
A HILLSIDE CHRISTMAS

knitted and tended her house duties, but was always and ever the friend of the village. If there was trouble, she was there. If there was sickness her kind hand ministered—always a neighbour in truth—Neighbour Goode.

And if she was loved by the village folk, she was surely loved by her two strong sons—each in his own way, to be sure, for the nature of each was so different. William, the elder—"Billy" she called him—was steady and true, a man every inch. Each night she thanked God for him, and prayed that he might be spared long to her. He was like the father whom God had called home long since. And John, handsome and headstrong, impulsive and weak to a fault. For him she prayed that God would strengthen him—strengthen him to master the evil that threatened so often to down him. Thanked God for his loving heart but prayed, oh, so earnestly, that he might be specially kept in the Master's sight, that no evil befall him.