips confide,
And He, if all my friends were dead,
Would give my boy his daily bread.'

"After his marriage his care and devotion 'never' flagged. The flowers they both cultivated, and which she nurtured in her young days, were the delight of mother and son.

'No roses ever bloomed like hers ;
No lillies were so sweet—
And pansy, jasmine, mignonette
Ran riot at her feet.'

"The vegetables of his own garden must be shared with her, and his thought was that the daily newspaper went to her regularly. He was her son, her pastor, the father of her second childhood. Bishop Doane's loyalty to his church was exemplified when a school-boy. When catechised by a 'Presbyterian' clergyman as to what was the chief end of man, he emphatically disavowed any knowledge of such a catechism, and 'positively declined' learning any but the one 'his mother' had taught him. He would not yield, though whipped and disgraced. His bold stand caused the forming of a separate class in school, that recited every week thereafter in the church catechism. His appreciation of the character of the great Washington, whose name he bore, was shown when, on one occasion, an older companion insulted General Washington's name. He could not brook such disrespect to so great a man, and he whipped the boy severely. Year after year he made a mark on Washington's birthday."—*Copied from his Biography.*

On the 4th of July, Bishop Doane invariably invited the boys of Burlington College and the girls of St. Mary's Hall to his charming home, "Riverside," and delivered the most soul-stirring orations on this historic day. It was a most enjoyable time with the girls, and was considered a delightful privilege by them, as well as by the teachers, to run through the well-kept grounds