"THE WORD."

Life Worthless Without the Memory of the Dead.

MAN'S SOUL PRECIOUS.

The Gospel's Effective Plan for Man's Salvation.

CENTRAL M. E. CHURCH.

FORETHOUGHT—SERMON BY REV. DR. NEWMAN.

At the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, Seventh avenue and Fourteenth street, Rev. Dr. Newman delivered a discourse yesterday forenoon on the subject of "Forethought." Those present were evidently anxious to participate in the last services previous to the closing of the church for renovation, as it is not to be opened for public worship again until the second Sunday in September. Taking for his text Proverbs, vi., 6—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her way and be wise"—Dr. Newman said:—The Bible is a universal book. There are allusions therein to every department of nature and intimations of all the sciences. It is not too much to say that in the near future the Bible will be considered a book of scientific accuracy. These allusions are incidental and are designed to point a moral. The references to zoology are especially full. Isaiah calls the thoughtless to consider that "the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib." Jeremiah invites the lawless to reflect that "the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle dove, the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming." Our Lord commands the distrustful to "behold the fowls of the air, who sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them." Solomon declares, "There are four things which be little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise. The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; the conies are but a feeble folk, yet they make their houses in the rocks; the locusts have no king, yet they go forth all of them by bands, and the spider taketh hold by her hands and is in the king's palaces." These statements are all scientifically accurate. Buffon could not have stated them more correctly. Had Solomon stated one-half as much about the curious habits of animals as have some naturalists he would have been considered a novelist. Dr. Linceum communicated to Darwin the marvellous results of his studies during twelve years of the American mound-building ant, which he describes as thrifty, diligent and provident; as living in paved cities; as constructing public roads. He says these ants are farmers, who prepare the soil for a crop, plant the seed, keep the ground free from weeds, reap the harvest and store the grain in barns. On the cleared area around their mound they permit nothing to grow except a species of grain bearing grass, which bears a small, white, flinty seed, resembling rice. If the grain becomes wet these little farmers carry it in the sunshine to dry, and Linceum assured Mr. Darwin that the American ants plant the seed for an ensuing crop. All this confirms the words of Solomon.

LESSONS FROM THE ANTS.

The first lesson suggested by these little creatures is this—they fulfil the end of their being and live according to their nature. This is true of the whole animal creation. There are some little creatures whose life is a song, whose existence is a breath, but they accomplish the end for which they were made. Such a eulogy cannot be pronounced on man. He exalts the subordinate to the supreme and degrades the supreme to the subordinate. He was not made for the universe, nor for society, nor for angels—he was made for God. He has the intelligence to appreciate God; he has the power to love his creator, and his supernal happiness is companionship with the Almighty. "I call you no more servants but friends."

The ant is the embodiment of forethought. When it carries a grain of corn into its barn it bites off the germ to prevent it from sprouting. "The ant provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." There is a summer in the life of every man in which he is to prepare for the future. Providence gives every man a chance. This explains why, in the life of Byron and of Tom Moore, they gave expression to deep religious thought, which may be placed side by side with the psalms of David and the hymns of Wesley. No year has two Junes. Only once a year does summer weave her million-tinted coronal around her blushing temples; only once she waves her wand and forms of celestial loveliness beautify the landscape and shed the fragrance of heaven on the tainted air of earth. There is a winter in every life. The Latins said, "Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald;" hence the adage, "Let us take Time by the forelock." The ant is a patient toiler. Work is the law of nature. The greatest of men have been the hardest workers. "He that will not work neither shall he eat." This applies to the two classes of tramps. The mendicant tramp, who is at the foot of the ladder, and the dandy tramp, who eats well, drinks well and dresses well at the expense of others. Work is devotion.

THE GOSPEL GARDEN.

HE MAKETH HIS SUN TO RISE—SERMON BY REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR.

The Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., preached in the evening in the Gospel Garden, Seventh avenue, above Thirty-fourth street, the congregation numbering from twelve to fifteen hundred. The entrance was crowded, and many men and women stood along the aisles. The rear windows and front door were kept open and the long linen fans extending across the ceiling did something to cool an atmosphere which would otherwise have been intensely warm. Dr. Tyng took for his text Matthew v., 45—"He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good; he sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust." To-morrow, said the preacher, there is to be an eclipse of the sun, and scientific men all over the world are turning their eyes toward the centre of this country as the one spot on the earth where the darkness will be total. From a quarter before five in this latitude and longitude till half-past six o'clock the moon will be seen to move across the face of the sun and conceal two-thirds of it from our view. Those who remember the eclipse of 1862 know in what a peculiar light this obscuration of the sun will leave the surface of the earth. In the olden time this phenomenon made a great impression on the superstition of the people, and was dreaded as the introduction to the day of doom. Now we know more of astronomy; but with this knowledge of the laws of nature has come a disregard of nature's God. Men forget the Creator in view of the thing created. God was not only in the creation of things seen; He is in command of the power which keeps them going from day to day.

