# MOUNTAIN AND LAKE.

## THE ADIRONDACK AND LAKE REGION.

LUZERNE, LAKE GEORGE, AND LAKE CHAMPLAIN—COST OF THE JOURNEY AND TERMS AT STOPPING PLACES.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LAKE GEORGE, July 28.—However attractive cottage life may be, the excitement of hotel life at Newport or Long Branch is exhilarating for a few days only; the gaiety and fashion of Saratoga are endurable for several weeks; but where shall the rest of the Summer be spent? ask hundreds who seem dissatisfied with the large expense and little enjoyment which the month of July has brought them. Shall August be spent in travel or in perfect rest in a quiet village? An opportunity to enjoy either is afforded in the mountainous and romantic regions of the Adirondacks or at the many hotels in the neighborhood of Lake George. Of the crowds who visit Saratoga every season, comparatively few avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing the beautiful country directly north. Tourists who have only a few days to spare, but who are anxious to see Lake George, leave Saratoga at 9 a. m. for Whitehall on the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad. At Whitehall they take a steamer 20 miles down Lake Champlain to Ticonderoga. After dinner, stages are ready to take them four miles to the foot of Lake George. By another steamer the head of the lake is reached at 7 in the evening. The next morning stages leave Fort William Henry. Hotel for Glen's Falls, nine miles distant, where connections with the railroad are made, Saratoga being reached about noon. Tickets for the round trip are sold in Saratoga for $7. Though this is the shortest and quickest route for seeing the lakes, a far pleasanter and not more expensive journey is up the Adirondack Railroad. The country is wilder and the scenery more picturesque. By leaving Saratoga at a quarter past 9 in the morning and getting a stop-over check at Hadley, five minutes' drive from Luzerne, I had an opportunity of seeing one of the most charming and beautiful Summer resorts in the country.

### A FAVORITE NEW-YORK RESORT.

Luzerne is situated in Warren County, 22 miles north of Saratoga Springs, and was incorporated from Queenstown, in 1792, under the name of Westfield. In 1808 it was called Luzerne. It has always been a favorite retreat for New-Yorkers. The principal hotels are the Wayside, Rockwell's, Wilcox's, and the Cascade House. But private cottages are becoming very popular. A number of families occupy pretty cottages next to the Wayside and Wilcox's, and take their meals at the hotels. The cottages are occupied as follows: Wayside Cottage, by Henry E. Pierrepont and family of Brooklyn; Cheeny Cottage, by N. D. Clapp and family of Fourteenth-st., New-York; La Bau Cottage, by Mrs. La Bau and family of Thirty-fourth-st., New-York; Hazelwood Cottage, by George C. Smith and family of Chicago; Hore Cottage, by Col. B. C. Butler and family of Luzerne; Harris Cottage, by the Hon. Hamilton Harris of Albany; Esmeralda, by D. W. C. Wheeler of New-York; Leslie, by Gen. Thomas J. Leslie of New-York; Hillside, by H. H. Howland and family of Madison-ave.; The Lodge, by Commodore Price and family of Troy, and St. Mary's Hall, by the Rev. Edward Hooper and family of Yonkers. Among other New-Yorkers in the village are Jarvis Slade and family, R. D. Wood and family, Col. F. A. Conkling, Isaac Wendell, David Burke, J. Clapp, C. Easton, T. North, and John Hatch; also A. A. Low, S. B. Chittenden, jr., and Henry E. Pierrepont, jr., with their families, of Brooklyn. From the Wayside Hotel the Kayaderosseras Mountain is seen on the west, and the Luzerne Mountains on the east, while directly in front lies Lake Luzerne, which, though very small, is a remarkably pretty sheet of water. High hills, densely wooded, tower up on all sides; shaded carriage drives and romantic foot-paths surround the lake. A large number of pleasure boats are seen on the water at all hours of the day and up to a late hour in the evening, and not a few of them are rowed by young ladies in unique boating habits. Back of the Wilcox House, a path down through the bushes and over rocks leads to the Luzerne Rapids of the Hudson River, which descend 18 feet through a narrow gorge. Further down is the junction of the Sacandaga and Hudson Rivers. From this point to Jessup's Great Falls, five miles below, the river affords excellent fishing. Quantities of black bass, perch, and pickerel are caught. From the back piazza of the Cascade House, which overlooks a deep chasm, and is directly opposite the Indian grove, where picnics are held, a most charming view of the surrounding country is obtained. In the north, several peaks belonging to the Adirondack range are visible, and the valley of the Hudson is seen for many miles to the south. A novelty to strangers is the buckboard—a long, springing, easy-riding wagon, capable of holding two persons. The ladies consider these a favorite vehicle, and take many long rides in them. Concerts, boat races, croquet parties, picnics, and many other amusements make life at Luzerne really attractive. It is an especially desirable place for families to spend the Summer. Its proximity to Saratoga makes fashionable life only an hour's ride away, so that pleasure parties are frequently formed to go and return from the Springs the same day. Excellent board can be obtained at all the hotels at from $14 to $21 per week.

