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The
BULLETIN

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

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By

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Pastor

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH



Oxford Historical Record

There were present at that season some that told Him of the Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. And Jesus answering said unto them, Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.

Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. -----Luke 13: 1-5

" Father of our spirits, and the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; bind us to Thyself with cords of faith and love that can never be broken or loosed. May we feel the impulse of our divine childhood, and find rest in Thee.

Feed us out of Thy Word, and may daily prayer acquaint us with Thee, and make us calm and strong. Cause the light of Thy face to shine upon us, so that we shall ever see our path, and find the world our Father's home. In Jesus's name, Amen. "

(Book of Common Worship)

Two weeks from today, October 6th, will be our communion Sabbath. Opportunity will then be given to those who may desire to become members of our Church, and the baptism of children.

The Sunday School will hold a Social on Wed. evening, Oct. 2nd at home Supt. E. B. Ross, to raise funds to pay the rest of the indebtedness due to the improvements in the chapel and putting in the winter's coal in the church. Every body is invited.

The Bulletin Has received \$2.00 each from Dr. G. W. Cummins and Harvey Stout; and \$1.00 from Mrs. G. W. Leck.

Mr. Stout is a new subscriber, and being now a regular contributor we hope his interest in the paper will continue. Our readers would be delighted with a paper by Dr. Cummins.

Mr. Edmund T. Lukens passed away last Tuesday at the advanced age of 91. The funeral was on Friday morning in Philadelphia, and the interment in the afternoon in the family lot in the Belvidere Cemetery.

The Editor has not the information to write a memoir, which will be sent to the Bulletin by others.

But a few general remarks can be offered from the many notices of Mr. Lukens that have, during past years, been printed in this paper.

Mr. Lukens had maintained his legal residence in Oxford by making it his voting place, a duty he faithfully performed until his health failed, though, for forty years or more, he made his home elsewhere.

He was connected with Oxford Iron Company from the 1860s until the end of the century, for years in the office, and later as the official head of the company, the successor of Mr. E. T. Henry.

In 1899 he became a prominent officer of the D. L. & W. Railway Co. a position he retained until recent years, retiring on a pension.

All references which have been made of him in the Bulletin agree that he was a man of remarkable ability and rare talents; which, with his energy and force of character, lifted him to places of eminence and great influence. With him closed the historic Scranton period of Oxford's industry.

His connection with the Second Presbyterian Church of Oxford was likewise notable in every way.

He was received on Confession of Faith, March, 20th, 1865, under the pastorate of Mr. Cline. He was ordained a Deacon in 1870, and in 1882 ordained and installed as a Elder.

He was Clerk of the Session, and later Church Treasurer.

But his most vital relation to the Church was as organist which he played with great mastery, such as the Church has not known since; and trained choirs which made deep impressions on the worshippers.

He severed his connection with the Church in 1903 by letter to New York City. On Jan. 23rd he married Marry E. Scranton, who died in Oxford in September 1925.

The community was shocked last Wednesday by the tragic death of Edmund Oram, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Oram, a young man of 20 years, in the army flying school in Long Island for the past two years. He spent the week end with his parents, and Tuesday evening was returning on his motorcycle, and when near Mitchel flying field was hit by a motor car.

He was taken to the hospital in Mitchel Field, where he died in a few hours, not having regained consciousness. The funeral was from his parents home in Oxford, Saturday at 2:30 p.m. with burial in Hillside Cemetery.

Edmund was one of Oxford's choice young men, of good habits and a friendly manner, and so was generally liked. Finding it difficult to get work, he decided to enter the army flying school, and was making excellent progress, and being rapidly advanced in grade. His officers were highly pleased with him personally and by his aptitude in learning the art of flying. It is heart-rending to see bright youth cut off in the spring of a promising life.

The stricken family have the deep sympathy of all, and a prayer that the comfort of heavenly grace may sustain them in their sore trial.

Edmund was a sincere Christian, and we have been thinking about Easter Communion in our Church just last spring. He voluntarily appeared before the Session and was admitted to our Church and partook of the Holy Communion for the first time.

The Christian faith alone makes full provision for the eventualities of life, however unexpected, and however heartbreaking they may be.

From our human point of view our loss today seems inexplicable, but we believe that seen from the other side, as God sees it, it may be all for the best.

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade
Death came in timely care,
The opening bud to heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there."

Easter Morning
By George S. Dufford

The shadow of Golgotha's
 sullen crest
Enhanced the gloom that wrapped
 the earth in sleep.
As faintly through the Eastern sky
 there pressed
A new born day. As if a tryst
 to keep
With hope's bright star now hidden
 in the gloom
Of two long cheerless days.

 When seeming loss
Had placed their loved One
 in a silent tomb,
Who, to the mount of shame
 had born a cross.

Up through the place where
 deeper shadows lay
Across a little valley's
 silent breast,
Two faithful women slowly
 passed the way
That drank their falling tears.
 Their only quest,
Joseph's new tomb. Whereon
 the soldiers laid
The seal of stone, while two rough
 guards stood near.
Their heavy troubled hearts
 were unafraid
When at their side a sweet voice
 asked, What seek ye here?

Somehow that gentle voice
 allayed their fears,
Their vision cleared. They saw
 the empty space.
Again the sweet voice came;
 Oh dry your tears,
That you may see his empty
 sleeping place.
He is not here, but goeth on a head.
Go tell your brethren; fear from
 death is shorn,
For He your Lord is risen
 from the dead.
And lo, the first glad Easter Day
 is born.

Mr. Dufford sent us this fine
original poem last spring but too
late to use on Easter Sunday.

But now it seems a very beautiful
conclusion to this issue of the
Bulletin. It has not been printed
before.



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