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The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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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.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away... Isa. 35:1

"Almighty God, who art a very present help in time of trouble; let not the heart of thy people fail when fear cometh, but do thou sustain and comfort them until the calamities of life be overpast; deliver them from the perils of this stormy season, the wintry blast, the blinding snow and driving sleet, and preserve them from hunger cold and suffering. Save thy people O Lord, and be gracious unto them, for thy great mercy sake. Amen."

We have been passing through a period of extraordinary severe winter weather, and the heart is drawn out in sympathy toward all who have suffered from the cold and snow. But for millions it has meant a closer confinement in their homes, which in this rushing and distracted age may be an opportunity of joy and profit.

Emerson, in his poem, "The Snow Storm," describes a New England farmhouse isolated by a snow that made the roads impassible kept the family in the house for a long time.—"All friends shut out, the housemates sit Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

Whatever the poet meant by this startling phrase, he surely thought of the people as thus shut in to be in a happy circumstance for great and undisturbed thought

What better time to meditate upon one's ways, and to listen to the still small voice of conscience! For it may turn our mind to higher thoughts, and lead our feet into pleasant paths of peace.

Oxford's Growing Fame

In the current issue of the Magazine of Mining and Metallurgy - The Journal of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, which has a wide circulation in this and other countries, there is an editorial on the Old Oxford Furnace under the caption:-

"A Relic Worth Preserving"

It gives an account of its history and the deeding of it to the State Commission to be preserved as an historic monument.

The Commission's stated purpose to use the Furnace as an illustration of the development of industrial history of the country is thus commented upon:--

"Strange to say, this is the only historical industrial plant owned by the State of New Jersey, a state that is dotted with old inns, mansions, birthplaces, and military headquarters. It is to be hoped that the idea will spread. Even with all that Henry Ford has done, too large a proportion of the historic shrines of the country are still of military significance. What more hideous reminder of human folly than the camouflaged guns that become so conspicuous when placed in the centers of our public squares? Unfortunately they are intended to be reminders of the heroism of those that operated them, rather than mute evidence that our present civilization in this respect has not progressed far from cannibalism. How much better it would be if such grim souvenirs were broken up, to be displaced by some evidence of social and industrial progress such as this old blast furnace of course will be!"

We are indebted to Mr. Humphrey for a leaf from the Magazine above quoted. It is quite unexpected and impressive notice of the Furnace.

Also the Lackawanna R.R. has directed their local agent, Mr. Benj. Green, to procure all possible information on the colonial structures in Oxford. We have been glad to help in this matter.

A Bob-Sled Party of Yore "By One of the Bunch"

Shortly after Mr. S.J. Cooper and family moved from Jonestown to their farm just north of Portland, Penna., a standing invitation was given their Oxford friends to 'come up and see us' any time, and on the strength of this invitation their "Jonestown" friends gave them notice to be on the lookout "just as soon as there was snow enough for a sleigh-ride party".

Early in the fall the plans were all made, even to the details, consequently when on a certain Sunday afternoon the snow began to fall (continuing through the night and most of Monday with a good winter temperature), the signal was flashed to the Jonestowners by telephone, (?) by radio, (?); well, anyway it was flashed! The time, Tuesday 4:30 P.M. The place, 'Newmie' Jones's

The appointed hour found Newmie's big bob-sled with the body well lined with straw, robes and blankets; and filled almost to overflowing with the Gardners, Johansens, Coopers, Cooks, Jones', Potts', Dreisbachs, Trezises; and drawn by a 4-horse-mule team, they started on their 16 mile ride with horns a-tootin' and bells a-ringin'. On they went thro Oxford, past the old Presbyterian Church, the Company Store, the Depot, to Buttzville, Bridgeville, Manunka-Chunk, Delaware. Between Delaware and Columbia huge drifts were encountered and some of those husky fellows had to do some shoveling and pushing, but they made it all right even if it did take nearly two hours to go four miles. They crossed the Delaware River via. the old covered wooden bridge between Columbia and Portland and then continued on to their destination 'Sam' Cooper's place, which they reached about ten o'clock.

The thermometer was well nigh down to the zero mark and after their five or six hour ride they 'sure' did appreciate those crackling log fires, (probably fed by some of those same logs recently mentioned in an interesting article to the Bulletin by Mr. Cooper). However, the outside was soon forgotten by reason of the lively games, songs, etc. And then, Oh, Boy! the feast! (over)

Only those who have tasted 'em really know what 'refreshments' were in those good, old days. Methinks I can taste 'm yet. Can't you?

By this time, you might well imagine, it was getting late, or early, and we must be getting started back.

So the '4-horse-mule' team was again hitched to the bobs, and we all piled in then with hearty expressions of appreciation to our hosts, and a farewell cheerio, away we went. (At three o'clock in the morning).

I shall not attempt to describe the ride home except to state it was COLD. John Cook was probably the most fortunate one of the Crowd.

Instead of returning with the 'bunch' he bunked, for a couple of hours sleep, with his brother Cort, who was then teaching school at Columbia, and then he came down on the morning train directly to his work in Washington. As his train was passing through Buttzville, (about 7:30, A.M.) he happened to look out of the window and what should he see but that 4-horse-mule team and 'Newmie' Jones apparently all alone. Where were the rest of them? Taking a second look he came to the conclusion that they must be buried down under the robes, blankets etc. He was right; and well it was they might keep covered tight and out of sight. The thermometer then registered 14 degrees below.

However, they all arrived safely home, and taken all and in all it was a most enjoyable and never-to-be-forgotten Sleigh ride party.

If you don't believe it ask any one who was there.

Citizens of Oxford and Vicinity continued from last issue. (1845)

Valentine Nickole; A.M. Nunn;
Abraham Norris; Daniel Osman;
David Osborn; John Oliver;
John R. Pittenger; Wm. Pittenger;
Samuel J. Pittenger; Abigail Pittenger;
Widow Charity Pittenger; Mrs. Sarah
Pase; Samuel R. Pierson; John (son of
Samuel) Pierson; Charles Pierson;
John F. Pierson; Sarah Pierson;
David Parks; Elijah Pelton; Chas. J.
Pool; John Petty, Sr.; George Radle;
Robert Ramsey; Samuel Ramsey; Caleb
Ramsey; Samuel Ramsey Sr.;
Henry Repp. Wm. P. Robeson;
William Robeson, painter.



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