

PLAYMATE

A Paper for the Young Folks.

WEEKLY

Subscription Price: Single Copies, 10c; 30c per year in Advance of Ten or More.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher,

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

"Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" will be discontinued after this issue and their places will be occupied by a new weekly paper to be called "Playmate." "Playmate" will be the same price as "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" combined, and will be the size and form of this number. Our friends will therefore be getting better value in the new paper than ever, and the change will remove a source of misunderstanding which has always arisen in the fortnightly papers. It will also bring this grade of paper into harmony with our other papers. We are convinced our subscribers will be pleased with the new paper.

Attention is particularly drawn to the changes in "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days." The fortnightly paper has been a source of misunderstanding to many of our subscribers. It is not in harmony with our other papers, nor the papers of other publishers, which are weekly. To bring these papers up-to-date it has been decided to merge the two fortnightly papers into one weekly, which will be called "Playmate." The price of "Playmate" will be the same as "Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" together were, and it will be enlarged and improved, making it better value than the papers which it displaces.

"Sunbeam" and "Happy Days" will be discontinued with the December issues. "Playmate" will take their places with the January issue. We are convinced you will be well pleased with the new arrangement.

the children. The poor woman, whose name was Koch, said her husband had died the year before, and that she was trying to support herself and the two children by sewing. Mrs. West asked a few trivial questions and bade them good-night.

"Wasn't she nice?" said both children at once.

The mother said little, though she tried to be cheerful.

Early next morning a knock aroused the Koch family. The children ran to the door. There on the floor in the hall was a big basket. They grabbed hold of it, and it required some strength to carry it in to their mother. When she unpacked it what surprise and joy glowed on the children's faces.

There was a chicken ready for the cooking, pies and cakes, nuts and candy, a dozen oranges and a big bunch of white grapes. For just a moment there were exclamations of joy, and then the mother was very quiet, and she went to the window to hide her face. The children knew what that meant, and they bowed their heads until the mother turned to them with a radiant face. She had not forgotten to thank God for the good He had sent her.

Mrs. Koch put the chicken into the oven, roasted the potatoes, stewed the

cranberries, warmed the pies, and the children put the few dishes they had on the table in the best way they knew how. When all was ready Mrs. Koch again gave thanks to God and asked His blessing on the woman who had sent the good things, and made the feast possible.

How they enjoyed that dinner. And when they were all filled and had straightened up their little room, the children persuaded their mother to lay aside her sewing for the day. She did so, and as they were seated around the kitchen stove, she told them the story of the Christ-child, as she had done every Christmas since the children had been old enough to understand it. Never before had the sweet story been so real to them as now, and the angel message had a new meaning to them of good-will and peace.

In that other home, also, the children were listening to the same story of the Babe of Bethlehem. Mrs. West had told them the night before of the poor children, and they had generously divided the good things provided for them. And the story of Christ had a new meaning for them, too.—Ram's Horn.



WILLIE. "Bohoo! it's always the way. If ye really need a train, an' a hummin' top, an' a Noah's Ark, ye're sure to get a lot of silly old underwear an' things."

THE LITTLE ONE'S DREAM OF SANTA CLAUS.

By Connie Huffer.

Good morning, dear Santa Claus, are you here? Sit close to the fire and warm, so I can tell you what I want you to do. Mamma is going to bring you some good tea and toast to eat.

They call you Kris Kringle, but you are just the same Santa Claus that always brings me nice presents and toys. Mamma told me a long time ago that you were coming to-night to bring me a whole lot of nice presents, and I see that you have brought me a great many dolls and toys, but Santa Claus I don't want you to think that I would be willing to take all of those beautiful dolls and toys, for I know a poor little girl and boy whose father and mother left them a few weeks ago and went away up to Heaven, mamma says, and I want you to take the little girl this lovely big doll and my cute little broom.

Now, I don't want this soldier nor this little toy drum, nor these fire-crackers, so

I suppose you may give all of these to the little boy. Oh! there are so many nice things you may take them of mine, and I know their poor hearts will flutter with joy.

And when—are you gone? Why, I wasn't half through, I wanted to tell you the good you might do.—Ram's Horn.

THE DISCONTENTED FIR-TREE.

By Zitella Cocke.

Once upon a time, for things always happen upon a time, there grew in the forest a little fir-tree. Round her stood majestic oaks, tall poplars, stately pines and spreading beeches, so that the light of the sun, which is the joy of every tree on earth, reached her only by piercing through treetops and running round boughs covered with leaves, or darting between the stout trunks of giant trees.

Rarely did she get a view of the sky. Even the rain, which brought such delicious refreshment when she was thirsty, fell first on the great trees, and then dripped from their branches into her arms.

The little fir began to think herself ill-treated, to complain and look sullen, which never improves anybody's looks, and thus she bewailed her unhappy lot all the summer. When the tall trees put on their gorgeous autumn costumes, she grew morose, and at last was quite inconsolable.

Soon the snow descended, and while it fell here and there upon the scraggy limbs of the tall trees, it wrapped the little fir in a cloak of ermine, so that she looked like a princess.

"After all," she said, "I am going to have my time, and those trees cannot hide me from the sun any longer."

One day, while she was taking delight in her good fortune, she heard footsteps, and soon three strong men, bearing tools, stood before her.

"Oh," exclaimed one of the men, "this is a beauty! No need to look farther. We will take it up by the roots."

Without delay the little fir was carefully lifted out of the earth, her delicate roots wrapped in a soft cloth and placed in a wagon.

After riding a long distance, she was lifted out of the wagon at the back entrance of a great palace and carried into a room, and tenderly set in a large pot, so beautiful that she almost lost her breath at the sight of it.

After this she was borne into a hall, finer and handsomer than anything she had ever seen. The ceiling resembled the blue sky at night, when the stars are out. Oh, how the tall trees would envy her if they could see her now! And better fortune came the next day. A man entered the hall and took from a box in his hand wax tapers of every color, and set them among her green branches, so that she bloomed with the hues of the rainbow. She had never dreamed of so much beauty. All day long persons entered the room, and each one hung something beautiful upon her branches—diamonds, rubies, gold, silver, and dolls dressed like fairy queens. She wore more jewels than the queen. At her feet were set magnificent vases of flowers.

"Oh, how everybody honors me!" thought the little fir.

Then came the joyous Christmas eve. The wax tapers were lighted, and such a blaze of glory shone over the little fir that

crowds stood round beautiful!"

How the people! How the children! The little fir's happiness!

"And to think that all the time I was being nice! Oh, I did my own good!"

CH

Swing, swing, O
The children's
Your silver ch
But sadly sweet
They fall upon
For joy with so
My heart upon
Swing, swing, O
'Tis well! 'tis

Soft, soft, O Chri
For oh! the gr
Swing wide o
And all the ble
Come down to
I feel soft arms
My mother's ki
Soft, soft, O Chri
'Tis well! 'tis

Ring, ring, O Chri
Be merry, little
'Tis right it s
For you the Ch
For you the
But years bring
And tears will
Still swing, O Ch
'Tis well! 'tis
—W. W.

BET

We love to think
That little mou
To which on ear
Our blessed Lo
A lowly manger
The cattle near
There, cradled cl
He slept, the L

If we had been in
We too had ha
To see the Babe
Knew neither c
Like any little ch
He came unto h
Though cross a
stretched,—
His pathway to

If we had dwelt i
We would have
And where the st
Have knelt ere
Our gifts, our so
An offering as
The blessed Babe
In Mary's arms

Now breaks the
Again the ange
And far and nea
Their happy by
All heaven is sti
For down the s
The Lord who ca
Comes yet, on