

468

The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

A. G. YOUNT

Minister



Oxford Historical Record

The Epic of Oxford
By Miss Amelia M. Zapp

Now is the day of Reunion. From the
East and the West and Southland
Gather the sons of fair Oxford with
those who have lingered these
long years--

Gather to meet in this Temple, to
rejoice in the bond which
unites them;

The bond of sweet mem'ries of young
days, of glad days of labors
and triumphs;

The bond of the locale of young life,
young school days, gay picnics,
first springtimes,

Young friendships, first romance,
bereavement, first wakening to
mental and soul life.

Thus, as we speak reminiscent, we play
on some chord which is vibrant --
which sings once again of
enchantment.

Some songs conjure visions of those
times when men labored for long
days in darkness,

Wrestling with weary hands, from deep
earth to drag out the rich iron.

Heating and melting and puddling and
mixing with elements magic,

Straining and sweating; but masters,
for out of this toil and confusion

Out of that formless ore, transformed
rose that giant of construction,
that ribbon which binds distant
places;

Spans rivers, speeds commerce, rears
skyward to hold up the buildings
of concrete.

Steel for more simple uses those
toilers of Oxford created.

Plain were these men but wide-
visioned and kindly and pious
and earnest.

Holy they kept the Lord's day, and
giving their hardly won substance,

Built they this church where they
worshipped and raised their
souls on the Sabbath.

Some songs praise the deeds of old
pastors--the good men and holy
who served them,

Men we remember as godly, like old
Pastor Cline, who among them

Bulletin No. 468. June 18th, 1939

We give thanks to God always for
you all, making mention of you in
all our prayers; Remembering with-
out ceasing your work of faith, and
labour of love, and patience of hope
in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the
sight of God and our Father.

--I Thess. 1:2,3.

" Be merciful, O God, unto all
who need thy mercy, and let the An-
gel of thy Presence save the af-
flicted: Be Thou the Strength of
the weary, the Comfort of the sor-
rowful, the Friend of the desolate,
the Light of the wandering, the
Hope of the dying, the Saviour of
the lost, for Jesus Sake. Amen. "

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs.
Edwin Kintner was christened at
the morning service last Sabbath.

In the evening the Children's
Day exercises were presented by the
Sunday School. In spite of the storm
just before time, a good audience
had assembled, and all enjoyed the
music and recitations of the
children. Those who took part were:
Catherine Ritzer, Jerry Lou Radell,
Jean Nunn, Patsy Delaney, Bobby
Davidson, Nicholas Bayliss, Joyce
Delaney, Jean Anderson, Bobby Mil-
ler, Frances Metrokie, Alice Ander-
son, Margaret Poch, Arlene Frey,
Mabel Ritzer, Shirley Ward, Hazel
Ward, Elizabeth Gero, Jackey Delaney
Donald Oram, Edward Nudge, Robert
Dux, Larry Hunt. The music was
greatly helped by the orchestra
composed of Wilbur and Luther Foss,
Alice Seiple, Gilbert Yount with
Frances Pittenger at the piano.

The training of the children
was by Misses Alice Bell and Myra
Radel, and Mrs. Margaret Hunt.

The program was directed by the
Supt. Elder E. B. Foss.

Renewal subscriptions received
from Mrs. W. R. Lewis and Miss Bertha
Badrow, \$2.00 each, and Mrs. Peter
Peterson \$1.00.

Warren County's Celebration
of the National Centennial, on
Tuesday, July 4th, 1876.

We have to thank our friend, Mr. Richard Gruendyke, of the Wash. N.J. Star, for a copy of that paper of the date of July 7th, 1876, which contains a full report of the great Centennial Celebration held at the County seat, Belvidere, N.J.

A large portion of the population seems to have been there, and the whole day was filled with all kinds of parades, amusements, and joyful celebrations.

But the outstanding event was the address of Col. Charles Scranton. It was a very long but, most carefully prepared discourse, in which he gave a summary of the national history, and went into a full and detailed account of the history of Warren County.

The address, which was printed in full in the Star, made a profound impression on the people, and well it should, as it was not only of great interest to all in its subject matter, but also because Col. Scranton was a natural orator. He was a large man with an imposing presence and gifted with a splendid voice which could be heard by all the people.

In a later issue of the Bulletin we will give quotations from this address.

(Concluded from back cover)

But the song would be over long.

Thus I draw to a grateful conclusion,

This reminiscent lay with the hope some heart has responded

To memories of joys that were simple but deeply and quaintly impressive.

To your patient attention, I return you my heartiest 'Thank You'.

And voice, what I know you would hear a deep felt and fervently felt

"Amen."

