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A STORY OF
Ocean Grove.

BY
JAMES A. BRADLEY.

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One evening in 18— two young women came out of the old Methodist Church at Long Branch. Not the large church which General Grant attends in summer, but the little old church which stands opposite to it, now used for stores.

One of the young women looked anxiously around, as if expecting to meet some one. Her companion observed it, and taking her arm said earnestly, "Mattie, don't! please don't!"

The words had scarcely been uttered when a young man came hastily toward them, and offered himself as escort to the two ladies.

In a short time they reached the home of one of the ladies, whose name was Mary, where "good nights" were exchanged, and the remaining two continued their walk.

The following day Mattie called on Mary, and after the usual greetings, Mary said, frankly, "Mattie, I want to talk to you about—"

"O, nonsense," interrupted Mattie, "don't commence that old strain again. I assure you it's as tiresome and insipid as the perpetual squeak of an ancient hand organ. If I choose to have a little sport, pray don't disturb me in it. It won't do any harm."

"Won't do any harm!" said Mary. "How little you know of the human heart!"

"Pshaw!" replied Mattie. "If you include Stephen's heart, you make a slight mistake. Why he's not sufficiently '*compos mentis*' by nature to know what love is, even if he has a heart at all."

But we must retrace our steps, and give the reader a brief account of the history of these two friends.

Mattie was a very pretty girl, and had come to be recognized as the belle of the village in which our story commences. Her company had been sought by many—young men who were quickly charmed by her bright pretty face, and had allowed their hearts to become ensnared before they were themselves conscious of the danger, until they awoke to the sad fact that they had been beguiled, at the caprice of a pretty face, into a foolish flirtation, to be thrown aside when the 'sport,' as Mattie called it, grew wearisome

to her. So it came to pass that her reputation as a thorough flirt became established, and young men were more cautious in their friendly advances. Occasionally one knowing her character as a coquette would not only not seek her acquaintance, but avoid her society altogether.

Whenever Mattie heard of a case of this kind she seemed determined to conquer, and would put herself in his way, employing, often too successfully, all those little arts to captivate which girls have studied too well.

Her friend, Mary Winship, was two or three years older, attractive in person and cultured in mind. She possessed a womanly dignity, too, with that rare good sense which fitted her to be the companion of old or young equally well. Yet even a stranger could perceive on a short acquaintance with her, that there was a cloud of sadness hanging over her young life. She was cheerful always, but subdued, as the wisdom and experience of years were mingled with her youth.

Very few knew why she was not more like her young associates. None ever knew from her lips how her young heart had been crushed by disappointment.

But we will use an author's privilege and tell

the reader, that her character may be the better understood.

Among the many visitors at Long Branch in the summer of 18—, was a young man named William Arlington, who belonged to an old and very wealthy family in Virginia. Some how or other he had become acquainted with Mary, and they were very much attached to each other.

Her parents were pleased with the young stranger, and were proud in the thought of their daughter's prospective good fortune in a union with a man of intelligence and social position.

Arlington did not acquaint his parents with the fact of his intimacy with the Winship family; but it reached them through the officious kindness of some friends who were cognizant of the whole matter.

Arlington, senior, was exceedingly wroth in his arrogance, and pride of family, and went through the usual formula adopted from time immemorial in similar cases. He threatened to disown and disinherit his son and heir, if he persisted in consummating the foolish alliance. Of course the tender youngling, having no means of support, and being by birth a gentleman—in other words, unable to labor, was very much alarmed at the adverse turn fortune was taking. It was not his

father's displeasure, so much as the unwelcome prospect of work and limited allowance, before which he quailed.

Yet Mary was very dear to him, and he had engaged himself to her, and felt that he could not thus lightly relinquish her; so he began to arrange a plan by which his father's displeasure would be appeased, and at the same time secure to himself the only girl he had ever really loved.

A short time after, while bidding Mary good night after an evening visit, he lingered hesitatingly under the old tree at the garden gate, and Mary quickly divined there was something upon his mind which he desired, yet dreaded to express.

She suggested that his manner was more constrained than usual, and inquired the cause. He then told her of his father's disapproval of his acquaintance with her, and of his unwillingness to displease him. "But," said he, "dear Mary, I have thought of a way, which, if you will only consent, will quiet his fears and make me happy forever. Father is old and cannot possibly live many years longer. We can be married privately and live apart, meeting occasionally as we have done until his death, and then I can announce

publicly that you have been my wife for some time. Will my Mary consent to this?"

