

if it had not been for the great snowdrifts and masses of ice. There were some steep, jagged rocks in sight of our village, and during the long daytime enough of the snow would melt off to leave the rocks bare in a few places. On these bare spots we would find a kind of brown moss, which we gathered and dried to light our fires with.

We never saw anything green in Greenland, and I never could understand why they called it by that name.

When we looked out toward the ocean, we could not see very far, for even in the warmest season there was only a small space of open water, and beyond that the ice was all piled up in rough, broken masses.

The great event in our family life, however, was the dog-sleigh ride. When father told us we could go, we came as near dancing and clapping our hands for joy as Esquimaux children ever did. But we did not have a fine cutter, with large horses and chiming bells. We did not even have an old-fashioned bobsled, in which young men and young women have such good times in your country.

Sometimes the sleigh would be made of a great wide piece of bone from the jaws of a whale, one end of which turned up like a runner. But more often it would be either a skin of some animal laid flat on the ground, or a great frozen fish cut in two at the back and then turned right over. I never saw such a fish in this country, or in Iceland, so I cannot tell what kind of fish it was.