

240

**THE BULLETIN**  
**OF THE**  
**OXFORD SECOND**  
**PRESBYTERIAN**  
**CHURCH**

**OXFORD, NEW JERSEY**



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Rev. Andrew Gilbert Yount, Ph.D.  
*Pastor*

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*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. 240. December 2nd, 1934

Second Presbyterian Church  
Oxford, N. J.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.... Psalm 19: 14

Prayer

"Blessed Lord, who hast caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience and comfort of thy holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast, the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen!"

Ladies Annual Fair and Supper  
next Friday evening.  
Dec. 7th.

The ladies earnestly request that all the members and friends of the church give their patronage on this occasion by attending the Supper. Bring others with you if possible.

The President of the Aid Society requests all the ladies to be present at the Chapel on next Wednesday afternoon for the monthly meeting and also to arrange tables and otherwise make preparation for the Fair on Friday night.

The Thanksgiving service held in the church last Thursday morning at 7:30, was well attended, and proved a delightful meeting. It was planned and conducted by some of our young people. The music, both instrumental and vocal was beautiful and appropriate. Miss Alice Bell was the leader and all joined in the services in some way.

This is the first time in the last ten years or more that a religious service has been held on Thanksgiving day in our Church. It should become a permanent plan.

The Sunday School Christmas exercises will be held on Sunday evening, of the 23rd of December.

## When Wolves Roamed Warren County

By Samuel Cooper

Eight years of war with its attendant bloodshed and misery had come to an end.

A new nation had been born; the principle of selfgovernment established, and the farmer soldiers were returning to their homes or seeking sites for new ones.

Amongst the latter class we find three stalwart brothers whose home had been in what is now Bucks County Pennsylvania.

They worked their way northward toward the mountains as though there they might find a haven where they could commune with nature, and in some degree forget the trials and sufferings through which they had passed; a place to build a home. They reached the Pequest valley. Here the Jenny Jump mountain attracted their attention: what a shelter from the cold blasts of winter if a suitable piece of land could be found between it and the great swamp and meadow!

Their investigation led them up past the place where later the Rose Pink Marble Quarry was developed, and later the Kishpaugh mine and the silver mine were worked.

At last they came to a place where a great notch in the mountain showed on the left.

It looked as if some titanic power had scooped it out and swung it to the east; depositing it in a long low-lying hill--later known as Iron Hill--crowding out into the great swamp.

In this notch, what an ideal place for a home! protected as it is on all sides by mountains and forests. Running through this bottom was a clear spring brook.

The trail leads across the brook and on along the northwesterly side of the low hill through a primeval forest of hemlock, whose lofty tops with interlaced branches formed a green roof through which the sun found no opening to penetrate, leaving the dim isles of this bit of forest in twilight gloom, even at mid-day--a spot still known over a century and a half later as "The Shades of Death."

The exploration continued eastward over the ridge, seeking more land which could be cleared for cultivation.

On the southerly side they found indications that some one had been there before them; for there was evidence of ditching and dyking with remnants of shelters.

The type of work that had been done indicated that those who had been there were

from Holland and had thought to use the methods with which they were familiar in their home land; not realizing at first that they could not dyke the water out because of the lack of quick drainage.

After further exploration and investigation, and finding the location to be near the Quaker Settlement and but a few miles from the Morevian village of Hope, one of the brothers decided that here was the place for him. Here were forests abounding in game, creeks full of fish, land, some partly cleared, on which to raise flax for clothes, corn for meal, meadows for hay for stock, and freedom to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; and what more should man wish for?

One of the other brothers located near the present site of Blairstown, and one finally found his way to the finger lake region in New York State.

The years have passed swiftly by. The settler on the south side of Iron Hill, on the old Hollander site, has established his home and children have been born. We find one boy of thirteen or fourteen years doing his part in providing a living in this new land. October has come. Some of the choicest of the ears of corn have been gathered and dried around the great fireplace, then shelled and further dried till the grain is now in condition for grinding.

It has been decided that in the morning young Joseph shall take a bag of it to the mill to be ground into mush meal. He has been to the mill before with his father, but this is to be his first trip alone. Early the next morning all are astir to get the boy off so he will be amongst the first to be served, and so can bring the meal back with him and reach home before dark.

The corn in the bag is carefully divided so that an equal weight will hang on each side of the horse's back. A lunch for the boy and some grain for the horse have also been prepared and are carefully added to the load. The boy is now picked up by the father and set astride the horse, the reins placed in his hands and with the usual admonitions, instructions and farewells sent on his way.

To him a momentous occasion. The bridle path leads westward across the ridge and on across the meadow; then it winds up the mountain, crossing the summit it turns to the southwest not far from a little stream which furnishes the power for the grist mill at Shiloh where he arrives in due time.

(over)

Others from the surrounding country side appear to have had also the idea of an early start so as to take their meal home with them, and the boy finds several before him. The miller unloads the corn and places it where it will receive attention in its proper turn and again hurries about his duties. The horse is carefully tied, and the boy begins making acquaintance with the others who are waiting or coming and going.

With what avidity he listens to the tales of hunting and fishing, of trapping and the incidents that make up the life of these sturdy pioneers:

But he is not always silent and listening, for at times he chimes in with some story of the prowess of his father--a giant of a man, six feet four inches tall, broad of shoulder and of athletic build, with sinews and muscles like tempered steel--and of his hunting dogs and their feats. It is mid-day, the lunch is eaten and the horse fed. The steady hum of the mill never ceased. The afternoon wears on. The sun is settling toward the Blue Mountain

A call greets his ears, "Hello Joe! Hello Joe Cooper! Come on your grist is done."

The horse is quickly untied and led to mill door where the miller carefully and kindly loads him and his corn meal on the horse and starts him for home with the advice to keep moving as it will soon be dark in "The Shades of Death."

He has gone perhaps two miles and is nearing the crest of that mountain when the still air is pierced by a cry that sends a chill through the blood of boy and beast.

It is none other than the hunting call of a wolf summoning the pack to the chase and kill. Is he the quarry? What shall he do? Home is as near as the mill, and they are the only places of refuge in this sparsely settled region. Furthermore the cry came from between him and the mill, and so guided by instinct to flee to home and parents rather than by reason, he urges the horse forward. The horse too senses the danger and needs little encouragement to increase its speed.

(to be concluded next issue)

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Mr Cooper says in anote with this fine story, that it is, "in all essentials backed by facts...While the scene is not Oxford yet the location and points mentioned are so near by that many..readers will know of them."

## EDWARD T. GREEN

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