He held her hand as he asked the earnest question, but she drew it from his grasp as she looked steadily into his pleading eyes, and calmly, but firmly, answered "never! never! no, never! My family may not be able to boast of noble and distinguished members, but they have always been known as christian and virtuous people. When they have married, they have done so before the world. I would rather be the acknowledged wife of the poorest honest man in the town than the secret wife of a prince. No, William, I need not tell you how bright and sweet the dream of my life, mingled and interblended with yours, has been to me, but——"

She paused for a moment to regain the self-control which was fast ebbing out—"we must part forever now!" She hurriedly turned away and entered the house. He waited, like one in a maze, for several minutes, then slowly turned his steps towards his hotel.

Mary secured herself in her quiet chamber, threw herself upon her bed and wept in the bitterness of her soul. The bright, beautiful future had suddenly been enshrouded in a pall of gloom which it seemed to her no coming sunshine could

ever dispel. Hope had died in her heart. In her sorrow she remembered that God had promised to help in time of need, and comfort the tempest-tossed soul. She read her favorite passages in her little bible and was comforted. In the morning she came forth from the battle a conqueror. She had consecrated her life in those still night hours to the cause of God, not by secluding herself in a convent, but by resolving henceforth to give her life, her love and sympathies to the sorrowing and suffering all around her.

Such was Mary who remonstrated with her friend Mattie about the flirtation.

Stephen was an excellent mechanic, respectable, though poor, and was highly esteemed by those who knew him. He was confiding and girl-like in his nature, his chief weakness being his child-like faith and trust in everybody. Those who gained his confidence and then betrayed it, sometimes said as an excuse for themselves, that he was just a little simple—not altogether bright. He was a good son to his widowed mother, and besides taking care of her, supported the orphan child of his only brother, who lost his life in assisting to rescue persons from a shipwreck at Long Branch.

Mattie, at the time of which we are writing, counted among her victories our friend Stephen. How happily the days sped on to him in the midst of his self-denying toil as he thought of Mattie, and wove bright dreams of future bliss. She had played with that confiding heart as carelessly and indifferently as she would pass a candy motto at an evening party.

Mary Winship saw all this, and realizing fully the suffering it would surely cause, earnestly begged her friend to stop ere it was too late.

"Pshaw!" said Mattie. "How solemn you are. You have mistaken your vocation, Mary. A convent, and a black veil, and complete ignorance forever of hearts and love, and all that sort of thing would suit your style exactly; but as for me, if I feel like having a 'lark' now and then, I will; and no one shall interfere—"

"Mattie, listen to me I beg of you; life is not all made up of youth. Youth is only the seed time of the life's harvest that is to come, and there are many who reap bitter sorrows in middle life and old age from thoughtless sowing, when they little thought or cared for the reaping time."

Martha was annoyed by Mary's reproof, but she tossed her head saucily, saying, "Well, I

mean to have 'another string to my bow' in about two weeks, and I shall flirt with Stephen till then, poor fellow! It's an actual charity to him, you know, he loves me so." And kissing the sedate Mary, she ran lightly away.

True to her determination, she lavished all her attention upon Stephen for a few weeks; and he, well, his whole heart was absorbed in the faithless girl.

One Sunday evening, after the church was dismissed, he waited, as usual, upon the walk to accompany Mattie home. Judge of his surprise as she carelessly swept by him, clinging lovingly to the arm of a stranger.

He entered his humble abode earlier than was his wont, that Sunday eve. His mother noticed a change in his appearance. The bright, happy smile was gone, and a settled gloom had taken its place.

He retired to his room, but not to sleep. His mother heard his slow steps wearily pacing the floor the night through. She guessed the cause, for Mattie's reputation as a flirt was known far and wide. Yet she felt rather glad it was at an end, and hoped in a few weeks he would have forgotten her, and be himself again.

Stephen went to his work as usual the next

morning, and returned in the evening, and so passed day after day, but oh, how shorn of its simple, peaceful happiness his home had become. He would sit and think for hours, and when spoken to by his mother, would start from his stupor only to relapse into that strange quiet again.

It soon became the talk of the village that Stephen Morris was "love cracked," and no one laughed louder or more heartily over the thing than Mattie.

