

"I would make a *great* kite," said he, "and then I would tie a little Testament to it, and if I only had a string long enough, I would send it away to the heathen!"

And here he is, in the picture, sure enough, with his kite leaning against a great rock, tying on his little Testament. See, it is marked, "Testament for the Heathen," and there is his *great* ball of twine. How earnest he looks. Soon this gospel kite will be on its way over those high, rocky islands you see in the picture, and across the great sea to the heathen.

Now, young readers, what say you to this kind of amusement? Would not every boy who reads this, be glad to make a little kite and send a Testament to some poor heathen child? And would not several of you be willing to unite in making a kite large enough to send out a Bible with large type, so that some of the *old* heathen who have poor eyes, if they have learned to read, may read the story of the Saviour? Would you not love to do it?

And we have another inquiry to make. Would not *all* our young friends, —the members of all our Sabbath schools—boys and girls too, (for we think it would be perfectly proper for the girls to have a hand in the work)—would you not like to join together,—the children in one family, or class, or school, or sewing circle,—in making a great kite, big enough to send out a *whole library* of books to some of the many, *many* destitute Sabbath schools, scattered all over the Great Valley of the Mississippi? Would you not love to do it?

But, perhaps, some one may say, "Supposing we should make such a kite, where can we get a *string* long enough to reach all the way to the West?"

"Ah, young friends, we have a *very interesting* fact to tell you on that subject. Here at Boston, No. 13 Cornhill, we have a string long enough to reach all the way to Iowa—yes, to the most distant, needy Sabbath school,

in our country!! We *know* it will, for we have already sent out, by means of this string, *hundreds* of libraries, all over that western country, costing *many hundred dollars!* Now shall we have the *kite*? This same string will be abundantly sufficient to send out *all* the kites that shall be made—though every Congregational Sabbath school in *New England* should make one.

After mentioning this story of the kite, in a Sabbath school, a little boy came and brought us a note, containing \$10, saying, "A lady has sent you this to help make a little kite." And many are the churches, and schools, and classes, and sewing circles, and juvenile societies, and gentlemen, and ladies, that have engaged in this delightful work, and they have already sent out from *one* to *ten* libraries each. And many and cheering are the letters of grateful acknowledgment which they have received in return, from the schools to which the libraries were sent: and these letters have more than rewarded them for all their efforts.

Look at the picture again: See! here is a *whole Sabbath school*, just sending off their library to the West. What a beautiful kite! What a fine box of books! And what pleasure is bearing in every countenance, as they swing their hats and handkerchiefs, and send up their glad shout of joy!

A minister in Franklin county, wrote some time since, as follows: "A little girl, four or five years old, called the morning after you left, and brought this beautiful little red-covered, pocket Testament, that I send you,—and she wished it fastened to your kite-string, that you have down at Boston, which reaches out west." That Testament has been sent according to this little girl's request, unless, indeed, it be in that very library, you see in the picture, now on its way.

We suppose our readers all understand what we mean by the *kite*. It is the little *money* you will contribute to buy the books: and the more *money*,