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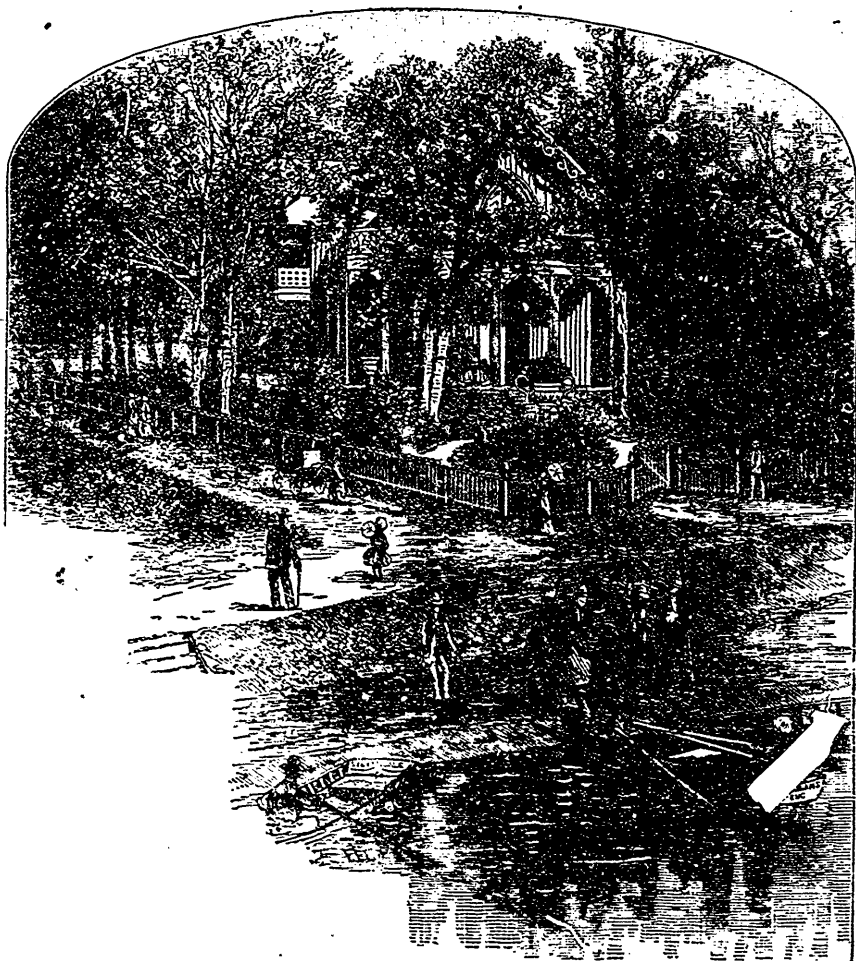
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SYLVANDALE COTTAGE, FROM WESLEY LAKE,
OCEAN GROVE.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1881.

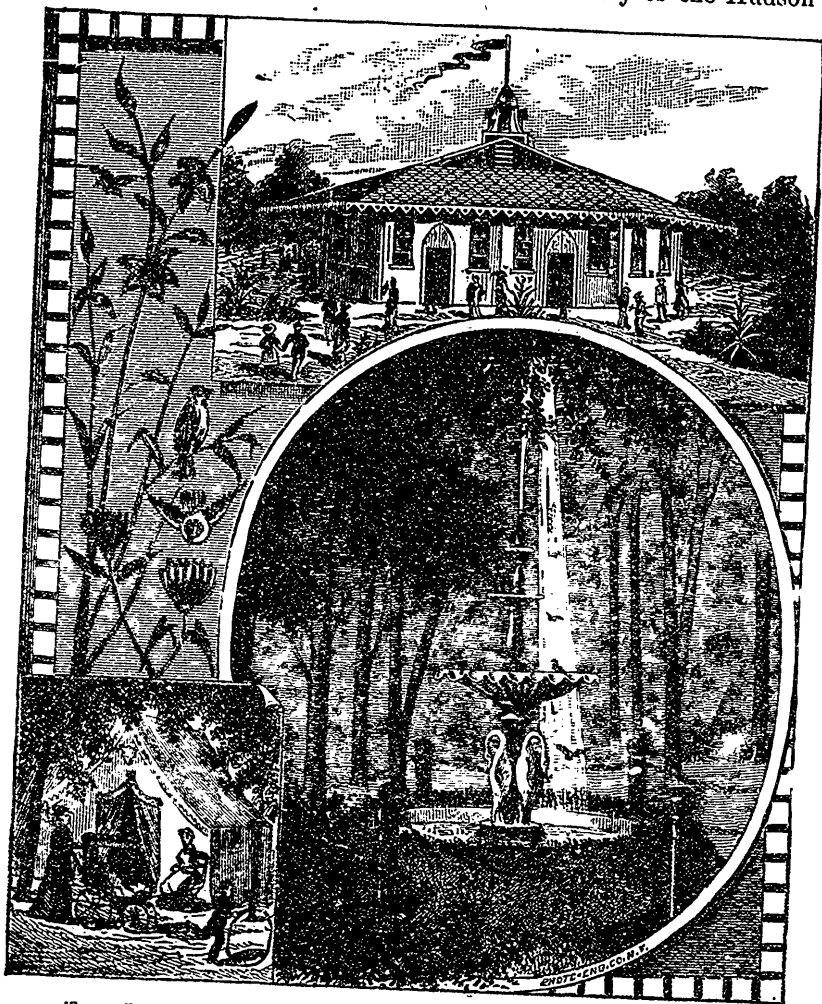
OCEAN GROVE.



