



VOL. XXXIII.

NOVEMBER 3rd, 1905.

No. 2

### MUSINGS AT SEA.

These lines I dedicate to all  
Who painful memories recall  
Of struggles vain against the night  
And malice of the wrathful sprite,  
That haunts them when they go to sea,  
Disturbs their equanimity,  
Subdues their mirth and jollity.

Scions of Sea Kings are we,  
Of the Vikings brave and free,  
Stalwart, rude, uncultured, rough;  
Moulded of heroic stuff,  
Oft in wildest storms they sailed,  
Yet their stout hearts never quailed,  
For they faced with savage glee  
All the perils of the sea.  
Neptune's fury they defied,  
Gibed and jeered him in their pride,  
When he tossed the waters high,  
Flung the billows 'gainst the sky,  
Drove his coursers like the wind,  
Waved his trident like a fiend.

Are we worthy sons of these  
Daring voyagers of old?  
Have we on the raging seas,  
When the waves like mountains rolled,  
Gazed upon the heaving motion,  
And not felt a strange commotion  
In our inmost heart and soul,  
Plunging us in deepest dole?  
Did we gaily laugh and shout,  
As our vessel tossed about,  
Saying, " 'What we have we'll hold,'  
Like our sires the Vikings bold?"