Edward Everett, on his way to the opening of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, saw the sun rise for the first time, and when he reached the city could think of nothing else. His oration was filled with the glory of the morning sunlight. It is a great and glorious thing and worth the while of any man to rise and see. God tells us to love our neighbor as ourself and do good to them that hate us, and the impartiality with which He distributes the light of the sun and the rain of the skies is a rebuke to our narrowness and malevolence. Revenge yourself upon your enemy and soon you feel how contemptibly you have acted. But forgive and forget an injury and you feel and are regarded as a king among men. There's nothing in the world so pleasant, and there's no other way in this world of making people good. God makes us conscious of our own meanness and contemptibility by showing His own purity and magnanimity. There are no punishments in this world; we are living in a world of love. And there is nothing so mean and contemptible as the ungrateful man who disregards a benefit or uses it to the injury of the benefactor. To-morrow afternoon, when the darkness comes upon you, remember that another day of darkness shall come, and prepare to walk on that day, not in the gloom, but in the glorious light of the God of the sun and of the moon. This you may do if you accept God's proffered love.

There will be services in the Garden every night for two weeks.

WASHINGTON SQUARE M. E. CHURCH.

LIFE HERE AFTER DEATH—SERMON BY THE REV. DR. JAMES M. KING.

At the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church the pastor, the Rev. Dr. James M. King, preached on "Life Here After Death," taking his text from II. Kings, xiii., 21—"And when the man was let down and touched the bones of Elisha he revived and stood up on his feet." After speaking at some length on the life and works of Elisha, the preacher went on to say that there was little in this life worth living for except the thought that in the life to come we should be cognizant of the effects of our well doing here. He thought it would be the privilege of the soul in the world to come to know what was doing in the world it had left. It could know how the good seed planted before death had taken root and borne fruit, and the thought could not but be a most happy one to every Christian. Heaven would not be worth much if this were not so. A person would not want to continually sing or hold pleasant converse with friends. There would be a longing to know what was doing on the earth below; whether the children left behind were walking in the footsteps of the parent that had gone before; whether the example of righteousness set on earth was being followed. What would this life be without the memory of the dead? There were many parents whose following of Christian lives was due to the memory of the dead—whose thoughts of Christian duty were inseparably linked with a child that God had taken away to Himself. There were mothers, who, troubled with the waywardness of children, would grow impatient and perhaps cross; but how their thoughts would soften and their hearts fill with Christian love when their memory would go back to the mother, long gone before, who never was cross or impatient with them. The lives and words of those gone before, said the preacher, influence our lives and works and those to come after us.

The work on earth would increase or diminish the pleasure of heaven, and each should strive to lead a life of purity and holiness.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIANS.

CURE SIN AND YOU CURE SORROW—SERMON BY REV. WILLIAM LLOYD.

The Rev. William Lloyd preached in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church on the third and following verses of Matthew ii., wherein is described the lowering of the palsied man through the roof of the building in which Christ was preaching and healing the sick. The title of his sermon was "Cure Sin and You can Cure Sorrow." The analogy existing between physical and moral ill, said the preacher, is so striking that we are not surprised to find the prophets remarking upon it frequently. The miracles which the Lord performed upon men's bodies were merely the symbols of the miracles He was working upon their souls, and which He is still working at the present day. The very method He adopted to cure that palsied creature lying there, the mere remnant of what God intended a man to be, teaches us that the soul must first be purified before the body is made whole. It shows us that there is an inseparable connection between sin and suffering. The laws which God has put into operation know no mercy in themselves, though they are under the absolute control of their Maker. Unless God overrules them for a special purpose no one can stand in their way without being crushed. God's moral laws are equally irresistible. They are not the offspring of revengeful hate, but of infinite love, as all law must be to be right. Law reveals wrong, not creates it, and no one is held more amenable to the laws of God than God Himself. The moment you break a natural law all the forces of the universe are arrayed against you.

All suffering and sorrow is caused by sin, either in the present sufferer or in some ancestor not remote. No truth is more obvious and demonstrable than this. Men have striven again and again, by various means, to alter this condition of things, and yet we see that all such philanthropic efforts somehow fail. It is simply because they are devoted to modifying instead of curing. They do not strike at the root of the evil, which is sin.

