

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.

And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Mark 10:14

" We pray thee, O Lord, to bless our Sunday School, that the young may be instructed in thy Word. Open the Holy Scripture, both to those who teach and to those who learn that the light of thy Spirit may shine in their hearts. Enrich the teachers with patience and faithfulness that the young and tender plants may be nourished and trained to bring forth fruit unto everlasting life. Amen."

This is Children's Day in our Church, and all will rejoice together with the little ones whom Jesus loves. Some lines from the poet Longfellow seem specially fitting here:

"Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear *Ling*
What the birds and winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are the living poems.
And all the rest are dead."

The Summer Communion Service
will occur on Sunday July 12th.

We usually have visitors in the Sunday morning services, and our church people should try to attend regularly so that our friends will be made to feel at home and welcome. Empty pews have a chilling effect on most people.

Mrs. Mary Robeson Smith of Belvidere, is a direct descendant of Jonathan Robeson, and is deeply interested in the movement to restore and preserve the old furnace. At times bulletins with special articles on the matter were sent to her and she kindly acknowledges them in this note, saying:

"On my return from Philadelphia where my daughter and self spent the Winter, I found the letters you kindly sent me and was pleased with the information contained, regarding the 'Old Oxford Furnace. You certainly deserve due credit as the prime mover in saving the 'Old Land Mark.' As we looked at it last Fall both my son and self decided, but for your timely efforts and interest the 'Old Robeson Furnace' built by our great-great-great-grandfather would, in a short time, have been only a 'Tale of the Past.'

"I am more than interested in the Celebration movement, and will add, with no little pride and pleasure, that of which I spoke some time since. It will show the people of today how Jonathan Robeson left a comfortable home in Philadelphia and travelled to that lonely, uninhabited country--no roads, dense forests, no automobiles, but what was better, a determination to find that of which he had heard, and then provide the means to utilize it and give our new country what it so much needed."

(Mrs. Smith refers above to a valuable family heirloom that she plans to donate to the Furnace Museum when restored and ready.)

Many are asking about what is to be done in the way of restoration of the Old Furnace, since it has become State property. We are greatly disappointed that no work on the grounds and buildings has been started as yet. But we have been, with the cooperation of others, trying to get something substantial accomplished. Some of our plans have failed. The State Commission too have not succeeded as they had hoped to get an appropriation to begin work on it. But delays in this good cause, are to be expected

A Little Lady's Triumph By Samuel J. Cooper

What memories, meeting associates of former years, uncover! As a school mate grasped my hand at the reunion through all the other memories, out popped one of childhood's little games; and I mentioned it to the Lady. Back came the command, "Now don't you write that up for the Bulletin." Later as we shook hands and parted for the day, came the admonition, with threatening, pointing finger, "Now don't you dare." But I do dare. What dire punishment she will inflict upon me I have no idea but as we will in all probability not meet again for a whole year, she will have ample time to develop and perfect something commensurate with the offense.

The Game? Oh! We were fourth or fifth grade pupils with Miss Fannie D. Person as our teacher. We both carried our lunch, as did several others, and a few of us would gather in a rear corner of the school-room to eat it. Hard boiled eggs were quite a staple article of our lunch and we made a little game of bumping eggs together to see who had the hardest shelled one; the possessor of it would then with a quick stroke proceed to crack it on the forehead of some one of the unlucky vanquished. There was quite a little science in the game and we all became somewhat proficient. Then one day the little lady produced an egg and proceeded to crack all contender in a one, two, three order; of course much to our discomfiture. As usual after vanquishing all opponents she made a quick swing and--whether with malice aforethought or not, I do not know,-- that conquering egg came in contact with my forehead (it seems to me almost as though there is a slight depression there yet; but the egg did not break, and you may be sure we all took good care to see that that egg did not again come in contact with our "store-house-of-knowledge."

She had to crack it on a desk.

Now what manner of egg was it that possessed such devastating property? Of course that was her secret and she, with such powerful artillery, was the conquering empress of that domain. (over)

We set such "Sherlock Holmes" ability as we possessed to the task of discovering what kind of an egg had caused our downfall.

This much we knew, it was small, almost conical and brown speckled.

After due conference with our elders and by careful deductions and inquiries we arrived at the conclusion that it was a guinea fowl egg, which in fact it was.

Since then I have seen guinea eggs tossed to a height of sixty and more feet and come down on a good sod without breaking.

It is perhaps needless to say that as the rest of us were not in position to secure such hard eggs and we also had a strong dislike to having our heads (even though they may have been block-heads) used for targets, the game ceased.

The empress may have sighed for more worlds to conquer but if she found them I am sure guinea eggs were not the missels used when she conquered them."

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Cooper send a note expressing their happy impressions of the reunion, and remark:-

"The excellent program for the whole day, which was so successfully carried out, surely brought a sense of great satisfaction to the many present and well repaid any effort to attend the reunion. The generous dinners of excellent food so nicely served by the ladies will have a place in the memories of the day.

"If all could have been present who had attended on some former occasion what an overflow meeting we should have had to behold!

"Hoping that each year's success will act as a stimulus to make the next gathering even more enjoyable, we are amongst those who remember with kindly thoughts childhood's Church home."

We acknowledge \$2.00 from Mrs. F. B. Stinson, and \$1.00 each from Mrs. P. J. Zapp; Dr. L. E. Estler; Mrs. Henry T. Paulson; and Mrs. Mary Robeson Smith. Mr. Humphrey provided for Mrs. Paulson's subscription. She is the daughter of the late Mrs. Ellen Scranton Belden, and lives in Chicago.



CHURCH OFFICERS

The Session

A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

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Choir

Leader MRS. E. T. GREEN

