

298

The

BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

A. G. YOUNT

Minister



Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.—Deuteronomy, 32:7.



1 A Morning Walk
By Samuel J. Cooper

Sunday morning, Dec. 15th, 1935.

The ground is bare or nearly so, a light mist rests like a pall over all the landscape, the winds are sleeping and out of doors all is silent. There seems to come a call from the elements, "Come out and muse with us." As an early morning stroll fills one's lungs with fresh air, adds zest to the morning meal and invigorates the whole body, the invitation is accepted. I pull on an old overcoat and fare forth. Now whither? Up thro' the old orchard with the forest to my right. Reaching the line fence I climb over and set me down on top of a stone row. Here from behind a clump of red oak trees I peer between the boles down the forest's dim aisles thinking perchance I may spy some dwellers of the wild; but no scamper of squirrel or flit of bird arrests my eye, no graceful deer which so often pass this way, whose colors so blend with the woodland that they seem almost as shadows floating by. All is still, silent; a deep brooding is over all, an infinite calm pervades all.

Now it seems as though the years had been rolled back and I was permitted to behold scenes of yester-years. Here in the forest are a few acres which a generation ago were cultivated by some hardy dwellers of the foot hills of the great Appalachian range of mountains.

I see them in homespun shirts and pants and cow-hide boots wielding the ax, felling the trees, clearing up the brush, hauling out the wood; great bon-fires consuming the brush piles. Then again I see men and teams struggling with the old time shovel-plow to stir the soil, sowing the grain and dragging it in with brush held together by chains.

Winter's snows have come and gone, another summer is here. The same spirits are laboriously harvesting the ripened grain with sickle or cradle and binding it with bands of straw. The grain has been hauled to the barn. Behold the field where it grew, now stumps and sprouts, rocks and stones, "new ground indeed!"

(Continued on page 4)

Bulletin No. 298, February, 2, 1936

He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow..... Psalm 147:16-18.

"Oh. Lord, who hast created every thing beautiful in its time, grant us a pure heart, that we may discern thee, the Giver in all beauty of Creation, worshipping thee as the Creator of all, and gratefully acknowledging thy love and goodness in the same, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

All the services of the Church Sunday School, Morning Worship, and evening meeting, will be held in the Chapel, which can be easily heated. Some of the steam pipes in the church have burst during the sub-zero weather of the past two weeks.

A "Ground-Hog Party" will be given in the Chapel tomorrow night. Sausage and hot cakes, batter and buckwheat, will be served by the women's Sunday School Class.

Supper will be ready to serve from 5:30 P.M. The Class asks for volunteer helpers as they are few in number. Proceeds for Church

Oscar Dalrymple died in Oxford on Jan. 22nd, at the age of 64. He was born in Warren County, and belongs to an old pioneer family. He leaves a widow, two sisters and a daughter. He has been a resident of Oxford about a year. The Funeral was on Saturday 25th, and buried in the Cemetery at Stewartsville.

Steve Toth died Wed, Jan. 22nd, in Oxford. He was born in Hungary May 15th, 1886. He came to this country in 1906, and was employed in the mines. Funeral Sat. 25th, with burial in Hillside Cemetery

The Furnace Highway Marker

(from page one)

Mr. Thomas Marple, Director of the State Commission on Historic Sites, sends good news in this note:--

"The Highway marker for the Old Oxford Furnace has arrived. As you recall I would like to have this placed on the main highway, Route 30, passing through Oxford.

"I have asked Mr. Earl Storer of the Maintenance Division of the Highway Department to contact you in connection with the erection of this marker. You will probably hear from him very shortly, and I would appreciate it if you would direct the crew when it arrives to the exact place where the marker is to be placed."

Citizens of Oxford and vicinity in 1845, from the Company's books.
(continued from last issue.)

Wm. Bowman; Elisha Beers; Daniel Beers; Garret Bodine; P.C. Banghart; John I. Beers; Ebenezar Bostedo; Benjamin Bostedo; Calvin Barnard; Elisha Barton; Doctor Bington; Samuel Badgley; Benjamin Badgley; Jon. H. Bershena; John Bramer; Wm. R. Butz; William Beem; Jesse Brister; Sophia Beaman; George W. Barnet; Stephen Comer; Isaac Comer; Henry Comer; Wm. Carl; Wm. B. Cyphers; Thomas Cockran; N. D. Courtright; Frances Compton; Abram Cooke; Peter Cambell; James Harvey Camp; Jacob C. Cole; D. D. Campbell; John Cline; Abram S. Cogle; David H. Drake; George Dilworth; Marten Deitrich; Edward Donoho; Moore Fuman; Nathan Force; Mary Fisher; Samuel Fittz; Henry James Frone; Peter Ganison; Barnabas Gibbs; Elisha Green; Hosea L. Green; Gilbert Gullick; James Gardner; Robert Henderson; Martin Henderson; Jacob Hilbert; Levi Hoffman; Samuel Hoffman; George Hoffman; James Hiles; Mrs. Elenor Hiles; Frederick Hildebrant; Henry Hildebrant; E. J. Henry; Charles Hildebrant; James Hutchinson; George Harris; Henry Hann; R. A. Henry; J. H. W. Hornbaker; Peter Hornbaker; Jonas Hep; Joseph Hoff; John Hoff; Jas. W. Harvey; Moses Henderson; Samuel Hayden; Clement Hiner; Abner Hulsizer.

