

241
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.

WARREN COUNTY DRUG STORE

JENKINS & MEEKER, Inc.

QUALITY DRUGS PRESCRIPTIONS
CUT-RATE PATENTS
TYPEWRITERS TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES
WASHINGTON NEW JERSEY

WARREN COUNTY HARDWARE

COMPANY, Inc.

EASY WASHERS PYRAX STOVES
"Everything in Hardware"
Tel. 348 WASHINGTON, N. J.

Compliments of

JACOB R. BRYANT

Member Warren County Board of
Chosen Freeholders

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.

Printed by J. C. Follayttar, Belvidere, N. J.

Bulletin No. 241. December 9th, 1934

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity !...for there the Lord commanded his blessing even life forever more.-----Psalm 133.

Prayer

"O God of love, Giver of concord, who hast sent us thy Son to teach us to love one another as he hast loved us. We pray thee, O Lord, give to us thy servants, now and ever, to have a mind forgetful of past ill-will, a pure conscience and sincere thoughts, and a heart to love our brethren. Amen."

"We have been glibly saying for years that this was a lost world, but the terrible truth of this statement had never been driven home to us.

"Now we see our civilization for what it is—spiritually hollow, cruel, blind, literally sliding toward hell. Unless Christ's Gospel is preached quickly, fearlessly, passionately, ours is a lost world."

This vigorous statement was made by Dr. Chaffee at a conference of the Presbyterian ministers of New York city last week.

The Young People of the church will have a social in the Chapel tomorrow night. The public is invited.

There will be refreshments and a cake sale, and an admission charge of ten cents. They will have a good time

The Young people have bought a ton of coal for the church. They have helped us out in this way many times in the past years.

The Ladies Fair was held last Friday, but this issue of the paper was printed too early to give a report of it. This will be done in the next.

The donations for the new church heater since last report are,

Mrs. Walter Docker \$2.00

A Friend 2.00

Mrs Stella Broad 1.00

Some More about Mt.No-More

Mr. Humphrey sends this protest:-

" I have just read with much interest 'Clin' Weston's article on 'Old Oxford Days' in the Bulletin of November 18th. I am indeed flattered that he considers me an expert on traditions, but must say to him through the Bulletin, that as to the origin of the somewhat peculiar name of one the mountains near Oxford, I know no more than he does !"

There, Mr. Weston, is a pun for you!

While we are on the subject we will give a variant tradition on the naming of this mountain, furnished by Elisha B. Foss.

Mr. Foss's farm lies on the southern side of the mountain and extends well up the side among the trees. It was bought in 1839 by his grandfather Elisha Beers from the Hobson estate, then owned by Wm. P. Hobson and Mr. Maxwell, his brother-in-law. It was a part of Farm No. 11 of the Oxford Furnace estate.

The tradition was derived from the grandparents, and runs as follows:-

The Indians once used Mt. Nonore as a signal station, and when white settlers began to come into the region, the Indians moved south into Hunterdon County. But there was one old squaw who had long lived on the mountain who returned to visit it every summer, and the last time she was very feeble and could not expect to see it again. When she bid it good bye she remarked to the white friends who were with her that she would "mount it no more."

If we may be allowed to hazard a guess, the original name of the mountain was an Indian name that sounded like "no-more", and the white settlers made up the traditions to explain its origin.

The top of the mountain is now densely wooded, but not so long ago it was cleared and cultivated, making a field of about ten acres. The last who owned and farmed it is still living at Hope, Mr. Wm. Cline.

The ground was not very productive and the difficulty of getting the crop down to the farm at the bottom was so great that it became discouraging to farm it.

If a tower were erected on top to reach above the trees, it would furnish the best view point in all this region.

When Wolves Roamed Warren County

By Samuel J. Cooper

(concluded from last issue)

Are the first call had been repeated off from the north came the answering cry and now call and answer begin to reverberate through the mountain forest as other members of the pack add their voices to the chorus. The pack is rapidly assembling.

The boy now fully realizes that he and his mount are the quarry, and that it is a race for life. Down the mountain they go at the best possible speed.

By the time the meadow is reached the whole pack of wolves has gathered on the mountain to the north and is in full chase. Horse and rider speed across the flat; now they take the trail over the ridge. The pack sweeps down from the mountain to the north and are taking a quartering course to intercept their prey. On speeded hunted and hunters.

