

THE RICE INSTITUTE PAMPHLETS

Vol. I

April, 1915

No. 1



Published by

THE RICE INSTITUTE

A university of liberal and technical learning
founded by William Marsh Rice in the City of
Houston, Texas, and dedicated by him to
the advancement of Letters, Science, and Art

THE SEVERAL PIECES APPEARING IN THIS PAMPHLET ARE REPRINTED FROM A COMMEMORATIVE VOLUME INSCRIBED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION TO THE HONORABLE WOODROW WILSON, PH.D., LITT.D., LL.D., MAN OF LETTERS, LEADER OF MEN, THIRTEENTH PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, TWENTY-EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, AND WHICH CONTAINS AN ACCOUNT OF AN ACADEMIC FESTIVAL HELD IN CELEBRATION OF THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE RICE INSTITUTE

THE RICE INSTITUTE PAMPHLETS

Vol. I

APRIL, 1915

No. 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
TEXAS: A DEMOCRATIC ODE—	
<i>The Inaugural Poem</i>	1
By Henry van Dyke, Litt.D., LL.D., of Princeton, New Jersey.	
WAITING FOR THE SONS OF GOD—	
<i>The Dedicatory Sermon</i>	13
By Charles Frederic Aked, D.D., LL.D., of San Francisco, California.	
EDUCATION AND THE STATE—	
<i>An Historical Discourse</i>	28
By Chief Justice Thomas Jefferson Brown, of the Supreme Court of Texas.	
THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION—	
<i>An Opening Address</i>	36
By Thomas Frank Gailor, D.D., S.T.D., of Memphis, Tennessee.	
THE MEANING OF THE NEW INSTITUTION—	
<i>An Introductory Sketch</i>	45
By Edgar Odell Lovett, Ph.D., LL.D., of Houston, Texas.	

TEXAS
A DEMOCRATIC ODE

—
I

THE WILD BEES

ALL along the Brazos river,
All along the Colorado,
In the valleys and the lowlands
Where the trees were tall and stately,
In the rich and rolling meadows
Where the grass was full of wild-flowers,
Came a humming and a buzzing,
Came the murmur of a going
To and fro among the tree-tops,
Far and wide across the meadows.
And the red-men in their tepees
Smoked their pipes of clay and listened.
“What is this?” they asked in wonder;
“Who can give the sound a meaning?
Who can understand the language
Of a going in the tree-tops?”
Then the wisest of the Tejas
Laid his pipe aside and answered:
“O my brothers, these are people,
Very little, winged people,
Countless, busy, banded people,
Coming humming through the timber.
These are tribes of bees, united
By a single aim and purpose,
To possess the Tejas’ country,

The Inaugural Poem

Gather harvest from the prairies,
Store their wealth among the timber.
These are hive and honey makers,
Sent by Manito to warn us
That the white men now are coming,
With their women and their children.
Not the fiery filibusters
Passing wildly in a moment,
Like a flame across the prairies,
Like a whirlwind through the forest,
Leaving empty lands behind them !
Not the Mexicans and Spaniards,
Indolent and proud hidalgos,
Dwelling in their haciendas,
Dreaming, talking of to-morrow,
While their cattle graze around them,
And their fickle revolutions
Change the rulers, not the people !
Other folk are these who follow
When the wild-bees come to warn us ;
These are hive and honey makers,
These are busy, banded people,
Roaming far to swarm and settle,
Working every day for harvest,
Fighting hard for peace and order,
Worshiping as queens their women,
Making homes and building cities
Full of riches and of trouble.
All our hunting-grounds must vanish,
All our lodges fall before them,
All our customs and traditions,
All our happy life of freedom,
Fade away like smoke before them.

Texas: A Democratic Ode

3

Come, my brothers, strike your tepees,
Call your women, load your ponies !
Let us take the trail to westward,
Where the plains are wide and open,
Where the bison-herds are gathered
Waiting for our feathered arrows.
We will live as lived our fathers,
Gleaners of the gifts of nature,
Hunters of the unkept cattle,
Men whose women run to serve them.
If the toiling bees pursue us,
If the white men seek to tame us,
We will fight them off and flee them,
Break their hives and take their honey,
Moving westward, ever westward,
There to live as lived our fathers.”
So the red-men drove their ponies,
With the tent-poles trailing after,
Out along the path to sunset,
While along the river valleys
Swarmed the wild-bees, the forerunners ;
And the white men, close behind them,
Men of mark from old Missouri,
Men of daring from Kentucky,
Tennessee, Louisiana,
Men of many States and races,
Bringing wives and children with them,
Followed up the wooded valleys,
Spread across the rolling prairies,
Raising homes and reaping harvests.
Rude the toil that tried their patience,
Fierce the fights that proved their courage,
Rough the stone and tough the timber

The Inaugural Poem

Out of which they built their order !
 Yet they never failed nor faltered,
 And the instinct of their swarming
 Made them one and kept them working,
 Till their toil was crowned with triumph,
 And the country of the Tejas
 Was the fertile land of Texas.

