

to go were much *greener*, we think, than the land. But good came out of his project.

Not long after the settlement was made, a son of one of the colonists, wishing to join his father, started in a ship for Greenland. He sailed a long, long time, driven by contrary winds and drifted by strong currents. At last he came in sight of land. He looked carefully toward the shore as he coasted at a safe distance. He came finally to the conclusion that this *was* a green land, and, as he had learned before leaving Iceland that Eric's Greenland was perpetually white with snow and ice, he decided that he had sailed out of his way. He steered to the north and saw other lands. These are now believed to have been Nantucket, off the coast of Massachusetts, Newfoundland, and Labrador. He reached Greenland all right in 987. He had not landed in any of these newly discovered countries.

Ships sailed in those days, it is said, four miles an hour in good weather, so that a hundred miles a day was good speed. Eric's long voyage must have made his sailors, if not seasick, very sick of the sea.

But Eric himself was neither. Thirteen years later, in the year 1000, he sailed through the same waters. He landed on Rhode Island, and, having examined the vicinity, made his winter-quarters at the mouth of what is now known as Taunton River. Here a woman of his company gave birth to a child, whom they named Snorre Thorfinnson. Little Snorre was, so far as we know, the first