

Seeing that Lief had just left behind him the rocky forbidding shores of Labrador (as we now call it) and was coasting along a densely wooded region, it was the most natural thing in the world to contrast this land with the other by naming it the Forest Land. This must have been the eastern and southern coast of our wayward sister, Newfoundland, who won't join in our Canadian tea party, but keeps aloof from our roof-tree. Dr. Fiske, however, thinks that it was the coast of Cape Breton without giving any reasons for his belief. On leaving Forest Land, Lief sailed westward and was for two days out of sight of land. When the "stiff northeastern" which blew him along, subsided, he found himself near a shore, along which he coasted till he came to a place where a river, issuing from a lake, fell into the sea. The spot pleased him so much that he concluded to enter the lake (or bay) and winter there. He built booths on the shore, very like the lumber-shanties of more modern times. One day one of his party came into the camp talking in a surprised sort of a style. He was not a Norseman but had somehow found his way from Southern Europe, possibly from the Mediterranean, to Iceland and thence to Greenland. Being a Southron (as the Scotch say) he knew grapes when he saw them and declared to his companions that in his rambles he had found bunches of that luscious fruit. Lief was so impressed with the fact that he called the country *Vinland*; the land of the Grape Vine, the Land of Wine.

Just where *Vinland* was situated we do not positively know. There has been as much speculation over its exact whereabouts as over that of the Garden of Eden. The general idea is that it was somewhere between Halifax and Boston. Dr. Störm (*Studies on the Vinland voyages*) thinks that *Vinland* was on the southern coast of Nova Scotia. Dr. Fiske thinks that the abundance of grapes as described by Lief points to a more southerly region and, therefore, mentions the shore between Cape Ann in Massachusetts and Point Judith in Rhode-Island, as the likelier region. Of course it is quite natural that doctors should differ; it has passed into a proverb that they do.

Wherever *Vinland* was, Lief passed the winter there and returned to Greenland in the spring with a cargo of timber and received from his countrymen the cognomination of the Lucky, "Lief the Lucky."

The success of Lief's venture induced his brothers to start of "strange