



The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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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.



"If I had no anxieties I should lose a powerful incentive to prayer. This trouble compels me to pray and prayer drives away trouble."...Melancthon.

"Almighty God, who dost suffer thy children to be sorely tried and tempted; Grant that we may bear patiently the troubles of this mortal life, neither rebelling against thee, nor turning away from thine instruction; so that in the end we may be made wise and humble, and obtain the blessings of those who, with patience and fortitude, wait upon the Lord. Amen."

A wise man once said that he did not wonder at what people suffered, but that he did marvel at what they lost.

There is solid sense in the remark. For in times of suffering and distress we may find the greatest mercies if care be taken to lay them prayerfully before the Lord, who is a present help in the time of trouble. If we by this neglect lose divine deliverance we incur a double loss, and the last is greatest of all, leaving us poor indeed.

Miss Rosalie Sarson is now at her cottage in Belvidere, where she has for years been spending her summer vacations from her school work in Newark.

She however has retired on a well earned pension after many years of most efficient teaching. Her method and success in teaching children the use of our language were once warmly commended by Prof. Henry Vandyke, formerly of Princeton University and famous as an author and literary critic.

We are sure her rare talents and devoted spirit will be put to use in other ways in the coming years.

Oxford, and our Church of which she is a faithful member, is honored by her successful life and career in school work.

She has enriched the Bulletin in past years with letters and articles from her graceful pen, and we hope these will be multiplied in the future.

(We have before us a news Paper clipping giving an obituary account of Mrs. Cline ,who died in 1916. As we have not had any personal article on the original and longest mistress of the Manse in Oxford, we are sure some selections from this old memoir will recall pleasant memories to many of our readers)

"Mrs. Mary H. Cline, wife of Rev. E. C. Cline, pastor emeritus of Westminster Presbyterian Church (Phillipsburg,) died at her home on Monday afternoon from infirmities incident to old age.

"She was born on December 10, 1839, at Hutchinson Station, a daughter of John B. and Amanda Hutchinson, and was a lifelong resident of Warren County.

"After receiving her early education in a private school in Easton, Mrs. Cline became active in church and Sunday School work throughout this county.

"Rev. and Mrs. Cline were married in the First Presbyterian Church of Belvidere on October 24, 1865, by Rev. D. Kern Freeman pastor of the Upper Harmony Presbyterian Church, assisted by Rev. Wm. H. Kirk, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Belvidere. During the same year after he had served in the two closing years of the Civil War with distinction, Rev. Cline was called to the pastorate of Oxford Presbyterian Church and Mrs. Cline at once began her untiring efforts to assist her husband in building up a large congregation in that town. For twenty-one and a half years Rev. and Mrs. Cline labored side by side in their church work and it was with much regret that the people of Oxford saw them leave in 1887 to become the first pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Phillipsburg.

"Not only did she confine her work to Phillipsburg and Oxford but there was probably no better known church worker in all Warren county than Mrs. Cline.

"Rev. and Mrs. Cline celebrated their golden wedding anniversary October, 1915, when they had among their guests the survivors of the Eleventh New Jersey Volunteers, of which regiment Rev. Cline was the Chaplain."

Mrs. Cline was buried in the Easton cemetery.

In the days of which we write, telephones had not come into general use, and there were no automobiles, so that in a general way towns were isolated, and to get the news was either to go to the station when the morning train arrived and buy a paper from the News Butcher or to receive it by mail. Most in vogue were the weekly editions, such as the Belvidere Apollo, Trenton State Gazette, Washington Star, etc.

To spread the news was for the men to gather at their favorite rendezvous after their daily toil. One of these places was a small grocery store on Mechanic street run by one Fred Searles. Here the men of that locality would meet of an evening and discuss current events, enlarge upon whatsoever gossip was prevalent mingled with stories of variegated hues and colors.

This particular establishment boasted of only two chairs so that the overflow selected cracker barrels and boxes that were within reach to reclined upon.

Fun would commence when the competition for the most absurd stories started, and I can record a typical evening.

Cal Burd started by telling of an old hermit who lived near old Oxford who had sported an immense beard for years untold, and the day came when the hermit was discovered to be ill. The men who attempted to move him shook his beard, and what was their surprise when two squirrels and a flock of moths hopped out.

The guffaws which followed this sally were enough to start an earthquake, especial when two of the men standing in the crowd both having beards, inadvertently felt of their own chin foliage fearing it also might be inhabited.

Jim Hand, a former Commodore of a fleet on the Morris Canal, told about Pete----, a deck hand who worked for him many years. Pete's domestic life was not particularly pleasant and after many violent differences between his spouse and himself, she broadcasted the report that she would welcome her meal-ticket's demise for the pleasure of dancing on his grave. Pete heard of this and made a will stipulating in the said will that he was to be buried in the canal.

Dora McNear who sat near by with his shoe off (explaining before hand that he was troubled with ingrowing heels and out-growing corns) asked Jim if Pete finally died,

(over)

and Jim said, "No, the wife died first and Peter danced on her grave."

Farmer Schultz, who operated the Company farm known, I believe, as number 3 had joined the crowd and appeared to be about exhausted and when this fact was mentioned he told about bringing in from the field the largest pumpkin that had grown in that part of the State, and perhaps in the world. Four men had to handle it and it was drawn into the barn on a stone boat. "Gee-whillikers," says he, "if I had had that punkin at the Centennial I sure would have got a prize, and my picture in the papers."

James D. Custler, one of the finest looking men in Oxford, and a boiler-maker by profession, told about a boiler that he once made. By actual count there were 16,961 rivets in it, and it was 600 feet long and 20 feet high.

Schultz remarked, "Why Jim, what did you build such a big boiler fer?" and Jim, with a twinkle in his eye and with a smile, replied, "Why, to cook that Pumpkin of yours in."

And so, long into the night--even to the unearthly hour of nine o'clock--these modern Baron Munchausens spent their hours of relaxation, and when the quiet had settled in, and the kerosene lamps went out one by one in the neighborhood the crowd would quietly disperse.

George (Dudley) Brewster yawned, stretched himself, tapped his pipe on the heel of his boot, stamped his foot to wake it up and remarked that he was headin' for the snorin' pad, where he expected to go to sleep and dream he was awake and then wake up and find himself asleep.

The community is of one mind in rejoicing in the honor that has come to Mr. James Kearney, whose 52 years of efficient and courteous service in the local R.R. Station, have been crowned with retirement on a life pension.

A multitude of our readers will remember him gratefully for his ever kindly and helpful services, whenever it was possible for him to do any one a favor. We wish for him and his, many happy years to come.

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