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*The*  
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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*Minister*



Oxford Historical Record

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and they fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

-----Matthew 2:11

"Almighty God, who by the birth of thy Holy One into the world didst give thy true light to dawn upon our darkness; Grant that as we welcome our Redeemer, his presence may shed abroad in our hearts and in our homes the light of heavenly peace and joy. And help us so to celebrate this day, in humility and gratitude, in unselfish love and cheerful service, that our keeping of Christmas may be a blessing to our souls, a memorial to Christ, a benefit to our fellow men, and a thanksgiving to Thee for thine unspeakable gift of the Saviour. Amen."

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We trust our readers will like this Christmas issue of the Bulletin. Thanks to Mr. Humphrey's beautiful story of the first settlers in this region 200 years ago, we have been able to make it with other items real "Christmasy".

This is the more fitting this year as Christmas falls on Sunday.

The Manse has been flooded with beautiful Christmas cards and other favors, more than ever before, from friends near and far.

Our hearts have been deeply stirred by such kind remembrances and we find it impossible to express our gratitude as we would like to do.

We can only say 'thank you' and pray God's richest blessings to abide with you all.

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The Sunday School Christmas Exercises last Wednesday evening in the church were unusually fine and every one was delighted with it all.

## A Modern St. Nicholas at Oxford

A thousand years ago there lived in Asia Minor a good man known as St. Nicholas who has through the centuries been called the children's patron saint. The Dutch who settled at Manhattan spelled his name San Nicholaas, which sounded to the English colonists like Santa Claus, which is the origin of our popular Christmas saint.

We have a similar type in Mr. Charles L. Bitzig, a business man of Newark, who has for years been giving time and money in collecting and distributing clothing, and other needful things for the poor. But he specializes in Christmas toys and similar articles for children. He is this year supplying these in four towns, and Oxford is fortunately one of them. The citizens of Newark freely give him donations of cash besides various articles of clothing they can spare, and they know he will distribute them wisely to the needy people in selected places.

All the large tables in the chapel have been piled high with a remarkable assortment of toys, games, books and innumerable objects to delight the children. He began bringing them here weeks ago and helped to distribute them for nearly 300 Oxford children.

But he uses a fine system in doing this. A committee of local citizens representing the whole community was appointed to arrange for the proper distribution. These were Mrs. Delmar Green, Mrs. Jennie Fichtel and Mrs. Mary Cryan, representing the three churches of Oxford. They had the assistance of Mrs. H. Johnson, the public school nurse, and Mr. Lacey the local relief officer in collecting the names of all the children who would not otherwise get nice toys, etc. for Christmas. The Committee spent many hours the past week in filling large cartons with articles fitted to each family of children, and one of these was delivered yesterday to each family. The community will appreciate this beautiful form of philanthropy, and heartily extend to Mr. Bitzig their warmest thanks.

## Christmas in the Old Forest A Picture in Outline By George S. Humphrey

The snow was falling steadily all day and the wind, which roared among the naked branches of the oaks and sighed through the pines and hemlocks, had piled the drifts deep against the sides of the cabin.

Even the spring was buried out of sight and the gurgling of the brook was hushed by the great mantle that covered it.

Just at sunset the snow ceased falling and the light, breaking through the clouds, seemed to add to the cold which grew more intense.

The wind, shifting to the north, became fiercer and more searching, and the full moon rose to cast her frigid smile upon the work of King Winter's prowess!

The cabin was small and almost the whole of one end was occupied by a huge stone fire-place in which the burning logs crackled and roared, bidding defiance to the champions of cold without, and, as it were, taking up the gauntlet which they had thrown down—the old and never ending strife between warmth and cold, love and hate, good and evil.

The logs of the cabin were straight and deftly joined at the corners; the chinks had been well filled with clay; the puncheon floor was tight and nearly covered with bear skins; the few copper utensils hanging on the walls were polished bright and glowed with ruddy light reflected from the blazing hearth, scoffing at the challenge of the cold moon in the sky and voicing praises and worship to the great Spirit of Fire.

An array of blue Delft china and burnished pewter glistened on the oaken table, around which were placed four square-built, hickory-pegged chairs; one of the chairs was high-seated and was cushioned with partridge feathers, covered with soft buckskin.

Within the chimney swung the crane, suspended from which was the merrily boiling pot;

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while nearby the spit sustained a sputtering, browning haunch of venison. Above the mantle hung the rifle and quaintly carved powder horn.

Near the great fire-place sat the Man and close to him the Wife; and on a warm, thick wolf-robe at their feet between them played the Child.

At one side silently crouched the Indian who, overtaken by the storm, ill clad, cold and half starved--entered the cabin and claimed the ready hospitality of the Man and Wife.

Close by them stood a small hemlock sapling, brightened with red wintergreen berries, bitter sweet, and other ornaments from the forest; and it told of the dear Lord Christ and of Love and Peace and Good Will; while the Man opened the Book and read of the sweet Babe of Bethlehem.

And the Man and the Wife heard not the storm without, but thanked and worshipped the great God and Father--greater than the King of Winter, greater than the Spirit of Fire; and they prayed for His blessing upon themselves, the Child and the Indian.

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When we were repairing our church organ last year, we received from Mr George Weber a check sent him by his grand-son Clarence Hanna of Cleveland, Ohio. The check was by the Cleveland Plain Dealer, a reward of merit to Master Clarence, then 14, for some art work.

Clarence wrote that he had read in a Bulletin, loaned them by Mrs. Ed. F. Stout, that we were repairing the Organ and that he desired that this check should be given for that purpose. But when we got it all the costs of the work had been paid. So we have kept this gift in mind and have bought with it a music lamp for the organ, which has been badly needed.

It was the first money Clarence earned by his art work, and he has put it to a beautiful service that will be long remembered.



CHURCH OFFICERS

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A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

*Elders*

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