### LAKE GEORGE.

The journey from Luzerne to Lake George consists of a fine railway ride up the Hudson River Valley to Thurman Station and a nine-mile coach ride to the lake. As soon as the train arrives at Thurman every man jumps from the cars as quickly as possible and darts for the outside seats of the stages. Often an exciting race occurs, and the politeness of the city is forgotten in the desire of all to obtain good seats. Just as our train drew up to the station I overheard a loud conversation between three ladies from the country, whose beauty and youth were a thing of the past. Two of them were evidently maiden ladies, but they seemed to have considerable authority over the husband of the third. They were telling him to be sure and get a top seat on the first stage. So our fat but obedient husband hurries from the train and, calling out to the driver to save a good seat for him, runs for the stages as fast as his legs will take him, but only to find that some Columbia and Yale students have anticipated him. Threats and pleadings were useless, for the college boys assure him that they engaged the top of the stage by telegraph. So our credulous friend returns to his female guardians. "Well, boys," said the driver, "it's too bad to have treated the old fellow so roughly, for those women will give him a terrible blowing up." The stage route was particularly pleasant, and the mountain and river scenery unsurpassed. After passing along the banks of Schroon River for three miles we struck a plank road. Every one of course must get out at the half-way house to take the characteristic milk punch, or some water with a stick in it, or a stick without the water. All formalities are thrown overboard on these stage rides, and ladies and gentlemen alike chat merrily or sing jolly songs until Fort William Hotel is reached, which is at about seven in the evening. This hotel is built on the site of the fort of Colonial days, and stands at the head of Lake George, commanding a beautiful view of the lake and mountains. The surrounding country is crowded with historic interest. But a short distance from the hotel is "Bloody Pond," so called from the mingling of the waters with the blood of wounded French soldiers who were driven into the pond by the English during the French and Indian war. Another object of interest is a monument erected in 1854 by the graduates of Williams College to the memory of the founder, Col. Ephraim Williams, a native of Newtown, Mass., who, according to the epitaph, after gallantly defending the frontiers of his native State, served under Gen. Johnson against the French and Indians, and nobly fell near this spot in the bloody conflict of Sept. 8, 1755, in the 42d year of his age. The three hotels at the head of Lake George are the Lake House, where good board can be obtained at $3 50 per day, or from $17 50 to $21 per week; Crosbyside, terms $14 to $25 per week, and Fort William Henry Hotel, which is the largest and best kept house. The proprietors are T. Roessle & Son, who also keep the Arlington in Washington. They charge $5 a day. Among the New-York guests at this house are Surrogate R. C. Hutchings, C. P. Skinner, Mrs. Thomas Ferris, David Banks and family, J. G. Costa and family, Gen. Grover, U. S. A.; C. Schlessenger and family, R. D. French and family, S. Worsmer and family; also E. H. R. Lyman, W. C. Kingsley, H. H. Wheeler, and W. M. Van Anden of Brooklyn. But most of the guests are transient, and prefer to go down the lake after being at the hotel a day or so. The steamer Minnehaha leaves the hotel wharf every morning at 7:45, and goes north to the foot of the lake, where stages connect to Ticonderoga and return the same evening. Exquisite scenery, cool breezes, a fast steamer, and pleasant company make this one of the most popular trips in America. The lake is 34 miles long, is 240 feet above Lake Champlain, and 310 above tide water. Landings are made at various villages, boarding-houses, and fishing grounds along the lake. Many elegant villas adorn the banks, among which may be mentioned those owned by Col. Price, the Rev. Dr. Tuttle, Mr. Kanz, the banker, and Mr. Haven of New-York. Fort Ticonderoga is reached by noon. After a good dinner at the hotel it is the correct thing to visit the ruins of the old fort, whose surrender Ethan Allen demanded "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Two relics carried away by the crowds of tourists every season have had an appreciable effect on the fort. But some of the walls are in a good state of preservation, and with a little care, could easily be kept so.

### LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Most travelers think they see enough of Lake Champlain by returning from Ticonderoga to Whitehall, a distance of only 25 miles, and thence by cars to Saratoga. But the beauty of Champlain is at the northern end of the lake. The steamer Vermont leaves Ticonderoga at 1 o'clock, and short stops are made at Larabee's, Crown Point, Port Henry, Westport, Essex, Burlington, Port Kent, Plattsburgh, and the steamer arrives at Rouse's Point in season to take the evening train for Montreal. At Port Henry are immense iron works, whence 300,000 tons of iron ore are exported annually. A number of Yale and Harvard students were on the steamer, part of whom got off at Burlington to walk through Vermont to the White Mountains, while the rest went on to Plattsburgh, being bound for the fishing haunts of the Saranac Lakes and the Adirondack wilderness. The Green Mountains on the east and the Adirondacks on the west make the scenery of Lake Champlain more varied and even more charming than that of Lake George. The most thriving town on Lake Champlain is Burlington, at which many avail themselves of the opportunity of stopping for a day or so. It is situated on Burlington Bay, the broadest portion of the lake—thirteen miles—and is a great lumber market. A number of successful merchants in New-York have grown up in this town and now have their Summer residences here. Vermont University is pleasantly situated off the highest point, and commands a good view of the entire city and choice farming lands of the country. The city officials are wide awake, and are making constant improvements to their already beautiful town. The most popular newspaper in Burlington is owned by A. N. Merchant, who has three different printing-offices and publishes eleven different newspapers in New-York State and Vermont. After viewing the points of interest along Lake Champlain, return boats may be taken to Whitehall, where trains with drawing-room cars attached proceed directly to New-York. Many, however, prefer a visit to Canada, or over the Vermont Central to the White Mountains.

## WATERING-PLACE NOTES.

The Bluffs at Martha's Vineyard, it is said, were never in a finer condition than at present. Several new concrete drives have been constructed, and a large number of cottages have been improved. The facilities for bathing are also much better now. ═══ There are several Prospect Hills in the vicinity of Salem, Mass.—one in Peabody, which overlooks the Lynn woods; another in Danvers, and still another in Beverly. All of them offer fine views from their summits, but the best of all is said to be the Prospect Hill—sometimes called Codden's Hill—in Marblehead. It is on the road east of Naugus Head, and forms the shoulder of one of those rocky points which extend out into Salem Harbor. From it Nahant and the outlying islands of Boston Harbor are distinctly visible, and the neighboring towns of Manchester, Beverly, Marblehead, Danvers, Peabody, and Swampscott also enter into the view, which is, on the whole, a grand one. ═══ The praises of North Conway, N. H., have been sung over and over again. When the Summer comes, boarders return to their old haunts there, and travelers on their way to the mountains, enticed by the attractions of the place, tarry a while. The weary and care-laden find rest and amusement in the bracing air, beautiful scenery, pleasant walks and drives, and leave the place at the close of the season feeling fully able to pass another year between brick walls. ═══ At Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, heat, it is asserted, is confined to stoves and ovens, and the atmosphere is what it should be—cool, fresh, and invigorating.

One great charm of Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie, is its insular location, giving a sense of remoteness from the care and worry of business life. Preparations have been making at the Bay House to receive a party of 60 from Congress Hall, Saratoga. ═══ Western people say that of all the numerous pleasure resorts in the North-West, there probably cannot elsewhere be found within the same radius a number of places in which to pass a Summer's vacation pleasantly equal to Grand Haven, Spring Lake, and Fruitport, Mich. Though separate resorts, these places are more familiarly and popularly known as the "Saratoga of the West," and are all within a radius of about six miles. ═══ A pleasant sail of 18 miles from Detroit down the river of that name brings the pleasure-seeker to Bois Blanc Island, now the property of Col. Arthur Rankin, an English army officer and an ex-member of the Canadian Parliament. It is his intention to erect a number of cottages for Summer boarders. A commodious bath-house has already been completed, and in a few days a wide, serpentine drive about the grounds, four miles long, will be ready for use. The island, about one mile long, contains nearly 300 acres of land, every part high and dry, and abounds in excellent facilities for fishing, shooting, and bathing.

An enthusiastic correspondent thinks it strange that the advantages of Monterey, Cal., as a first-class watering-place have not been developed by enterprising capitalists. He says he honestly believes the city "has not its equal as a healthy, romantic, and convenient place of resort in the United States," and defies "any one to name one spot combining all the natural attractions which constitute the features of this old town." The beach is covered with beautiful and rare shells, and offers fine opportunities for surf bathing. At low tide an uninterrupted ride of 30 miles can be enjoyed, with a view of the bay on one side, and on the other a picturesque country, lying in the shadow of the Gavilan Mountains. ═══ Every one at Santa Barbara, Cal., it is said, agrees that the city needs a first-class sea-side hotel for Summer pleasure seekers, the only difference of opinion being as to where and how it should be built. ═══ An alum spring has been discovered near the Hot Sulphur Springs, Middle Park, Cal., and will be ready for visitors next season. ═══ The visitors at Colorado Springs, Colorado City, and Manitou are so many that it is said about three-quarters of the farm and garden products required by them have to be supplied from other places.

