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The
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CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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Minister



Oxford Historical Record

Now it came to pass, when all the people were baptized, that, Jesus also having been baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily form, as a dove, upon him, and a voice came out of heaven, Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased. ---Luke 3: 21, 22.

"O Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance upon us; let thy peace rule in our hearts; and may it be our strength, and our song in the house of our pilgrimage.

We commit ourselves to thy care and keeping this day; let thy grace be mighty in us, and sufficient for us, and let it work in us both to will and to do thine own good pleasure. May we live together in peace and holy love, and do thou command thy blessings upon us, even life for ever more. Amen."

Next Sabbath, January 15th, we will observe the Holy Communion at the morning service. Opportunity will be given for baptism and for admission into our church.

The men will hold another meeting in the church tomorrow evening at 7:30. Elder Bergenback is the leader in this movement and it is to be hoped much good will result from it.

Mrs. Wm. Hornbaker has a news paper clipping from Pittston Pa., announcing the recent death of Mrs. Sarah J. Rosenkrans, at the age of 83 years.

"Mrs. Rosenkrans was the former Sarah J. Repp, and was born in Scranton in 1855. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Repp, and a member of the Presbyterian Church.

She was a cousin of Mrs. Hornbaker. When the Scranton brothers went there in 1840 they took the Repp brothers with them. Frederick remained there, but Henry father of Mrs. Hornbaker returned to Oxford with the Scrantons in 1858.

Mrs. Hannah G. Miller. Obit.

Old Oxford Days
By Clinton E Weston

Mrs. Hannah Beers Miller passed to her reward last Monday at the old Miller homestead two miles north of Oxford. She was born in 1853, the daughter of Elisha and Rachel Beers. She was the last of the children of that family which was one of the prominent pioneer families of this region.

Elisha Beers was of the Scotch-Irish stock which was so numerous here in the colonial days, and his wife was a member of the Mann family, or as it is said, Mannes, of Holland descent, and probably settled here in very early days.

Their children were Elizabeth, born 1837, married John Shoemaker; Lavina who married John Sarson; Katherine, married to Wm. Mann; Margaret, the wife of Wm. Boofman; Mary Jane the wife of Andrew Foss; Rachel who married a Mr. Nichols, and Hannah, the wife of William Miller, who was also of a pioneer family.

This union was blest with three children, Cleveland and Harvey, who survive, and Mrs. Raymond Rush, whose lamented death over a year ago, is fresh in our memories.

There are many nieces and nephews and eight grand-children.

Mrs. Miller was a life-long member of the Presbyterian church, and she died in the peace and comfort of the Christian faith.

She was a charter member of the Warren Pomana Grange.

The funeral was from the De Voe funeral parlors, in Washington, N.J. and the Grange took part in the services. The interment was in the Hazen Cemetery.

The other day we were told of a curious itinerary of a copy of the Bulletin. The subscriber here in Oxford, said that after this family reads it, she gives it to a neighbor, and it passes thence to a family in a different part of the village. The latter family send it to friends in Phila. Pa. This takes place every week and probably 8 or 10 persons read it. We have been told of so many similar cases that the total of readers must be large.

To one who has been inoculated with a sporting spirit, especially hunting, nothing can beat a sweeter tattoo on the ear drums than the baying of a hound dog. There were a number of them in Oxford, and maybe there yet. I early became convinced that nothing is closer to the heart than a houn' dog is to its owner. Several years ago I wrote about two hounds owned by Dory Little and told how often in the fall, when the game law was off, how I was awakened at the break of day by the exuberant sounds of excited dogs, and peering out of the window would observe Dory, Philly Radel and other devoted nimrods impatiently waiting for Ded to join them, so they could get going to the field of slaughter.

Incidents of this kind make an impression on one's mind that is never erased. But what occurred to me at the time was the affection displayed between the animals and their owners. Young folks were impressed early with the importance of being kind to animals, and it seemed to me that the atmosphere around the old town was permeated with that sort of spirit.

People took a certain pride in ownership, whether it was a dog or a horse, or what have you; for it was openly shown that each one thought he had about the best that could be obtained, which was, after all, a pardonable conceit, for the sense of possession was in itself the assurance of kindness.

I believe there is an old saying which goes: "Show me the man who is kind to animals, and his other faults will take care of themselves." It was an act of kindness which nearly got a man in trouble, and if all you folks will sit around close we will shed tears together as the following morbid tale unfolds itself.

On a hot and humid day in July a crate containing a dog was put off a train at our Station at noon time when the expressman was at lunch. (over)

Being placed on the platform in the blistering sun the poor dog was suffering agonies. A sympathetic man happened to stroll near and stood watching the dog for a few moments. Then his feelings were overcome and looking around he found a stick and with it pried off a slat from the crate; and then taking the leash that was inside the crate, fastened it to the collar of the dog and started to walk it towards the end of the platform. As they neared the end the dog gave a sudden lurch and started racing up the track with the man in hot pursuit.

The dog ran down a bank and through a field and was lost to view. Imagine the man's feelings!

After he was able to collect his thoughts he remembered that usually there was an old mut that made its head-quarters around the station. After a diligent search he found it and took it up on the platform and forced it into the crate, fastened on the slat and then made himself scarce.

The expressman soon appeared and started to load the crate on his wagon, and on reaching the address he placed the crate on his back, and just as he was going into the yard a man came out of the house and said, "Hello! What have we here?" The expressman, puffing, and with the perspiration pouring off him said, "Looks like I had a dog for you." The man looked surprised and said, "No, it isn't mine. Mine got home half an hour ago."

The incident closes with the expressman looking vainly through the rules of the Company to find out what happens when a dog delivers itself.

The Bulletin acknowledges receipt of \$1.00 each from Mrs. Norgaard and Mrs. Jepson; \$3.00 each from Mrs. Julius Gleichmann; Miss Rosalie Sarson; Fred Sarson and Miss Fannie Person.

The total receipts for 1938 amounted to \$153.50, which did not meet all the costs.

