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By

A. G. YOUNT
Minister



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Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him.

For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.

Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin: but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

-----Romans 6:9-11

"Almighty God, who through thine only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ hast over come death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; We humbly beseech Thee to grant us grace to apprehend with true faith the glorious mystery of our Saviour's resurrection, and fill our hearts with joy and a lively hope, that amid all the sorrows, trials, and temptations of our mortal state, and in the hour of death, we may derive strength and comfort from this sure pledge of an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Amen."

The New Testament sets forth the resurrection of our Lord as the supreme event in His life on earth. All other events, from the manger in Bethlehem to the cross on Calvary, lead up to the climax of His rising from the dead, which astounded his disciples at the time, and remains incredible even now to those of little faith.

The belief in a future life is as old and universal as the race of mankind, but, as it never did emerge from the darkness of human experience, it could not become more than a pious hope peering through the shadows of death.

But now, to quote the great Apostle Paul, "But now hath been manifested by the appearing of our Saviour Christ Jesus, who abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

Dean Howard D. Perkins to preach at the annual reunion on May, 21st.

This good news came in a letter from him at Portland Maine, where he fills the distinguished office of the Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Luke. He writes us saying:-

" Your very kind letter inviting me to be the preacher at the annual reunion on May 21st came several days ago and my delay in acknowledging it has been due only to the difficulty of my arranging my schedule to be away from duties for the length of time necessary to be with you. The Cathedral is a busy place every day of the year, as, of course, it is the center of diocesan activity. However, as far as I can tell now, I think I can safely say that I can accept the honor with great pleasure.

I appreciate very deeply your asking me to come and I hope that I shall have a message of inspiration for the happy occasion.

Distance has had a great deal to do with my inability to attend but one of the many delightful reunions which you have held through the years, but I have had interesting accounts of them from the various members of my family who have gone to them. I know of nothing like them anywhere in the country and you certainly deserve all the credit in the world for what you have done."

Dean Perkins was born in Oxford; his parents were E. C. Perkins and his wife Harriet, who still survives in good health at the age of 97. He is the brother of Edwin C. and Dr. Frank H. Perkins, and of his sister Mrs. Amanda P. Nelson.

The Perkins family moved from Oxford about 40 years ago, when the Dean was still a youth.

Mr. Weston hails the coming reunion:--- "A few more weeks and a host of old time friends will gather for the reunion in May. Many who attend yearly do not hesitate to proclaim it 'The Day of Days.'

Your old home town, Oxford, beckons you to become its guest for this day! "

Through the Glass Darkly
An original poem by
George S. Dufford.

If just for me the curtain
should be lifted
So I could read aright
life's hour-glass;
If from the clouds of doubt
there could be sifted
The very hour, the minute
I should pass.

Should I recoil from this
edict in terror?
Or calmly wait the great
Creator's hand?
Knowing that He alone
could make no error.
In guidance to the unknown,
unseen land.

Will memory pictures bring
a tinge of sadness
With thought of leaving
loyal friends behind?
Or will they bring a glowing,
tender gladness
At thought of long lost friends
that I shall find?

Shall thoughts of kindly deeds
that I have scattered
So sparingly along life's
troubled way?
By errors I have made shall
they be shattered
And dim the light of my
approaching day?

I know not. But to this great
hope I'm clinging,
That when the journey ends
for me that day,
In my distress, a Father's
love comes winging
To His bewildered child
along the way.

Mr. Dufford is a well known poet who lives in Plainfield, N. J. and has in the past contributed to the Bulletin. He writes that this poem was written after the death of his only brother a few months since. As the Editor in the past few days has had a similar loss he deeply appreciates these beautiful and comforting thoughts.

Sykes Gap

By James E. Loder (concluded)

The night in question was moonlight, the moon clear and shaded alternately by silvery edged clouds which floated slowly across the heavens. We were snugly fixed in our camp, and had just disposed of a couple of slices of ham and eggs washed down with strong coffee.

We were just enjoying our 'after-dinner' cup, sipping a little and talking between. The fire had some what ceased to blaze but lying there in a rich bed of coals diffused a warmth which was particularly agreeable, as it was late in the fall and the night chilly.

The combined effects of the fire and the hearty meal, for besides the ham and eggs we had disposed of a can of corn and various other victuals, we had become somewhat silent. The moon had just been hid by a large cloud, making things uncanny in general. The first indication of this impression was a low moan in the distance which becoming more audible indicated that it was coming our way.

Not to lose so favorable a chance to see a ghost we immediately threw off the drowsy feeling and became alert. George grabbed his revolver and I my cudgel. I was glad not to be alone and so was he.

As the noise grew louder and more unearthly I imagined his hair began to rise and a certain crawly feeling indicated that mine was already on end, so to speak.

It was not a steady noise, but would now and then die out, as if being strangled or struggling for breath, and then give that peculiar rattle ascribed to the dying.

The nearer it approached the closer did we get together and straining our eyes to get sight of the uncanny thing. Directly it increased to a guttural roar or gurgle and appeared to be right over head! However we saw nothing and the noise gradually passed on, and not even to this day can we account for the strange sound.

We piled more sticks on the fire and talked about what it could have been, until the gray hours of the morning when we packed our traps and started for home. (the end.)