The mist and fog are drifting slowly and a new scene unfolds. Teams and wagons, men and boys with joke, jibe and laughter are here. What's going on? Why an old time stone frolick. All the neighbors--and a neighborhood reached a long way around in those days--have been invited to lend a hand in removing the stones from this particular piece of new ground.

The stones are being hauled to the boundaries of the field and piled in immense rows. The years roll on and stumps have rotted and been pulled, more stones removed,--thousands of tons of them,--and the field regularly farmed, but still with a tremendous burden of rocks and stones to hamper the farmer in his work. Those hardy, ambitious, indomitable, liberty loving men and women have departed to a well earned rest beyond this vale of tears, and much of their spirit too, for a later generation gave up the struggle and left this land denuded of its forest and much of its fertility, for the hand of the Creator to care for and use as seems good to him.

I am getting stiff and cold and must be moving. I'll go out along this great stone row. From whence came all these stones? Why from the field of course. Yes but how did they get there on the field? Looking at them more closely I note that all have the sharp edges and corners rounded off and that they are of many different formations--sandstone, conglomerate, granite, flint and so on. Ah, yes! transported here by that great glacial flow which in ages past covered all this region. That awful mass of ice, hundreds perhaps thousands of feet thick which came down from the north with irresistible force bearing before it and grinding beneath it rock and stone leaving them a heterogeneous mass in this terminal morain whose southern limit was about Martin's Creek, Pa. thence eastward passing near Gladstone, N. J. and on to the ocean.

As I contemplate the untold ages that it took this inconceivable mass to move and flow down over the land my mind is overpowered by the thought of the Power that created it (over)

guided it, fixed a bound beyond which it could not go and then removed it till now only remnants remain in the far north land. Oh! the illimitableness of time.

On my right I see a goodly tulip-poplar tree broken off up to eighteen or twenty feet and all splintered and shattered at the break as though a charge of dynamite had been exploded in it. Yes, lightning struck it, and in an instant that beautiful towering tree was brought low. The swiftness of the Almighty is incomprehensible!

Now a couple of little birds flit up before me. Why they are chickadees whose spritely little song, chick-a-dee-dee-dee, so cheers the winter woods. I stop a minute to observe them; they look at me questioningly then return to a decayed limb only five or six feet from me and resume their breakfast of tiny worms they are pecking out of the decaying wood. The tree gathers its food, dissolved in water, from the soil, a limb dies, decays and becomes food for insects and grubs; they in turn furnish nourishment for the tiny feathered creatures of the wild. God provides for his creatures.

The ancient philosopher and the present day scientist seek to transmute the baser metals or materials into those that man values more highly, but without success. But everywhere about us in nature a greater transmutation is taking place. Behold the lichen on the glacial polished stone--rock so hard that it takes tempered steel to scratch it--by a chemistry all its own it gathers its food from the rock and air, lives, dies and decays; in this decayed matter the seed of an evergreen tree finds a resting place, sprouts and grows. No animal life will feed on its leaves but tiny scale life finds food for its needs, on these scales larger insects feed and in turn are food for the birds. Man now enters on the scene and seizes the bird for his food, and by the alchemy of nature the adamant rock is changed into flesh and blood, the domicile of the spirit of the living God. (next page).

A little farther on I come to a mighty white oak (whose sturdy branches have breasted the winds and storms, the heat and cold of perhaps two centuries or more) was growing perchance when the Lenape still roamed these hills. Just a few yards more and I come to a thrifty hemlock of beautiful cone shape beneath whose low hanging branches one may just stand erect. Though a light rain is now falling beneath this green tent it is nice and dry.

A stone has been rolled up against its butt. Some deer hunter has been sitting here hoping that an unwary buck may come past and that he will secure it for food for his family.

As I sit here in the dry looking out through the forest I note for quite a distance many young hemlocks where, for how many years no man knows there has been a deciduous forest.

Here again the Great Forester's watchful eye and directing hand is in evidence. Man's devastating hand has removed one growth after another of the deciduous trees till the soil no longer contains readily available food for them, but these evergreen trees have been so constituted that they will thrive here and these parent trees, like the one beneath which I am sitting, are sending their offspring out to possess the land.

As I sit for a few minutes longer contemplating the wonders revealed to man, if he will but look and see, I am impressed by the ceaseless change that is everywhere, by the illimitableness of time, the Almightiness of God, the perfection of his designing, the directing and ruling of all things and his infinite care for and over all his handiwork.

We have received a letter from Mrs. Naomi Poole in which she speaks feelingly of the late Dr. L. B. Hoagland. We have given it to Mrs. Hoagland, and is much appreciated.

We have donations to the Bulletin fund as follows:-

Samuel J. Cooper \$1.00;
Mrs. Hilda Courtright \$1.00
Harry Miller \$ 2.00

Many thanks.



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A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

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