

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.

National Preaching Mission
at the Local Methodist
Church

Rev. L. E. Wright the pastor has furnished us a program of the special meetings to be held in his church in conjunction with the Methodist churches of Buttsville and Summerfield.

The special attraction will be a negro tenor singer, Mr. C. M. Saulsbury, of New England.

The meetings to be held in Oxford are on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of this coming week (Dec. 16, 17, 18). The services will start at 7:30. The pastor extends a warm invitation to all citizens of Oxford and community.

Dr. John A. Mackay, the new President of Princeton Theological Seminary, recently closed his sermon, with these words:--

"Whither is the Christian movement bound? We are not headed, I dare affirm, for the sunset. The clouds and thick darkness around us do not lie on the western slopes of the mountain. The next glimpse of sunshine to break through will not be the gorgeous rays of setting sun. Rather when the sun next appears, it will be signalling us to advance afresh up the eastern slopes. The most significant days of the Missionary movement of Christianity lie still before us.

It is true that on many spots of the long mountain flank up which the missionary forces are moving, clouds and darkness dwell. The sun is eclipsed for a season, and we know not how long that season may be. Our time is a time between times, a time of formlessness, between the civilization of an age that is dying and one that is still unborn. But it is nevertheless God's time. 'My times are in thy hand,' said the Hebrew Psalmist. Let us say that too, and act as if we believed it."

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him.

It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord... Lam. 3:25

"O Lord, raise up thy power and come among us, and with great might succor us; that whereas through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us; this we pray in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen".

The Sunday School Christmas exercises will take place on the evening of December 23rd. This will be Wednesday. Christmas falls on Friday following.

Mr. Edwin C. Perkins writes from his new home in Ogunquit, Maine, and has this note about his aged mother

"My mother, after nearly a month of severe illness now seems on the road to recovery; in fact she is just now sitting in a chair looking out on the broad ocean. We hope to have her sit with us at Christmas dinner."

Mrs. Perkins is one of our three surviving nonagenarians. The other two are Mrs. D. F. Brigham and Mrs. O. N. Perry. There were four of them until the passing of Mrs. A. M. Weston a few months since. All will rejoice for the recovery of Mrs. Perkins, and pray for her continued health and happiness.

On Friday Dec. 4th, Mrs. Mildred Tunison and her brother C. E. Weston with their friend Mr. Elmer Knarr, were in Oxford in memory of their mother's birthday. They visited the grave with flower memorial. They called at the manse, as always, and found us busy printing the Bulletin. We put the 'Boys' to work for a while, and they helped a lot.

Another Court(ship) Scene
By Edwin C. Perkins

The State of Maine has lured me into its delightful vacation environment. As I sit here, among the rocks of this ocean-swept shore a recent copy of the Bulletin is handed me. I lay aside my book to peruse the pages of this always interesting publication. Pleasure is quickly followed by amazement as I discover myself to be the object of the keen satire and clever imagination of its most versatile correspondent. I am stimulated to action, --for libel. Discretion displaces my indignation (?) however, since I know I should be powerless against a strategist of such boundless ingenuity. Still I want 'to get even' with, and give him back of his kind.

Again I check, and determine that silence on my part will suffice to rebuke him. So I chuckle at his humor and pick up my book, "Oxford in the '80's and '90's." Opening it at random I am interested to find in Chapter XII, Pages 392-3, another 'Court(ship) Scene' described at length. Believing it to be of interest to some of the readers of the Bulletin, I quote briefly from this authoritative volume:--

"An episode of human interest, one which for obvious reasons was known to but a few of the residents, concerns a young man of excellent family. He easily and creditably absorbed all the town had to offer educationally, and was therefore enrolled in one of the larger institutions of learning in a distant city. Upon his return he was the envy of all the young men of the town. Among other things he had acquired a 'sheik-like' fascination with all the young ladies. Fully conscious of this power he practiced his art relentlessly in 'cutting out' the other fellows from their 'best girls.' His course was so unobstructed that he was at last emboldened to call upon one of the most popular young ladies in town, who already possessed many suitors.

