



The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH


OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

A. G. YOUNT
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.



And they said one to another,
Did not our heart burn within us while
he talked with us by the way, and while
he opened to us the scriptures?

Luke 24:32

"Jesus, our Master, do thou meet with
us while we walk in the way, and long
to reach the better country; so that
following thy light, we may keep the path
of righteousness, and never wander into the
darkness of this world's night, while
thou, who art the way, the truth, and the
life, art guiding us. Amen

All Church services are now on
daylight saving time.

The ladies of the congregation
are requested to meet in the Chapel next
Wednesday afternoon at 2:30.

Plans are to be made to provide for
the luncheon on Reunion Day, May 19th.
A large attendance will give much
encouragement to all in making these
arrangements. Please plan to be present.

Easter-day last Sabbath was a
good day for our Church. The attendance
at all meetings were unusually large
for us, and the religious interest was
manifest and genuine.

The Communion service was a season
of spiritual uplift, a feast to our
hungering souls. The new brackets for
empty cups, recently placed in the pews
were a distinct help in administering
the Supper of the Lord.

The special musical programs both
morning and evening, supplied by large
choirs, were thoroughly enjoyed, and gave
the note of joy appropriate to the day.

There is evidently a deepening of
spiritual concern and interest in our
congregation, for which all are truly
grateful to God.

Our young people will present
their play "Lighthouse Nan" in the
public school auditorium next Tuesday
night at 8 o'clock. The proceeds will
go to the Church expenses.

Plans for the Reunion are under way and will be complete in a week or two more. Mr. Weston who is arranging the afternoon program says, "Mrs. Loder writes me she will be glad to give a talk. Mr. Humphrey is arranging a special talk. Mrs. Franklin Perkins is expected to give two vocal solos. And the indications are we are going to have an interesting and largely attended meeting." He is in communication with a number of persons and expects to have a varied and attractive program.

He requests emphasis on the following notice, "Will all former residents of Oxford who are unable to attend the reunion please send a letter of greetings to be read at the meeting. Address them to Clinton L. Weston, 105 West 40th st. New York, City."

The morning hour of worship will be at 11 A.M. daylight-saving time to accommodate those coming from a distance.

The serving of the noon luncheon will begin soon after 12 noon, and we hope to accommodate all visitors.

Mr. Samuel J. Cooper sends some old news paper clippings "found amongst papers of my late sister, Eleanor, Cooper."

"One contains notices of the marriage of two couples of young people who were well known in Oxford a little over half a century ago."

"These notices read thus:-

Sharrer--Thatcher--Dec. 24, 1881, at the Presbyterian parsonage in Oxford, N. J., by Rev. E. C. Cline, Mr. Jacob Sharrer, of Oxford, to Miss Sallie W. Thatcher, daughter of Mr. William Thatcher, Washington town-ship.

Rush--Kethledge-- Dec 31, 1881, at the Presbyterian parsonage in Oxford N. J. by Rev. E. C. Cline, Mr. Richard M. Rush of Montana, N. J. to Miss Maggie P. Kethledge, of Oxford."

On consulting our old church record we find an accurate record of these weddings in the hand-writing of Mr. Cline.

Another clipping gives an account of the robbery of the store owned by Samuel Jones, grandfather of Samuel J. Cooper, which will be noticed in later issue.

And in fact in time it became, as we went there so often, like home to us. We would frequently remark to each other that no matter how hard the wind blew nor how hard the rain fell (for a rainy night was a particularly choice night to us) we always seemed to be amply sheltered and extremely comfortable, even though we had no shelter over us except what the trees afforded.

We had to laugh at ourselves remarking to each other that it rained pretty hard outside and that we dreaded to start back home in such a rain; when in fact it would be dripping down in full force from the limbs and twigs above.

If you have ever been out in the woods on a moonlight night you will know that every thing presents a different appearance from its usual aspect. I shall never forget what a time we had to find the place the first night we were out; how we stumbled around among the rocks; how George tore his pants and came near breaking his shin by stumbling on a sharp edge of a rock. He was the most unfortunate fellow in this respect I ever met, and would always meet with some accident -- either a tear, or mud, or wet feet, or something of the kind; probably because he always led the way and I therefore escaped the dangers he fell into. I had a poor memory in the first place and was always losing my way, while he was an exceptionally good guide and would always know a place if he had been over the ground once before.

To write a complete reminiscence of all the incidents connected with our excursions would fill a good sized volume, so I will confine myself to one particular night, which stands out prominently in my mind above the others as being connected with the supernatural.

The night in question was moon-light-- the moon shining and being covered alternately by silvery edged clouds which the wind was driving slowly across the heavens.

We were snugly fixed in our camp; we had just disposed of a couple of slices of ham with eggs washed down with strong coffee.

We were just enjoying our "after-dinner" cup, sipping a little and talking between; the fire had somewhat ceased to blaze, lying there in a rich bed of coals which diffused a warmth which was particularly agreeable as it was late in the fall, and the night was chilly. (over)

The combined effect of the warmth diffused by the fire and the hearty meal of which we had partaken, consisting of ham and eggs, a can of corn and other victuals, was to make us somewhat silent.

The moon had just been covered up by an unusually large cloud, making things uncanny in general. Then we began to hear strange noises. The first indication we had of their presence was a low moan in the distance, which becoming more audible indicated that it was coming our way. Not to lose so favorable chance to see a ghost we immediately shrew off that drowsy feeling and became alert.

George grabbed his revolver and I my cudgel. I was glad that I was not alone and so was he. As the noise grew louder and more unearthly, I imagined his hair began to rise and a certain crawly feeling indicated that mine was already on end, so to speak.

It was not a steady noise, but would now and then die out, as if being strangled or struggling for breath, and then give that peculiar rattle which alone is ascribed to the dying.

The nearer it approached the closer did we get together, straining our eyes to get sight of the uncanny thing.

Directly it increased to a sort of guttural roar or gurgle, and then it seemed nearly if not quite overhead!

And though, with strained eyeballs and weapons ready, we bravely waited its pleasure, we could discern nothing.

However, it seemed we were not to be favored with a sight of it for the noise gradually passed on; and not even to this day can we account for the strange sound.

We piled sticks on the fire and so interested were we over surmising as to what the noise could have been that it was not until the gray hours of the morning that we packed up our traps and started for home.

The Bulletin acknowledges receipt of two dollars each from John Zulauf, Mrs. Catherine Zapp and Mrs. Julius Gleichmann. The latter is one of our new subscribers and writes saying:-

"Received the two bulletins, and thank you so much for sending them.

I look forward to their coming and find great comfort in their contents.



CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

| | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| ABRAM PITTENGER | ELISHA B. FOSS |
| EDWARD T. GREEN | LEWIS BERGENBACK |



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LEWIS E. GREEN



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Ladies' Aid Society

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Choir

| | | |
|-----------------|-------|--------------------|
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| <i>Organist</i> | | MRS. BENJAMIN ZAPP |

