

If I was to go back to my race of people, I would not be able to tell them about what I see and hear in this country. They have not the language to express the thought. They have seen nothing like a sewing machine, or a piano. They have no materials to enable them to make machines. They never saw a painting or a drawing. Their wild, rude songs is all they have that is anything like music. They have no idea of a book. They eat when they're hungry, and sleep when they're sleepy. They are happy and contented *when they don't know any better.*

The only relatives we knew about, were brothers and sisters, father and mother, and our grandparents. As for other relatives, such as uncles, aunts and cousins, we knew nothing about them. We lived in small settlements of thirty or forty families. No one seemed to take any interest in finding out how many settlements there were, or how many people lived in them. We had only one name each, just as you name animals in this country. My father's name was Krauker. My name was Olwar. Before we left Iceland, the whole family were baptized. They named my father Salve Krarer, and they baptized me Olof Krarer, making the Iceland names as near like the Esquimaux names as they could, but giving my father a new name, Salve, which means something like "saved."

THE END.