The season this year at Watkins Glen, on Seneca Lake, opened later than usual, but promises to be a successful one. The Glen is a succession of gorges, waterfalls, cascades, grottoes and pools, stretching westward from the main street of the village a distance of several miles through the highlands at the head of Seneca Lake. Some of the gorges are 300 feet deep, with high and very irregular walls, cliffs, and crags, crowned with giant trees, and adorned with an almost endless variety of foliage, ferns, mosses, lichens, and flowers. ═══ The valley of the Schoharie is one of the most charming retreats in this State. A ride of seven miles from the village of that name, through pleasant shaded roads, brings one to Sager-Warner Mountain, a level plateau of about 100 acres. From the top of this mountain Mount Marcy stands out clear and distinct in the north, the Green Mountains of Vermont and the White Mountains of New-Hampshire in the east, and in the south the Catskills, which seem to be almost on a level with Sager-Warner. In the west the view is unobstructed, and one looks upon an expanse of hill and dale spread out as far as the eye can reach. ═══ A new driving road will soon be finished at Cape May, N. J., costing about $10,000, it is said.

Minequa Springs, Bradford County, Penn., are situated in a beautiful valley, 1,500 or 1,600 feet above the sea, between the Armenia and South Mountains. The air is always cool and pleasant, and the nights comfortable. Mosquitoes, it is said, are never seen, and it is even asserted that a house-fly is a curiosity. ═══ Montrose, Penn., has been for several years the Summer resort of a great many persons from different cities, the cool, bracing air, the fine scenery, and unusual facilities for driving and fishing making it a place greatly to be desired by pleasure-seekers and invalids. Among the visitors now there are many from New-York, Brooklyn, Albany, Utica, Philadelphia, Washington, and Newark. ═══ Bedford Springs, Penn., if not quite so well known as more fashionable watering-places, have long been the resort of men prominent in public affairs. Before the war many of its visitors were from the South. For forty consecutive years the late President Buchanan spent his Summers there, and directly over his apartments were the rooms of the late Thaddeus Stevens. The Springs are beautifully situated among the mountains, and very little is required to be added to the charms that nature has lavished upon this retreat.

Bay St. Louis, one of the favorite resorts in Louisiana, is said to possess great natural beauty, and the undulating formation of the ground on which the village is built agreeably hightens its appearance. The houses are situated within groves of trees, and a stranger visiting the place and looking down the long perspective of trees that line the shell-road would scarcely perceive any trace of a residence, so completely do the trees hem the houses in and hide them from view. ═══ Pass Christian, La., abounds in hotels and boarding-houses, and the former are so well surrounded with trees and shrubbery that the visitors can pass the whole day without being exposed to the fierce sun of that section. The hotels are also built with a view to having the benefit of every breeze that sweeps by or comes up from the Gulf.

Winchester, Va., has an unusual number of visitors this Summer, and the neighboring springs have very many guests. There is no city north of Buffalo Springs, Mecklenburg County, Va., from Petersburg to Boston, writes a correspondent, whose inhabitants would not find a pleasant relief by a Southern trip to that place. The place has a cosy, comfortable look, and there are no violent changes in the temperature. The hotel tables, too, are good, the servants attentive and respectful, and the rooms well furnished. The citizens of Savannah, Ga., have regular semi-weekly excursions by moonlight to Isle of Hope, when every opportunity is offered for bathing, boating and dancing.

Twenty-five hundred people arrived at Long Branch on Saturday. All the hotels are full. Hops were given Saturday evening in the Ocean, West End, Mansion, United States, and Iauch's Hotels. The Old Guard, numbering 150 members, under the command of Major McLean, will arrive at Long Branch on Thursday next and proceed to Pleasure Bay, where they will enjoy their annual clam-bake. They will be accompanied by Graffula's 7th Regiment Band of 40 pieces.

# RELIGIOUS SUGGESTIONS.

## A FREE PULPIT AND A FREE PRESS.

*The Rev. D. Henry Miller, D. D., at the Plymouth Baptist Church, on "A Free Pulpit and a Free Press."*

The Rev. Dr. D. Henry Miller preached yesterday at the Plymouth Baptist Church on a "Free Pulpit and a Free Press," taking for his text Proverbs xxii., 28: "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set."

In their original bearing, said Dr. Miller, these words refer to the boundary lines of property. This interpretation is fully shown in the injunction of the Jewish lawgiver in Deuteronomy xix., 14: "Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark, which they of olden time have set in their inheritance." It seems to me to-day we cannot fail to read clearly the lesson taught us—though inferentially—we are not to allow ourselves, or by our silence allow others, to intrench upon the rights, the liberties, and privileges, social, civil, or religious, of our neighbors or the community in which we reside. The time flutters with the forces of sudden transition. Every month we have the record of discoveries in science, and daily and weekly our attention is invited to progress in art, letters, or spiritual developments. It is an important question, What can be done to settle human judgment? The Church of God is assailed. The ministry is mocked by the godless or slandered by the fallen. The Holy Spirit is blasphemed against. The Divinity of Christ is trampled in the dust. Moralists defiantly chant Pope's Goddess couplet:

