

He who doth all things well denied my prayer,  
 And bade me take the Apostles' staff and bear;  
 The scattered sheep o'er hill and dale pursue,  
 'Tend the old flocks and gather in the new,  
 Counting care, health, life—all things else but loss,  
 So I make known the ' blessed, bleeding Cross."

Although the Bishop was not particularly musical himself, he supported the advanced movement in church music; always enjoyed and approved of "Gregorian and monotone, and appreciated the beauty of the choral service. He was devoted to his native State, and spoke of it as 'unrivaled' as a seat of education. It is owned, said he, at the North. It is felt at the South. It is admitted in the West. Of his educational plans, his noblest service to the Diocese of New Jersey was that he imbued it with the same spirit of excellence that filled his own soul. His address at the centennial commencement at Princeton College, an institution that New Jersey may justly be proud of, was a most eloquent one. He said it is a college that has sent forth 'throughout our land' the wisest statesmen, the truest patriots, the most eloquent orators, the profoundest philosophers of which our country can boast. A college the jewels in whose chaplet shine with a resplendence which fills our 'own' land and is radiant 'abroad.'" Here let me digress and say that my own father, I am proud to state, was educated on New Jersey soil. Burlington College, the Bishop's "own" college, was established by him on the same principles—to train patriots and Christians, men who will serve their country and their "God."

"Bishop Doane had charge of the Diocese of Maryland in 1840, and urged upon the people the importance of having a Bishop to guide them, providing liberally for his support by a flock 'rich in goods.'"

Wherever he preached he made a great impression. His brilliant talents and labors of love were most highly appreciated throughout our little State. "His sermons were like the beginning of the soft notes of the organ, then rising into the deep sonorous swell, 'til they died away again, resolving into the full harmonious chord."

The Bishop made many friends while sojourning in Maryland, Judge Ezekiel Forman Chambers, prominent among them, who would never suffer anyone to speak disparagingly of this exem-