Sowing wild oats is a dangerous pastime. He who sows to the flesh shall reap corruption. Every tombstone that records a death occurring almost before life had begun but tells the story of suffering treading on the heels of sin; poverty and degradation may be traced more or less directly to the same source. Every morning mothers bend over their children in an agony which is tearless only because the fire within has burned the tear fount dry. Every paper bears the record of crimes which blanch the cheek with terror or crimson it with shame. Reformatory efforts are successful only partially and in isolated cases; generally they but bind the Hercules with powerless withes. Sin, like a hoary-headed sexton, is digging the grave of the world. Like a golden-haired Delilah she is wooing us to our death. Like a beautiful siren she is sitting on the rocks alluring the unwary mortal to destruction. She blanches the cheeks of men and whitens their hair with unspoken anguish. I cannot understand the mission of the Lord Jesus Christ, unless in some future age sin is to die. He was manifested to destroy the work of the devil. He had power to forgive sin and so to remove it. Human forgiveness relieves a man only from the punishment of the law; it does not purify his heart. But divine forgiveness never fails to regenerate. It makes one a new man. This power Christ possessed on earth, and He possesses it now. We preach a forgiving and a renewing God.

CHICKERING HALL.

CLOSING THE UNION GOSPEL SERVICES FOR THE SEASON—ADDRESSES BY THE REV. J. M. KING AND REV. R. S. MACARTHUR.

The last of the union gospel services for the present season was held at Chickering Hall. These services were intended to be of a perfectly non-sectarian character, and were designed to attract the large masses of people who are negligent about attending any regular worship. Although it was quite warm in Chickering Hall the five hundred persons who attended yesterday's meeting sat through to the end of the rather long exercises. The members of the congregation were almost all people in good circumstances. They were principally ladies.

THE EXERCISES.

The exercises were begun with singing, which was followed by prayer and the reading of the Scripture. Rev. J. M. King then addressed the congregation on the subject of Christ's tenderness for the weak. His relations to those who are lacking in strength, as to women and children, said the preacher, are among the most beautiful of the phenomena of His life. He looks above all things to the relief of the sick, the suffering and the lowly. He mentioned it as one of the chief signs of His divinity, that under His auspices "the poor had the gospel preached to them." Whenever He meets with a Christian whose faith is weak; one who has loved God, but whose faith is languishing, or one whose faith has been broken by the wickedness of other men, does He strike down that weak one? On the contrary He does all that He can to revive the spirit of religion in his heart, to bear him up and comfort and save him. He goes round to all the lamps in the sanctuary and feeds such as are flickering for want of oil. In human families, we notice that if one member be a weakling; if a son or a daughter be sick or crippled, all the rest love and cherish and help that one with a greater tenderness. So it should be in churches and in the whole world. If a member of a congregation be weak in faith, the rest should use their utmost efforts to foster religious feeling in him. And those who are strong and rich should have regard for those whom Christ so loved, the sick and the poor, especially children. They should endeavor to alleviate their distresses, even though they should have to deny themselves a little pleasure or comfort for that purpose.

Mr. R. S. MacArthur glanced briefly at the work of the union services. He said that he disapproved of the project when it was originated, but he had since come to see its excellence. He now saw that there are many people who came there to worship who would not go to church, and he thought that the plan of testing, by a show of hands, the practical results of each day's preaching had been productive of the best results.

The next meeting will be held on the third Sunday in next September.

COLLEGIATE DUTCH CHURCH.

VALUE OF THE SOUL—SERMON BY REV. W. F. V. BARTLETT.

At the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, Rev. William F. V. Bartlett, D. D., of Lexington, Ky., preached from Matthew, xvi., 26—"What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" What is meant by soul in this text, he said, is self. Men measure themselves against the world and the estimate they put upon themselves is surprisingly low. One man esteems himself worthy to control a nation; another desires the good opinion of the community; another is wholly absorbed in accumulating money. We may estimate at what a man values himself by seeing how he expends his labor. Turn to the text and you will see that our Lord regards each man as more than the world. How happens it that the Lord puts the individual higher than the world? We would have thought that the reverse had been true. The answer is to be found in the difference with which duration is valued. Men may not doubt their immortality, but they cannot fully understand, as Christ does, the eternal life of the human soul. Because death bounds our present life men look upon their limit here as threescore and ten years.

On turning to the teaching of the Saviour all is different. He does not estimate man's existence by days and years. He looks upon death, not as a boundary, but as a bridge. He would not think of their bodies mouldering into dust, but of their souls, instinct with power and to endure forever. Walk with Him in the crowded thoroughfare, where you may mourn that you are mortal, where you cry, "I must pass away," and He would have you look up and know that you are to live beyond the grave, throughout eternity.

Another reason for the self-depreciation in contrast with the great value placed upon us by Christ is that we do not know as He does that we are not only not to die, but that we are to continue to grow forever. No limit can be set to the progress of the human soul. Conceive the faculties with which man is endowed and there seems to be nothing that he cannot accomplish. He is in the front rank of created beings, made in the image of God, and whatever is possible for a finite being to accomplish that must eventually come within the range of his achievements. While men measure men by what they know of them in this life Christ values them by the knowledge He has of the worth of an undying soul.

WORSHIP IN THE WOODS.

SERVICES IN ASBURY PARK AND OCEAN GROVE YESTERDAY—WHAT THE PHILADELPHIA MISSION SOCIETY IS DOING.

Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, N. J., were alive with people yesterday. About eight thousand souls are summering in the grove in about four hundred cottages, over one hundred tents and a couple of score of hotels, of different sizes and various names, and about two thousand in the park. Taking advantage of the number of Philadelphians who are temporarily resident in the park the Philadelphia Tract and Mission Society held a meeting in Educational Hall there in the morning. This hall is the identical building that stood in the Pennsylvania Department of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. It was purchased by Mr. James A. Bradley and transferred to Asbury Park. It is a circular building and is capable of seating 600 people. It is often filled at concerts and lectures, but it failed to attract a large congregation yesterday. Its interior is surrounded with likenesses of noted Americans, such as Washington, Lincoln, Grant, &c., the proprietor of Asbury Park holding a prominent position, but his modesty will not allow his name to appear on the pedestal.

THE PHILADELPHIA TRACT SOCIETY.

The society whose meeting was held in this hall yesterday is nearly fifty-one years old. It was organized in September, 1827, and last year commemorated its semi-centennial anniversary. Its annual meetings occur in October. Its officers for the current year are William Purves, president; H. L. Lipman, secretary; H. B. Riehle, treasurer, and Joseph H. Schreiner, general agent. Among its vice presidents and board of directors are counted some of the prominent merchants and bankers and business men of the City of Brotherly Love. All the leading ministers of Philadelphia are also members of the society. The city is divided into districts and missionaries are appointed to each. The society employs 5 missionaries, 38 superintendents of divisions and 507 visitors to the poor in their homes and in the public institutions. They relieve annually over 700 cases of distress, distribute nearly 850,000 pages of tracts, induce 400 persons to sign the temperance pledge, 597 to attend church and 476 children to attend Sabbath school. They hold nearly 700 neighborhood meetings for prayer and Scripture reading and do a general share of parochial visitation besides, and their annual expenses amount to about $5,000. Addresses setting forth these facts were made yesterday by Messrs. Schreiner, the society's superintendent, G. R. Wilder, a missionary from India, and J. A. Leggett, of Philadelphia. The operations of the society from the standpoints of the Sabbath, temperance, tract distribution and visiting were presented and subscription cards were circulated, but the subscriptions did not appear.

OCEAN GROVE MEETINGS.

While this service was going on in Asbury Park the churches in that place were well filled and the Tabernacle in Ocean Grove sheltered 3,500 people, who listened to a sermon by Rev. H. Baker, of Cincinnati (formerly of New Jersey Conference), from the text John, i., 42, which describes Andrew finding Peter and bringing him to Jesus. The preacher's lines of thought clustered around three propositions—namely, how men are to be brought to Jesus, who are to bring them and to whom are they to be brought. This outline gave him an opportunity to present some practical hints to the people present to labor more earnestly and efficiently than they do for others' salvation. There is a very general complaint in the Grove about the lack of working piety among the saints. They go there to bathe and boat and enjoy themselves, and except on the Sabbath there is very little difference between Ocean Grove and Long Branch save that the former has a religious label. When the sons of God met in ancient time we are told that Satan was there also. He is not absent from the pious gatherings of the Grove in these days. There is less rigidity in the enforcement of rules now than formerly. The place has outgrown its original design, and people who have bought land and built substantial houses cannot be bound by camp meeting laws as they once were. Not that there is any gross violation of the proprieties of the Grove as a place for religious services, but there is less attendance on those services now than formerly, and far less spiritual results gathered.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

BEGINNING WITH SMALL THINGS—FATHER M'NAMARA'S MISSIONARY EFFORTS IN WATER STREET.

Although the hot weather is not quite favorable to the propagation of the new church which Father McNamara has established in Water street the attendance was of considerable but very changeable dimensions, for many of the persons composing the congregation came and went rather irregularly. This irregularity Father McNamara ascribed to the bad training which they had received at the hands of Roman teachers, who led them to believe that when they caught any portion of a Latin mass which they did not understand they went away sanctified. At the hour fixed for beginning the exercises of the evening there were less than thirty persons present, but the pastor said that this frequently happened, and that afterward the hall was packed. They had, he said, no regular congregation, for they did not see the benefit of any. They desired rather to make their purpose known far and near, and so he proposed to wait a little for those who had to come from a distance. His anticipations concerning the increase of his auditors were justified by considerable accessions to the congregation, so that when the exercises were begun there was a large attendance. Father McNamara commenced in a mild and persuasive tone on the religious aspect of their enterprise, but growing *forte* as he proceeded branched off into a vigorous attack on what he called "Italianism," which, he said, had held the Irish people in spiritual bondage, and has promoted ignorance, bigotry and superstition. He was ashamed, he said, to be obliged to say it, but the truth should be told—there were many persons who had been kept in such profound ignorance that they believed up to this day that the Pope was an Irishman.

WORDS OF DEFIANCE.