"For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Whe have the multiplying of associations, human in their origin, and selfish in their aims. We have covenant-breaking—we have fraud, crime, and cruelty—law-breaking, character-blasting, and God-defying emissaries on every hand. The pulpit of to-day is distinguished for independence, liberality, and conservatism. It is independent to reprove, liberal to win, and conservative in righteousness, breaking fetters, revealing a divine Savior, and protesting, amid all the works of darkness, all the changes of the hour, and threatened aggressions of false religious formalism. "Thou shalt not remove the ancient landmarks." I am no defender of tradition because it is moss-covered with age—but when it harmonizes with the word of God then I will hold it, as I love the truth and defend it, as I love liberty. What but the truth shall correct the wrongs of society? By what power shall the truth be given to the world? How shall streams of living waters be sent through the stagnant pools of a godless, faithless, creedless people? To answer these questions is to defend the God-ordained instrumentalities for the proclamation of His own word—the pulpit and the press—by the voice of the preacher—by the leaf of the press is truth sent from pole to pole, and made to gladden the hearts of men wherever man has set his foot or spread his canvas.

The mission of the Church is very specific; the office of the pulpit, beyond a matter of question. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." From my point of view, I believe there is no interpretation so nearly allied to the truth, as presented in the original scriptures, as that of the Baptist Church; yet every man would call me a bigot, and justly so, if by word or deed I would dismantle any pulpit, or silence any utterance whose shibboleth was not as mine in the instruction of the principles of morality and righteousness. Those who differ from me in interpretation, nevertheless acknowledge the Scriptures in their authority, in their genuineness, and receive them as a revelation to each individual soul. The mission of the pulpit takes hold on all that relates to man. Who would think of stifling the messenger because he had not all the truth as we believe it? Who would dare say there shall be no utterances unless as we direct? Who would allow any ruler to put in prison the preacher because he faithfully reproved sin, crime and guilt? Who would allow this march backward in history? It could not be. Every man, of all creeds, sects, and denominations, would rise up and rebuke such a wrong—such an imposition on Christian liberty. Better far that men be allowed to utter the truth as revealed to them, though there may be some error mixed with much truth, than to silence the messenger, or curtail to any degree the freedom of his pulpit—the utterances of his heart! The truth ultimately will make the man free, and in his work he will come to bless "the way, the truth, and the life."

What I ask for the pulpit I invoke for the press—the utmost freedom. Better the one and the same right exists to silence the other. Because the bad man who is reproved would silence the voice of faithful rebuke from the pulpit, would you suffer the tippler, the libertine, the free-lover, the drunkard, or the rumseller to silence the press, because their crimes are there made odious? The press is the mirror reflecting the guilt of their lives, so that shame covers and condemns them. It is only the base bad man who instigates opposition to a free press. Depend upon it, only that party or class or clan institute measures to check the license of the press, or to intimidate editors and correspondents, who fear exposure of trickery, fraud, bribery, if not high-handed villainy. Is the pulpit the censor of public morals and religious living, the press is the censor of political and commercial intelligence. Is the pulpit a power for good in the world, the press is no less powerful; indeed its power is the "terror of evil doers." While I thus speak of the press, and claim for it the fullest freedom, I am not insensible to the fact that it is also oftimes the medium of scandal. But we must all admit that though it should give countenance sometimes to the rankest heresies, it were better so than to have the press fettered, or its voice so controlled by law, that it should not be guilty of any utterance other than that which a legalized censor may permit. What if we do find much to regret in the columns of our daily newspapers, do we not also find the same columns giving to the world the best and strongest utterances of our best writers and thinkers?

It is a mistake some good men make when they condemn the secular press and teach that its animus, its influence, is tending to the extinguishment of morality and the overthrow of piety. If the antidote of error, given side by side with the poison to which exception is taken, cannot endure the test, then it is unworthy to be held as the antidote, and the sooner it is strewn the better. Never, since the days of Coster, Faust, Guttenburg and Caxton, has the press been so burdened with the messages of priests and prelates, of pious story tellers, and with proclamations of progress in arts and sciences as at the present moment. Well it is the press is free—for in its power, made for Deity, it catches the burning words of truth and sends them far and wide, though columned by the side of words defending "philosophies after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." [At this point Dr. Miller presented some statistics showing the power of the press by its issues in Europe and this country. He said there are 12,000,000 books, 3,000,000 periodicals, 400,000,000 newspaper sheets, and some 900 different ballads and songs circulated annually in the United States. How are these molding the National character?] Shall we silence the press, or direct its utterances by law? Never! This may do for those who sway the scepter; where the yoke of vicious rulers falls upon the necks of the helpless, but it can never be allowed on the soil of American liberty. A few years ago this was the boast of our country, "We are a free people, and we have a free press." Yet to-day political tricksters smuggle through Congress a law striking at this freedom, because forsooth their tricks have been exposed, their frauds have been rebuked, and their plots and plans brought by the press to public scrutiny and overthrow. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon," that the son of any honest American ever voted for such a measure. Rather let him die, and go to his own place in forgetfulness, and let another take his office. There is a beautiful lesson in the old engraving of a printing press with the emblem of the cross just above it. To my mind, this is just the relation of the pulpit to the press. Before the discovery of printing, book-making and learning were confined to the ecclesiastics. The pulpit and the press have ever been united in the world's service. Let them so remain. Free as the air, each accomplishing its mission in the education of the people, who will love them more and more—the doctrines of union and equality in the light of truth, reason, and the right.

