

rocks the name of a flower which symbolizes innocence. There are scores of similar place-names scattered all over Canada.

However, let us get along with Greenland.

When the Christian era was more than a thousand years younger than it is, the King of Norway and the jarls (or earls) of Norway had a great sea-fight and the jarls came off second-best. The King thereupon insisted that the jarls should acknowledge his supremacy. Some of them could not bring themselves to do that. It was too humbling to their pride. They took the first opportunity and sailed away with their followers, taking different courses. Some turned their vessels' bows to Scotland. Some went to join their forerunner kinsmen in England and France to do pirates' work, and others wandered along the coasts as far as the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Some went to Iceland and created of it a very peculiar country, the subject of poem and prose for many a long day.

“ Here once o’er furthest ocean’s icy path
The Northmen fled at tyrant monarch’s wrath ;
Here, cheered by song and story, dwelt they free,
And held unscathed their laws and liberty.”

These Vik-ings, as they are called, (from *Vic* a bay and *ing*, son, meaning the “sons of the Bay” or of the Fiord, the latter being the Northmen’s word for a deep inlet of water) were adventurous beings. The rolling deep was their home and the life that charmed them most was life on the ocean wave. A couple of years after the migration to Iceland, one of them, Gunnbjorn by name, was driven by stress of weather to the country we now know as Greenland, then unnamed. He found his way back after being ice-locked for a winter. This is the first visit of a European to the western hemisphere of which there is authentic record. We have in “Gombar Scheer,”—the name of a dangerous reef of rocks,—the corrupted form of the first place-name bestowed by a European on this continent. Skerry, of which there are several in the British Isles, is Norse for “a cliff separating two bays.” The original “Gunnbjorn’s skerries” was a volcanic mountain isle. But the force of some eruption, when volcanoes were livelier up north than they are now, shattered the island and left nothing but the reef, and time has changed the original place-name into its present dilapidated state.

The Icelanders being good historians as well as good fighters, their chronicles of those early years are specially valuable and singularly