

(your right) should have Greenland printed on it. It is within the Arctic Circle. It is away up there in the vast region where Nansen passed some of the very coldest months of his life ; where Franklin went to discover the North West Passage and to find that very elusive hole, the North Pole. It is the very cradle of those huge icebergs which in eternal procession pass along the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland and keep the sentinels of our ships (as they go from St. John and other ports across the North Atlantic) on the constant lookout ; and yet it is called *Greenland*, a name which suggests

"The tender grass whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green,"

or an abundant growth of those trees, the spruce and others, which we call "evergreen" and which give to the winters of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the brightness of variety. The French called a part of the territory of our neighbours *Vermont* — "the green mountain." There was reason for that,—the pines, spruces, firs and junipers of the region giving it that appearance all the year round. But why *Greenland*? It is associated in our minds much more with Heber's hymn about "icy mountains" than with green fields and murmuring rivulets. Leopold Wagner in "Names and their Meaning" suggests that it was because of the moss-covering which the first visitor saw in the fiords into which his vessel was directed. The great Arago drew from the name the conclusion that the Arctic region must be very much colder now than it was when Greenland was first so named. He would not have made such a mistake if he had been acquainted with the vagaries of place-name givers, especially those of the sailor class.

Gilbert Parker, one of our Canadian novelists who has won fame by his writings, gives in that powerful novel, "The Battle of the Strong," an instance "to the purpose quite." He says, "you may range the seas from the Yugan Strait to the Erebus volcano and you will find no such landing-place for imps or men as that field of rocks on the south-east corner of the Jersey coast called, with a malicious irony, the Banc des Violets. At half tide, when the currents are changing most, the violet field becomes the floor of a vast mortuary chapel for unknowing mariners." It is the sort of Bank of Violets neither poet nor dreaming child would desire to rest on. The sarcasm consists, of course, in giving to this greedy, man-destroying body of