
A HILLSIDE CHRISTMAS

he spoke nobly—"You must go, Bill. I'll straighten up, I promise you. Here take my hand on it. Never again will I touch the stuff. You can trust me, I'll look after Mother," and he had put his arm about her and kissed her.

What a proud moment that had been for her, with the thought that her Billy would fight for her over there, and her John fight at home. But Billy would fight with an army of heroes beside him and John would fight alone. How she had prayed that God would be with him. And John had changed for awhile. How happy life had been then!

Billy had taken him at his word—had trusted him—and after placing the little he had saved in the bank for her, with his pay and counting on John for the rest he had enlisted—and now two years had gone by. As she thought of it now it seemed that she must have lived for those weekly letters from him, and to be able to send his weekly box—a pair of her own knit socks, some cookies (his favourites), some cheese, and often