A disturbance on the street having diverted the attention of some members of the congregation, Father McNamara energetically warned them not to look around. The Italian agents, he said, have sent persons here to disturb us, but we don't care for that. We are able to defend ourselves against this Italian infamy. We are able to take care of ourselves in this hall and the laws of the land will protect us outside. The religious portion of the exercises was of the same kind as has been used at previous services, consisting of the universal prayer of the Catholic Prayer-book, the Litany of Jesus and several of the anthems of the new Church set to favorite Irish airs. Between these Father McNamara discoursed on various topics. Among other things he said, in allusion to the anticipated progress of the Church, that the time would come when strangers from distant parts would kiss the boards on which they stood, and was it not better ne added to kiss them than to kiss the bones of the Romish saints or the pontifical toe of the spiritual despot that dwelt in Rome. The exercises, which did not terminate till after ten o'clock, were brought to a conclusion by the bestowal of the pastor's blessing.

THE GOSPEL MISSION.

ENLIVENING THE SERVICE WITH THE JUBILEE SINGERS' MELODIES.

Mr. Peter Dwyer's Gospel Mission was open last evening on a speculative basis, ten cents admission being charged, and, as a motherly looking woman who appeared to have a sort of deputy superintendence of affairs explained to the reporter, one half of the money collected was to go to the Gospel Mission and one half to some jubilee singers who were to sing. As the reporter paid his ten cents and sat down he was promptly buttonholed by one of the jubilee singers referred to, who explained that his troupe of eight singers had no connection with the troupe that sang there last Sunday. "His troupe," he said, "was the great American slave troupe. The lady who sat in the middle," he said, "and the man who was collecting the money at the door were never slaves, but the rest could justify their title. The troupe was doing," he further explained, "a most flourishing business, singing on excursion boats, in churches and at Long Branch. They had cleared over $14 yesterday, a portion of which would be divided among the eight singers, while a portion would be deposited in a traveling fund, the troupe contemplating a grand tour." It does not appear that the poor have the Gospel preached unto them on all occasions at Mr. Dywer's mission, for several who had come without ten cents were turned away last evening. The little room was, however, well filled.

The meeting or performance was to have begun at eight o'clock, but didn't. "We'll start in at about a quarter past," said one of the troupe, and the people were patient. He was better than his word, for at ten minutes past eight the curious song called "Rise and Shine" was beautifully sung without accompaniment. The style of singing was the true old time plantation fashion and the peculiar melody and simple harmony were remarkably well rendered.

THE SONGS.

"When I was Sinner, Just Like You," was the next song, and proved to be a camp meeting hymn of curious minor strains. The general purport of the song seemed to be a wail over the sinner's deplorable condition, but in few of the songs did the singers pronounce their words distinctly enough to be understood, thus robbing their performance of half its beauty. The next song was, "Just So You Live, Just So You Die; Judgment Will Find You So." It treated of the possibility of "walkin' in de air" with "a pair of gospel shoes."

A curious chant of the story of Jonah, sung by the leading soprano, came next. The other singers kept up a murmur of sub-bass on one line and interspersed the story with various camp meeting shouts, which had the genuine ring, and twice or thrice the chorus was given, "The bells are ringing honor and glory."

"The Gospel Train is Coming" and "As I Went Down in the Valley of Jubilee" were the next songs. The last was explained to be "one of old Aunt Dyce's songs" and was a truly original composition, the chorus being, "Shout, shout, de debil am 'bout; he's chained in hell and can't get out."

"Don't you want to be a lover of the Lord?" said the bass singer, suddenly rising and speaking in his profoundest tones. The audience was startled for a moment, but it shortly appeared that he was merely announcing another song, which was duly sung. It was followed by one of the curious recitations, with camp meeting shouts and choruses, of which the colored people are especially fond. The subject was sufficiently quaint, being the story of a vision in which old Uncle Ben was tempted of the devil, who said:—

All the gold in the mountains
And all the silver in the mine
Shall all be your's, old Uncle Ben,
If you will only be mine.

According to the song, however, he resisted and constantly offered up the prayer:—

And oh! good Lord, keep behind us
And keep old Satan away.

TAKE NO ODDS FROM SATAN.

Brother Birdseye was then called on for a few remarks, and, beginning quietly, he said he was glad to come and see the music, although he had spent part of the day over a hot fire and part talking for Jesus. He told the reporter he hoped that he would make no mistakes. "I'm so glad," he continued, beginning to shout, "that salvation's free for you and me. God's people is a independent people. Dey don't take no odds from Satan, do he is allers dere where dere's good to be done. But what a unfaithful people we is! De good Lord will come like a thief an' a robber an' s'prise ye all some day."

With those and similar thoughts he beguiled a few minutes pleasantly, and then apologizing unnecessarily for his "few broken remarks" he sat down, and the singers had things all their own way again.

