

A HILLSIDE CHRISTMAS

On the hillside a bit to the south of the village, a little, snug, white cottage nestled amidst the trees. In the winter it was sheltered from the cold winds; in the summer it was cheery and bright. There lived the Widow Goode. She was known to have a "warm heart," and because both her "home warmth" and "heart warmth" she shared with her neighbours, they called her "Neighbour Goode." Her hair was white as snow, and her face sweet to look upon, for she wore a smile not soon forgotten and blessed to remember. During the summer she tended her flowers, the stately, showy holly-hocks growing all around the low, white cottage, and next the garden fence, the mignonette. Then the beautiful roses, which were her special pride as they covered the arches, and all but hid the little green summerhouse. In the cold weather she