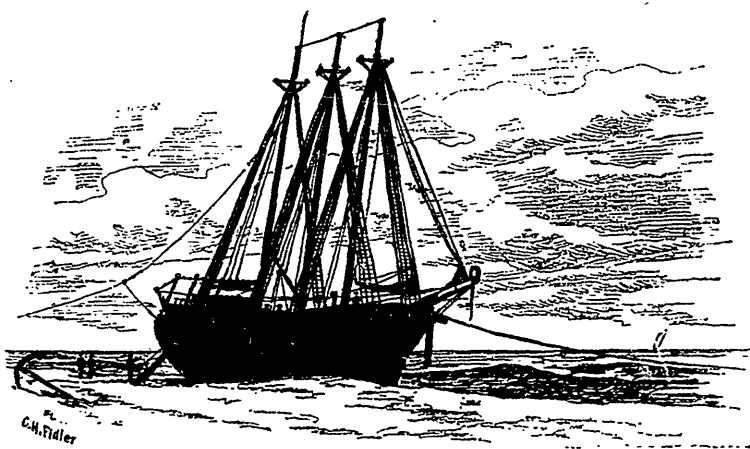


During the delivery, the greatest excitement, at times, swept over the vast audience, and shouts were heard as the last scene was portrayed, when Jesus appears to his heroic servant to give him the martyr's crown. The people were lifted far above the ordinary plain of life, quite to the mount of transfiguration, where for a time they seemed to see Jesus only.

In the afternoon, the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, of the Whitfield Tabernacle, London, England, preached in the auditorium from Psa. xcii. 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." The preacher made a profound impression. Shouts rang, and tears fell like rain.



STRANDED ON THE BEACH.

One of the most beautiful and impressive services held at Ocean Grove is the surf service, at 6 o'clock p.m., on Sabbath evening. I had the privilege of attending two. On both occasions the air was calm, and the sea comparatively quiet. Ten thousand people sat or stood on the beach in front of the platform, while ten thousand more crowded the broad plank walk. "Salvation" and "Divine Protection" were the themes, respectively, on these occasions. Appropriate hymns were sung, and suitable addresses delivered. Several instruments, with members of the auditorium choir, led the singing. To those who had never before witnessed a surf meeting, the thing was indescribable. The twilight hour was like heaven. The last song I heard at the surf meeting was: "Shall we meet beyond the river," when suddenly the electric light flashed out