

*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.*

Then said Jesus to his disciples, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it. Matthew 16:24, 25

"Provide for us, O most merciful Father, both now and in the days to come, those things which are needful for our welfare in soul and body, and guide us by thy Word and Spirit in the way of a willing obedience to thee. Teach us ever to look to thee as our Master and Rewarder, that all our work may be done in thy service: replenish us with thy daily gifts, that we may not lack any good thing: and keep us ever in a humble and grateful mind, that we may live peaceably with all men and praise thee by well-doing, according to the commandment of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

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Elder E. E. Foss is continuing his good work improving the church.

The past week he has extended the platform in front of the organ so as to make room for the Choir in front of the organ. The Sunday school has provided the funds for the lumber.

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We have received a courteous note from the new editor of the Warren Journal requesting an exchange of the Bulletin with his paper. This will be gladly done in order that a wider knowledge of our local history may be spread throughout the County. The Bulletin has exchanged with the Washington Star for the past two years and that paper has given fine assistance in promoting historical interest in the Old Furnace, which is the outstanding historical structure in the County.

We are glad to note that our old friend Mr. Frank G. Andrews, is on the staff of the Warren Journal with his interesting column, "Major Freelance."

Letter from  
Evelina Belden Paulson  
(Mrs. Henry T. Paulson)

Often when I receive the Bulletin I think I will write to tell you with what interest it is to read and how pages of it have been filed away as permanent records for my children.

As I write I am sitting on a chair from my grandmother's Oxford home (Mrs. Charles Scranton's), and at the library table so many years used by my great Uncle Selden T. Scranton. We still cut our bread on the top of a nail keg from the old Nail Factory—a bread board moved from state to state with the wanderings of the family. Over my buffet hangs an oil painting of a mountain stream trickling through the rocky woods where my mother loved to paint when an Oxford girl (Ellen Scranton Belden).

The thoughts of my long visits to Oxford as a child seem to take me away from this gloomy February drizzle into your clear air, to see your distant hills, sunlit valleys, little furry animals scampering through the woods, to smell the fresh rains on the gardens. Would that I might picture the people working in the huge present-day steel industries of my own great city, as living in such surroundings!

It is good for us all to remember the great contributions of our small towns to American life and industry, and to have such chances as you give to visualize an early beginning of great significance.

We all benefit by a long view back into the past before we try to interpret the present and move ahead into the future.

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The following letters from Mrs. Lemmon and Mrs. Cox arrived at the same time. After reading them the coincidence will be noted.

We have to thank Mrs. Cox for sending many papers and clippings of much interest. We appreciate such thoughtfulness from her and from many others, though often unacknowledged.

Mrs. E. T. Lukens  
By Mrs. Mary Weber Lemmon

The recollections of the "Ancient Oxford Days" have stirred many pleasant memories. One figure stands in clearest outline—our earliest Sunday School teacher and everybody's friend—dear Mrs. Lukens.

She shared her home, her carriage, her children's teachers, her precious time with us all. Her Bible was always at hand; and as she waited a few moments here and there she would open and read to any who were near. We owe her a large part of it that lives in our memory now, an increasingly precious possession.

When we had learned her "Child's Scripture Catechism," she rewarded us with a copy the Bible with her name and ours on the fly-leaf.

She taught many of us to sew. Her "Little Lights" was a Saturday morning group that many looked forward eagerly to each week. The glimpse of her lovely home was not the least part of our pleasure.

Mr. Lukens too found time occasionally to share in the activities of the "Little Lights." His letter accepting an invitation to play at one of their entertainments was received with serious gratitude, and only the grown-up appreciated the whimsical humor in his friendly reply. How true it is that "if you make a child happy, you also make him happy twenty (or fifty) years after in the memory of it."

Mrs. Lukens lives in our works today in the lives of the children she blessed.

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Letter from Mrs. Herbert E. Cox.

Mr. Cox and I send greetings. We have pleasant memories of our days spent in Oxford. We lived in Mrs. Lukens home directly across from the church and Parsonage. We seldom missed a Sunday morning service. Mr. Wagar was the pastor—a worker, fine pastor and good neighbor. Mr. Cox has been a member for many years of the Boston Historical and Genealogical Society. Through it we have been awakened to the great

(over)

value of the preservation of early records of the history of the families and places, and have followed with interest all that you are recording of the early history of the old Oxford Furnace and of Oxford families. I hope some one, some time will write for your Bulletin about Mrs. Lukens. She gave so much of herself to Church and missionary work and to her work with children and all good causes. She was like a Beacon Light in all communities she lived in.

Mr. Cox and I are hoping we can go to Oxford some spring when you have your Reunion.

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Letter from Mrs F. G. Everitt  
(Martha Vosseller Everitt)

Have been more than interested in the recent issues of the Bulletin.

As to Mr. Gould, who invented the self-feeder for the nail machines,-- when I visited Mr. and Mrs. William Whitaker in Chicago, they took me to call on Mr. Gould's married daughter, with whom he lived. He was very ill at the time and soon after passed on.

Mrs Whitaker and I were invited to attend the funeral as Oxford representatives. After the death a son, in his later years, Mr. Gould failed mentally. His last invention was a toaster. By removing or changing a few wires it was a mouse trap.

Some of you must remember Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker and their daughter Maggie. They lived where Mrs. Alice Hunt does now. They had taken an active part in the work of the Oxford M. E. Church before moving to the middle West. In a short time they came back to Chicago.

I also remember the tin can telephone from the Perkins home to the Parsonage when Mr. Maxwell was our Pastor. His sisters Grace and Mabel were living with him at that time. I did not get to talk over the telephone that day. It was out of order.

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We acknowledge receipt of two dollars each from Levi Hoagland; H. L. Miller; Patrick Kempsey; Mrs. H. B. Cox. \$3.00 Edwin C. Perkins: \$1.00 from Claude Crarup; Miss Sarson \$5.00



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