II

THE LONE STAR

Behold a star appearing in the South—
 A star that shines apart from other stars,
 Ruddy and fierce, like Mars !
 Out of the reeking smoke of cannon's mouth
 That veils the slaughter of the Alamo,
 Where heroes face the foe,
 One man against a score, with blood-choked breath
 Shouting the watchword, "Victory or Death—"
 Out of the dreadful cloud that settles low
 On Goliad's plain,
 Where thrice a hundred prisoners lie slain
 Beneath the broken word of Mexico—
 Out of the fog of factions and of feuds
 That ever drifts and broods
 Above the bloody path of border war,
 Leaps the Lone Star !

What light is this that does not dread the dark ?
 What star is this that fights a stormy way
 To San Jacinto's field of victory ?
 It is the fiery spark

Texas: A Democratic Ode

5

That burns within the breast
Of Anglo-Saxon men, who can not rest
Under a tyrant's sway;
The upward-leading ray
That guides the brave who give their lives away
Rather than not be free!
O question not, but honour every name,
Travis and Crockett, Bowie, Bonham, Ward,
Fannin and King, all who drew the sword
And dared to die for Texan liberty!
Yea, write them all upon the roll of fame,
But no less love and equal honour give
To those who paid the longer sacrifice—
Austin and Houston, Burnet, Rusk, Lamar
And all the stalwart men who dared to live
Long years of service to the lonely star.

Great is the worth of such heroic souls:
Amid the strenuous turmoil of their deeds,
They clearly speak of something that controls
The higher breeds of men by higher needs
Than bees, content with honey in their hives!
Ah, not enough the narrow lives
On profitable toil intent!
And not enough the guerdons of success
Garnered in homes of affluent selfishness!
A noble discontent
Cries for a wider scope
To use the wider wings of human hope;
A vision of the common good
Opens the prison-door of solitude;
And, once beyond the wall,
Breathing the ampler air,

The Inaugural Poem

The heart becomes aware
 That life without a country is not life at all.
 A country worthy of a freeman's love;
 A country worthy of a good man's prayer;
 A country strong, and just, and brave, and fair,—
 A woman's form of beauty throned above
 The shrine where noble aspirations meet—
 To live for her is great, to die is sweet!

Heirs of the rugged pioneers
 Who dreamed this dream and made it true,
 Remember that they dreamed for you.
 They did not fear their fate
 In those tempestuous years,
 But put their trust in God, and with keen eyes,
 Trained in the open air for looking far,
 They saw the many-million-acred land
 Won from the desert by their hand,
 Swiftly among the nations rise,—
 Texas a sovereign State,
 And on her brow a star!

III

THE CONSTELLATION

How strange that the nature of light is a thing beyond our
 ken,
 And the flame of the tiniest candle flows from a fountain
 sealed!
 How strange that the meaning of life, in the little lives of
 men,
 So often baffles our search with a mystery unrevealed!

Texas: A Democratic Ode

7

But the larger life of man, as it moves in its secular sweep,
Is the working out of a Sovereign Will whose ways
appear;
And the course of the journeying stars on the dark blue
boundless deep,
Is the place where our science rests in the reign of law
most clear.

I would read the story of Texas as if it were written on
high;
I would look from afar to follow her path through the
calms and storms;
With a faith in the world-wide sway of the Reason that rules
in the sky,
And gathers and guides the starry host in clusters and
swarms.

When she rose in the pride of her youth, she seemed to be
moving apart,
As a single star in the South, self-limited, self-possessed;
But the law of the constellation was written deep in her
heart,
And she heard when her sisters called, from the North
and the East and the West.

They were drawn together and moved by a common hope
and aim—
The dream of a sign that should rule a third of the
heavenly arch;
The soul of a people spoke in their call, and Texas came
To enter the splendid circle of States in their onward
march.

