
A HILLSIDE CHRISTMAS

"Mother how did you know? It happened over a month ago."

"Ah, my boy," whispered Neighbour Goode as her loving hand touched the wounded side, "I knew for He told me—the white Physician who said, 'Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world.' Did you hear Him, Billy, when He said that?"

"Yes, Mother and He brought peace to my heart. I have been in the hospital but did not tell you. I wanted to surprise you on Christmas morning. I did not want you to worry. But mother tell me all, and oh my dear, proud, brave, little mother, if I had only known about John. Why did you not tell me?"

"Now," said Neighbour Goode holding her boy's hands in hers, "I feel better. I am going to get well." You see, Billy, it's just been my hard headedness, my deceitful ways, trying to deceive the Lord—just as though I could. Here I've been worrying inside, day and night, boy, picturing you dead and