

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.
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Bulletin No.177, July 23rd,1933

Morning Worship

Doxology
Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Psalm 40 sel.14
Hymn 219
Creed and Gloria
Scripture Lesson
Prayer
Anthem
Offering
Hymn 93
Sermon
Hymn 239
Benediction

Prayer

"Hear our prayers, O Lord, and consider our desires. Give unto us true humility, a meek and quiet spirit, a loving and friendly, a holy and useful manner of life; bearing the burdens of our neighbors, denying ourselves, and studying to benefit others, and to please thee in all things. Grant us to be righteous in performing promises, loving to our relatives, careful of our charges; to be gentle and easy to be entreated, slow to anger, and readily prepared to every good work. Amen."

MEN'S MEETING TONIGHT

The Men's Bible Class of the second Presbyterian Church of Belvidere, will be with us tonight in force. They have planned a fine service for us, and will have printed programs for every body.

The Chorus of thirty voices will sing a number of selections and will lead in the congregational hymns. There will be several short talks, and one will be by the Rev. William Hampton, one time Pastor of the Oxford Methodist Church.

The meeting will begin at 8 P.M. and last an hour and fifteen minutes.
Women of course will be welcome as well as men. Tell every body to come.

The Sunday School Picnic was a great success, last Wednesday at Butler's Park. The attendance was large, and everything was delightful, and all were pleased. Thanks are due to Messrs Badrow and Wiseman, and Chas. Wilson for the free use of their trucks; and to Mrs. Jennie Fichtel for the Bus at a mere nominal Charge.

Old Oxford Legends
Adventures of Nicholas Van Zandt
By George S. Humphrey

(continued)

"He was sure that there must be iron in the hills and many days he spent ranging through the forests looking for it, but not until he had followed the Indian trail beyond where it leaves the Mohawk River and leads over the hills, crossing the Sauquoit and Oriskany Valleys, did he find it. But at last, near to Fort Stanwix, he discovered great banks of rich, red ore, surrounded by forests which would yield coals sufficient to smelt the ores for many years; and the iron could be made into pots and stove-plates, and by the Mohawk taken to Schectady and Albany. But the settlers cared little for it, preferring to work their plantations; and besides, they were afraid of the Indians; and Sir William did not like the project.

"So my father with an Oneida for a guide, travelled the great wilderness north of the settlements, as far as where the River St. Lawrence separates Canada from the Colony of New York. He saw great mountains, reaching to the sky; hundreds of beautiful lakes, nestling in the valleys and surrounded by forests of immense trees. The lakes and rivers were alive with fish, and the woods with deer. (Howbeit, there were also dreadful wolves and bears; and worst of all, great panthers at which he and the Oneida suffered no little alarm).

"But, all the time, he was looking for iron-stone; and find it he did in great quantities out so far away among the mountains, that no wagon can ever take it out; and there it must always stay, for no man can get it.

"So he came back to the settlements where he worked a smithy with me as his helper; and many were the scythes and wagon irons which we made for the farmers in the Valley; and we mended their rifles and fowling pieces. But I tired of this quiet life in the villages and resolved on new adventures. I came back to New York where

we had landed on our arrival from Amsterdam, and heard that there was iron in the mountains of the Jerseys, near the great Delaware River. By a long journey I crossed the Colony to Trenton, and then went up the Delaware with a trading party from the city of Philadelphia, till we came to a great rapids where the water runs over the rocks, making horrible whirlpools and currents, so that only an Indian, or one like him, can take a canoe through and live.

"Here I left the river, and following a trail for seven miles, came to this very

spot where we now are. I found that iron workers were already here, and having built a forge like those in Catalonia, were making iron blooms from ore taken from these hills. I know how to work with them and joined myself to the company. "We had huts on the ground where the big house now stands, and we carried the blooms over the trail to the great rift where we sold them to the Philadelphia traders.

"One night--clear and cold like this--it was my duty to stay at the forge alone. I had just drawn a charge ready for the hammer, and was putting fresh coal and ore in the forge, when I saw by the glare of the fire, a tall Indian, standing in the door-way. He was like the Mohawks whom I had seen in the Valley, but much taller; and his countenance, while not so fierce, was fine and commanding. He wore buckskin leggings and moccasins, and a panther's skin was thrown over his shoulders. A Tomahawk and powder horn were at his belt, and he carried a long rifle.

"I dared not move and could not utter a word. After gazing at me, as it seemed, a long time he said, in good English mixed with Dutch: 'White man! I know you and I knew your father. He has discovered the iron in the mountains of the Iroquois and wishes to bring more white men with him to destroy and burn the forests, put dams in the running streams, fill the air with smoke and poison from the furnaces, frighten the deer with his wagons and horses; so that the tribes will neither have food from the woods nor the streams, and their villages will disappear. You have come into the

country of the Delawares and joined yourself to those who have begun the same devastation in our lands. Hear me, and do as I say!

Take the live coals from your forge, that invention of the Evil Spirits, scatter them over this house you have built from trees cut in our forests, and then, come with me!

"His hand was on the tomahawk, but, even had he not been armed, I could but do as he bid, for he stood like giant before me.

The dry forge house was soon in flames and before my fellows in the huts had wakened, I was following my strange guide over the trail which led to the great spring which still flows from the bottom of the hill into the big swamp. Then we turned to the left, about where the coal road is now, and proceeded straight to the Pequest river; this we crossed and went through the woods where there was no trail, almost in a straight line to the Clear Pond, and the Delaware Chief, for such he was, (over)

never stopping nor speaking a word, until we had reached the great rock on the western shore at the foot of the Big Mountain. By this time the dawn had come, so that I could see about me; also my senses had begun to return; then suddenly the Chief clapped his hands three times, and there appeared, as out of the ground, four others, dressed like himself, but not so tall nor grand.

"Not a word was spoken, but two of them at once shoved a canoe out on the water, a third began kindling a fire, while the fourth prepared the carcass of a deer which was hanging from a near-by tree.

"The two on the lake soon returned with a number of large fish which, with part of the venison and some parched corn, made a breakfast of which we all partook heartily. Then at the motion of the Chief we seated ourselves about the fire; long pipes were produced, one of which was passed to me. The youngest of the four filled the bowls with tobacco which he lighted with coals from the fire.

"This was repeated twice, not a word having yet been spoken by anyone. Then the Chief, turning to me, said: 'White man, sit on the great rock where the rising sun will shine in your face with its full heat and brightness, while we decide what shall be done with you. Remember that five rifles are aimed at you, and five tomahawks are ready to be buried in your head, the instant you make any attempt to escape.'

"Then I heard the Chief address the others in their own language, after which each of them, beginning with the eldest replied. I supposed that the Chief was accusing me and that the others were giving their opinions and advice.

After they had all finished they sat in silence for a long time, then the Chief came to me, took me by my arm and led me to a fallen tree near the place where we were sitting. He then spoke as follows:

(Concluded next issue)

Mr. Humphrey's story will be finished next issue, and in October we hope to give another, a Halloween story. The interest in these stories is very remarkable and is proof of the literary talent of Mr. Humphrey, and a tribute to the tact of setting them in old Oxford surroundings, with its historic lore. They will have a permanent place in Oxford memories.

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