



270

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.



I will make a man more precious than fine gold; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir.... Isaiah, 13:12.

"O Lord God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, open our eyes that we may behold thy fatherly presence ever about us. Draw our hearts to thee with the power of thy love. Teach us to be anxious for nothing, and when we have done what thou hast given us to do, help us O God our Saviour, to leave the issue to thy wisdom. Take from us all doubt and mistrust. Lift our thoughts up to thee in heaven, and make us to know that all things are possible to us through thy Son our Redeemer. Amen."

The Holy Communion will be held two weeks from this morning, June 14th. Let all begin to prepare in heart and life to gather around the Lord's table in Christian love and friendship.

Mrs. Mary Weber Lemmon, of Birmingham Ala. writes, "I think I must have the Bulletin regularly, because I enjoy so much the occasional copies that my father sends me. It thrills me just to see the names of people I used to know and liked so much. Many are as vivid to me as if I had seen them yesterday. I do so hope that we can attend the reunion next year. I've wanted to each year but just the right combination hasn't come yet. It will, though, I am sure. Whenever I think of Oxford I realize more than ever how rich I am, how good life has been to us." It is a pleasure to add Mrs. Lemmon's name to our mailing list.

(concluded from last page)

One obtained a position with the Harper Publishing Company, and one went with the soldiers to France; four have passed through the valley to life everlasting.

In 1885, or thereabouts, a new kind of nail appeared which immediately crowded the cut nail out of the market and many people were forced to find new homes in other places. But they still cling to Oxford, and come annually from a distance to grasp the hand of friends of Old Land Syne and to ask, "Do you remember me?". Yes, we remember! Remembrance is the only Paradise from

Robert M. Leck, father of Mrs. Mary Leck Yount, died in Toronto, Canada, Sunday evening, June 23rd, 1935. He had been ill but a few days--a cold developed into pleurisy, and his feeble frame was unable to resist it. He was in his 95th year, having been born November 11th, 1840, in Hawick, Scotland. His mother died when he was a lad, and he went to live with his grandfather, Robert Leck, in New Castleton, Scotland.

At the age of 17 he came to Toronto, where he had relatives, and where later his father and brothers and sisters settled. In the early 1860s he went to Indianapolis, Indiana, where he was engaged in business for more than forty years. There he married in 1865, but he outlived his wife and five of his six children. His remains were taken to Indianapolis and laid beside his wife and children. His long life was blest with perfect health. He had no personal vices of any kind. He was pure in heart and his life was clean and upright in all his relations with others. In nearly thirty years of intimate association the writer never heard from him an improper word, nor an unkind reflection on any person whatever. He was six feet tall and to the last carried himself in upright, simple dignity, which was natural and unaffected. He was a natural gentleman, with unfailing courtesy and kindness to everyone, so that he was loved by all who knew him well. In character, in life and in death, the Scriptural ideal-- "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace," was fulfilled in him.

His religion was pure and undefiled, with sincere faith and a humble trust in his divine Master and Saviour.

Not many of the readers of this paper had the privilege of knowing the subject of this tribute. But for two or three months of each year he helped in the making of the Bulletin, assisting in printing, folding, addressing and in many other ways, so that his kindly hands were on copies read by hundreds of people every week.

Mrs. Yount and daughter Adelaide were with him to the end, and he passed to his heavenly reward in great peace, surrounded by those near and dear to him by ties of nature and affection.

A New England Family in Oxford by Mrs. A.M. Weston

On the evening of October 11, 1866, a little company of men, women and children boarded a Fall River-to-New York steamer; their destination being Oxford, a small town in North Western part of New Jersey, where there had recently been built a large blast furnace, a rolling mill, a machine shop, a nail mill and a building for making the necessary kgs, containers for the nails which would soon be made of iron from a near by mine and many of them shipped to far distant countries.

