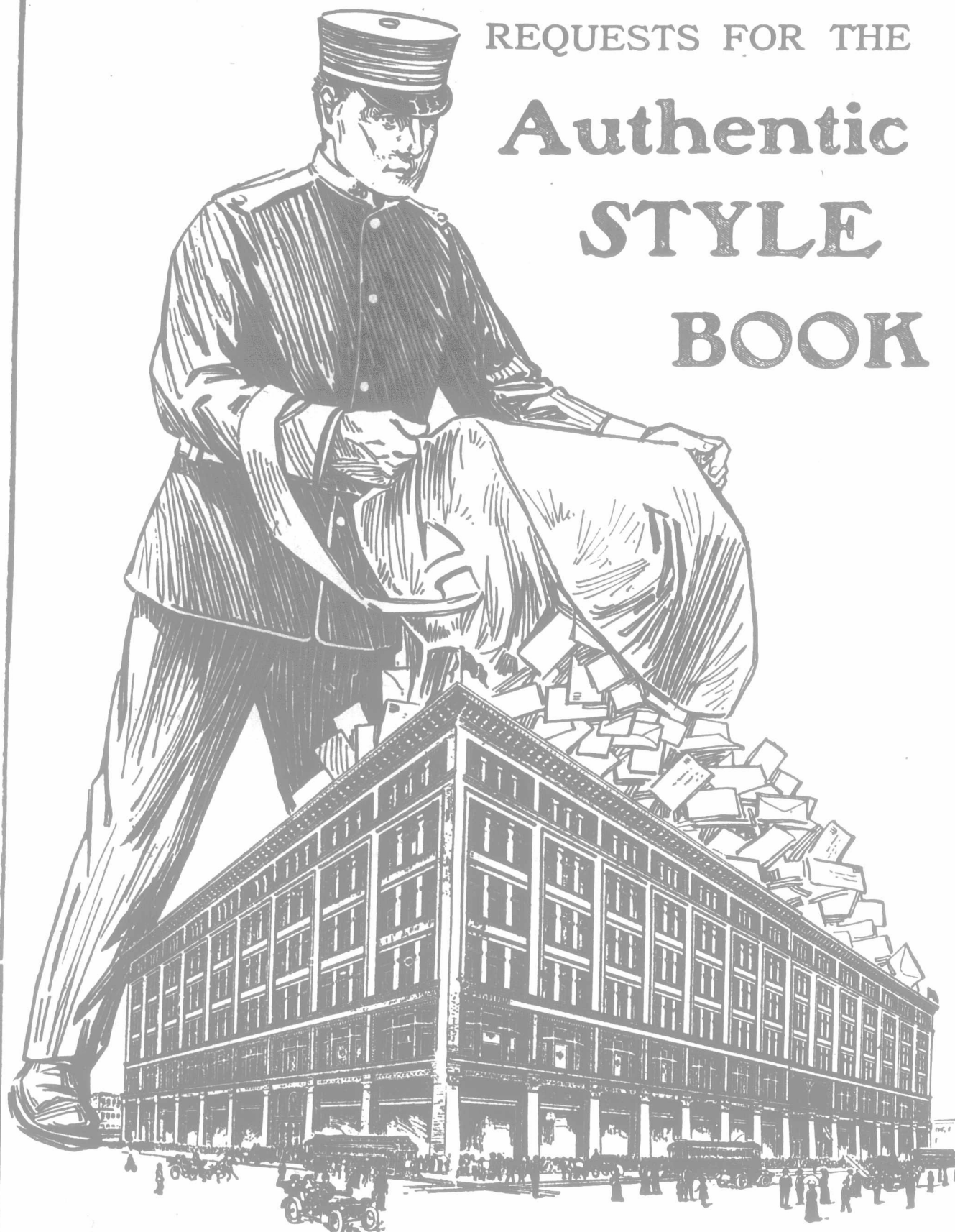




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Notice to Roundabout Club.

COMPETITION IV.

Our next subject, "The Highest Type of Farmer: How He is Evolved," is now open. Kindly send essays so that they may reach this office within two weeks after date of this issue. Prizes will be given as before.

We may mention that, so far, the prizewinners have confined their choice to the leather-bound classics. The nature-books, beautifully illustrated as they are, have been quite overlooked. We are sure that they would not be if our competitors had a chance of seeing them. Will not someone break the ice? List of books, as it appeared in our issue of Nov. 25, will be sent to prizewinners on request.

The Golden Dog (Le Chien D'Or.)

A Canadian Historical Romance.

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CHAPTER LIII.—Continued.

He long solicited in vain for another interview with Amelie, but until it was seen that she was approaching the end, it was not granted him. Mere Esther interceded strongly with the Lady Superior, who was jealous of the influence of Pierre with her young novice. At length Amelie's prayers overcame her scruples. He was told one day that Amelie was dying, and wished to see him for the last time in this world.

Amelie was carried in a chair to the bars to receive her sorrowing lover. Her pale face retained its statuesque beauty of outline, but so thin and wasted!

"Pierre will not know me," whispered she to Heloise, "but I shall smile at the joy of meeting him, and then he will recognize me."

Her flowing veil was thrown back from her face. She spoke little, but her dark eyes were fixed with devouring eagerness upon the door by which she knew Pierre would come in. Her aunt supported her head upon her shoulder, while Heloise knelt at her knee and fanned her with sisterly tenderness, whispering words of sisterly sympathy in her ear.

Pierre flew to the Convent at the hour appointed. He was at once admitted, with a caution from Mere Esther to be calm, and not agitate the dying girl. The moment he entered the great parlor, Amelie sprang from her seat with a sudden cry of recognition, extending her poor thin hands through the bars towards him. Pierre seized them, kissing them passionately, but broke down utterly at the sight of her wasted face and the seal of death set thereon.

"Amelie, my darling Amelie!" exclaimed he: "I have prayed so long to see you, and they would not let me in."

"It was partly my fault, Pierre."