

195

THE BULLETIN
OF THE
OXFORD SECOND
PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY



Rev. Andrew Gilbert Yount, Ph.D.
Pastor

*Come unto me, all ye that labour and
are heavy laden, and I will
give you rest.*

*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of
me; for I am meek and lowly in
heart: and ye shall find rest
for your souls.*

*For my yoke is easy, and my burden
is light.*

Matthew 11:28-30

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 Docker, Jr., Charles Renner, Fred K. Sarson, Lewis E. Green, Edward Sharps, Charles Dux, Benjamin Green.
Treasurer—Lewis E. Green.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL

Superintendent—E. B. Foss.
Asst. Superintendent—Mrs. Edward T. Green.
Treasurer—Miss Ida Smith.
Secretary—Alvin Renner.
Organist—Elizabeth Zapp.

LADIES AID SOCIETY

Honorary President—Mrs. Charles Renner.
President—Mrs. Benjamin Green.
Secretary—Mrs. Clark Wilkinson.
Treasurer—Mrs. Lewis E. Green.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY

President—Emily Austie.
Treasurer—Chris Seiple.
Secretary—Helen Snyder.

CHOIR

Leader—Mrs. Edward T. Green.
Organist—Mrs. Benjamin Zapp.

Morning Worship

Doxology
Invocation and Lord's Prayer
Psalm 72 sel 25
Hymn 23
Creed and Gloria
Scripture Lesson
Prayer
Anthem
Offering
Hymn 153
Sermon
Hymn 243
Benediction

Prayer

"O Lord, let me not henceforth desire health or life, except to spend them for thee, with thee, and in thee. Thou alone knowest what is good for me; do therefore what seemeth thee best. Give to me or take from me; conform my will to thine; and grant that with humble and perfect submission, and in holy confidence, I may receive the orders of thine eternal Providence; and may equally adore all that comes from thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The young people will have their meeting at seven o'clock. The Pastor will lead, and requests a large attendance.

All our services now are being held in the Chapel. The steam boiler in the church was ruined by the cold spell in December when the temperature dropped to about 10 below zero. Both the Janitor and the Pastor were ill at the time or this loss may not have occurred.

However the furnace was very old and has been used with difficulty for many years past. But it falls at a very hard time for our congregation and the way to replace it is still undetermined.

We can only trust that a way may soon be found.

However the Chapel is now well heated by two stoves which have been placed in the large room, and all who come to the services will find the room comfortable in all weather.

The General William Maxwell Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has included a history of our Church in its historical files, in the form of a printed folder with the title:-

"History of the Second Presbyterian Church of Oxford, N.J., From its Weekly Bulletin."

It is a reprint of the history of our church that appeared in Bulletin No. 71., on the occasion of the first Reunion and anniversary in May 1931. It is given in full as in that issue.

As the Editor understands it, the matter was in charge of Mrs. Annie Blair Pitman Cummings of Belvidere, who is the Regent of the Chapter of the D.A.R., and that she inquired of our Mrs. Peter Peterson about a history of our church, and the latter gave her a copy of the Anniversary number. And in return for which Mrs. Cummings sent Mrs. Peterson a copy of the reprint made for the Chapter. The latter very kindly placed this copy in the Editor's hands.

From many sources we learn that the circle of readers of the Bulletin is constantly widening, and includes people who were never residents of Oxford, but yet find the various historical articles of the region of much interest.

The Indian articles seem to make the widest appeal, and we solicit writers on this and other subjects to contribute matter for the paper.

But apart from these general topics we earnestly urge upon our readers to write us accounts of old Oxford experiences, and especially matters connected with the Church.

We should state for the many who send postage for the Paper, that a year's subscription in that way means fifty issues of the paper, and is not counted from any date, so that in this way the failure to publish it at any time does not count against them. This is only fair under the circumstances, for the Editor alone does the publishing and when he is unable to do so, it will not appear, and still no one will lose by it.

We acknowledge postage from Miss Eva A. Sumiller, and thank her for it, and also for kind words about our health.

Old Oxford Days

By Clinton L. Weston.

One of the most interesting phases of humanity is that each person is endowed with a certain touch we call personality.

Be the circumstances ever so humble, the habitation ever so remote, or may the circumstances be the other extreme, each could a story unfold, rivalling only in the extent of one's experiences.

Those residing in Oxford in the '70s and '80s will recall a negro named Fisher Hoff who lived in a log cabin on a hill to the West of Seitz Gap. Recently the writer was given some information about this simple and sincere man, and it may be of some interest to the Bulletin readers as it was to him. My informant stated that the story came from Hoff himself.

He was born in slavery on a plantation across the Rappahannock River opposite the town of Fredericksburg, Virginia, and not far from the home of Washington. He was quite well educated for his father had been a house servant for many years, but when financial difficulties arose in the household, Hoff's father was sold down the river. Fisher however made his escape, and working his way North, finally came to a place called the "Beeches", located not many miles from Scranton. From there he came to Oxford, negotiated for some land from the Indians and built a log cabin which the writer visited a number of times. There Hoff and his family lived and died. He and his wife used to come to the village during the month of June to sell cherries which they carried in pails hung on a stout stick. There were a number of cherry trees and other fruits in the locality of the cabin that he had at one time or other planted. He worked at times on the neighboring farms and at the charcoal beds at the foot of the hill.

He was an itinerant preacher and on each Sunday morning walked to Washington then known as the "Brick" and preached in a locality across the canal called "Feebletown." He would walk home after the service and then preach in the afternoon in a small hut not far from the present location of the County House.

He used to tell many stories of his life on the old plantation, and would relate his tales with a guffaw that seemed to shake the mountain, and the gales of laughter that they brought from his

(over)

listeners would create an echo among the surrounding hills.

One of his favorites was about an Uncle Sam Hoff, who it seems applied in a small Virginia town for postmaster-ship.

Told in Hoff's own way, Uncle Sam had about as much chance to become postmaster as a canary bird would have for its life on a cat farm; but he was called before a committee for questioning, and something like the following ensued:

Sam, how old are you ?

Well, suh, I dunno how old I is but ise be here a long time.

What do you attribute your old age to ?

Well, boss, to de fact that I was born so long ago.

Sam, do you remember when George Washington took a whack at the tree ?

Deed I does, Boss, I done drove that hack.

Sam, can you tell us how far it is from the earth to the moon ?

Sam, evidently disgusted, started for the door, and as he was going out, turned and said, "Well, Boss. If you am going to put me on dat route I don't want de job"

On a pleasant summer evening it was well worth a walk to Hoff's cabin to hear him and his wife as they sang their negro spirituals in smooth and harmonious voices.

The quietness, the simplicity, surrounded by nature in its loveliness, with this aged couple sitting at the cabin door, made a picture which if put on a canvas, would decorate and honor any salon.

When Hoff died in the early '80s people came from all the surrounding towns, and the funeral was the largest ever held in that locality.

In Bulletin No. 158. Mr. G.R. Searing has a paper on this same topic and those who have a copy of that issue will enjoy reading the two articles together.

Mrs Laura Seiple and her son Chris, two of our faithful workers in church and Sunday school have been absent for two months, taking a trip across the country to the Pacific coast. A card from Mrs. Seiple from southern California, dated January 11th, states their intention to leave in a few days for Florida, on their way home. Though they are greatly missed here we rejoice that they have had this delightful winter outing.

EDWARD T. GREEN

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