Weeks rolled on, and the friends of Mrs. Morris sympathized deeply with her, for Stephen began to neglect his work, and the loss of his wages was severely felt by the widow's little family. After a time Stephen seemed to arouse himself, but as he passed along the street he heard things repeated by boys and girls which he had told in confidence to Mattie, proving clearly to him that she was making him the sport of the place.

* * * * *

One afternoon there was a great stir in the quiet village of Long Branch. Miss Mattie Woolly was to be married to a gentleman from New York.

He had been summering at one of the hotels,

and accidentally meeting Mattie, was captivated. It was the stranger Stephen had seen with her. She had at last gained the prize she had sought. She had vowed she would marry only for wealth and position, and now the day had come that would make her a rich man's bride. There was a large company at her father's comfortable home, and many and choice were the bridal gifts from family and friends. It was arranged for the bridal party to start the next day for Philadelphia, and it was the pleasure of the bridegroom that the journey should be made in carriages.

The hour had come. Carriages were in waiting, and those who were to accompany the happy pair were already seated. It was the bride's turn, when just as she was stepping into the carriage a terrible, heart-rending scream was heard. For a moment all was confusion and inquiry. The bridegroom, wishing to avoid any unpleasant scene, if such there was, signed to the coachman to proceed. "No! no!" said Mattie, "I must know the cause of that fearful cry." They halted for a few moments, when a friend returned and informed them that the screams came from widow Morris' home. Her only son, Stephen, had been found drowned in Turtle Mill

Pond, and his body had just been brought to his mother's house.

The bride sank back in the carriage fainting. There was great confusion. It would not do to proceed upon their journey until she was restored, so she was removed from the carriage to the house again, and the carriages were dismissed.

A few hours later Mary stood by the bed upon which lay Mattie, now Mrs. Giles. Mattie requested all to leave the room except her friend Mary.

When they were alone she was about to speak, but the fearful screams from the widow's home again startled her, and she sank back upon the bed prostrated. At length she said, "Oh, Mary, you said youth was the 'sowing' and age the 'reaping' time; the 'reaping' time has come early to me. Was it I that made poor Stephen crazy? Am I the cause of those awful screams? Tell me, Mary, for I am dreadfully wretched."

Mary could not answer, for she knew too well her friend was reaping sooner, much sooner, than she expected. She would gladly have done anything in her power to lessen the grief of her friend, but she could only look on in silence and pity.

In a few days after the marriage ceremony, and the funeral of Stephen, who was buried at Mechanicsville, matters moved on in their accustomed routine in the village. Mrs. Giles had gone away with her husband, and the widow was supported by the kindness of friends, but the best among them all was Mary Winship.

They had often met in class-meeting, and the sweet singing of Mary was full of comfort to her crushed heart. After meeting Mary usually accompanied her home, and on one occasion, as Mary was about to bid her good-night, the widow said, "How strange it is that you can sympathize with suffering, when you have been so free from it yourself. Your life has been like an even spun thread." Mary kissed the widow, while the great tears gathered in her eyes as she simply said, "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness—"

* * * * *

During a protracted meeting held one winter at Long Branch, the pastor was assisted by a young man who had just graduated. He was very zealous as well as talented, and his labors were productive of much good. He was often brought into contact with Mary Winship, whose

sweet singing was a great charm of the social meetings.

One night, after the services were over, the young preacher asked permission to accompany her home; he was charmed with her manners, and after a few calls, asked of her father the privilege of visiting the house, as a suitor for the hand of his daughter. The father smiled, and said, "Mary must answer for herself."

A few evenings subsequently, the young minister told Mary of his interview with her father, and of his attachment to herself. She was embarrassed for a few minutes; then recovering her composure, said, "I am very much pleased with your good opinion of me, but believe me when I say I cannot become your wife. I respect your character and your work; I admire your talents, and shall always esteem it an honor to be numbered among your friends. I already regard you as my brother, and I shall always feel an interest in you, and pray for your success in your chosen vocation."

He thanked her for her candor, and soon after left the place. Mary corresponded with him, and in a year afterward a bridal party was gathered in an old fashioned mansion in Trenton. Mary Winship was there, but she was not the bride.

The young minister had wooed and won an excellent young lady, whom he married in her father's house, and Mary became her friend, and was often a welcome inmate of the family circle.

Perhaps some of our readers, who have visited Ocean Grove camp meeting grounds, will remember Main avenue, running straight from the turnpike to the sea.