When Miss Zapp read this poem at the reunion, probably many did not realize its character, and will be delighted to read it. It is in the meter of Longfellow's "Evangeline"

Epic of Oxford ---from front cover

Moved, and in times of wild panic,
when small-pox raged loathsome
among them,
Fearlessly ministered Christlike, to
Catholic and Protestant as one fold

Some sing of wholesome child antics.
Some wander in fond recollection,
Back to the hikings in forest or
swimmings in Green's Pond,
And the joyous tones of their
charming lays fill one with
poignant homesickness.

Mine is but a feeble song. Its theme
is that one inter-regnum if such
we may called it.

When pulpit was empty of pastor, save
when Princeton or Union supplied
us, or applicants preached, hoping
to please us.

Dangerously ill was the Church; but
as when the body is injured,
New tissues are formed by the blood
stream, so into the breach rushed
the Elders.

Those faithful who served and com-
plained not. Patiently, week after
week, unfailling, they chose some
young preacher,

Met him and fed him and housed him,
and made him a guest in their
households.

Dean of the Elders was Charles
Creveling. Let me sing loud in
his honor;

Also sing praise to Abe Pittenger,
if I err not, still in the service

Also among them, the Coopers, the
Joneses, the Dreisbachs and others.

Reverent sing we their praises for
filling the gap which among us
yawned

Till again we were blessed with a
Pastor who dwelt here among us.

And likewise loud songs for Mr. Lukens
No Sunday passed minus a choir
Whose voices, harmoniously blended,
and each subserving the other,
Led in worship by song; the tone
quality showing a master.

Now, if your patience permit it, a
ditty about little children.
Vivid the memory and sweet of infant
class training in this room.

(over)

Led by that grand organizer and natural teacher of children.

Patient, kind, and strict, Mrs. Lukens stood weekly and taught us of Daniel and Moses and Samuel who answered, "Here am I."

She forced and cajoled us to study those chapters and Psalms we now treasure--the 1st, 8th, the 19th, the hundredth,

The 23rd, Matthew 5, Romans 12th, and 13th, First Corinthians.

When she with her cohorts, the governess, Miss Leavenworth, or Miss Cook, moved down on us, Shivering, we opened our mouths, and spouted forth fountains of Scripture,

Or, covered with blushing confusion, resolved never again to be failures.

Not all though was study, or fearful and trembling recital.

Belvidere often, or Hazen, were points of exciting excursions

Driven by faithful Will Kinney, to hear the reports from far missions

Workers fresh from their fields in India, China or Turkey.

Wondering we drank in their words, and lifted in soul exultation, resolved us to go and do likewise;

Another joy: Over the office, each Saturday found us assembled.

Restless and bubbling with life-joy, hard to suppress, and annoying To office clerks working below them, gathered the "Little Lights"

With scissors and needles and thimbles.

Cutting and tearing and sewing and giggling and losing their needles

And speaking the language of signs while they sewed carpet-rags and lent deaf ears

To stories of Eskimos far off.

Then came the thrilling reward; when they learned that their carpet was finished--

Finished and sold and the proceeds had purchased for us a real reindeer--

A live deer with antlers and small hoofs which pawed through the chill drifted snowbanks,

Searching for lichens and moss, choice food of our wondrous possession.

(on back cover)

Slightly depressed was our joy, yet carefully hid was that feeling,

When the glad news leaked out that to a strange Eskimo family

Our reindeer but served as a cow and a horse and general beast of all burdens.

High tides of the year were the parties, and if I remember correctly,

These in number were two which honored our joint little birth days.

All in the Infant Class, whose birth days fell June to December, Met in a winter month, and the others convened in the summer.

Kind Mrs. Lukens our hostess, with daughters and friends to assist Promoted such childish games as "I spy", "Hide and Seek" or hid peanuts. Or led us in songs and conundrums.

At long last, when the games began to pall, we were led to the great banquet table.

Where something rare and delectable surely awaited--like salmon Fresh caught in far western rivers, and folded and blocked in an ice nest;

Swift was expressed to the East to become our "Piece de resistance"

After the meal was o'er and the fun-weary children were ready

To return to their separate homes.

Mr. Lukens returned from his office He kindly enquired of our welfare and stood with patience and courtesy

And kindly received into his, our hot sticky hands while we thanked him. For kind hospitality and especially for candies with which he endowed

(us. Thus ends my simple lay. I could sing on in many more numbers, telling of morning hours

Devoted to practising church hymns, led by Mrs. Lukens, while Mr. Lukens

Played the piano, and probably shuddered in torture when childish hands Rattled the attractive bead--

portiere amid the most solemn measure.

Another song should be sung about those aforesaid apostles

Messers Creveling, Jones, Pittenger Dreisbach and Cooper

(concluded on page 2)



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A. G. YOUNT, *Moderator*

Elders

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