THOMPSON PARK, OCEAN GROVE.

FROM its proximity to the two largest cities on this continent, Ocean Grove, as a summer resort, offers peculiar attractions to Canadians. Situated about midway between New York and Philadelphia, it forms a good resting-place between visits to these two cities. We would recommend the tourist from Western Canada to go by the Erie Railway, which traverses the grand and rugged scenery of Southern New York. It is one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill on the continent, and presents some of the sublimest views east of the Rocky Mountains. We would advise the traveller in search of rest and recreation to stop over night at Elmira. It costs less than a sleeping-berth, and one gets a good

night's rest, and has daylight to enjoy the fine views. If one takes the New York Central, the scenery is much more tame, but he has the opportunity to visit the fine cities of Rochester and Albany, and he may enjoy the noble scenery of the Hudson



TENT LIFE.

FOUNTAIN OF 1880.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S TEMPLE.

from the steamboat, or from the train, which is much inferior. We advise, however, a trip up the Hudson from New York, as far as West Point or Newburgh, and a wait of a few hours for the return boat. The scenery of the Hudson is much grander

and bolder than that of the far-famed Rhine; and if it has not the castled crags and legend-haunted mountains of the European river, it is not without its historic and poetic associations. Memories of the Revolution, and of the gentle genius of Irving and Drake, invest the dreamy Tappan See and the grand old Storm King and Crow Nest mountains. The art galleries, museums, parks, and other attractions of New York and Brooklyn, may well occupy a few days. We believe there is no more magnificent street in the world than Broadway.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, OCEAN GROVE.

At Philadelphia, one should not fail to enjoy a drive through Fairmount Park; a view of the city from Belmont Terrace; a sail up the Schuylkill, a ramble up the Wissahickon, and visit to Laurel Hill Cemetery, the most beautiful in America. For a return route, we would strongly advise the Lehigh Valley Railway, with a stop over night at Mauch Chunk, and an ascent by inclined railway, of Mount Pisgah. The sunset view is sub-