Go read the third of Matthew,
Go read the chapter through,
For it is a guide to Christians
And tells them what to do—

sang the soprano, and then came the chorus:—

I've been listening all the night through,
I've been listening all the day,
I've been listening all the night time,
For to hear some sinner pray.

IN THE OPEN AIR.

Thousands of People Seeking Health and Recreation.

BATHING IN THE SURF.

Scenes in the Parks and on Coney Island.

The balmy air yesterday attracted large crowds of visitors to Central Park and all the popular points of assemblage presented a gay and joyous aspect. Though the heat was tempered by a gentle breeze the open asphalt covered spaces were unpleasantly warm and most of the people sought shelter in shade of tree or bower. There was a noticeable increase in the number of children from last Sunday, when the oppressive heat and the fear of sunstroke kept the prudent people at home. The youngsters, as usual, chiefly congregated in the neighborhood of the Carousal, which rang all day long with the merry sound of their innocent merriment. Nor was all the sport here infantile, for some of the riper grades of humanity were attracted to the spot by an evident interest in the little maids who pretended to be so much occupied by their young charges as not to have time to pay any attentions to the pleasant nonsense which was uttered by half bashful lovers. Notwithstanding the glare of the sunshine the Mall had promenaders during the day, and when Old Sol took his westing, and the grateful shadows were lengthened over path and sward, quite a large crowd poured into this central point of attraction and favorite flirting ground. The scene was bright with all the radiance of summer costumes, many of them as beautiful as simple, making the pretty girls look prettier than nature intended they should, and thereby giving an additional torture twist to the unhappy heart of male humanity. On the lake there was immense animation, and all the boats seemed laden down with precious freight. The cargoes were variously composed of quiet families, with marine aspirations, and troublesome youngsters and little groups of lovers, making a tentative voyage on a miniature sea of life. But the neat, bright boatmen pulled away with the knowing smile of men who had seen all this before and knew just where it was going to lead to, while the people never tired watching the oarsmen, as with steady stroke they propelled their boats with their gay awnings through the tortuous waters of the lake, that lay like molten gold in the noonday sun, save where the overhanging trees were reflected in the quiet waters. In the zoological department there was relatively the largest number of visitors, for the people seem never to tire watching the lordly lion or the sullen bear, and young and old are kept in a constant state of delight by the tricks and vagaries of the monkey tribe. The lions and leopards seemed still suffering from the summer heat, and passed most of their time stretched lazily in their cages blinking at the visitors, but seeming quite incapable of making the slightest exertion unless roused to anger by the umbrella of some inquisitive person who wished the animals to show their points. In the afternoon crowds began to pour in from the city and the people scattered through the shady paths with an evident feeling of satisfaction and relief. In great part the new arrivals were family parties, and the nooks and byways soon resounded to the melodious voice of childhood. The evening shadows had fallen over the Park before the immense majority of the people began to think of returning to the city.

MANHATTAN BEACH.

Coney Island absorbed a large portion of the population of New York and Brooklyn yesterday. At the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon there might have been, perhaps, seventy thousand people scattered along the beach and seated on the vast balconies and pavilions of the big hotels. Great as such a host in bulk may appear—and probably no bathing ground in the world ever had so large a swarm of humanity on it before—the immense capacity of the beach appeared equal to the easy accommodation of five times the number. In old times Coney Island looked small, but with the improvements that have been recently made there its extent appears surpassingly great and the accommodation for visitors is something that no one dreamed a few years ago would ever be realized. The broad wastes of desert sands have been reclaimed in many places and the chances are that the young plants and trees that have been put down by the thousand in various parts of the island may yet shoot up high and yield grateful shade.

The Prospect Park and Coney Island road, which usually sends out a train of two or three cars, was yesterday compelled to increase the number to six and seven; the Brooklyn, Flatbush and Coney Island road was under the same necessity; the Manhattan Beach road from Greenpoint had to enlarge its accommodation from six to fifteen cars; the Brooklyn, Bath and Coney Island road had to extend its facilities for taking passengers down from three cars to nine, the Culver road from two cars to four, and as for the boats, they were loaded to their utmost capacity. The two leading hotels, Manhattan Beach and Brighton, drew to themselves the great bulk of the visitors. Cable's, which was the pioneer hotel of the grand and fashionable sort and a marvel to people at the time it was built, by comparison with the ancient hostelries of the island, is now thrown completely in the shade by the two hotels just mentioned. These are conducted on a perfectly colossal scale. "I feel," said Manager Burnap, of the Manhattan Beach Hotel, "all the responsibility of a man in command of an army in directing the concerns of this hotel. We have 430 help, equal to the crew of a first class man-of-war, and we have to feed on a day like this as many as 15,000 people."

CLAMS DEVOURED.

