

455

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By

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Jesus cried and said, He that believeth on me, believeth not on me but on him that sent me.

I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness.

-----John 12: 14, 16

"O God, forgive the poverty of our prayers. Listen, not to our words, but to the groanings that cannot be uttered; hearken, not to our petitions, but to the crying of our need. How often we have prayed for the coming of Thy kingdom, yet when it has sought to come through us we have sometimes barred the way we have wanted it to come to others but not to our own hearts.

So often we pray for that which is already ours; neglected and unused; so often for that which never can be ours; so often for that which we must win ourselves; and then we labor endlessly for that which can only come to us in prayer. Amen"

Easter Sabbath is but two weeks away, on April 9th. The Holy Communion will then be observed.

The Choir will render a number of anthems. Opportunity will be given to those who may desire to unite with our Church.

Next Sabbath is Palm Sunday, and the Choir will lead in the worship and sing an anthem.

The choir has been for many weeks practicing new anthems, and their singing will be a surprize to the people.

Elder Abram Pittenger will be 87 years old on March 31st. He has served continuously as Elder for over 45 years, far longer than any other Elder in the history of our Church. He has spent the winter with his daughter Mrs. Jennie Hauffer, in East Orange, N. J., but is now in his old Oxford home.

The Bulletin has received \$2.00 from Mrs H. S. Cox; \$1.00 each from Miss Margaret Repp, Mrs. Wm. Hornbaker and Mrs Alice Hunt, Philip Kinney.

Miss Frances DeWitt Person

Miss Person passed to her final reward on March 15th, 1939, at her home in Belvidere, N.J., where she was born Feb. 18, 1848. She had a distinguished ancestry, especially on her mother's side, who was Margaretta DeWitt, a direct descendant of the famous John DeWitt, one of the greatest statesmen of Holland history, who suffered as a martyr in 1672.

Miss Person's life was devoted to teaching, for which she was happily fitted by education, culture, and personal qualities; but perhaps more than all else by high ideals of life which she instilled in the minds of the children under her care.

She taught in Oxford from 1876 to 1881, first in the private school conducted by the Misses Scranton in the old stone post office, and later in the old brick school house.

But most of her professional life was spent in Belvidere, especially under the Principal, Mr. Charles Reagle, now Principal of the Newton schools. A year ago on her 90th birthday celebration he wrote her saying, "I remember the many happy days I enjoyed while working with you, and the fine co-operation you gave. I told Mrs. Reagle you were many years ahead of the times in which you taught. I consider you one of the pioneers of our present health program.... I have always made statements that you are one of a very few teachers to whom pupils can refer to as an outstanding guide in their lives."

It is a great satisfaction to know that the Bulletin in the last few years of her life was the means of bringing her a great happiness.

She had long lost contact with her old time friends in Oxford, but in the last few years she was a reader of the Bulletin, which brought news about a host of her former friends and pupils in Oxford.

She was a devoted Presbyterian and active in all the church societies.

The funeral rites were observed in Belvidere Saturday, 18th, conducted by the writer. Interment was in the Belvidere Cemetery.

Old Oxford Days
By Clinton E. Weston

I have been reading about the people who have written saying they attended the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. Looking back at it now through the maze of years it is like looking through the reverse end of a telescope. I was the cubbiest kind of a cub at the time I crashed the big affair on what was set apart as "New Jersey Day" and was cheperoned by father, mother and sister.

For many days preceding the great event mother worked diligently with thread, needle and proper material for the making of linen dusters for sister and myself, which at that time appeared to be a necessary adjunct to traveling equipment; later I tell how these dusters met an inglorious end.

We started for Belvidere in a hired conveyance--long before the many roosters in town would proclaim the break of day--in order to get a train to our destination.

As I remember it was a clear, typical June day (though my diaries don't go back that far) and the ride down the Delaware River was most enjoyable.

I recall one or two fishermen waving their catch in salutation as the train sped along. Trains ran directly to the fair-grounds, and on arrival sight seeing began.

After going through Machinery Hall, of which I have but a faint recollection except for the immense Corliss Engine, and visiting other places we entered Horticultural Hall where I got my first sight of a banana tree, pineapple plant and some immense straw-berries encased in ice. The sight of these gave us a violent attack of hunger and we immediately looked around for a cure. The waiters in that particular "filling station" that we invaded wore fez caps resembling inverted flower pots--no doubt the the fore-runner of present day style.

Soon the prancing waiter appeared with a tray of viands so attractive it made our mouths water.

It was just my luck to be served with a piece of petrified chicken that might have come down from the stone age. (over)

I don't remember the other edibles so they must have been satisfactory.

Going to the Station for the return trip we got in a terrific jam in the Station. With the crowding pushing a number of women fainted, children cried, and my perfectly good linen duster was torn off and swept away like a stray leaf in a hurricane. We were fortunate in finding seats in the train and finally arrived in Oxford in the early morning. We were tired and about exhausted but with brain filled unforgettable scenes and events of the most wonderful exposition up to that time held in this country.

It may be well right here to let drop a word of caution and that is, "don't try to break in a new pair of shoes when you go sight-seeing."

The Local Library is in a flourishing condition; both in new books and readers.

In the past winter over 900 new volumes have been added, and new shelving has become a necessity, which will no doubt be looked after.

The new books were donations of friends of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, of Winchester, Mass. who were once residents of Oxford, and helped in the organization of the library.

Mrs. Cox in a letter to the Editor makes a happy suggestion. She writes,

"I think your readers would be interested in an article on the history of the Library which Miss Grace Hoagland, who was the Librarian for many years, could ably write. And then add the number of readers now, and the names of the present Board. If I had this data I could interest more friends in the library, and perhaps be able to send even better donations than in the past."

The Bulletin will be glad to print such an article from Miss Hoagland, even urge her to undertake it for the sake of the Library.

If the good movement goes on it will in time result in making our library one of the largest and best in Warren County.

