CONVENTION

AT

WASHINGTON, NEW JERSEY,

November 20th, 1867,

TO CELEBRATE THE

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE

NEWTON PRESBYTERY

AT THE

MANSFIELD CHURCH,

November 20, 1817.
ORDER OF EXERCISES.

On Tuesday evening, November 19th, the Presbytery will meet and hold a Missionary Conference.

Wednesday 20th, an historical discourse will be delivered by Rev. D. X. Junkin, D. D.

The Convention will continue in session during Wednesday evening and Thursday.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

E. D. Bryan, Pastor of the Church.

A. H. Hand, D. D., Greenwich, N. J.

R. S. Kennedy, Esq., Stewartsville.
JUBILEE HYMN.

Tune—Zion.

Come, Thou gracious King of glory,
In this hour of jubilee;
Whilst we tell the grateful story
Of past mercies wrought by Thee,
Be Thou present,
Bid us now Thy glory see.

Bow thine ear, God of our Fathers,
To our glowing songs of praise,
Warming still as mem’ry gathers
Grateful themes from other days;
Lord, we praise Thee,
For Thy grace in bygone days.

Thanks we give for ceaseless favors
Following us these fifty years!
Thine is love that never wavers,
Beaming on through smiles and tears.
Jubilate!
_Praise the grace of fifty years._

Thanks that o'er these vales thou'st planted
Many a fair and fruitful vine;
Glorious rain and sunshine granted,
Hedged them round and called them thine,
Gathering from them
Clustering grapes and generous wine.

May this vineyard ever flourish,
May abundant fruits be given;
Gracious Lord, these churches nourish,
With the light and dews of Heaven:
Till in glory
"Jubilee!" they shout in Heaven.

REV. D. X. JUNKIN, D.D.

ODE No. 2.

Long Metre.

We come, O God of sovereign grace,
To celebrate Thy worthy praise:
With joy to bow before Thy throne,
Thy mercies trace, Thy goodness own.

In songs of praise and holy love
Thy providences we approve;
Through fifty long eventful years
Of cheering hope and anxious fears.
Thy servants of that early day
From earthly scenes have passed away;
Each to his happy home above,
Where all is peace and joy and love.

But Thou hast called us in their stead
To glory in our living Head,
And with Thy people now to meet
With joy, before the mercy-seat.

Here in Thy house, sustained by Thee,
On this, our joyful jubilee;
We would with one united voice,
In Thy unchanging love rejoice.

Oh what a pleasure thus to meet
And bow before the mercy-seat!
To pure devotion freely given
With hope of brighter joys in Heaven.

Rev. T. B. Condit.

ODE No. 3.

Tune—Lenox.

Let songs of joy arise
To Him who rules above:
Let praise salute the skies,
And every heart be love.
To-day we meet, from danger free,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Adown the stream of life,
Full fifty passing years,
Mid scenes of varied strife,
 Beet with carols and tears,
Our trembling bark has safely sped,
Directed by its living Head.

Though tempests fiercely rage
And rolling billows rise
To dash their angry waves
Against the lofty skies,
Our ship of truth shall safely ride
Triumphant, through each swelling tide.

Our Pilot is the Lord
Who rules the angry deep:
And every soul on board
He will securely keep,
And land on Canaan’s happy shore
Where billows rise and rage no more.

Then let us sweetly sing
Of God’s unchanging love,
And grateful offerings bring
To Him who rules above,
Till called to rest, where all are free,
In one eternal jubilee.

Rev. T. B. Condit.