During camp meeting the sides of this avenue, as well as other avenues, are filled with vehicles of every description, from the plain farmer's wagon to the stylish landau from Long Branch.

On a bright August day, a few years subsequent to the scenes we have narrated, there were indications of unusual interest in the vicinity of the camp ground.

It was the last day but one of the meeting, and crowds came pouring into the gates from all the country around. Carriage after carriage rolled up to the broad landing, and depositing its happy-hearted burden, moved on to give place to others.

Stages, ancient rockaways, old-fashioned carryalls, that had been sacred to Sunday use for generations, followed each other in rapid succession to the platform. There was Farmer Jones, from Chestnut Plains, in his great two-horse

farm wagon; his wife, in holiday trim, beside him with smiling, happy face, while upon the clean yellow straw in the bottom of the wagon were the remaining twelve members of his numerous family, large and small. Just behind him followed a plain, unpretentious team, driven by a gentleman of marked demeanor. As they reached the landing he sprang from his seat, and assisted the sweet-faced lady who occupied the seat beside him to alight, then turned his attention to the two ladies upon the back seat. One required no aid, as she stepped lightly upon the platform; but the other was old and feeble, very feeble, and was helped from the carriage with great difficulty. She was evidently an object of tender solicitude to the little group that had her in charge, and was soon seated in a camp-chair, while the gentleman secured his horse on the opposite side of the avenue. When he returned he carefully assisted the old lady, with the help of the younger ladies, almost carrying her between them to the preaching stand. Then, after seating them comfortably beneath a shady oak, he took his place in the preachers' stand among his ministerial brethren.

He was a preacher of marked distinction among them, and was cordially greeted by the

Presiding Elder, who invited him to read the opening hymn, and lead the vast congregation in prayer.

The hymn was announced, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," and while it was being sung, as such an audience only could sing it, a little commotion was caused by the arrival of a magnificent turnout drawn by four noble horses, whose burnished harness sparkled in the sunlight, and made them seem like a superior race of animals as they pranced gayly on. Coachmen and footmen in splendid livery kept guard over this elaborate equipage, which contained but two persons—a mother and her little daughter about eight years of age. As they drew up at the landing, the footman, with the precision of a trained soldier, alighted and opened the carriage door.

The lady soon became an object of general interest, and it was clearly evident that she was not at all distressed by the attention she attracted. Her dress was of the most superb material, arranged with great taste and care, with a profusion of jewelry, amidst which many diamonds sparkled and flashed in the summer sunshine.

The little girl was the very counterpart of her mother in miniature, and as the lady passed into

the grove with queenly step, Farmer Jones whispered to his wife, "Look there, Betsy, I guess that heap of dry goods is worth as much as my fifty acres!" The country girls especially were attracted by the distinguished visitor. Such dress they had never seen before, and some of them would become the center of interest in their limited circles simply because their eyes had looked upon so much splendor.

Yes, Farmer Jones was right. The lady's jewelry alone would buy his whole farm, wagon and all.

The lady reached the preaching circle just as the concluding notes of the hymn were sung. She stood erect during the prayer that followed, and continued standing for some time, partly to gratify her vanity in attracting attention, and partly because of the way in which she was "gotten up." Her rich silks disdained contact with the rude board seats.

A gentleman soon offered his camp chair. Bowing condescendingly, she thanked him and seated herself.

It was a glorious midsummer afternoon. The fresh, sweet sea-breeze came singing up Ocean pathway, and whispered musically among the pines overhead, moving birds and chirping in-

sects to join their tiny notes with nature's orchestra. It was an occasion of more than usual interest, as the preacher of the hour was not only celebrated for his eloquence, but for the purity of his style and the marked spirituality of his life. When he arose the very air seemed hushed to tranquil stillness, and his audience listened as to a voice from heaven. In clear, earnest tones he announced his text, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Those sitting near the fashionable lady noticed that she turned pale and seemed about to faint, and one lady beside her kindly inquired if she was sick.

"No, no," said the stranger, it is nothing. I shall be well in a moment."

"Will you not occupy my tent until you are better?"—Pointing to a tent very near.

"No, thank you, replied the lady, I am better now."