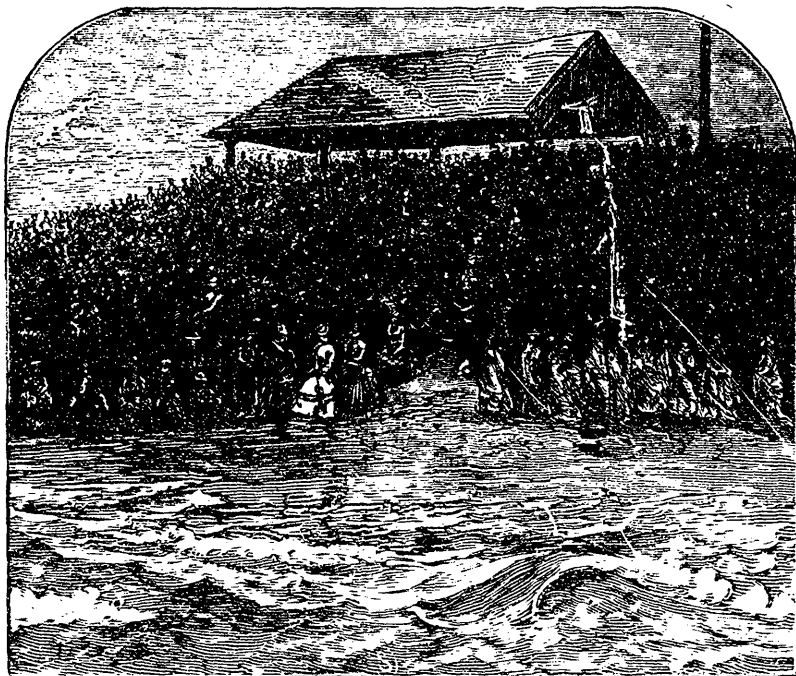
limely grand. The whole valley is extremely picturesque. Scarcely less so is the beautiful valley of the Susquehanna, which we also traverse. It derives imperishable interest from Campbell's tragic story of fair "Gertrude of Wyoming," and from the awful massacre of 1778, the monument of whose victims still exists. More pleasant associations connect it with the missionary heroism of the Moravian brethren, who here won some of their most signal triumphs of faith.



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

An hour's ride from Elmira will enable one to visit the famous Watkins' Glen, illustrated in previous numbers of this Magazine. So much for the route to and from Ocean Grove. For the following information about the place itself, we are indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. Frank H Wallace, who writes from intimate personal acquaintance:—

Ocean Grove is situated about fifty miles from New York, and about the same from Philadelphia. It is reached from Liberty Street, New York, by New Jersey Central Railroad, and from Philadelphia by the same, connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Or one may take steamer from New York, down its noble bay to Sandy Hook, or to Long Branch, which is only six miles north of Ocean Grove, and thence for a trifle by stage. There are many trains to and from New York every day, except



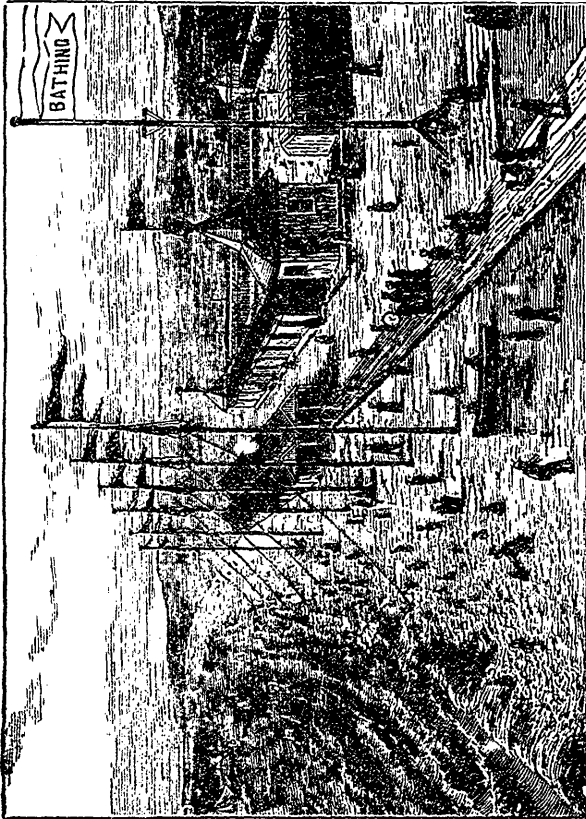
SURF MEETING.

Sunday, when there are none. The price of excursion tickets is \$1.85.

The parcel of land comprised in the Grove extends about three-quarters of a mile along the shore, runs back over half a mile, nearly to the railroad track, and is bounded on the north by a long, narrow body of water, known as Wesley Lake, and on the south by a similar body of water, known as Fletcher Lake. Across Wesley Lake lies Asbury Park. This is a very large piece of ground, owned by Mr. Bradley, an enterprising gentleman, who has laid it out in magnificently-wide avenues, cut it into large lots, and already secured the erection of a great number of large and handsome residences, hotels, churches, bathing-houses, etc. Asbury Park is a second Ocean Grove, but not devoted so directly to religious purposes.

Across Fletcher Lake, lies Ocean Park, another large property, only very partially laid out and built up. The whole coast of New Jersey seems destined to become one great continuous watering-place.