The Inaugural Poem

So the glory gathered and grew and spread from sea to sea,
And the stars of the great republic lent each other light;
For all were bound together in strength, and each was free—
Suddenly broke the tempest out of the ancient night!

It came as a clash of the force that drives and the force that
draws;
And the stars were riven asunder, the heavens were
desolate,
While brother fought with brother, each for his country's
cause—
But the country of one was the Nation, the country of
other the State.

Oh, who shall measure the praise or blame in a strife so
vast?
And who shall speak of traitors or tyrants when all were
true?
We lift our eyes to the sky, and rejoice that the storm is past,
And we thank the God of all that the Union shines in the
blue.

Yea, it glows with the glory of peace and the hope of a
mighty race,
High over the grave of broken chains and buried hates;
And the great, big star of Texas is shining clear in its place
In the constellate symbol and sign of the free United
States.

IV

AFTER THE PIONEERS

After the pioneers—
Big-hearted, big-handed lords of the axe and the plow and
the rifle,
Tan-faced tamers of horses and lands, themselves remaining
tameless,
Full of fighting, labour and romance, lovers of rude
adventure—
After the pioneers have cleared the way to their homes and
graves on the prairies :

After the State-builders—
Zealous and jealous men, dreamers, debaters, often at odds
with each other,
All of them sure it is well to toil and to die, if need be,
Just for the sake of founding a country to leave to their
children—
After the builders have done their work and written their
names upon it :

After the civil war—
Wildest of all storms, cruel and dark and seemingly
wasteful,
Tearing up by the root the vines that were splitting the old
foundations,
Washing away with a rain of blood and tears the dust of
slavery,
After the cyclone has passed and the sky is fair to the far
horizon ;

The Inaugural Poem

After the era of plenty and peace has come with full hands
to Texas,
Then—what then?

Is it to be the life of an indolent heir, fat-witted and
self-contented,
Dwelling at ease in the house that others have builded,
Boasting about the country for which he has done nothing?
Is it to be an age of corpulent, deadly-dull prosperity,
Richer and richer crops to nourish a race of Philistines,
Bigger and bigger cities full of the same confusion and
sorrow,
The people increasing mightily but no increase of the
joy?
Is this what the forerunners wished and toiled to win for
you,
This the reward of war and the fruitage of high endeavour,
This the goal of your hopes and the vision that satisfies you?

Nay, stand up and answer—I can read what is in your
hearts—
You, the children of those who followed the wild bees,
You, the children of those who served the Lone Star,
Now that the hives are full and the star is fixed in the
constellation,
I know that the best of you still are lovers of sweetness and
light!
You hunger for honey that comes from invisible gardens;
Pure, translucent, golden thoughts and feelings and
inspirations,
Sweetness of all the best that has bloomed in the mind of
man.

Texas: A Democratic Ode

11

You rejoice in the light that is breaking along the borders of
science;

The hidden rays that enable a man to look through a wall of
stone;

The unseen, fire-filled wings that carry his words across the
ocean;

The splendid gift of flight that shines, half-captured, above
him;

The gleam of a thousand half-guessed secrets, just ready to
be discovered!

You dream and devise great things for the coming
race—

Children of yours who shall people and rule the domain of
Texas;

They shall know, they shall comprehend more than their
fathers,

They shall grow in the vigour of well-rounded manhood and
womanhood,

Riper minds, richer hearts, finer souls, the only true wealth
of a nation—

The league-long fields of the State are pledged to ensure this
harvest!

Your old men have dreamed this dream and your young
men have seen this vision.

The age of romance has not gone, it is only beginning;

Greater words than the ear of man has heard are waiting to
be spoken,

Finer arts than the eyes of man have seen are sleeping to be
awakened—

Science exploring the scope of the world,

Poetry breathing the hope of the world,

Music to measure and lead the onward march of man!

The Inaugural Poem

Come, ye honoured and welcome guests from the elder
nations,
Princes of science and arts and letters,
Look on the walls that embody the generous dream of one
of the old men of Texas,
Enter these halls of learning that rise in the land of the
pioneer's log-cabin,
Read the confessions of faith that are carved on the stones
around you :
Faith in the worth of the smallest fact and the laws that
govern the starbeams—
Faith in the beauty of truth and the truth of perfect beauty,
Faith in the God who creates the souls of men by knowledge
and love and worship.
This is the faith of the New Democracy—
Proud and humble, patiently pressing forward,
Praising her heroes of old and training her future leaders,
Seeking her crown in a nobler race of men and women—
After the pioneers, sweetness and light !

HENRY VAN DYKE.