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A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE¹

FOR a thousand years Athens was a university town. Its several great schools of philosophy were in reality so many independent colleges, each with a tradition, organization, and discipline of its own. The president of one of these colleges lived in office to the ripe old age of ninety-nine years. In a famous hymn bearing his name he sang, "O God most glorious, called by many a name . . . We are Thy children." The great pioneer preacher of our own era wrote, "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase." "I dressed his wound—God healed him," said a distinguished French surgeon lately of a recovered soldier. It is in some such spirit of dependence—thus expressed in turn by surgeon, missionary, philosopher—acknowledging out of our own personal experience, in moments of exaltation a force not ourselves making for righteousness, in seasons of depression a Father to whom we pray fervently, in days of even tenor a friend within reach, a faith within reason, a fear within wisdom,—it is in some such spirit of dependence, sustaining intellect, energy, courage, enthusiasm, and independence alike, that we would face the tasks of a new year marked by the return of our heroes, the renewal of our life, the reunion of Rice men, the revival of learning, and great rejoicing in hope.

For the heroes have returned. Heroes of the longbow and battle-ax. Heroes of the fire-ball and battering-ram.

¹ From a Rice address.

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Heroes of machine-gun, scout patrol, and gas bomb. Heroes of torpedo-boat, trench, tanks, deHavilands. Heroes of the horrors. Heroines of the healing art. Heroines of the Red Cross. Heroines of the refugees. Heroines of the canteen, ambulance, and signal corps. Heroines from the front.

And there are those in shining armor: MARSHALL, student of science, first Rice Master of Arts; CAIN, Bachelor of Arts, seeking a scholar's career; and their comrades of our burning cross, who, before winning academic spurs, rushed in and won their stars of gold: AYCOCK, pioneer student soldier of the Training Corps; and COATES, sharp-shooting gunner in the Argonne; and HINES, striving to go overseas only to be lost at sea; and PATTERSON, swift to his duty, faithful to trust; and STELL, sure of foot and fleet of spirit, gone west in the sky; and LILLARD, lithe, alert, agile of mind; and KILLOUGH, courtly knight of friendly mien and fearless courage; and MANAKER, genial, joy of his fellows, flown home from the clouds; and REYNOLDS, loyal, self-reliant son of the plains; and MCGUIRE, mirthful and earnest, cheerfully serving his turn; and RUDD, star on the field, fallen in flight as falling star flashes; and WOOD, wide-awake, sunny, steadily gaining his way; and SOUTH, singing the songs of the sea, and of them that go down to the sea in ships; and HALTOM, light-hearted, handsome, and hale, passed on on the wing as the eagle passes.

And may we, too, carry on,

Because there is but one truth;
 Because there is but one banner;
 Because there is but one light;
 Because we have with us our youth
 Once, and one chance and one manner
 Of service, and then the night.

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Or perhaps, rather than these lines of Swinburne, the lines of Simonides; may we, too, carry on, because

These men on entering Death's o'ershadowing gloom
Lustre undimmed on their dear homeland shed.
But divine honour freed them from their doom
In glory; tho' they died they are not dead.

The whole earth is their sepulchre; and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth, but lives on far away, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives. For you now it remains to rival what they have done, and, knowing the secret of happiness to be freedom and the secret of freedom a brave heart, squarely to face the future and all its perils.—*Pericles to the Athenians.*