

Youths' Department.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

(For Mission Bands.)

Hark! the cry of little children,
Comes across the sunny sea,
Comes from India's plain and forests,
Comes to you and comes to me.

Pity us, O happy Christians,
In your homes so far away,
Send the glad good news of Jesus
Pray for us, O work and pray.

We are dying in the darkness,
We are weeping in our play,
Think of us, the little children,
In the deserts far away.

In your Mission Bands, O children
You are singing happy songs,
We, in darkness dens are waiting,
O'er our sorrows and our wrongs.

Pity us, O happy children!
Time is swiftly passing by,
Send the glad good news of Jesus,
Send it quickly, ere we die.

I. S. SPENCER.

YONG, THE DRAGON.

IN China and Japan much attention is given the dragon as a mysterious and powerful creature. It is pictured on Chinese flags, on coins, etc. But in Korea it is *Yong*, a fearsome creature, with big eyes, claw and fangs, that the people worship. In war time *Yong* is supposed to be very active, and the Koreans have been looking for him and at last discovered him, says Dr. Gale.

"A house in the west part of Seoul, that had in its courtyard an old, rusty, creaking tree, was sold to a Japanese. The Korean family was left in charge of it till the Japanese should move in. One morning the caretaker and his folks looked out on the world and the tree, as they had done a hundred times before, but this morning was different from all others, for there, looking out of an opening in the hollow trunk, was a who would think it?—yes, no mistake this time, there were the face and eyes of *Yong*, the dragon.

"This, too, was in accord with tradition, for *Yong* frequents pools and mountain streams and old trees. Some friends were called in, and while

they could not see very clearly, they all agreed that it was the dragon. They bowed in great fear before it, and women brought rice and offered sacrifice, but the head had withdrawn itself and there was only the opening and the recollection of the inhuman face that had looked out upon them. Word went flying everywhere. "A dragon was to be seen looking out of the tree in So-and-Su's yard." Hundreds of people crowded in.

"Yes," said they, "these are momentous days, and such a visitation is not to be wondered at." There were tables of food offered and prayers. "Oh, Dragon King, we are here to pray, guard us from catastrophe this year, and watch over the winds and cloud and rivers and keep thing steady." They bowed with their faces to the ground, most devout and reverent, for *Yong*, the dragon was in the tree.

"News of it reached the Japanese owner and he found his yard full of worshippers.

"Listen," said the caretaker, "there is a dragon in the tree; everybody has seen his head and the people are now worshipping."

"In a little while the Japanese came back with a countryman or two, who had a pair of field glasses, iron spikes, and a hammer. They looked at the hole up so high in the tree, and one of the Japanese began driving in the spikes. He would climb and find out. The Koreans begged him not to risk it. "It is the dragon," said they, "and you will die."

"Nonsense," said the Japanese, "let me alone."

"Up he went, step by step, making his way by the spikes, till at last, with a boldness that paralyzed the onlookers, his hand went in after the dragon. There was a scurrying and a flutter, and out flew an allpammy, not a dragon, but an owl! With a disgust inexpressible the rice tables were removed, and the worshippers went away. Poor Korea's mighty dragon has turned out to be an allpammy." (C. G. GALE, *Missionary*.)

PRAYING FOR PENNIES

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room with shoeless feet, her golden hair falling lightly over her white nightgown, for it was bed time, and she had come to say "Good night."