

## Young People's Department.

### I AM GOING TO TRY.

(Tune—"Coming Thro' the Bye.")  
 If a body has a penny,  
 Easy 'tis to spend,  
 There are sweet things, O so many!  
 And of toys no end.  
 There's a store just 'round the corner  
 Full of things to buy.  
 Can I pass it with my pennies?  
 I am going to try.

Do you ask me for my secret?  
 Then I'll tell to you,  
 Why I wish to save my money,  
 'Tis the reason true.  
 There are many little lasses  
 Not so large as I,  
 And to help them with my pennies  
 I am going to try.

Some are here and some are yonder  
 Far across the sea,  
 If they grow little heathen  
 They shall not blame me.  
 Now you know my little secret,  
 Know the reason why,  
 'Though 'tis hard to save my pennies,  
 I am going to try.  
 —L. A. S., in Missionary Songs and  
 Hymns.

### WHERE CHILDREN PLAY AT MIDNIGHT.

It may sound strange to you, but those Eskimo children of the Far North are, in many ways, just like you boys and girls in the home land. They like fun, and they like candy too. They play in make-believe houses and take long journeys in make-believe boats.

On the beach, in the summer, they often pile the sand into a mound, and dig a hole for the door—and this is a little house, or igloora. The owners of these little houses visit each other, and serve feasts of make-believe goodies from flat stones.

Here they play for hours at a time, perhaps far into the night or all the

night. For in this far Northland, in the summer-time the sun does not set at night, but for nearly three months, goes around and around the heavens, making night as bright as day.

How the children enjoy this! Their parents are so indulgent that the children are allowed to play until they are too tired to care to stay up longer. It may be just morning when they come home for rest. Many times, just after I have risen in the morning, I have seen children going home, having played all night.

The little girls like dolls. Instead of carrying them in their arms, they carry them on their backs, under their fur blouses, just as their mothers carry the babies. They have seen very few dolls—only those given at Christmas by the missionary or the trader, so that many a little girl has only a make-believe doll to play with. She may take a pair of large mittens, tie them together with a belt, and then slipping them on her back, under her blouse, she will walk back and forth swaying her body and singing an Eskimo lullaby. Sometimes they use a puppy as a doll. One little girl will struggle until she can get the puppy into the right place on the other's back, and there she will belt it fast, and there it will have to stay. This is great fun for the children, and many little dogs seem to enjoy it too.

Both the boys and the girls delight in drawing pictures. They draw ships, houses, canoes, sleds, and people. They hastily learn their lessons, then over goes the slate and picture-making begins. At first they were afraid I would not like this. When they saw me coming one would give the alarm—"Aganak kairok"—"The woman is coming!" and the picture-maker would hastily