

mark the birthday of its great founder. Bishop Doane's wise counsel has soothed many a sorrowing, despondent soul. "Bate not a jot of heart or hope; but bear up and steer right onward," has cheered us in many an hour of despair. To Bishop Doane I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay. His clear, musical voice could be heard every Saturday morning with the pleasing salutation: "Good morning, my children"—as he gracefully entered the saloon, to return the girls their compositions, which he had received from them the previous Monday to examine. Never can I forget the happiness I experienced at beholding at the end of my composition, in the Bishop's handwriting, in red ink: "Beautifully done." It was a simple thing—"A Dream"—the subject he selected for me himself. The Bishop saw that I had profited by his instruction not to be profuse in using semi-colons and colons. I have that composition still, although it has been over fifty years since it was written. Any one, who fortunately possesses the writings of this gifted divine, will observe this characteristic throughout his productions. Short sentences, original and beautiful ideas, his gesticulation in the pulpit perfect; who could fail to be impressed by such an orator? The last sermon I heard him preach, the subject "Charity," is indelibly impressed upon my memory. His favorite chapter in the New Testament was the 13th of I. Corinthians. He seldom failed to quote a part of it. The first verse in the chapter was his favorite one. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not 'charity;' I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." While I was a pupil of the Bishop's, the Irish people were in a suffering condition. Contributing generously himself, aided by friends, the youths of Burlington College and St. Mary's girls, he had a vessel chartered, called the "Jersey Ship." This vessel was loaded with provisions and warm clothing, and sent over to those starving people by this generous benefactor. How many poor souls were cheered by the arrival of help and comfort from "Bishop Doane's" liberality and charity, remains to be told.

The Bishop's "last" address to the graduating class at St. Mary's is considered by some the finest he ever penned, but "my" admiration is for the one addressed to the class of 1846, of which I was a member. Just before examination the Bishop entered the class-room, with his usual pleasant smile, and inadvertently