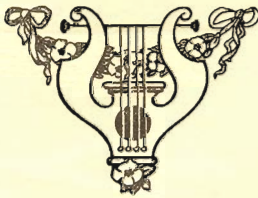


227

THE BULLETIN
OF THE
OXFORD SECOND
PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY



Rev. Andrew Gilbert Yount, Ph.D.
Pastor

*Come unto me, all ye that labour and
are heavy laden, and I will
give you rest.*

*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of
me; for I am meek and lowly in
heart: and ye shall find rest
for your souls.*

*For my yoke is easy, and my burden
is light.*

Matthew 11:28-30

STATED MEETINGS OF THE CHURCH
SUNDAY SERVICES

Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.
Church Worship, 10:30 a. m.
Young People's Meeting, 7 p. m.
The Trustees meet on the first Tuesday of the month.
The Ladies Aid Society meets on the first Wednesday of the month, at 2:30 p. m.
The Lord's Supper is observed at Easter, and on the second Sundays of July, October and January.
The Annual Business Meeting comes in last week of March.

CHURCH OFFICERS

Elders—Abram Pittenger, Elisha B. Foss, Edward T. Green, Lewis Bergenback.
Trustees—Harry Miller, James Radel, George Docker, Jr., Charles Renner, Fred K. Sarson, Lewis E. Green, Edward Sharps, Charles Dux, Benjamin Green.
Treasurer—Lewis E. Green.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

Superintendent—E. B. Foss.
Asst. Superintendent—Mrs. Edward T. Green.
Treasurer—Miss Ida Smith.
Secretary—Alvin Renner.
Organist—Elizabeth Zapp.

LADIES AID SOCIETY

Honorary President—Mrs. Charles Renner.
President—Mrs. Benjamin Green.
Secretary—Mrs. Clark Wilkinson.
Treasurer—Mrs. Lewis E. Green.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

President—Emily Austie.
Treasurer—Chris Seiple.
Secretary—Helen Snyder.

CHOIR

Leader—Mrs. Edward T. Green.
Organist—Mrs. Benjamin Zapp.

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Bulletin No. 227 September 9th, 1934

Morning Worship

Doxology and Invocation
Psalm 73
Hymn 129
Creed and Gloria
Scripture Lesson
Prayer
Anthem
Offering
Hymn 312
Sermon
Hymn 280
Benediction

Prayer

" O Lord our God, we commit ourselves to thy care and keeping this day; let thy grace be mighty in us, and sufficient for us, and let it work in us both to will and to do thy good pleasure. Keep us from sin; give us the rule over our own spirits; and keep us from speaking unadvisedly with our lips. May we live together in peace and holy love, and do thou command thy blessing upon us, even life forever more. Prepare us for all the events of life, for we know not what a day may bring forth. Give us grace to deny ourselves, to take up our cross daily, and to follow in the steps of our Lord and Master. Amen."

Steam Heater for Church

This coming week a campaign for raising money to buy a heater for the church will be started. Donations will be sought in order to pay cash for it, and if cash donations cannot always be made, a subscription to be paid soon, will be accepted. Cold weather will soon be upon us and haste is demanded.

Donations should be given to the Treasurer, L. E. Green, to the officers soliciting, or to the Pastor. The money will all pass through the hands of the treasurer.

Two of our good women have set a fine example in raising money for the object.

One promoted a clam Chowder sale last spring and cleared \$10., and the other took in a small washing for several months, and thus saved up \$10. and gave it to the heater fund.

This is the spirit that wins, and promises success in our work.

He Vanquished the Ghost
By Samuel J. Cooper

" Sammie! Sammie! SAMMIE! " "Yes"
"Have you fetched the cow yet?" "N-o-o"
"Stir yourself, it's sundown now."

It was Martha Jones, wife of Samuel Jones, spurring her eldest son to perform one of his daily chores.

This was back in the early 1820s.

The scene was a log house at the top of "Huff'ys" (Hoffman's) hill, where these parents lived while their family increased to cloven children.

This house was standing yet about forty years ago; set a little quartering to the highway leading from Oxford to Belvidere, with one corner crowding out into the road. Of course the road did not run then as now, but passed more to the right or north, then bearing again to the west, wound its way westerly over in what in later year years was known locally as "Dutch Hill".

