

distinctness of the images, indelibly stamped upon it; images of individuals, young and old, rich and poor, ever present before his mind, the thread of whose lives had, by the exercise of a constant solicitude on his part, become interwoven, as it were, into the very texture of his life "

Rev. Dr. Van Renselaer wrote of him: "Bishop Doane is one of the few American bishops who has had the boldness to carry out his theory and to call himself an 'apostle.' With an exalted view of his office, he lived and labored and died. He was, in short, as complete a specimen of a 'High Church Bishop' as the world has ever known, and in many respects he was a model for any class of bishops, at home or in 'mother England.' He has published more sermons than the whole House of Bishops. At Easter time, 1859, 'rest' came to this patient divine. With a halo of joy he waited and waited for the end. His eye on his son, his deep look of love as he took the sacred elements from his 'child's own hands,' his faltering voice in the benediction of 'peace,' which he pronounced himself, are the memories of that sad morning—fadeless while life lasts—in the heart of him who fully returned a devoted father's love—his darling boy—his ever faithful son, who—

"All his life had shed  
His sunshine in his way.  
And cheered him with his brightness  
Through the dark and cloudy day."

On his twelfth birthday his father wrote these impressive lines:

"My second born, my gentle,  
My sweet and precious boy,  
Sent to us in our darkling day  
To be our bosom's joy.

How like a sunbeam to our hearts,  
Thy beauty in our eyes,  
Dispelling every cloud that spreads  
Its sackcloth in the skies.

Be ever thus my blessing,  
So patient and so meek,  
So 'careful' always what to do,  
So thoughtful what to speak.

'Till grown in wisdom and in years,  
Through his abounding grace,  
He take thee—'tis my fondest prayer—  
To fill a deacon's place.