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The Vikings of the Present.



SOFT hands of gentle nations wrote their history on the sand. But the Norsemen bold and fearless carved their deeds in ocean granite. While other peoples traced their Heaven where the rainbow shines for peace, these sea rovers through the tempest saw their Happy Land of Glory. No sweet shore dreams ever held them from the joy of endless struggle. A battle was its own reward. In warfare was their life indeed. For them where was the face of God? Not on the peaceful shore, but in the lightning flashes far away on wild strange seas, in rolling mountain waves of whitening foam, in lowering storm rack or in surfs that break and thunder on the rock-ribbed coast, fighting alone in endless conflict with these deathless foes, that was their grandest vision.

Long ago these Vikings vanished. But still their iron sons are marking on the rock scrolls of the ages. Still they plough the unknown oceans, restless, resolute, resistless, with the spirit of their fathers. "Ever onward" is their motto, Homeless is their past and empty. For them always something better luring out across the sea. They are men who die or conquer with their faces to the foe. They detest the pleasant present; hate the past and call it dead; visions of a grander future lure them always on ahead.

Arthur Hunt Chute, '10.