The preacher delineated with a marvelous fidelity, that held his audience almost spellbound, the life of a sinner, the sowing, the indulging in evil propensities, desires and passions, called, popularly, "sowing wild oats," and the fearful consequences which must inevitably follow. He spoke of sowing to pleasure, money, appetite, pride, and vanity—connecting with each its le-

gitimate harvest and final result, the ultimate degradation of the character and ruin of the soul. After describing phases of life, and showing in all its vividness, the reaping of such sowing, he passed on to the future—the reaping time of the soul. Many a sinner in that breathless audience quailed before the startling picture presented to their minds by the preacher. With tearful eyes he warned them of their danger, and while almost overcome by emotion, he said, “Thank God! I have a message of reconciliation from the Lord of the heavens for that one whose wayward, rebellious heart is softened and repentant—“Let the unrighteous man turn from his sins and come unto me and I will have mercy.”

“And now,” said the preacher, “I come to the joyful part of my sermon—the sowing and reaping of the Christian.” With masterly touch he depicted the trials, crosses and self-denials of many a lover of Christ; the sowing in tears, in pain, in weariness, in reproaches, in poverty, in scorn, in contumely. He alluded to the adversities and afflictions that had been the heritage of many of God’s chosen ones from earliest time, which had been so grandly borne by prophets and martyrs, and not less so by the humble and unknown everywhere, whose sublime record of

patient, enduring trust was written on imperishable tablets above. “But look up,” said he, as he raised his hands and eyes to heaven. “A blessed invitation is already written for you in letters of living light, across the portal of the skies, ‘Come, ye blessed of my farther, inherit the kingdom prepared for you.’ Sowing in sorrow, you reap everlasting joy. Sowing in tears, you reap the eternal felicity of the Father’s smiling countenance. Sowing in loneliness and want oftentimes, you shall surely have as your reward, ‘the innumerable company of the first-born,’ and the opulence of the ‘Father’s kingdom’ forever.” Who that looked upon that scene and beheld the rapt countenance, and streaming eyes of Alfred Cookman, as he uttered these concluding words could ever forget it!

He sat down. The vast audience was deeply moved, and gave expression to their feelings in shouts and joyful exclamations. But there was one soul that fed upon his concluding words, and felt that portion of the sermon was peculiarly for her. She had long desired that the Lord of the harvest should call her home. Life to her had been a continuous warfare, and now, that her work was done, and she had become old and feeble, she longed to be at rest. She listened

eagerly as if in the speaker's rich tones, and rapt expression, she heard an angel message summoning her to her reward, and, ere he closed, her imagination had taken wing.

Her patient face was raised to heaven, her eyes flashed with a strange light, she seemed about to be translated, and as the elder arose to read the closing hymn the old lady clasped her withered hands and shouting in a feeble voice "glory!" "glory!" "glory!" she fell back helpless. All eyes were turned towards her. Among them were the startled eyes of the rich lady whom we have described. She seemed riveted for a moment, then turned deathly pale, for, in the placid face, around which a halo of heavenly light already seemed to beam, she recognized the aged mother of Stephen Morris, and beside her pillowing the gray head upon her bosom sat Mary Winship, whom she had not seen for many years. She saw no more, her eyes closed and she sank fainting to the ground, and was carried to a neighboring tent.

Yes, reader it was Mattie, now Mrs. Giles, who was spending the summer at Long Branch, and hearing of the meetings at Ocean Grove determined on gratifying her curiosity by attending, little dreaming that the services would possess

any interest for her. If the preacher had known her previous history and wished to arouse an interest in her mind he could not have chosen a more effectual text and theme. It went to her heart like a two-edged sword, for she had never forgotten the irreparable injury she had done Mrs. Morris, nor the words of Mary, "youth is the sowing time." The reader will readily recognize in the party who occupied the plain carriage, Mary Winship, her preacher friend and wife, and Mrs. Morris. Mrs. Morris was carried to the tent of a friend, where she lay apparently unconscious for some time. While sitting at her bedside, a request came from Mrs. Giles that Mary would come to her.

As Mary entered the tent, Mrs. Giles burst into tears and clasped Mary in her arms. When she could command her voice she asked the lady who owned the tent, if they could be alone for a few moments.

"O Mary!" she exclaimed, "how I have suffered this afternoon! It seems as if the preacher must have known about Stephen Morris, and how his poor mother was almost heart-broken on account of his death. My soul was terrified when I heard that feeble shout. I turned around and saw her pale face, and you beside her. Oh,

Mary, how bitterly I have reaped God only knows. How much fearful suffering would have been spared me had I taken your advice!"

