

the bigger the kite and the larger the library. From \$10 to \$25 worth of books are usually sent in each kite. And the *string* is the Mass. S. S. Society. And there is not a longer, safer or more beautiful *kite-string* in the land.

We only add the request, that all who read this story, will read it or tell it, to their young friends who have not seen it, and endeavor to enlist them in the business of making kites and sending libraries to the West.

We hope this story will be the means of inducing every Congregational Sabbath school in New England, that has not already done it, to make at least *one kite*, to aid in sending libraries to the destitute.

The Indians of Hudson's Bay

Do you know where the Hudson's Bay Territory is? Take the Map of North America, and find Hudson's Bay. All the land between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific Ocean is called the Hudson's Bay Territory. This large country, three thousand miles from east to west, and twelve hundred miles from north to south, belongs to England, and is under the management of a company of merchants, called the Hudson's Bay Company.

This country is very thinly inhabited by Indians. They do not cultivate the ground, but spend their time in hunting bears, squirrels, beavers, and other animals which live in the country. They hunt these animals that they may get their skins, which they sell to the merchants, who give them in exchange for the skins, guns, powder, shot, blankets, hatchets and knives. The skins which the Indians get, are sent to England, and make those beautiful furs which the English ladies find so comfortable when made into muffs, &c. These Indians are heathens. They worship what they call the "Great Spirit"; and when they die, they know not what will become of them, but imagine they shall go to a place where there are large

hunting-grounds, and where they will roam about by the banks of rivers, and find plenty of game. The women are the slaves of the men: they do all the work, and bear all the heavy burdens.

To this country Peter Jacobs went as a missionary some years ago. The stories he tells of the poor Indians are very sad. They suffer a great deal from cold and hunger. The winters are long and very cold; the ground is covered with snow for many months; and as the Indians have no settled towns or villages, and no stores of food laid up for their long winters, they very often die of hunger. When the missionary and his family were taking their dinner, scores of hungry Indians would come into the room where they were, and, sitting around them, would eagerly watch every mouthful they eat. Peter Jacobs says, "I could not swallow my food, it stuck in my throat when I saw these poor starving creatures looking at us; and I often gave them some of our food." They did not always wait for the food to be given them, but would sometimes carry off the dinner, pot and all; and when they had eaten all up, would bring back the pot, and say they were much obliged. Peter Jacobs himself often suffered great hardships. Sometimes he was forced to eat wild cats and rats. The best food was permican, that is, dried beef ground into a powder. A handful of this put into a pot of water, with some fat and oatmeal or peas, and boiled, is considered a very good dish.

You may suppose that in so cold a country, Peter Jacobs often had great hardships in travelling. Wrapped up in skin coats, he could manage pretty well in the day-time, but at night it was very cold. Without tent or bed, what was he to do? I will tell you. First he spread upon the ground some skins, then he lay down on these, and covered himself all over with all the blankets and furs he had. His head and face all were covered up, not a