"The consumption of clams is 90,000 a week; of meat, 3,000 pounds a day; of fish, 500 pounds a day; of potatoes, 15 barrels; of flour, 48 barrels a week, and 120 quarts a day of cream for making ice cream, the operation using up a ton of ice. We bring our water from a well a mile and a half away, on the dry, solid ground, by a six-inch pipe, and then, with a steam pump, it is brought to a tank in the rear of the house which holds 15,000 gallons. The engine at the rear is kept constantly at work driving this water to all parts of the hotel where it is needed, and the consumption per day is 12,000 gallons."

Perhaps one of the best features of Manhattan Beach is the Pavilion, a large, ornate wooden structure, about two minutes' walk from the hotel. Here there is gratuitous accommodation for that class of people who come to the beach with provisions of their own. For the women there is an airy and ample sitting room facing the ocean, and if they choose to purchase anything from the bill of fare they find it set down as cheaply as in any average restaurant in the city. The kitchen in this pavilion is a model in its way and would do credit to the best hotel in the land. In fact, all the provisioning arrangements of this great hotel are on such a scale of amplitude and method as to astonish the visitor who is allowed the privilege of inspecting them. The laundry, where 2,000 pieces are washed and ironed in a day, is an interesting study in itself. With the labor saving machinery it contains; but the kitchen is, perhaps, the most fascinating attraction. Here nearly one hundred people are employed, thirty of whom attend exclusively to washing cups, saucers, plates and dishes, and the rest are engaged at two immense cooking ranges and in various other culinary duties. Not the slightest taint of impurity can be detected in the atmosphere of the kitchen. It has windows on all sides, through which the ocean breezes are constantly blowing. The prices charged for meals are reasonable when it is taken into consideration that a dish or plate of anything invariably contains enough for two, and in some instances for three, so that when two persons dine together the cost to each is only half the amount on the printed bill of fare. They manufacture their own gas and use between seven and eight thousand cubic feet per night. The hotel has all its rooms occupied and appears to be on the high road to prosperity. To such places as these Coney Island owes all her great good fortune.

At Norton's end of the island there was a large throng of visitors who came down by boat. There were hundreds in the water fronting the pavilion and hundreds were on the beach looking on. The boats returning in the evening to the city were most uncomfortably crowded, but no accident was reported as having happened.

BRIGHTON BEACH.

It was the same old story at Brighton Beach, Coney Island—crowds in the morning, more crowds at noon, immense crowds at night. All day long people streamed through the railway gates and roamed along the wide corridors and balconies of the hotel. The railway officials stated at nightfall that their returns showed that upward of fifteen thousand passengers had made Brighton Beach their objective point over the railway which has its terminus in the hotel alone. This does not begin, however, to give any idea of the total number of visitors, for it was quite a noticeable feature that the "hotel exclusiveness" which prevailed during the early part of the season was yesterday quite done away with.

The beach during the afternoon and evening was literally black with a moving throng of humanity "doing" the east end of the island. They came from Manhattan Beach to the Brighton, thence on to Cable's, and, tarrying a while at each, retraced their steps. The fact of the matter is that the throng was too dense to be thoroughly enjoyable; besides which, on and near the pavilion are the thousand and one catchpenny devices which, while they reap plenty of golden shekels for their owners, are more or less of a nuisance when they become prominent features of a watering place. The man who cuts your profile out of black paper in less time than it takes to write about it did a thriving business, the pedlers of sand pails and shovels realized small fortunes, while the velocipede man turned the upper end of the pavilion into a regular hippodrome.

THE BATHING.

The conditions for bathing yesterday were all favorable, excepting that the southwesterly winds brought thousands upon thousands of what appeared to be potato bugs, the bodies of which either floated on the water or lined the edge of the beach. An unusually fine surf was rolling, and this fact was very generally taken advantage of. At five o'clock there were at least a thousand men, women and children sporting in the water within the space marked off by lines of gayly colored flags.

The concerts in the afternoon and evening, with Levy and his cornet, proved very attractive. Every seat in the vicinity of the pagoda was taken and thousands stood in the broad glare of the calcium lights listening to the music. A catamaran which, with almost lightning speed, sailed up and down before the whole length of the beach attracted an unusual amount of attention. It would be next to an impossibility to give details with any degree of accuracy. The statistician of the place, for there never was a place like Brighton Beach without a professional statistician, was not to be found. He is the individual who can tell you to a unit how many clams have been swallowed and how many glasses of beer the thirsty multitude have poured down their throats.

Early in the day it was anticipated that there would be an unprecedented rush, and extra accommodations were consequently provided. At the hotel every room had been engaged days in advance, and "a cot in the parlor is the very best I can do for you" got to be a stereotyped phrase, the clerks had to use it to applicants so many times. The Brighton, to all appearances, seems to be the political rendezvous of the beach, as scores of New York and Brooklyn "statesmen" congregate there.

AT CABLE'S.