Mary soothed her as best she could, and recalled the words of the minister in which he showed God's willingness to forgive and pardon. She then kneeled down with her and prayed with great fervor, and shortly afterward accompanied her to her carriage, where Mrs. Giles exacted a promise from her that she would call upon her the next day at the West End Hotel, where she was staying.

Mrs. Morris remained in the tent to which she had been carried, and the next morning feeling somewhat stronger, she was removed to her home. But she never unclosed her eyes again. When asked if she were unable to do so, she replied, "no, not unable, but unwilling." She wished never to look upon earthly things again. God had mercifully vouchsafed her a view of the "land beyond the river," and conscious that her failing body could last but a few short hours, she feared she might lose the lovely vision if she looked upon earth again. Just before she died, she called Mary to her side, and kissing her tenderly, said, "Mary, we shall meet again."

Mary called according to promise on Mrs.

Giles at the hotel, and was grieved to find that a few hours had made a decided change in her feelings. She received Mary rather coldly, and parried all allusions to the scene at Ocean Grove.

Yes, Mrs. Giles, like thousands of others, felt strongly the call of the Good Spirit, wooing her to seek forgiveness, but alas! the love of the world, and the "pride of life" triumphed in her heart, her good resolutions were all forgotten, and she became one of that mighty host that say, "Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee."

While they were talking Mrs. Giles' little daughter entered the room, and when Ocean Grove was mentioned, said: "Mother, I wonder what that old lady saw when she looked up at the sky, and do you know, mother, I was awake for a long time last night, and I thought I could see the minister again as he lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, 'Christian, I have a message from the Lord of the harvest for you.' Mamma, I want to be a christian!"

Mary was moved to tears, and pressed the child to her bosom, deeply grieved in her heart that the dear little one must be given up to the care of a worldly unchristian mother.

* * * * *

Mary Winship lives to do good, to many she is a guiding star, and although disappointment almost crushed her young heart, it made her a ministering angel.

Mrs. Giles still lives an unhappy fashionable woman. She is rich, and therefore able to gratify her fondness for display, but when she rides in her splendid carriage, and wherever she goes, a ghost sits ever beside her. She can never banish from her memory the bitter past, nor the heart-rending screams of the widowed mother.

Let us hope she may yet heed the call of the Good Spirit, which she felt at Ocean Grove, and so be prepared when the reaper death shall come.

ASBURY PARK

AND

OCEAN GROVE

FRONT ON THE

BROAD ATLANTIC OCEAN.

