

CONCLUSION



As the sun's last beams were fading from the mountain tops, the exploring vessel dropped anchor before Eric's ship-sheds and the eager groups that had gathered on the shore at the first signal. Not only idlers made up the throng, but the Red One himself was there, and Thorwald and every soul from Brattahlid; and with them half the high-born men of Greenland, who had lived for the last month as Eric's guests, that they might be on hand for this occasion. They shoved and jostled each other like schoolboys, as they crowded down to meet the first boat-load.

The ten sailors who stepped ashore were a prosperous looking band. Their arms were full of queer pets; their pouches were stuffed with samples of wood and samples of wheat, and with nuts and with raisins. All were sleek and fat with a year's good living, and all jubilant with happiness and a sense of their own importance. Even while their arms were clasp-