

Little North-light and Little Moonbeam

BY MISS OLGA E. LINDBORG

They lived in the land where summer is one long day, and winter one long night. Little North-light was his name and little Moonbeam was hers. He was a sturdy lad about seven years old. She was his little sister, a chubby girl a year or two younger. And there was a tiny baby in their igloo—the name by which they called their little dome-shaped house with its long tunnel-like doorway. The tiny baby looked like a soft ball, so wrapped round and round was he in a big fur blanket. Only his face showed above the bear-skin fur. His eyes blinked like little shiny black specks over his round fat cheeks. And his nose, which was hardly any nose at all, peeped saucily above the rosy line of his very broad mouth. His name was Precious-treasure!

Koolaloo, the mother of little North-light and Moonbeam and tiny baby Precious-treasure, was a very good mother! But she didn't look a bit like your mother and mine, except for her smile. Most of the time she was dressed in a big fur coat and long fur boots, and she wore her straight, coarse, black hair in a little round knot on the top of her head. When she worked out-of-doors to help Koolalee, the father of her children, at his many tasks, she would sometimes carry little Precious-treasure in the hood of her coat. Hanging there, close to her warm neck, little Precious-treasure was comfortable and snug, no matter how cold the wind blew across the white plain.

Koolaloo made all her children's clothes and her own and Koolalee's. They all wore big bear-skin coats, and long reindeer-skin boots, called kamiks, and hoods and mittens of seal-skin. On winter nights they snuggled together under big skins on a sleeping-bench in one corner of the small igloo. In wintertime it was really night all the time! And they could not measure the time by sunrises and sunsets! They measured it by "sleeps." For, like folks all over the world, they, too, got sleepy at times, and were glad to crawl to bed and dream!

In summer, when it was light all the time, Koolaloo and Koolalee and their children gathered together their belongings, left the stone igloo—their winter home—and sailed northward along the coast in a little boat. They had to row the boat with big oars. And when they came upon some nice sheltered place where mosses grew a plenty, and there was a rushing stream where salmon played, they went ashore and pitched a seal-skin tent, their summer home, and camped there. They spent their day fishing salmon and gathering moss. And even then they measured their working hours and their sleeping time by "sleeps"! For they had never seen a clock, and would have thought its tick-a-tick-tick the voice of an evil spirit, if they had had one!

"What a queer country!" I know you are thinking! "And what queer folks Koolaloo and Koolalee and North-light and Moonbeam and tiny baby Precious-treasure must have been!"

(Well, if they could see you and me, and the clothes we wear and the houses we live in, and taste the food we eat, I am sure they would think us queer, too!)

Koolalee, like your daddy and mine, had to work to get food for his family. But he did not work to earn money to

buy the food with. No, he had to hunt for the food itself! And he had to make all his own tools for hunting. These he made of driftwood, and walrus tusks, and walrus hide. He made long spears of driftwood—pieces of wood from ships at sea. If the driftwood came into shore aplenty he would also make sledges of it. The sledges were a kind of long sled that could be swiftly drawn across the ice and snow by the trusty Eskimo dogs. Little North-light and little Moonbeam had a dog all their own. And they had a little driftwood sled, that Koolalee had made for them. They were quite fortunate to have a sled made of wood. The other little boys and girls of the village had to be content with ice sleds—yes, sleds made of clear, shiny ice.

Life was full of toil for Koolaloo, too. There was so much that she had to do to help keep the Great Giants, Hunger and Cold, from her igloo. Koolalee often had to go far to hunt for bears and reindeer. And he had to cut holes in the ice on the Great Sea to hunt for seals. But when he and the other men of the village came in with their game, it was Koolaloo and the other village women who had to meet them at the edge of the village or down by the shore and drag home the dead animal. It was they who had to skin the bear or the reindeer or the seal, and make clothing and blankets and tents of the skins. It was they who had to cut up the carcass and divide the meat among the village families. It was they who had to prepare some of the meat for storage for the day when food might be scarce. It was they who had to make the little oil fires in their igloos and cook the meals.

Koolaloo was such a hard worker! Besides being the best cook and the best sewer in the village, she was also the best mother. She taught her little ones so many useful things and encouraged them to be good and brave. She told them all the stories that little Eskimo children must learn about the Great Giants that came out of the Big White World and the Deep Gray Sea. And when her little ones were ill, as children sometimes will be, it was she who had to call in the Angakok, the village wise-man, who knew how to frighten away the Fever Giant and all the other evil spirits. Everybody in that big white world knew that the Angakok had an invisible helper, a magic spirit, called the Tornack, who could fly far away to the World of Departed Souls. There he would plead for the sick and hungry and troubled ones in the Land of the Living Souls. Now, I know that all this sounds very strange to you and me, but in little North-light's and Moonbeam's and Precious-treasure's land they believed such things! Nor would this wise-man, the Angakok, help the sick, and the hungry, and the troubled ones, unless they rewarded him well! He would ask that they first bring him the best from the hunt. He liked bear's liver and reindeer stomach and seal blubber for his meals, and demanded these delicacies of the village people whenever they called on him for help.

