

Nohlugh

A KITAMAAT STORY.

Near the source of the sluggish Nohlugh, a tributary of the Kitamaat River, stands a high mountain, with a perpendicular face of rock, polished bright and smooth by the storms of ages. Several hundred feet from the base is a cleft in the rock, shaped like a doorway. This is the entrance leading to a cavern, supposed to be the dwelling of a giant, half demon and half bird, named Nohlugh. He is reputed to have the head of a devil with flames emitting fire; his body is that of a huge beast, while he has the wings and claws of an immense eagle. So powerful is this monster that he seizes the unwary grizzly bears, caribou, and goats as wander too near his haunt and, flying off with them to his cavern, devours the flesh and thrusts the bones out the doorway where they lie in a heap, so that now there lies the foot of the rock a small hill of piled bones.

When in the past the Indians camped near this weird spot, they invariably cast a portion of the best food they had into their camp fires as an offering to Nohlugh, to appease his anger and thereby prevent him doing mischief to the offerer. Woe to the man who neglected this sacrifice!—he could hear the giant groan with sepulchral tones and then shriek with a long, low, unearthly noise, as from the underworld. Either the negligent wanderer would mysteriously disappear, or from illness produced by the shock,

canoes full of enthusiastic Christians a tour of 150 miles, visiting especially the village of China Hat and some fishing camps. Much good is expected by Christian Endeavor work of this nature when wisely directed. This trip was one of mutual help, strengthening the bond of brotherhood between the members of the league. It certainly was fraught with blessing to the China Hat Indians, of whom the young chief reports: "Some of the Christians were leaving the path of God, but now they have returned. The Lord was our help."

A Familiar Letter.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, I am only two years old, little more than an infant, or, as a lady in Room 20 has kindly styled me, "one of our younger children." However, I am not too young to heartily thank you for the moral and financial support, which have always encouraged me and caused me to thrive.

You, my dear friends, have spared my feelings by passing only the kindest criticisms. My publisher has sometimes had to look sadly and almost reproachfully at me, because of a lack of careful arrangement and trimness in my appearance. The truth is, his supply of type has been so meagre that it was impossible for me to appear before you in smart attire. But thanks to a donation of type just received, and acknowledged elsewhere, I hope to be more presentable.

Now, with gratitude to God for his blessing upon this modest enterprise, let me express the sincere hope that my usefulness may increase; and allow me to wish you all A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Yours, as Ever,

NA-NA-KWA.

Excellent coal has been discovered in the Omenica country. The seam is sixteen feet in thickness.

St-Kah-lah Epworth League.

(HARTLEY PAY)

The methods of our native leagues, though unique, are thoroughly evangelical. A progressive one exists at St-Kah-lah, under the presidency of Mr. Clifton, a young and influential man. In November he took three