The men of our company were experienced nailers, but the iron business in the New England States had for some time been declining. They could not compete with the fast growing west because of the lack of facilities, and so it was with high hopes of better wages and work made easier by new and improved machinery that they were leaving their old homes for new ones.

Our steamer, the largest of the line, was rather late in starting, being obliged to wait for a Boston train which always brought many passengers.

Our first and only stop was at Newport, where many passengers and much freight were taken aboard, then after rounding Point Judith, the water became very angry.

We were well out to sea and many of our company, having come from interior towns and not experienced travellers, hastily sought their state rooms.

We arrived in New York on the morning of October 12th more than an hour late. The inner man clamoring for breakfast which was not served on the steamer but appeased at a near by restaurant, consumed another hour. We had no appointed leader and when we were told to make haste for our train we found it had gone. The only alternative was to take a Jersey Central instead of a D.L. & W. train, and we had a long wait at Hampton Junction.

Those were not the days of electricity and stream-lined trains, so the shades of a short October day were fast when I stepped on the platform of the little station at Oxford and heard a voice from the gathering gloom say, "The Yankees are here!"

The following winter was a hard one; storms, clouds and wintry winds; the care of an eight months old daughter and household duties. I was an inexperienced house-keeper which kept me close home, but when the spring-time came I had gotten (Over)

accustomed to the long coal and freight trains wending their way snake-like around the hills and shrieking their way through a mile-long tunnel. Then the trees on all the hills put forth their thousands of leaves and the green grass began to grow on the side-walks. By that time more Yankees had come as well as people from more distant places.

When I complained to a near neighbor of the lack of social life she said:

"You should go to church, for there is where you will find all the social life of the place." So the next Sabbath, a beautiful June day, I decided to go to church. I could see so little of the town from my windows, because of the many hills that I was greatly surprised to see a well filled church, and the pastor, Mr. Cline, delivered an inspiring sermon.

At the close of the service I received so warm a welcome I went again, and after the service I wandered into the Sunday School which was held in the old Chapel.

There seemed to be a dearth of teachers that day and I was asked to take charge of a class of girls whose teacher had deserted them. I had had no experience and refused at first, but under the persuasion of Mr. Charles Scranton, who was then Superintendent, I yielded.

When the class came to me instead of the children I expected to see, what was my dismay to see young ladies who seemed to know instinctively that I was no teacher and in a short time one by one, they began to drop out, and one day I was left without a class. After the preliminary exercises were over I tried to leave the room unobserved, but Mr. Scranton hurried after me saying in effect that he knew I had the making of a teacher, and as the primary class was over crowded he would like me to try a class of boys. So he brought 10 bright looking little fellows who seemed delighted to have been promoted, and the next Sunday one of them won my heart by bringing me a box of ginger snaps which he proudly said he had helped his mother bake on Saturday by watching the oven to see they did not burn. They were good boys; restless sometimes on a hot summer day, but obedient and loyal to me until they went out into the world to make fuller lives for themselves. Their names were Harry Hornbaker, John Thomas, Harry Francis, Harvey Stout, Harry Docker, Herbert Wright, George Sparrow and Howard Bennett.

Two established themselves in business in New York City. (Concluded on page one)

CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

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



Board of Trustees

JAMES RADEL HARRY MILLER
GEORGE DOCKER, JR. CHARLES RENNER
FRED K. SARSON LEWIS E. GREEN
EDWARD SHARPS CHARLES DUX
BENJAMIN GREEN



Church Treasurer

LEWIS E. GREEN



Sunday School

Superintendent E. B. FOSS
Assistant Superintendent MRS. EDWARD T. GREEN
Treasurer MISS IDA SMITH
Secretary ALVIN RENNER
Organist MISS ELIZABETH ZAPP



Ladies' Aid Society

President MRS. BENJAMIN GREEN
Secretary MRS. EDMUND ORAM
Treasurer MRS. LEWIS E. GREEN



Choir

Leader MRS. E. T. GREEN
Organist MRS. BENJAMIN ZAPP