One day something unusual happened in Koolaloo's and Koolalee's village. It was something that made them change their way of thinking about the Great Giants and the Angakok and the Tornack.

Little North-light and Moonbeam and some other boys and girls in the village were sledding on a fine slope, close by Koolalee's igloo, when they saw a stranger drive in among the igloos on a big sledge, drawn by many dogs. The stranger's face was not dark like theirs. It was very fair, and his hair was light! As fast as their clumsy kamiks would allow, they ran to tell their mothers. Koolaloo and some of the other mothers came crawling out of their igloos to look at the stranger. No sooner had they poked their heads out of the tunnel-like doorways than they saw the Angakok running around on the snow like a wild man!

And he shouted and made wry faces. He told the women that the previous summer, when he had been south a ways, some hunters had told him about a white medicine-man who roamed about the Eskimo country. The medicine-man talked a lot about a Great Good Spirit that loved all the world and had power to care for every living soul! "Such foolishness!" screamed the Angakok, "It grieves the Tornack! If this stranger be the medicine-man, he may as well take his flight!"

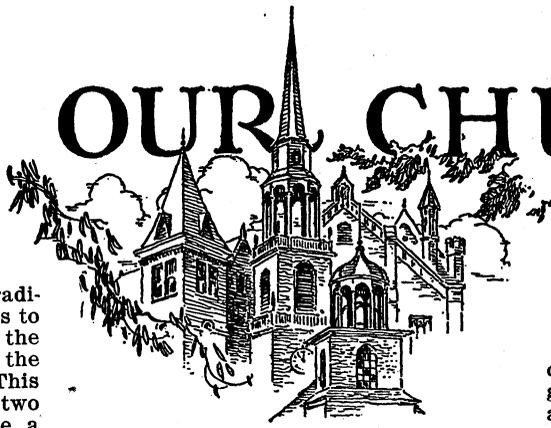
The women looked frightened. They had great respect for everything that the Angakok said. But they were very curious, too! The stranger had a kind face. And they could see that he had brought many beautiful seal-skins in his sledge. They were soft seal-skins—soft as velvet! While the women were busily eyeing the seal-skins, the Angakok spied something he liked very well, too. He saw that the stranger had a fine piece of reindeer stomach in his food-pouch on the side of the sledge. At once the Angakok stopped dancing and making wry faces. He ran up to the stranger and held out his hand. The kind-faced man pulled out a piece of reindeer stomach from his food-pouch and gave it to him.

The women were timid. They stood bashfully by and saw how the Angakok enjoyed himself. But the kind-faced stranger beckoned them to his sledge and gave each of them a soft seal-skin. How delighted they were! Then the stranger asked them about their husbands and their children. Koolaloo, who nearly always spoke up for the rest of the village women, said that Koolalee and the other men had gone away beyond the Big Rock to hunt for reindeer. The kind-faced stranger said that he would come again another day and talk to them. But now that he had been so kindly received by their wise-man and themselves, perhaps the women would like to hear him tell a story? And he told them about a Great Spirit, called God, who loved and cared for them. And he told them, too, how God in his great love for them had sent his Only Son into the world to make them good and happy.

Koolaloo and the other village women, and little North-light and Moonbeam and the other village children, yes, and even the Angakok, crowded around the stranger's sledge, eagerly listening. They could not understand all that he told them, but the more he talked about the Great Good Spirit and his love for men and women and little children, somehow they felt that the Great Good Spirit,

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AMONG OUR CHURCHES



VACATION BIBLE SCHOOLS

Before the World War upset all traditions, it was customary in our churches to conduct week day schools during the summer for the purpose of instructing the children in the Swedish language. This custom has been discontinued for two reasons. During the war it became a sign of disloyalty to know more than the English language. In some states, like Iowa, fanatical leaders prohibited the use of any other language than English in public assemblies, on the street or in telephone conversations. Under such circumstances it was impossible to hold week day schools for the purpose of teaching children a foreign language. The other reason for the discontinuance of the custom is the fact that the Swedish language in our churches is fast being replaced by the English.