The trail leads along the foot of a sheer cliff eight to fifteen feet high; the wolves coming from the north have reached the top of it and are running even with the pursued. With red and slavering jaws agape and eyes like coals of fire, the last spurt of the race is being run, for it is but a few more yards till the cliff fades into the level of the surrounding country, and the defenseless horse and rider are at the mercy of these demons of the forest.

Another episode in the history of this part of New Jersey is rapidly drawing to an end. Earlier in the evening great-grandfather Cooper had heard that

first call of the wolf on the Jenny Jump mountain off to the southwest, and picked up the answering cry.

He knew at once that his boy was in danger and he hastened to the cabin, seized rifle and hunting accouterments, and rushed out calling his dogs. Now he stops for a moment listening to the cry of the chase. He quickly learns what we already know and foresees the place of meeting and the result, but that it has not yet taken place. Then with that distance-covering stride of the mountain-er hunter he pushes westward over the bridge path taken by Joe in the morning.

The dogs are crowding eagerly at his heels. The clamor of the wolf pack in front, if possible, is increasing.

(over)

Will he, can he be in time? He pushes forward with his utmost strength. By the cry of the wolves he knows that they have not yet attacked. Then just a head he sees the dim outline of the horse and rider, and only a few yards to the right the gleaming eyes of the wolves.

A sharp command falls from his lips, "Sick 'em Tigh, Take 'em boys!" and like arrows from banded bows the dogs fly forward. A challenging roar bursts from the leader's throat and a supporting cry from his fellows. At that challenge the cry of the wolves ceased as abruptly as the snuffing out a candle. The cowardly grey marauders fade away into the night with a fleetness that even the dogs cannot match.

The boy as we last saw him could see see nothing but a horrible fate awaiting him, but still he rides on watching the path and the wolves. He does not see in the dusk his approaching father.

Tigh's challenging roar reaches his ears and gives him new hope. Now he hears his father shout "whoa" to the horse and feels his mighty arm sweep him from his seat in the saddle and gather him to his breast as a mother would an infant.

The awful strain is over, and he relaxes. Father carries him the rest of the way home--less than two hundred yards away. The horse was found trembling at the stable door, the bag of corn meal still lying across his back.

We will not look on the privacy of that humble home, but leave them a rejoicing, thankful family from whom, before seeking sleep's healing powers, thanksgiving and prayer ascended as sweet incense to the Throne on High for God's loving care and kind protection of these his children.

Yes, Joseph was my grandfather.

Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Hendershot of Newark, have sent a dollar for the Bulletin and speak warmly of the pleasure they derive from the paper.

Mrs. Walter Docker contributes also \$2.00 and Mr. Frank Vosseller \$1.00.

Thanks to all.

Mr. Jesse Seiple and his sister Miss Alice have been visiting their mother Mrs. Laura Seiple since Thanksgiving but will return to their home in Watertown Mass. this week.

EDWARD T. GREEN

QUALITY GROCERIES
OXFORD

REASONABLE
NEW JERSEY

FICHTEL'S

MRS. JENNIE FICHTEL, Prop.
FIRE AND AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE
CONFECTIONERIES, ICE CREAM, STATIONERY
Phone—Oxford 28-3 OXFORD, N. J.

HARRY MILLER

Dealer in STANDARD GAS and AUTO ACCESSORIES
SAND, GRAVEL AND CRUSHED ROCK
OXFORD NEW JERSEY

R. M. HOLLEY

The Biggest Little Store in Washington
STATIONER
Greeting Cards for All Occasions
WASHINGTON NEW JERSEY

JAMES RADEL

GROCERIES
Phone 16-R-5

GENERAL MERCHANDISE
OXFORD, N. J.

E. H. DEVOE

S. RAYMOND RUSH

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING
Phone 18-R-2 OXFORD, N. J.

J. J. ODSTED

CHOICE GROCERIES
OXFORD NEW JERSEY

MORGAN BROTHERS

LUMBER - COAL - HARDWARE, - ETC.
Telephone 112
GREAT MEADOWS NEW JERSEY

GENERAL BLACKSMITH

Frank Koehn, Prop.
Horseshoer OXFORD Wheelwright
NEW JERSEY

LYMAN HILES & SON

Phone 142-L
BRANCH at HOPE, N. J. GREAT MEADOWS, N. J.

WARD & DUNN

CENTER STREET GREENHOUSES
Growers of CUT FLOWERS
VEGETABLE PLANTS POT PLANTS
HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.
FUNERALS A SPECIALTY