

Turning back to the window she let her eyes linger on the scene before her. Little snow huts with laughing children darting in and out, decorated the whole front yard. And the little spruce tree which she had planted with her own hands, beside her window, was all lit up with sparkling tinsel and bright ornaments, and on its twigs were tied the queerest looking packages she ever saw; which proved, when she examined them carefully to be little bits of suet bones, little wire bags of cracked nuts and dozens and dozens of little wheat buns.

I wonder what kind of a Christmas tree that can be, she thought, as she gazed upon it. But she did not have to wonder long, for presently a bright winged bird made his appearance in the tree and began pecking at the suet balls. And ere long the tree was humming

with visitors. All the afternoon Carolyn watched from the window. Occasionally some little girl from one of the snow huts would give a cheery wave, and the boys would do some funny little feats to amuse her.

The day was gone before she realized it, and when the nurse came to tuck her in bed, she found a happy smiling face waiting for her.

"Nursie, dear," said Carolyn, thoughtfully, "I shall never be cross any more. Here I was, grumbling because I thought my friends had forgotten me on Christmas; when all the time they had been working like Trojans to give me a pleasant surprise on Christmas morning."

And strange as it may seem, Carolyn Comer, though several years older now, is known the town over for her thoughtfulness of others at Christmas time.

Report of the Forty-Sixth Annual Convention of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario West

Tuesday, November 7th, was a great day for Peterboro, for did not scores of fine Baptist women arrive on all trains?

It was a great day for the delegates to the Convention, too, for many of us had never before had the privilege of visiting the charming city of Peterboro with its pretty hills and beautiful churches. A hearty welcome was given each one as she arrived at the entertaining church—Murray St. Baptist—which, with its beautiful auditorium, and splendid Sunday School hall was so well adapted to the needs of the large convention that gathered there this year.

In welcoming the members of the Convention on Wednesday morning Mrs. W. Scott reminded us of the missionary connections of Murray St. Baptist Church, for it was founded by the pioneer, Rev. John Gilmour, and is now the church

home of the Haddows and the Garbutts.

Mrs. Scott spoke of the pleasure it was to the ladies of the church to entertain the Women's Convention, for it was twenty-seven years since it was last held there. We can assure our kind hostesses that after the delightful time we spent both in the church and in their homes we shall not want to wait so long again before returning. The Presbyterian ladies of St. Paul's were most kind, too, in providing such bountiful meals at so reasonable a cost.

Many of the Directors and Band Leaders were present for the inspiring conference on their work on Tuesday afternoon and a number of delegates met with the members of both Boards in the prayer-meeting in the evening which was led by Miss Kate McLaurin.

The opening session of the convention