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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.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Matt. 28:19

O God, and Father of all mankind Revive the spirit of missions in thy Church, that all people may earnestly desire the conversion of all the world; and quicken our own hearts that there may be a larger outpouring of prayer and gifts and personal service, to advance the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Protect the messengers of the Gospel amid all perils and give them strength, wisdom, and courage to make known by word and life the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ

This has been a notable year in the history of the Presbyterian Church in U.S.A. For just one hundred years ago our Missionary societies were first organized, and to realize what vast progress has been made since then in both Home and Foreign fields, tends to give strength and confidence, among all informed members, in the future prosperity and usefulness of this branch of the Church of Christ.

Last year the 2,000,000 members contributed 40,000,000 dollars for local expenses and Missions and other benevolent Boards. This is an average per capita contribution of \$20. The reputation of Presbyterians for generous support of the Church is still maintained.

To celebrate this Centennial year the Rev. Dr. Robert E. Speer, the church's most distinguished leader in Missionary promotion, will broadcast over WJZ, and the blue network, a personal message between 9 and 10 next Friday evening.

Tomorrow evening, Monday 25th, our folks will have their annual halloween party. Masks, games, etc. Small admission. The public invited. Music by Foss brothers.

Last week we found another deed relating to Oxford history. It is recorded in Book 3, page 255, in the old records at Newton.

It concerns Joseph W. Shippen, the husband of Martha Axford, who lived in the Mansion house. The date was 1778 in the middle of the Revolutionary War. Joseph bought 1306 acres of land adjoining the furnace lands at an auction sale for the sum of 6100 pounds, over 30,000 dollars! It was paid for in cash.

The land belonged to Daniel Coxe son or grand son of Col. Daniel Coxe one of the early governors of the province and a proprietor (of whom and his children we shall have more to say later). This Daniel Coxe at that time lived in Trenton, but was a fugitive, having been convicted by the "Council and General Assembly of the State," as an "offender," probably helping the British in some manner. His property was confiscated by the State, and two Commissioners, Wm. Bond and George Warne were directed to sell his lands for the State. The Commissioners appointed the day and place of auction at a private house of a man by the name of Ker, some place between here and Hampton, possibly at Washington, and Joseph W. Shippen was the only bidder.

As he did not own any part of the furnace, it is surprising that he was able to pay such a sum.

But he had been managing the furnace for at least five years, during the very profitable period of the War, and as we have before suggested, his father Dr. Wm. Shippen the Elder, probably let him have all the profits of the business, and besides he was pay-master at the Bethlehem hospital of the Army, so that he may have accumulated this large sum of money. But then his father may have advanced him part of the amount, for he was immensely rich, and had paid cash for all the furnace lands, 5000 acres, many years before that time.

Moreover we know from a letter we have seen in the Historical Society museum in Philadelphia, written at that time, Dr. Shippen was in Oxford.

Old Oxford Days An Oxford Boy In Maine By Clinton E. Weston

Good evening, my friends! This is Station EFC at Ogunquit, Maine, coming to you through the courtesy of Quahaug & Quahaug, makers of the best clam-chowder that ever tickled a tonsil or that a set of store-teeth ever fell into. Don't think this is a shell game, tho' it is the covering they hide in. And speaking of shells, Yankee ingenuity hit the high water mark when an old timer was seen on a cold day using clam shells for ear muffs. I can testify to the fact that there is music in every clam. This is proven by the fact that when I served clam soup to a patron he souped so loud the people thought the orchestra was playing and several couples got up to dance.

I always associated clams with a distinct and separate race, but when this young man called the lady who came with him "Clam" it appeared to me undignified, but my curiosity got the better of me and I asked him why he called her Clam, and he replied that she had a little neck. Oh! said I, now I see the blue-point.

Changing locations broadens one's mind, and therefore adds to one's education, and that is what happened to me when I invaded the clam country. When I was a boy in Oxford I always thought the shell of a clam was a tin can. Shows how easily one can be deceived; which calls to mind the city boy that came to Oxford and wandering through a field came across a quantity of empty condensed milk cans, and he ran all the way home to tell his Ma he had found a cow's nest.

I think of the beautiful autumn days in Oxford, the exhilarating tang in the air, the riot of coloring of the trees and foliage; all of which is rich in memory, but there is some compensation in the land of the quahaug, where one can stroll along the sandy beach and absorb the pure, health-giving salt air, swept from the ocean, and to watch the beautiful sunset across the horizon. (Over)

I must admit the wind is much stronger in this region. Only the other evening when taking my pet canine for a walk the wind blew so hard that when the dog opened his mouth the wind blew him inside out and he ran the other way.

As I find solace and rest before brightly burning pine logs it occurred to me to relate the foregoing incidents not only for little humor there might be in them but for a deeper reason. No matter where one abides, to all there comes a time when the brightness of things becomes dull, spirits are low, discouragement comes over one; which after all is in many cases a condition of mind; and as an antidote for that condition look about you and you will discover Mr. Humor always lurking near—the man that wishes you to take another point of view and bring into your life a smile of encouragement and returned happiness

Laugh and the world laughs with you. And so, my friends, good night—nighty night. The great big moon is watching over you, so don't forget to say your prayers and remember! there is nothing to give you nice, red rosy cheeks and make you sleep the sleep of the just like a dish of quahaug chowder.

This is the first of a series of broadcasts by Mr. Weston.

Other Guest Stars will appear later.

Mr. Weston's love of fun is irrepressible, and just will break forth at times. We wonder though if his new private broadcasting station EFC has been licensed?

Otherwise the goblins of the Radio Commission will get him if he don't watch out.

Readers will know that the Quahaugs are the big round clams of the Atlantic coast.

The Maine broadcaster might remind the owner of station EFC that in early Colonial times the Indian money, Wampum, was chiefly made from the quahaug shells, and was popularly known as 'shell-money.'

It looks like the author overlooked a good one!



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A. G. YOUNT, Moderator

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