

## A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

## The little Girl of Greenland.

The little girl of Greenland, or the frozen land, has a strange name: it is Eqrk, and her brother is called Awahtok. They live with their parents in a low house, built of stones and plastered with moss, which looks like an old birch oven. A house is called *igloe* in that country. It has but one room, and the people crawl into it through a low long passage on their hands and knees. Within there is no fireplace, no stove, no fire, not a chair, or table, or bed.

Eqrk's father chiefly spends his time in fishing, and carries his canoe or boat on his back to the water; or, when the ice is too thick to break for fishing, he hunts the walrus, a creature of the whale tribe.

How do you suppose Eqrk's mother cooks her food? She boils it in a kettle over a lamp. The lamp is made of the shoulder-blade of a walrus, filled with blubber, with a wick of moss. As for baking, she never does that. Little Eqrk never saw a slice of bread, or a potato, or an apple. She eats a steak of walrus, or some broiled blubber, or frozen liver: or she sucks a bear's paw, or the rib of a seal. Never a stick of sugar-candy had little Eqrk. If you gave her one she would say, "Kuyanaka," which means, "I thank you."

If Eqrk goes out of doors, what does she see—green grass, and tulips and buttercups? No. A corn-field over the way? No. Currant-bushes and cherry-trees, or oaks and elms branching overhead? No, no. On one side is a great ice mountain, and fields of snow, snow, snow; hardly anything but snow, with grey rocks here and there.

A short time in the summer a little pale grass tries to grow in sunny spots, and a few small flowers smile by the grey rocks. Then the little girl must be happy indeed. She laughs, and has her games of play like you. She has no little carriage to run on the smooth ground; but her father makes her a sledge. He has no wood, for trees do not grow in that cold country, so he takes the bones of the whale and walrus, and fastens them together with sealskin; and he makes a back to lean against, because it will go over some rather rough places. It runs very swiftly; for who do you think draws little Eqrk? Not her father; he has gone hunting the great *nanmook*, which is the white bear; not her brother Awahtok, he has his sledge; but a couple of little brown dogs, who are harnessed to the sledge, they run and draw Eqrk; and very much does she enjoy the drive.

What does she dress in? Hood and cloak and gloves, like our little girls? I will begin with her feet. Nobody knits in that frozen land; so she has no warm *woollen* socks like yours. Her socks are made of birds' skins, with the soft down inside. Over this she

wears seal-skin boots. These keep her feet warm. Then she wears leggings of white bear-skin and a jacket of fox-skin. This jacket has a hood to it; and the garment, jacket and hood together is called a jumper. This is the fashion of that country. It would look odd enough in our land. At first sight you would take little Eqrk for a stray cub of the white bear. Sometimes she holds a fox's bushy tail between her teeth, to keep Jack Frost from kissing her cheeks with his cold lips.

Oh, you do not know what terrible Winters she sees in her country. The sun sets in November, and it does not rise again till March. Think what a long night that is. We think Winter days are short enough; but to have no day at all, how much worse that is. There are the Northern lights, to be sure; but there is no light like the bright, warm, cheerful sun, which we see in our sky.

Winter is called *okipok*, the "season of fast ice." By March the sun begins to peep up above the icebergs, or ice-mountains, and slips quickly down again. Next day it stays longer, and the next, until June comes, when it stays all day and night. Summer is called *aosak*, "the season of no ice," though it is never really iceless, nor can the sun melt the great snow-drifts. It is, however, a pleasant season, for flocks of birds come and build their nests in snug corners and shelves of the rocks, and they are so tame that her brother Awahtok can easily catch a netful to carry home for supper. Do Eqrk and Awahtok go to school? They do not know what school is. There are no books, no pens, no slates in their country, except in a few spots where missionaries have settled. In all other parts of the land there are no day-schools, nor Sabbath schools, nor churches—not one of all those privileges which we have to make our life so improving, useful and happy. Their mother sometimes tells Eqrk and her brother of the "Great Spirit;" but she cannot tell them that "sweet story of old" about the Lord Jesus, who came from heaven to be the Redeemer, for she does not know it herself. I wish we could tell her; then perhaps she would say, "Asakoateet," which is, "I love," in her language. As for you, dear Christian children, I am sure you must say:

My God, I thank thee, who hast planned

A better lot for me.

And placed me in this happy land,

Where I may hear of thee.

—*Child's Companion.*

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### Orphanages.

"REFUGES" for christianizing the orphans in India were commenced by the Ladies' Association of the Indian Mission of the Church of Scotland, some time before the Disruption. The idea was a happy one. As the native mind in the East is easiest reached