Cable's presented an unusually animated appearance all day yesterday up to a late hour in the evening. Probably 15,000 people were in the hotel and on the grounds at one time. The reduction of the rate of fare from the Brooklyn line to twenty-five cents for the round trip has been the means of sending many pleasure and health seekers by this route to Coney Island beach. A number of passengers also came by way of the steamers J. Sylvester and Arrowsmith via Locust Grove and the Bath (Gunther's) railroad to the beach, a short walk from the depot enabling them to reach Cable's and at the same time view one of the most picturesque bathing scenes on the beach (in front of Dave Feltman's).

The observatory at Cable's is a great attraction. You go up 300 feet as if you were ascending in a balloon. In the day time you have a full view of the two great cities, the grand old ocean to the horizon and the towns and villages on the eastern side of Long Island and through New Jersey to a great distance. In the evening, after "night plus his mantle in the sky with a single star," from the top of the observatory you look below, and it seems as if the firmament were reversed and that all the stars of heaven were to be seen in the myriad of lights from the hotels on the beach. The Seaside Aquarium, with its young elephants, learned seals, alligators, tropical fish (the hippopotamus is to come this week), is also an attraction at Cable's, but above all the most enjoyable of all the allurements to Cable's is to listen to the music of Downing's Ninth regiment band, with Arbuckle and his cornet. Cable has just constructed a number of bathing houses in the ladies' boudoir style, ample in dimensions, supplied with toilet appointments and with foot baths of clean running water.

ROCKAWAY BEACH.

It is safe to say that there were fully thirty thousand people at this democratic resort. Every boat bound seaward was crowded in every part, and the officials of Cornell White's line of steamers as well as the pavilion men agreed that it was "the biggest Sunday of the year." The United States inspectors, had they had their "weather eye" on the boats, would have had a fine chance to enforce the law as to overcrowding of vessels. The Twilight, the Americus, the Columbia, Grand Republic, Adelphi—in fact, every vessel—was densely crowded. Many thousands disported themselves in the surf, and the demand for bathing houses was simply immense. On the bay side the hotels were the scenes of family gatherings and orderly proceedings. The beach side was at the mercy of the gamblers, who openly plied their calling, in defiance of Sheriff Rushmore, of Queens county, his deputies, the police and the magistrate. The most open violation of the law against gambling was in front of King's Pavilion, where a long-haired professor of trick and device, with a "turn wheel" and many assistants, reaped a rich harvest with the pool game by a liberal display of money in an enclosed table. When Sheriff Rushmore's attention was called to this he stated that he desired to make Rockaway Beach a respectable resort, but business men there had advised him that a strict enforcement of the law would spoil their business; that he had taken legal advice and was in doubt how to act for the suppression of these gambling pests. He added further that one of the proprietors of this turn wheel had boasted he would carry on business in defiance of the authorities, as he had leased the premises in a regular way. The Sheriff, later in the afternoon, left the Seaside House, promising to confer with Judge Mathews, and, if he could not be found, on his own responsibility close out the game. Later Officer Less reported that the Sheriff had stopped the game. Old police officers say that a gentleman who has figured in the ring in many a hardly fought battle is behind the long-haired professor. Notwithstanding the attempt of the officers of the various steamboats to preserve order, the trips were more or less marked by drunkenness and disorderly conduct. On the down trip of the Grand Republic, at the second landing, Officer No. 223, of the Brooklyn police, struck a woman very violently and came near causing a panic. When the Twilight was taking on her passengers at the same landing, in the evening, the excitement was very great. A man spread his legs from a spile of the pier to the second deck and lifted from the pier to the deck many little children. The Captain of the Twilight by his coolness in descending from the burricane deck and stopping the performance possibly prevented loss of lives. The fact that most of the visitors from New York and Brooklyn reached the city in safety, with their watches and valuables, may be attributed more to their alertness than to the aid of the Sheriff and other officials of Queens county.

ROWDY EXCURSIONISTS.

DRUNKENNESS, RIOTING AND ROBBERY ON NEWARK PLEASURE BOATS.

Immense crowds of people left Newark yesterday forenoon and afternoon for Coney Island and Rockaway on board the Magenta and Thomas P. Way, of the Stephens and Condit Transportation line. The boats, on their return trips were loaded almost to the gunwale. On the Thomas P. Way, on the return trip, scenes of a most disgraceful character were witnessed. A number of young rowdies, primed with whiskey and lager, went around the decks knocking down inoffensive persons and grossly insulting females. The language used by them was in keeping with these acts, scandalous in the extreme. Finally they became so rampant in their rowdyism that the officers of the boat had to interfere and place a number of the gang in the hold, where they were held until the arrival of the boat at the wharf in Newark, when they were handed over to the police and lodged in the station house. They gave their names as William Stanley, No. 26 Johnson street, twenty-one years of age; J. Rodgers, No. 80 Tichenor street, twenty years of age; J. Stewart, No. 72 Tow Path, twenty-one years of age; Alfred Riker, No. 41 Lock street, twenty-one years of age.