## THE BLESSINGS OF SOLITUDE.

*The Rev. Dr. Robinson of Troy at Plymouth Church (Congregational), Brooklyn.*

The lecture-room of Plymouth Church was well filled yesterday morning by a congregation who seemed to be deeply interested in the discourse of the Rev. Dr. Robinson of Troy, who preached upon the subject of the "Loneliness of Christ, its Evidences, Causes, and Application." In the prayer which preceded the sermon, Dr. Robinson prayed that God's blessing might rest upon Plymouth Church, where so many storm-tossed souls had found peace, and that the glory of the past when compared with the future might be as the twilight to the brightness of noonday. He also prayed that God's Spirit might sustain the pastor in the hour of his trial; that it would hasten the time when the clouds that now enveloped him should be lifted, and that the Holy Dove of Peace should descend and quiet the disturbed elements so that the glory of God should alone be felt among the followers of Christ. The preacher selected the following as his text: "And when the evening was come, He was there alone."—Matthew, xiv., 23.

The life of Christ, said he, presented an infinite variety of emotions. Of all lives His alone was perfection. Naturalists assert that amid the variety of leaves in the forest and field, no single leaf is actually perfect, and all human lives are more or less imperfect. In Jesus, however, the ideal of perfection is realized. Yet, withal, no one can read the life of Jesus Christ with any measure of sympathy, but must become aware of His terrible loneliness. He is accorded as seeking the stillness of the woods and the mountains. Although there is no passage which speaks plainly of His loneliness, there are several hints, which, as the reader grows in sympathy with the Divine Lord, impress him with this peculiar fact. The intent, therefore, of the discourse would be to show the evidences and causes of this loneliness, and to apply the lesson to the good of the human soul. In the chapter from which the text had been taken, Christ is recorded as having been surrounded by thousands whom He had fed; but He had sent them all away. It might perhaps have been that the confusion had fevered Him, and He desired the solitude. He even sent away His disciples, and went up into the mountain to pray alone. And yet He was not alone, for He was in communion with His Father. Then again, after the Transfiguration, when He found the disciples had not sufficient faith, His remark, "How long shall I suffer you?" was the cry of a lonely soul. In this there was a similarity with the cry of the prophets, when they felt their loneliness. Again there were times when the disciples held back from seeking Him questions, and even in the midst of them He was alone. When He went up to Jerusalem to meet His death, He preceded His disciples, and was absorbed in an abstraction that even they did not dare to disturb. The Garden of Gethsemane was clearly an evidence that He was there a lonely man, "the Man of Sorrows." The disciples from the very excess of their grief had ceased to mourn, and tears were denied them. They were wearied with their sorrows and slept. But Jesus slept not. In His loneliness He looked down upon that city for which He would have done so much, but where there were none but those who were either indifferent as to His fate, or were hastening to complete the work for His destruction. None can imagine His loneliness at this sad hour. He was again alone in the Prætorium, alone while that mockery of a trial was going on, alone when He was led forth bound and wearing the crown of thorns upon His head. His followers were either hiding or denying Him, and there was none to give Him comfort. What scene could be more lonely than that of His death upon the cross; hanging there alone between two thieves who were reviling Him.

The cause for this loneliness were the necessities of His work, and the purity of His character. His purity was such that even the Devil could find nothing to work upon. When the woman, accused of adultery, was brought before Him, the very brutality of the men who accused her made him shrink from them, and he stooped down and wrote upon the ground. There was power in what He said to the woman's accusers. His purity made Him not judge the woman, but judge the whole crowd who had exhibited no shame while exposing the unfortunate offender. He was chivalrous in his suffering, for what is more chivalrous than to suffer and bear the pains nobly. Some men may bear obloquy from sheer weakness of character; but Christ suffered while having the power to summon a legion of angels. Possessing this power, yet He suffered, and was led like a lamb to the slaughter. An honest man among thieves could not be more alone than was Christ during His ministry. Even as a boy His mother could not understand Him; His brethren and disciples never properly understood Him. Then His excess of sensitivity was another reason for this loneliness. The fineness of His organization, gentle yet strong, made Him sensitive of the pain and pleasures of others, and those who have such feelings will necessarily be lonely. That Jesus was thus sensitive was evidenced by His course with the Bethany household, and His affection for the disciple John. His anguish in Gethsemane, when He cried, "What, could ye not watch with me one hour?" is lost in the crowning act of the cross, where He died as well for His enemies as His friends. The work that Christ had been sent upon earth to perform was to give the Jews liberty, by freeing them from sin and ritualism, while they desired that He should free them from the Roman yoke. When the Jews understood His mission they repudiated him, the outward Church persecuted Him, and the chief priest led the movement for His crucifixion. He was alone in the midst of those He desired to save. * * * How lonely it is when a man is clinging to some daily sin, unknown to others, and of which he can never speak; how sad the loneliness of the man in a respectable position, who carries with him the remembrance of some fearful crime, and while dreading discovery, goes into society with a mask of gayety. Who knows what is going on within him? Who sees the dark shadow which constantly haunts him with fears when the rustle of a leaf or the step of a friend is heard? What such a man's loneliness is none can tell. But there are times to the Christian when loneliness is a blessing, when he can commune with the saints. Temptation is best overcome in solitude. Prayer is the most effective in solitude. The blessing of external prayer is great, but that of inward prayer, which wells up from the soul in the midst of the densest crowds, is still greater. * * * The agony of loneliness which Christ felt on the cross was severe when He cried, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" But no true Christian soul need ever cry out at the last hour, "My God, I am forsaken," while he trusts in God and places his faith on the Lord Jesus Christ.

## SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INCARNATION.

*The Rev. Dr. Miley at the Bedford-st. Methodist Episcopal Church.*

The Rev. Dr. Miley of the Drew Seminary at Madison preached yesterday morning at the Bedford-st. M. E. Church. His text was selected from the Epistle to the Hebrews, ii., 16: "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham."

There were, he held, several definitions or interpretations of the phrase quoted, but they were of a technical character; in all that is material they are in perfect harmony, and give the best idea of the great truth revealed to us. Practically they express the effort which Jesus made to save man. He took hold of man, by the assumption of his nature, with a view to help and succor him, and for his eternal deliverance. In this brief text there are three distinct natures and orders of being—the divine, angelic, and human—essentially different. Somewhere there is a miserable and emasculated doctrine which would level Jesus to the plane of man, denying him all higher nature. Such a doctrine was at direct variance with the truest and highest principles of Christianity. The phraseology of the text in its reference to the seed of Abraham was just what was promised. The seed of Abraham represented human nature. This was the doctrine of the incarnation. Jesus Christ took the form and nature of man, so that God was manifest in the flesh. This was not merely contact in sympathy with us, but nature entering into nature, the enfolding of humanity in the person of our Savior. This was to help and succor us. This was the great idea of the text. God did not take upon Him the appearance or nature of angels. Why did he take hold of us and not the angels? There were many of the latter who were in need of help. They had been nearer to God than we, but they were corrupted and fell from glorious immortality into terrible darkness. We should not assume that there was any natural impossibility in helping them; yet the fact is that they were passed by in order to minister unto us. He took not upon Him either the form or nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham. Perhaps it was presumable that the angels were responsible for their fall, while we were simply powerless and passive. Jesus entered into our nature that He might die for us. The idea appeared to be that He offered himself as our High Priest that he might more fully enter into our needs and the more successfully plead our cause on Most High.

The preacher concluded by comparing the felicity of the angels with that of man, and likened their relative positions to that of two men on a rock surrounded by raging waters, both of whom are in safety, but the pleasure of one is indescribably greater than that of the other, because he has just been snatched from death. So in the immortal life, the happiness of man will be infinitely greater than that of the angels because he has been saved from perdition.

## THE TRANSFIGURATION OF JESUS.

*The Rev. David Gregg at the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church.*

A lecture upon this subject explanatory of Matt. xvii., 1-8, was delivered by the Rev. David Gregg, pastor of the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church in West Twenty-third-st., yesterday morning. The speaker said, in part:

Last Sabbath we discussed the Transfiguration as it related to Jesus; we shall consider now its relation to His followers—recapitulate the points already set forth. It took place in the night, upon Mount Hermon. Like Christ's baptism, it occurred while He prayed. It adorned with glory His human nature without destroying its true properties. Just as the iron plunged into the white fire sparkles and glows with its beauty and light, still retaining its identity, so humanity plunged into His godhead glowed and flashed with the brightness of divinity without losing its identity. It was honored with the presence of God the Father. The luminous cloud that overshadowed the scene was the symbol of His presence. It resulted in great glory to Christ, and braced him for His mission of suffering. Upon these points we shall not again dwell. We seek for new ones by which our thoughts may be directed to the disciples. They have an interest in this wonderful event. Three of them were these—Peter, James, and John. Why did Christ take these with him? Chiefly because he could not go alone. He craved company and sympathy. His human nature was perfect, and hence like us he could not endure the thought of being alone. I do not need to prove to you that yearning for fellowship is common to humanity. One illustration will suffice. Our friends have left us to enter into the rest and change of country life; we enter our home in the evening and it is deserted. There is a sense of oppressiveness there, and the heart being empty goes out in its longings to be filled. We are not ourselves, and we will not be ourselves until the laugh of the child and the voice of the mother are heard as of old. In order to be a perfect Savior the humanity of Christ must be so constituted that he can enter with us into our desire for company and appreciate our sense of loneliness. That he is a high priest who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities He here demonstrates. In this, as well as in another of the great crisis of His life, he requires his friends to accompany him. He cannot enter into the joys of the transfiguration without these share them with Him; neither can He endure the agony of Gethsemane without knowing that three manly hearts beat in friendship for Him. Why He chose these three we do not make a question. He but exercised that personal sovereignty which every man has of choosing his friends.