Daily Vacation Bible School at North Park, Chicago

But our churches are now beginning to hold vacation Bible schools during the summer. Several of our churches have conducted such schools this last summer. We present to you the school of the North Park Mission Covenant church. About forty children attended this school for six weeks, and they were very enthusiastic about it. We notice, however, that the girls outnumber the boys four to one. The teacher of this school was Miss Hilda Johnson, of Providence, R. I., who is soon going to China as a missionary.

S. S. RALLY DAY



Many boys' and girls' classes like the above will rally to Sunday school the first Sunday of September after having had a few weeks vacation. This is a class in a Sunday school in Minneapolis.

WEDDED



Rev. and Mrs. P. Matson

On July 21 Rev. P. Matson and Miss Edla Carlson were married at Seattle, Wash., in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schells. Rev. Gustaf E. Johnson performed the ceremony in the presence of a few intimate friends of the bridal couple. The bride arrived from China the preceding day where she has been a missionary. Rev. and Mrs. P. Matson intend to return to the field in China in the near future. We wish them a happy married life and many years of useful service in the Lord's work in China.

IN MEMORIAM

Rev. C. F. Pamp of Princeton, Ill., died at his home on June 4. Funeral services were held on the 8th. Rev. A. M. Bowman officiated at the services, which were held in the Covenant church in Princeton. Six pastors served as pallbearers, viz., G. A. Gustafson, M. J. Eggan, P. A. Hultgren, C. O. Nelson, Gustaf Nelson and Samuel Hogander. Rev. E. G. Hjerpe spoke on 2 Tim. 4: 6-8, and resolutions of appreciation and condolence by the Illinois conference were read by Rev. C. V. Bowman. Rev. C. F. Pamp was a veteran among us and had been a minister more than thirty-five years. He was born in Jönköping, Sweden, on Dec. 18, 1845. He arrived in America in 1869.

Pulpit News

Rev. C. A. Gavert, of Salem church, Minneapolis, Minn., has declined a call from the church at Portland, Ore.

Rev. Richard Swanson has accepted a call from the church at Batavia, Ill., and will take up his new duties on Sept. 1.

Rev. O. W. Bengtson of Haxtum, Colo., has accepted the call from Pender, Nebr., where he begins his pastorate this month.

Rev. M. J. Eggan is considering a call from the church at Moline, Ill. Rev. Eggan served this church for a period of ten

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called God, was very near to them. Angakok even forgot all about the Tornack, as he listened most attentively of all.

"Who sent you to us?" he asked the stranger. The stranger's face lit up with smiles. He told them about the little white-skinned boys and girls in the southland, who had given up of their good things to make it possible for him to travel to the Big White World in the north and tell the yellow-skinned Eskimo people about God.

Little North-light and little Moonbeam, all eyes and ears, kept creeping closer and closer to the stranger's sledge.

"And can the little white boys' and girls' God keep the Great Giants, Hunger and Cold, from our igloo?" ventured little North-light.

"Yes," answered the kind-faced man. "And you may talk to him daily, and ask him to give you food and drink and clothing and shelter and health and everything you need. For it is he who has given you your mother and father and your igloo and all the good things of life. You may pray to him. And best of all, you may pray to him for forgiveness!"

"Pray?" said little North-light. "And forgiveness?"

He had never before heard such words spoken in his language.

But the stranger told him all about them.

"O, what a beautiful thing!" thought little North-light, "To ask the Great Good Spirit to forgive my ugly thoughts and unkind words and naughty acts! O, if I could only some day be good, good like the Great Good Spirit!"

And both little North-light and little Moonbeam began to wonder why the Angakok, who was so wise; and their mother, who was so good; and their father, who was so brave; had never talked about the Great Good Spirit.

Was it because they had not known him? Was it because they had only known the terrible Giants, Hunger and Cold? Was it because they had only heard about the evil spirits that come from out the Great White World and the Deep Gray sea?

"Be sure to come again!" said Koolaloo, as the white, kind-faced, missionary man sped away on his sledge. Long after the other village folks had returned again to their igloos, she and little North-light and little Moonbeam stood watching—watching till the wonderful stranger had disappeared beyond the village edge.

"O, we must hurry home!" she said, clutching the beautiful sealskin, the stranger had given her, in one arm, and tugging at little Moonbeam's hand with the other. "We must hurry home, for Precious-treasure will be crying under his fur covers on the sleeping-bench, and your father will soon return from the hunt."

"And the Great Good Spirit will send us our supper!" said little Moonbeam.

An enterprising coal dealer adopted for his "slogan," which he printed on his bills, the following motto: "It's a black busi-