In the Grove are very many hotels and boarding-houses, in which the visitor may find accommodation at various rates, from \$7 a week up, indefinitely high. In the height of the season, six or seven hundred commodious canvas-tents are pitched and to rent, and there are six or seven hundred cottages, some small (three or four rooms), most larger, and many amply capacious to accommodate very large families, and very attractive in their neat architecture. A number of shops provide amply for house-keeping; the streets are lighted and drained; in the height of



BATHING-GROIN, FOOT OF WESLEY LAKE.

the season there are as many as 30,000 people in Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, fleeing from the fierce city heat, and glad of a breath of sea air, or a dip in salt water.

The bathing is good—better beach than Long Branch—gentler slope; good bathing-houses, with every accommodation. Lines

out in the sea for the timid; and bathing-masters to keep a good look out. No one has been drowned yet at Ocean Grove. For those who fear to trust themselves within the sweep of the surf, there are hot and cold sea baths to be quietly enjoyed in the



BATHING-SCENE, FOOT OF WESTLEY LAKE.

bathing-house. Several large pavilions, where one may sit and watch the lively scene, as hundreds of bathers in their pretty suits jump and tumble and swim about in the dashing waves.

For two miles, or about that, there is a good plank-walk along the shore, so that without struggling wearily along in loose sand, one may enjoy a bracing walk by the sea. Or if you please, you

may choose one of the many seats bountifully provided, and sit by the hour enjoying the sight of dark waters breaking into foam, of passing steamers or sailing vessels, and that delicious breeze which fairly makes you over again, and fits you so well for the next winter's work.

The drive to Long Branch is delightful. A few miles south, on the Shark River, you may fish; and on Wesley and Fletcher Lake, row boats and sail boats in hundreds lightly skim along. By night the scene is fairyland on Wesley Lake—lights all along the shore—boats passing in every direction, singing and shouts and laughter from them all.



AUTUMN STORM.

The Grove is under the strict and absolute, but most beneficent, government, of an association of ministers and laymen. Strict order is enforced by numerous policemen. By act of State legislation, the sale of intoxicating liquor is absolutely prohibited within a mile of the Grove. Gates are closed at ten on Saturday night, and kept closed until Monday morning, and no driving or bathing is allowed within the enclosure on Sunday.

Of the religious services we have already spoken. Concerning the chief of them all, Mr. Wallace remarks:—The genial and

able President of the Association, Dr. Stokes, takes personal charge of the camp-meeting, and guides all affairs with a firm and wise hand. Last summer Bishop Harris, Dr. Fowler, Rev. Thomas Guard, our own Dr. Lachlin Taylor, and many others, eminent ministers, took part in the services. Neither preachers nor people are of one denomination, or of one nationality. One Sunday morning last summer, in calling on Dr. Taylor to close the service, Dr. Stokes remarked: "A brother from Canada read the Scriptures to us, a brother from Maryland preached, a brother from India has just prayed, and now Scotland will give us the benediction."

In a letter to the writer, Dr. Stokes extends a hearty invitation to his Canadian friends to come and worship with their American brethren by the sea. At all of the services, continues Mr. Wallace, there was much enthusiasm, and although not attended with such results as accompanied some of the old-time camp-meetings, yet several hundreds professed conversion. The indirect influence of such a plan and such scenes, is, perhaps, greater than the direct. Men and women must have carried new thoughts and fresh life home with them for their own Church work.

One of the grand scenes is the Sunday evening Surf Meeting. At six the bell rings, and people gather. Families group together, carry stools, or sit down on the sand. A little gathering at first, rapidly enlarges, until there are ten thousand people or more sitting or standing on the beach, or sauntering by on the plank-walk, all able to join in the singing, if not all to hear the speaking. Sheets of paper, with passages of Scripture for responsive reading, and hymns for singing, are scattered among the crowd. The sound of a cornet leads, and a mighty sound goes up, mingled with the ocean's ceaseless roar. Then come brief stirring addresses, more responsive Scripture reading, and more singing; while almost invariably at that hour, steamers bound from or for the distant Southern ports, pass by as near the shore as safety will permit. The scene is solemn, inspiring, unique—reminding one of the scenes of like nature in former days, by the Sea of Galilee.

Beside the Sea the wond'ring people stood,
Or sat, or bowed, devotion's earnest throng;
The spirit, lost in worship's attitude,
Mingled its praises with the billow's song.