While His disciples were there and enjoyed the scene in part, they did not enjoy it fully. The scene was too grand for their natures, so full of imperfection. Their physical weakness was against them—"they slept." Their mental incapacity was against them—they were so bewildered that "they knew not what they said." Their moral defectiveness was against them—when the voice of God spoke from the luminous cloud "they fell upon the ground in fear." We are all like these three disciples—we are dwarfs. Even when opportunity is afforded us to look into the greatest of divine mysteries, we cannot look as we would, because of our infirmities. Yet, God be praised! dwarfed as we are intellectually and morally, He has allowed us by the power of consciousness to attain some knowledge and some assurance on heavenly things. By consciousness we attain facts when these cannot be attained otherwise. There are some thoughts that we should retain, having studied this scene. We should remember our need of the Mediator in dealing with God. These disciples did not fear Jesus, but they were afraid at the voice of the Eternal Father.

## WITNESSES OF GOD.

*The Rev. R. S. MacArthur at Calvary Baptist Church.*

At Calvary Baptist Church, in Twenty-third-st., near Fifth-ave., the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, the pastor, preached upon the subject of Christians as witnesses of God and His religion. Among other things he said:

True Christians are witnesses of the fact that religion is capable of making, and does make, the noblest men and women in the world. Such men and women are the light and the salt of the world; they will stand any test, and prove that the grace in their hearts is of divine origin. People are saying that if certain things which are agitating the Christian world are proved to be true, Christianity will receive a shock from which it will never recover; but I tell you, that if these things are proved to be true, Christianity will not receive a shock, neither will it suffer. If a tall, magnificent tree, which stands on the mountain's highest peak, and is the glory and pride of the surrounding woods, be struck by the lightning and falls, the woods are not injured. So if a single pulpit be stricken down, the rest are not injured. The fall of one man, however prominent he has been as a preacher, cannot disastrously affect a religion founded by Christ himself. If the fall takes place, it will but stimulate the great body of Christians to greater care and exertion. No! Again I say that the fall of no one man can overthrow or injure Christ's religion. But understand me, I judge no one, neither do I say that any one is going to fall. I have, on the contrary, a firm hope which, when all the facts are known, I believe will be justified.

In conclusion, Mr. MacArthur exhorted his congregation to always remember that they were God's witnesses, and to see to it that they always bore true and faithful witness to Him and His religion.

## THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF SIN.

*The Rev. Dr. Murray at the Brick (Presbyterian) Church.*

On the occasion of the reopening of the Brick church (Presbyterian), Fifth-ave. and Thirty-seventh-st. yesterday, the Rev. Dr. Murray selected his text from Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24: "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts."

The Psalms of David, said the preacher, breathe with every day's affairs and with every day's temptations, and though the Christian Church finds itself in a new atmosphere and among new surroundings, the Psalms of David, the shepherd youth, the soldier, the king, the penitent and the prophet, are just as appropriate now as they were then. The text that closes the 51st Psalm is that of a consciousness of sin. Once he would have scorned the thought of such a fall as that in the 51st Psalm suggests. It is in such a view as this that we see the object of this petition. I wish to suggest some reasons why every one should make this prayer his own. Most men in active life affect to know what is human nature, and this is to a certain extent true. Many can tell a person's character by his physiognomy, by the expression, the glance of his eye, and by his voice. Some men have written works on geography who have not seen creeks within a few miles of their homes. But how many possess a knowledge of their own character and tendencies. Proud men are unconsciously proud, selfish, avaricious, and evil-minded. Men unconsciously give way to their besetting sin that overpowers them. They say that it is true, but after all they are only occasionally under its influence. These are some of the excuses given. But how is a man to know the real strength of his evil tendencies. He is forbidden to test his strength by placing himself in the way of temptation, for the prayer is "Lead us not into temptation." There is one resort, and that is self-examination. No soul that longs to be a perfect character will not examine itself. But even in self-examination the soul is often baffled, and every one knows how dense and intricate is the experiment. Therefore we should always say with the Psalmist, "Try me, O God, and know my heart." God can and does use many means for this. He can use sickness, adversity, bereavement, and other severe trials to bring a man to know himself. "I can know no sin but by the law," said one of the leaders of the early Church. I think that many will confess that their goodness is the goodness of circumstances, and not of the nature. Some believe in