THE

Surf Bathing is Unsurpassed,

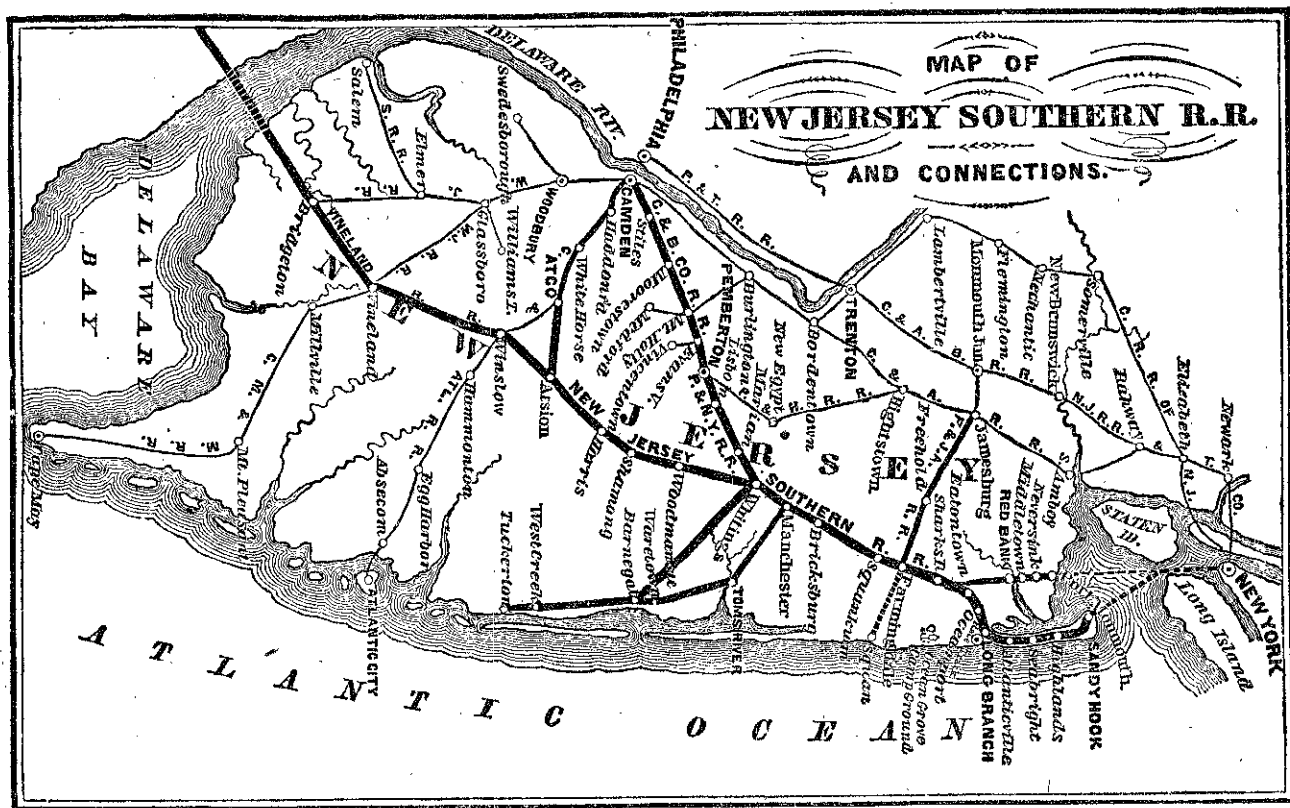
*The Shore being the same as at
Long Branch.*

PERSONS PREFERRING STILL BATHING

WILL FIND THE

Waters of Wesley Lake

ALL THAT COULD BE DESIRED.



ASBURY PARK, opposite Ocean Grove, can be reached by steamboat from foot of Rector Street, connecting with the cars at Sandy Hook, for Long Branch. The sail down the Bay of New York affords a fine view of the Narrows, Harbor Fortifications, etc. The time between Long Branch and New York is one hour and three-quarters. From Long Branch a stage connects with the cars to Ocean Grove. A railroad is now building from Jersey City, which will run to Ocean Grove in two hours and, The New Jersey Southern Railroad contemplate extending their track to Ocean Grove. In addition to the above facilities of reaching Asbury Park, the reader will see by the map that a railroad runs from Camden, opposite Philadelphia, to Squan Village. It is in contemplation to extend the track to Ocean Grove during the Fall of 1874.

MANY WHO HAVE VISITED

ASBURY PARK

AND

OCEAN GROVE

DURING THE

SUMMER OF 1871, 1872 AND 1873,

CAN TESTIFY TO THE

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS

OF ITS

PURE SALT AIR

AND

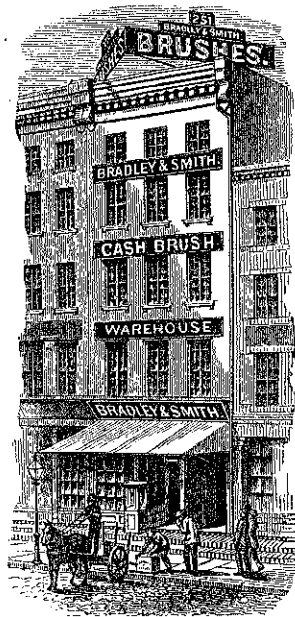
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Asbury Park.

ASBURY PARK is located directly opposite OCEAN GROVE CAMP MEETING GROUNDS, four miles below General Grant's Cottage at

LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.

The Park has a frontage of one mile on the Atlantic Ocean, and a roadway of half a mile on the banks of Wesley Lake.

Cottages costing over a half million dollars have been erected at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove since July 1870.

NOTE FROM BISHOP SIMPSON.

"It gives me great pleasure to state that I have visited the grounds of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, and think them admirably adapted for furnishing Christian families a sea-side resort in the midst of Christian influences."

M. SIMPSON."

FOR PRICE OF LOTS ADDRESS:

JAMES A. BRADLEY, 251 Pearl St., New York,

or ISAAC BEALE, Attorney,

and ALLEN R. COOK, Asbury Park, N. J.

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