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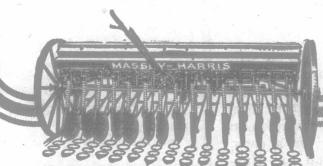
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The property of the estate of the late JOHN DAVIDSON, to be held at Ashburn, Ont., on

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Lavenders, Nonpareils, Mysies, Villages, Broadhooks, Clarets, Matchless and Miss Ramsdens are among the families represented in the Shorthorns, and they consist of six yearling bulls of choicest breeding, cows, yearlings and two-year-olds, those of breeding age having calves at foot, or well along in calf.

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GEORGE JACKSON, Auctioneer.

JAS. B. DAVIDSON, Executor for Estate, Ashburn, Ont.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

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CHAPTER XX.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

"That niece of yours is the most remarkable girl I have seen in years," said Mr. Burch when the door closed.

"She seems to be turnin' out smart enough lately, but she's consid'able heedless," answered Miranda, "an' most too lively."

"We must remember that it is deficient, not excessive vitality, that makes the greatest trouble in this world," returned Mr. Burch.

"Sh'd make a wonderful missionary," said Mrs. Burch; "with her voice, and her magnetism, and her gift of language."

"If I was to say which of the two she was best adapted for, I'd say, he'd make a better heathen," remarked Miranda curtly.

"My sister don't believe in flattering children," hastily interposed Jane, glancing toward Mrs. Burch, who seemed somewhat shocked, and was about to open her lips to ask if Rebecca was not a "professor."

Mrs. Cobb had been looking for this question all the evening, and dreading some allusion to her favorite as gifted in prayer. She had taken an instantaneous and illogical dislike to the Rev. Mr. Burch in the afternoon because he called upon Rebecca to "lead." She had seen the pallor creep into the girl's face, the hunted look in her eyes, and the trembling of the lashes on her cheeks, and realized the ordeal through which she was passing. Her perjudice against the minister had relaxed under his genial talk and presence, but feeling that Mrs. Burch was about to tread on dangerous ground, she hastily asked her if one had to change cars many times going from Riverboro to Syria. She felt that it was not a particularly appropriate question, but it served her

Deacon Milliken, meantime, said to Miss Sawyer, "Mirandy, do you know who Rebecky reminds me of?"

"I can guess pretty well," she replied.
"Then you've noticed it too! I
thought at first, seein' she favored her
father so on the outside, that she was
the same all through; but she ain't,
she's like your father, Israel Sawyer."
"I don't see how you make that out,"

said Miranda, thoroughly astonished.

"It struck me this afternoon when she got up to give your invitation in meetin". It was kind o' cur'ous, but she set in the same seat he used to when he was leader o' the Sabbath-school. You know his old way of holdin' his chin up and throwin' his head back a lettle when he got up to say anything? Well, she done the very same thing; there was more'n one spoke of it."

The callers left before nine, and at that hour (an impossibly dissipated one for the brick house) the family retired for the night. As Rebecca carried Mrs. Burch's candle upstairs and found herself thus alone with her for a minute, she said shyly, "Will you please tell Mr. Burch that I'm not a member of the church? I didn't know what to do when he asked me to pray this afternoon. I hadn't the courage to say 1 had never done it out loud and didn't know how. I couldn't think; and I was so frightened I wanted to sink into the floor. It seemed bold and wicked for me to pray before all those old church members and make believe I was better than I really was; but then again, wouldn't God think I was wicked not to be willing to pray when a minister asked me to?'

The candle light fell on Rebecca's flushed, sensitive face. Mrs. Burch bent and kissed her good-night. "Don't be troubled," she said. "I'll tell Mr. Burch," and I guess God will understand."

Rebecca waked before six the next morning, so full of household cares that sleep was impossible. She went to the window and looked out; it was still dark, and a blustering, boisterous day.

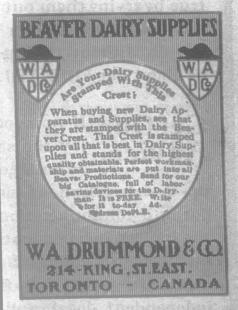
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