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## A HILLSIDE CHRISTMAS

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now, for they were the last of his days with her, and for that they were blessed.

Even care-free, reckless John became sobered, and grew more thoughtful and kind, when that evil she dreaded did not call so loud to him that her voice was not heard. But there were so many hard days intermixed with the kind ones, that her heart often bled because of him and for him. But in pride she remembered the day when Billy had spoken the thought he had, of his duty to God, to his country, and to her, in the war, and with his arms about her (ah, how well she remembered—she could feel them now) he had said: "He should fight for her. If the enemy ever should get to England—No, that must never be. He must go. He felt it. And those suffering women and children over there. He had always loved children (and with fond heart she remembered how the village children had taken his hand, and he had loved to frolic with them) and he must help to defend them."

When he was done, John had spoken and