In the other direction the road wound around the foot of the hills somewhere about the rear of the present school lot, keeping to the west of the little spring-run and so on out Buckley Avenue way; one trail working on up over Scott's Mountain, others branching off to various homes and connecting roads,--one I believe found its way across the Furnace Brook to the old Elias Jones' home, the sight of the former home of Walter Docker, and thence on down the stream to the Oxford Furnace. The section to the east of the little spring-run above mentioned, now drained, and through which the present well constructed highway runs in nearly a straight line from the foot of "Hoffman's Hill" to its junction with the Buckley Avenue road; and subdivided by other streets;--a pleasant little village of neat, attractive, comfortable homes,--was at that time a tract of swampy ground, the home of snipe, woodcock, blue heron and other moist ground loving birds.

Well Sammie who was a lad of ten or a dozen years started after the cow which was usually found somewhere from near the house to where the side street now leads south-westerly past the hotel.

But on this particular evening bossy was not to be found in her usual haunt and so we find the boy working on around the hill to the south where on a few occasions he had found her.

By this time the shadows were deepening along this easterly side of these hills and twilight would soon turn to the deeper shade of night. The boy hurried on peering, listening. At last he found the wanderer, probably a mile from home.

He quickly started her homeward, not a little anxious and nervous, for some time before, when he had been permitted to accompany his father to the shop, he had heard the men who gathered there talking of a ghost that had been seen by various persons who had been unfortunate enough to have to travel the road, on which he was now driving the cow, after night-fall.

This ghost had always been seen in deep twilight or moon light, and it appeared on the hillside above the road where the field was partially cleared and by which he must now pass to reach home.

The father, who in the winter "kept school" as well and the mother, both good Presbyterians, did not believe in ghosts, and the children were taught that such apparitions did not exist; nevertheless the story found lodgment in the boy's memory, and now had a disquieting effect.

Well, he and that cow must get home, so gathering a generous supply of "finger stones", as he called them,--the art of throwing of which he was a master-- he hurried on ever casting sidelong glances at the hillside.

He was about half way past the field when, behold, there stood the ghost-- silent, gaunt, grayish-white in the falling light--he pushed on however, for home was the refuge to flee to. The cow passed on taking no notice of the spectre, and was not molested. That gave him hope and courage, so he kept going until he was past; then his training, reason and courage asserted themselves, and he determined to find out more about that ghost. So getting his ammunition ready-- a carefully selected supply of stones suitable for throwing-- he took one in his hand, got the right grip on it, drew back his arm and hurled it with unerring aim at the spectre standing there so silent but fear inspiring.

The stone found the mark and brought forth a hollow sound but no action; a second and a third stone followed, each bringing the same hollow, resonant reply to the assault, but that was all.

By this time reason and inquisitiveness had about dispelled his fear, and his determination to know more about that ghost was increased. (next page)

So with a stone carefully grasped, arm half drawn, legs ready to go into reverse if necessary, he advanced on this representative of the spirit world which had struck terror to the hearts of stout men of the region. He had reached a point but a few feet away when the outline, becoming clearer, it lost some of its ghostly form; another step or two and it looked something like a high stump; a couple of steps more, and sure enough that's what it was--just the stump of a tree which had broken off seven or eight feet high. The bark had fallen off and the wood bleached by the sun and rain till, in the half light, from a distance, it looked like some giant wrapped in a sheet.

So the ghost of that region was laid low by a small boy and a few stones, or more truly, was it not accomplished by a child who had been, by reason and religion, better taught?

The movement to preserve the old furnace is making headway in spite of delays. The latest encouragement is found in the offer of help to clean up and prepare the grounds and other work on the furnace and lot. This offer is made by a county officer of the PWA.

They will be glad to put local men on the work as soon as certain conditions have been met, and we hope these will be seen to soon so that the work can be done this fall.

If this plan works out as it seems likely to do, then there will be needed money to put the furnace and boiler room in proper shape. Material for roofs, mason work, doors windows etc, will be required. It will take at least \$1000. to meet these expenses, and an effort will be made to raise this sum, though at present we do not know where it will come from. All friends of this enterprise should interest themselves in the matter. If it could be gotten soon the buildings and lot could all be fixed up this fall. It would give lots of work to local men and make certain the success of the movement. The PWA allotted the sum of \$300,000. to the museum and Park at Morristown, and will also help us in work if in nothing else.

The public sentiment of the town might help a lot to bring this to pass.

Let all talk it up and create general interest in the good cause.

EDWARD T. GREEN

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