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The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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Minister



Therefore every scribe who is instructed in the kingdom of heaven, is like an householder who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old. Matthew 13:52.

Motto Text

For he that love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile; Let him eschew evil, and do good; let him seek peace and ensue it. -----I Peter, 3:10,11

"God the Father almighty, good beyond all that is good, fair beyond all that is fair, in whom is calmness, peace and concord; Grant that we may be kept in the unity of thy Spirit in the bond of peace; through that peace of thine which maketh all things peaceful, and through the grace, mercy and tenderness of thine only-begotten Son, our Lord and Saviour."

The Annual Canvass for Church Support will be made next Sunday.

The welfare and prosperity of our Church in the coming year will depend to a large extent on the manner in which the congregation rallies to the support of their church.

We are a people of small means and many will feel uncertain about making definite pledges. But they may fall back on the promise of divine help :-

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

This refers not only to spiritual blessings but also to material needs.

The making of pledges next Sabbath for church support and the benevolent boards, offers a good opportunity to put this great promise to test, -- "to prove the Lord." The promises of God never fail when honestly and heartily taken.

Let no one hesitate to make a pledge because of inability to give as much as one would like to contribute. Surely it is an obligation for all to do their part, small or great, to support the church and kingdom of our Lord.

Men of the congregation will call on all the families in their homes early in the afternoon, but in some cases possibly in the fore noon. Wait for them.

Mrs. Catherine Shafer died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Quick in Phillipsburg, on February 28th, 1905, at the age of ninety.

She was born in Oxford December 15, 1845, and lived in Warren County all her life, most of it in Oxford.

After the death of her husband, Peter L. Shafer, she made her home with her children, Mrs. Quick and the Rev. Clark Shafer, Pastor of the Finesville Christian Church.

She was a deeply religious woman and attended Church regularly until four months before her death, when she began to fail in health.

The funeral was from the home of her daughter in Phillipsburg, last Sunday afternoon, and interment was in the Hazen Cemetery.

Her maiden name was Burd, and has many relatives still in Oxford, among them Mrs. Samuel Snyder, whose daughter Miss Ruth, has kindly supplied this information.

Mrs. Shafer was received into our Church in 1871, but later went to the Methodist congregation, and when her son became pastor at Finesville, identified herself with that Church.

She was the fourth of our old time citizens to pass away in less than a month. Like all the others she was deeply interested in Oxford, and a reader of the Bulletin.

Teacher's Training Class

At the earnest request of several of our Sunday School teachers, a weekly training class has been started and the first meeting last Wednesday evening in the Chapel was well attended and very interesting. Our teachers are devoted to their good work, and keen to prepare themselves for more efficient instruction of their pupils.

With zealous officers and teachers it is to be expected that our school is in a flourishing condition. It has been growing in interest and attendance even through the bad weather of the past months, and will doubtlessly continue to prosper in the future.

This training class is open to all who may desire to attend. The sessions will be held in the Chapel on Wednesday

By Patrick Kempsey

In my last writing on swimming holes I failed to state that we had in those days some expert swimmers and divers. One was William Collins who died a few years ago in Newark. He would dive from a large spring board at the big Reservoir, and come to the surface at the other side--100 feet from wall to wall. It was 10 feet deep.

He would stay down so long that many would think he was dead. There were several people drowned in this reservoir.

In the smaller reservoir the Thatcher boy lost his life in this manner.

It was the practice of the boys to get in front of the 8 inch pipe which discharged water from the pump-house at the Dam. They would grab the end of the pipe and see how long they could stay there.

While the boy was in that position, the pump at the dam for some reason stopped.

In an instant the water in the pipe began to run back, causing a strong suction which drew the boy back against the mouth of the pipe with his breath against it.

The suction was so great that the boy was unable to breathe, and when the other boys returned bringing men to help from the furnace, he was dead. They had to start the pump at the dam before they could release the poor boy from the pipe.

It was a regular stunt of the boys, on Saturday and after school, to gather at the Deep Hole, where the water at times was up to our chins. The first thing was to get poles, brush and stones with which to slash and bang around the swimming hole along with plenty of loud vocal noise.

This was to drive away the snakes and lamprey eels. These last had holes in their sides and the older people told us that they would blow poison through them, and if it hit one's face death was sure.

That was why we used poles and stones to drive them away to a safe distance. We knew that those we drove over the dam would not bother us, but sometimes one or more would come down the brook with the current and get right among the crowd of boys. I will say that in such a case it did not take us long to get on land, grab sticks and stones and get going for them. I think that some of our readers could, if they would tell some good snake stories of those times. Here is one that I recall-- (over)

(From last page)

I remember hearing an old man who burned charcoal in our woods, tell a story about his experiences with the reptiles. At night when he was at work he would lie down by the warm kiln to take a nap. He would cover himself with a blanket and when he woke up would sometimes find a bundle of snakes on the blanket. He would just shake them off and they would run away only to come back again the next night.

I think that was very kind of him.

The Young People are working on a play to given in a few weeks. Their experience in past years fits them for excellent achievements in this very attractive form of amusement.

They should be given all possible encouragement by our people.

Friends of Miss Ida Smith will be glad to know that she is gaining in strength, though still confined to bed.

Mr. William Cobo in his ninetieth year is slowly gaining from his long illness of the past winter. It is hoped that with the return of warm weather he will get back his health.

Mrs James Radel who has for a long time been in frail health is recovering from a recent illness, and is looking hopefully for the return of better health.

Our earnest prayers will be offered for these friends and others who may be ill or afflicted.

The Bulletin is running low in supply of materials, letters, articles, and news of interest to our readers.

The paper might easily be filled with matter of general interest, but the special and limited sphere which has been its strength, requires that only matter relating to Oxford people old and new, and events connected therewith, be admitted to the paper.

Mrs. A.M. Weston who has been in South Orange for the winter sends one dollar for the Bulletin.



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