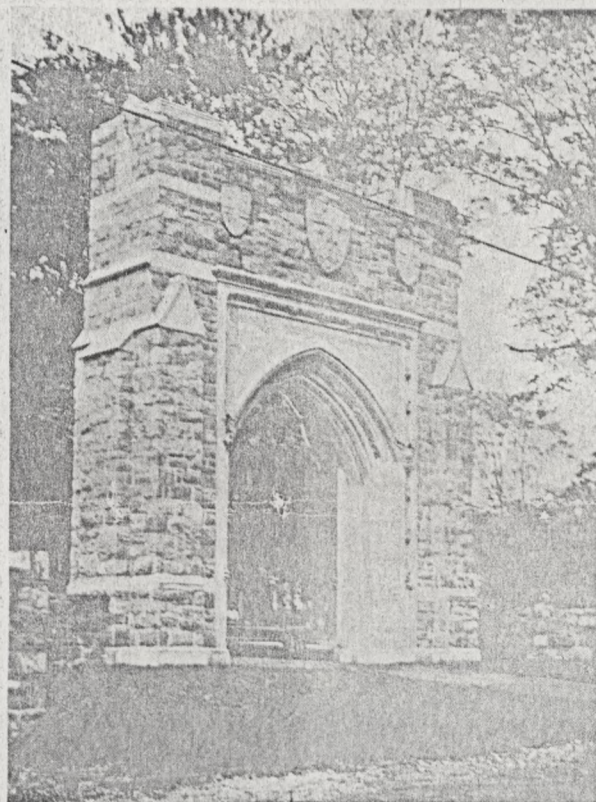


Drew Theological Seminary

1340

Presentation and Dedication of the
SAMUEL W. BOWNE MEMORIAL GATEWAY



Thursday, October 27th, 1921

Being the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of
the Arrival in America of Francis Asbury
Pioneer Preacher and Bishop of
the Methodist Episcopal
Church

MADISON, NEW JERSEY

ORDER OF EXERCISES

Organ Prelude

Henry Weston Smith

Organist of Drew Theological Seminary

Hymn

Tune—*Grosette*

THOU Lord of Light, across the years
Thy shining path of love we see:
Bright glows amidst our joys and fears
The ardor of our faith in Thee.

The Teacher Thou of those who taught,
The Master Guide through learning's maze,
The subject of their deepest thought,
The object of their reverent praise.

Their hearts interpreted Thy word,
Through them Thy messages were sent,
Within these walls Thy voice was heard,
Here wisdom found its sacrament.

We thank Thee for these years of power,
For stalwart souls, for gentle life,
For men transformed to meet the hour
Of blasting wrong, of surging strife:—

For men who gird the world with flame,
Who count, for Thee, all things but loss,
Who challenge nations, in Thy name,
To hear the story of Thy cross.

Yet beating through our gratitude,
We feel the pulse of coming days;
Thy truth must stand where it has stood;
New darkness waits its deathless rays.

High courage grant, the outlook broad,
The strength of joy, the zest for right,
The faith that burns, the sense of God,
Thy fellowship, Thou Lord of light.
—Frank Mason North.

Prayer

Scripture Lessons—Psalms 43; Matthew 10:1—8.

Hymn

Tune—*Coronation*

JESUS! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Address

James R. Joy, Litt.D.

Editor of The Christian Advocate

Hymn

Tune—*St. Catherine*

FAITH of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Address and Presentation of The Samuel W. Bowne Memorial Gateway

The Reverend Frank Mason North, D.D., LL.D.

Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions

Address and Acceptance on Behalf of the Board of Trustees

The Reverend Luther Barton Wilson, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Hymn

Tune—*Sarum*

FOR all the saints, who from their labors
rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their
might;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought
fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of
gold.

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes thy rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on his way.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are
strong.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest
coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"

Dedication of The Samuel W. Bowne Memorial Gateway

The Reverend Bishop Luther Barton Wilson

Doxology and Benediction



Lukeman's Statue of Bishop Asbury, Washington, D. C.