

163

The Bulletin
OF THE
Oxford Second
Presbyterian Church
OXFORD, NEW JERSEY



Rev. Andrew Gilbert Yount, Ph.D.
Pastor

*Be careful for nothing; but in everything
by prayer and supplication with
thanksgiving let your
requests be made
known to God*

*And the peace of God, which passeth all
understanding, shall keep your
hearts and minds through
Christ Jesus
Philippians IV, 6. 7*

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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 Dock-er, Jr., Charles Renner, Fred K. Sarson, Lewis E. Green, Edward Sharps, Charles Dux, Benjamin Green.

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Bulletin No. 163. April 16th, 1933

Morning Worship

Doxology

Invocation and Lord's Prayer

Psalm 16 sel 3

Hymn 64

Creed and Gloria

Scripture Lesson

Prayer

Anthem "Down in the Lilled Garden"

Offering

Hymn 104

Sermon

Trio "Easter Hymn" Mrs. Green
Mrs Pittenger, Mrs Hood

Welcome of new members

Hymn 239

The Lord's Supper

Hymn 57

Benediction

Prayer

"Almighty God, who hast brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus; Grant us power to rise with him to newness of life that we may overcome the world with the victory of faith, and have part in the resurrection of the just; through the merits of the same risen Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with thee for ever."

"What is the Meaning of Easter"? is the subject of the Young People's meeting tonight at seven oclock. The leader is Helen Jayder.

Miss Myra Radel, who spent the winter in Virginia with her sister Mrs. H.J. Hardess, home again and all are glad to see her as usual. She has so long been an active member of our Church that her long absence has been very much felt. But Virginia air and food, judging from appearance, agreed with her very well.

The beautiful cut flowers for the Church today were sent by Mrs. E.H. Ward from Hockettstown. It is an appropriate tribute of their love for the old home Church, and adds to our enjoyment of the Easter worship. The red tulips and white lilies typify the redeeming mercy of the Cross, and the pure glory of the risen Christ.

Reunion May 14th

The 70th anniversary Reunion to be held on May 14th, the 2nd Sunday, is only four weeks away.

The plan for the day is to hold only two services- the morning hour of Worship and an afternoon meeting at which a number of former members and citizens of Oxford will take part. Old times will be recalled with pleasant memories of persons and events of other days.

Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Weston have consented to speak at that time, and we hope others will also take part. We can be sure that all former ministers present will be ready to take part in the service.

This will be a platform meeting for all the public, and we expect to have with us the citizens of Oxford of all churches and they will be cordially welcomed.

Of course the measure of success and enjoyment of the day will depend on the presence of former members and citizens.

Most of them will learn of the plan from the Bulletin which is mailed to more than sixty homes, and is being sent to all whose address can be obtained. Many have already sent word of their intention to be present, and it will help greatly to interest others, if all who plan to come will send us word of purpose to attend.

The Bulletin is at your service to use for the good of the occasion. In a letter Mr. Humphrey remarks "I am sure that the affair will be of great interest; the Bulletin has renewed the affection which the former members feel toward the old Church, and I feel that many of them will make an effort to be present."

The Ladies of the Church will serve a noon luncheon for all on Reunion Sunday, and they will ask the small sum of 25cents to help pay for the materials.

Articles for the Bulletin have been received from Mr. Searing; Mr. Kempsey; and Mrs. Evelyn Badrow. Let others contribute, and we shall find a place for them as soon as possible. If necessary the size will be doubled to take care of all offerings.

The name of Mrs. Mary Docker of Bound-brook, has been added to our regular mailing list. Like many others she has received occasional copies sent by friends and as she derives much pleasure from them we are glad to send them weekly.

Old Oxford Legends
The Burial Place of the Delaware Indians
By George S. Humphrey

(continued)

But though they often importuned him to give them the history of the decoration and to explain its significance, he always refused to enlighten them even in the slightest particular. Some of the men, however, who remembered the time when he first appeared at the furnace said that there was no such mark upon him then, and that they had first noticed it after he had mysteriously disappeared from among them one night, and that when he returned, after an absence of several days, he was wan and exhausted, and that soon afterwards they discovered the strange device on his breast. They wagged their heads and said that the evil spirits which dwelt in the forests of Sweden, and from which he had no doubt wished to escape when he crossed the seas, had followed him even here; and that they had placed this mark upon him for some crime committed in his youth. So, although they all liked him, they felt a certain dread of him and believed that he had secret dealings with the under world. This they thought accounted for his being the best charcoal burner in the whole region; for the evil spirits in placing their mark upon him gave superhuman skill in this mysterious alchemy of transforming green smoking wood into radiant clear-burning coal.

One cool night, late in the month of June the usual gathering had taken place in front of the furnace, the Red Swede being one of the party. The talk seemed to lag and had settled into petty gossip of their personal affairs; some of the men had nearly fallen to sleep and others had gone out side in the glorious moonlight which flooded the whole landscape. The Swede had sat smoking his pipe in silence, his expression showing that he was paying no attention to the loose talk of the others and that his thoughts were far away from present surroundings. At last the furnace-keeper called to him saying, "Come Red, don't sit there glum as an owl, but wake up and tell us how you happened to have that picture on the front of you!" "Yes, yes," said several others, "we've left you alone about it these many months; now out with it."

The Swede took his pipe from his mouth; walked out of the cast house; looked up at the moon; walked further away where he could see the pole star and the great dipper, and coming back to the furnace said, "Yes, boys, I will. The time is up!" With that he filled his pipe, sat down on the cinder run and began to talk. The men outside quickly returned the drowsy ones shook themselves, grog was

passed, pipes relighted and all were eager with attention. And this is what he told them.

He flung open his shirt and holding a flaming torch so that all could see the figure of the tortoise tattooed in blue and contrasting sharply with his red skin, he said:

"You think this is a mark made by devils. I think it is the greatest honor which any one living in these woods can possess, and now I will tell you how it came to me. Ten years ago tonight, the moon was like it is now, and the air was cool. I was burning coal at the old camp in Sykes Gap with two or three others; some of whom are here still—others have gone. It was my turn to watch, and the others having gone to sleep in the hut, I sat near the pit with my back against a tree and my thoughts wandered to my boyhood life in Sweden, and the old mother and father I had left there long ago. Through an opening in the tree tops I could see the sky, although the moon was bright the northern lights were playing, and I remembered how the country folk at home thought they saw in the waving streamers the wraiths of their fathers and grandfathers, and all those who had gone before them. I wondered if this were really true, and if my ancestors were looking down on me from behind those soft shifting, white and pink curtains.

As the night grew cooler I thought I would mix a drink of grog, and went down to the spring for a cup of water; as I stooped over to get it I glanced toward the trail which leads through the gap, and was almost transfixed, when in the bright moon light I saw, stalking along the path, a tall figure, who was like the Indians that sometimes wander into the cast house here. Another, and then another followed until in all, seventeen had passed. The last two carried a sort of litter, on which was laid something covered with skin or blankets. The others carried bows and arrows and tomahawks, but no rifles. They surely must have known that we were burning charcoal, as the smell of the smoke, if nothing else, would have betrayed us; but they paid no attention to this as they passed silently along the trail. I was seized with a wild desire to see what they were about to do, and so followed them, keeping at such a distance that they would not discover me.

(Continued next issue)

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