While this young philanderer had up to this time possessed supreme confidence in himself, it must be noted that he chose a time to make this call upon an evening when the young lady was alone with her aged and deaf grandmother. His assurance however, got the better of him, for he overstayed a discretionary call. He was alarmingly conscious of this by the sound of slowly moving feet on the floor above, only to be followed by a very firm voice at the head of the staircase inquiring, 'Mabel, Mabel, --hasn't that young man gone yet?' Instantly his fortitude vanished. He sprang to his feet and clutching hat and coat, with no thought of bidding the young lady adieu, rushed to the door and over the piazza rail. Front gate taboo, over the fence he vaulted. Scurrying up Church Street he approached a large willow tree standing beside the walk. From behind its trunk came an ominous noise. Quickly jumping to the roadway, at a perfectly safe distance, he demanded, 'Who comes here?' Only to discover that his peril consisted of but a few rustling leaves in the gutter. He was reassured for a moment but his blood was up, and he viewed with nervous apprehension his long walk home.

He must not again be taken unprepared, so he drew from their various receptacles the defensive weapons which he, as a warrior bold, always carried with him. With renewed confidence he now proceeded, and turned to the left on the railroad track leading from the Rolling Mill to the Blast Furnace. He welcomed the open spaces, for beyond he detected the friendly old Buttonwood tree so dear to his heart, and a few of his contemporaries, who had used its huge hollow trunk as a cache for Sweet Caporal Cigaretts with which they were wont to soothe their tired brains after a hard day at school.

"Surely here would be friendly succor. But suddenly he halts, as he discovers a giant-like figure lurking behind its trunk. Must he again give battle? He consults his Military Manual. (over)

" He finds the word,--it is 'deploy,' meaning to make a wide circle as far from the enemy as possible.

Following this course brought him in safety to the back yards of the Bull Run houses. Here, with sudden bravado he regards himself for battle. With weapons now in readiness, he throws off his coat; but reaching for his hat finds it beyond his grasp on top of his upright hair. In his right hand he swings an ugly club with left hand aloft gurgles menacing epithets through his teeth, where is clenched his girth-knife. Failing of any result by this show of front, he changes his position (still within the safety zone), only to make the discovery that his colossal enemy is but the shadow of a friendly Button Wood tree. Yet still his heart is heavy as he contemplates the ghost inhabited 'old barn in his path just ahead; for in this barn lurked memories to chill one's very blood. 'Oh me, Oh my,' he is heard to exclaim, 'surely this is a night to try men's (soles)

Shall he run? That would not be military. He again consults his Manual. Ah, he has it. He will call an 'parley'. This however proved to be a bad decision, for he found only his doubts and fears to consult. Indeed it proved to be the turning point of his whole career.

He thought of the security of home and the comfort of his bed; he longed to be there. He recalled what Gen. Sherman said about war.

He agreed. Cultural, peace-loving instincts seemed to fill his thoughts. Then and there, he forsook all desire for military prowess and became an avowed pacifist.

Henceforth he would devote his energy to writing. He would take a few flings at the 'cubs' in some local publication, just to develop style,--possibly get a 'rise' out of them. Thereafter he would make serious effort to supplant Artemus Ward or Si Billings.

" The 'parley' ended. He looks out into the dim distance and beyond the Old Barn and sees the home of his good friend Dan Thomas.

Reach this he must by all means.

With pacifist tendencies now in full control, he quickly decides to run. But no, he cannot free himself from military instinct,-- he will 'outflank' the enemy.

His mind clears. He will do both. And nothing on two or four legs ever ran faster. Safety and a less nerve racking career were ahead, and he put all the pent up energy of soul and body and brain into that flight. Witness this proud alert military figure with coat-tails flying, eyes bulging from their sockets, hair streaming behind him, and legs just a blurr, catapulting itself through space to reach the goal.

What's that? He's over, he's over, the goal is his.

"The 'grey dawn' of that morning witnessed no lusty cheering, no flower-bedecked pathway, as a lonely pacifist wended his way homeward through the peaceful streets of his neighborhood; for he was unheralded.

And he would have it so."

Here I close my book, and again look out over this beautiful temperamental ocean. In fancy I visualize this once erect military figure, now with stooped shoulders, sweat-beaded brow, and laggard step, wearily climbing the stairs and to bed. Let's tuck him in,--and "Goodnight, Clin"-- "Pleasant dreams."

The Christmas seals are still coming in, but not nearly half of all mailed out in this district.

We trust to have a much better report this year. The money as all know supports our county Nurse for tuberculosis, who has always looked after the needs in Oxford faithfully.

When money for the seals is sent to us please use the envelop with the donor's name on the back. We have to write the amount of subscription by the name, and all the envelops are gathered up by the county officers

This is our receipt for the money



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A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

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