

make agriculture a learned profession, and enable the people to appreciate it.

Mr. Hubbard, Local Superintendent, was delighted to see such a large meeting in the district with which he was officially connected. He thought that teachers, while desiring and deserving greater appreciation, must make their own position by their own earnest, faithful efforts.

In closing the Convention, the President, Mr. Sanborn addressing the teachers, said:—You come to get information; you get it; and you go away to bring out the results in your schools. Try to bring beneficial, practical results out of the papers and addresses you have heard, and makes this one of your means of improvement, but only one. Study every means within your reach, magnify your calling, and feel that it is honorable, useful, and beneficial to all; and, with this spirit, each of your schools will rise, and, consequently, general education will rise to a higher level, and the influence will be reflex on yourselves. He was delighted to add that there had not been a harsh or unamiable word spoken at the convention, although different opinions were expressed freely and ably. He announced that Hon. Mr. Dunkin had been elected as President of the Association for the coming year, and next annual meeting would be held at Waterloo, County of Bedford.—*Witness.*

## II. Papers on Various Schools.

### 1. THE NAZARETH INFANT SCHOOL IN MONTREAL.

Montreal, October 7.—I have just returned from visiting the Nazareth Infant School in Catherine Street—an exceedingly interesting Catholic institution, said to be an unique thing of the kind on this continent. I had heard mention made of some place in town where a number of orphans and children of the poor were taught and trained by the nuns, and where some poor Catholics were accustomed to leave their children in the morning as they went to work, and return for them in the afternoon.

Dr. Hingston, an eminent surgeon in the city, and himself a Catholic, told me it was the Nazareth Infant School, and kindly furnished me with a note of introduction to the preceptress (the "Rev. Sœur Gaudry"), to whose devotion, he says, the success of the institution is due.

I found my way to the place this afternoon, rang the bell at the outer gate, and on presenting the note was at once admitted. I had not been many minutes in the waiting room, where a kind, motherly woman, who had been darning stockings, took my overcoat from me, the day being wet, hung it up to dry, when the nun of whom I had heard so much made her appearance. Sister Gaudry is a little, spare woman, quiet and yet earnest in her manner, and with a face so full of gentleness and love, that her influence over the children became intelligible in a moment. She received me very cordially, told me the children were just going to begin their afternoon exercises, and led me into a large hall, which she called the recreation room, where about a hundred little boys were ranged on one side and about the same number of little girls on the other. At the tinkle of a signal bell they all rose and saluted us. At another signal they faced round, and at a third the foremost boy and the foremost girl moved forward, the rest following, and thus the whole school filed past with military precision across the hall and into the opposite room. This was the school. Here they arranged themselves on long seats that rose like a gallery to the wall behind. A low rail running up the middle separated the girls from the boys.

Two little beds stood side by side upon the floor in front.

I asked Sister Gaudry what these were for?

"These," she said, "are for any of the children who may fall asleep during the exercises."

Happy children, thought I, their lines have fallen in pleasant places. We had a very different programme prepared for us in the old school at home.

At a signal from Sister Gaudry, made with a little pair of wooden clappers, the children rose. At a second signal they all went down upon their knees, and folding their hands reverently, repeated a little prayer in French. The lessons now began.

Sister Gaudry took a long pointer and turned to the wall behind, on which hung a large illustrated chart of the alphabet. Beside the letter "A," for example, there was the picture of a cat; and when this letter was pointed the whole two hundred voices sang together a couplet, to this effect—

"This is the vowel a,"  
Which we sound in *chat*."

The whole alphabet was sung through in this way—singing being found very useful in sustaining the attention and helping the memory. After a lesson in arithmetic, Sister Gaudry took her place behind a stand with its face sloping towards the children, and

crossed with bars to keep anything placed on it from slipping off. On this she began to arrange letters printed on cards—all the children, in concert, naming the letters as they were exhibited, and the words into which they were arranged. One of the little girls was then called by name. The child came down the steps like a little lady, bowed to one side, then to the other, with exquisite politeness, and looked up at Sister Gaudry. The nun laid a card upon the desk.

"What is that?"

"V" said the child.

"And that?"

"That is 'I.'"

She went on thus till the word "Vivent" was formed and finally a sentence referring to some ladies who were present, and to myself.

"Read that now," said the nun.

The child read in a clear voice, "Vivent ce monsieur et ces dames."

The nun looked up at the school.

"Vivent ce monsieur et ces dames," shouted the one hundred and ninety-nine voices behind.

A still more interesting exercise followed. Sister Gaudry exhibited a picture on the stand, and said,

"What is this?"

Two hundred little voices answered, "That is David killing Goliath."

"Tell the story," said the nun.

Thereupon the whole school, with eyes kindling and faces gradually becoming more excited, began to recite the story in concert, in some such style as this:—

Goliath was the giant of Gath. He came down into the valley and defied the armies of the living God. Young David went down to meet him, with only a sling and five smooth pebbles from the brook. He took one of the pebbles, he put it in his sling (here the two hundred children imitated the gesture), he swung it round (the two hundred little arms were now whirling in the air), he threw it and struck the giant on the forehead (the two hundred hands slapped the two hundred little foreheads). The giant fell; David ran up, drew the giant's sword (arms all up) and cut off the giant's head, (and in a moment the forest of little arms came down with a cut)."

The eagerness and excitement with which this performance was gone through it would be difficult to describe.

Next came lessons in geography, grammar, and geometry. There was one exceedingly small boy, looking all the smaller from being dressed in knickerbockers, who came hopping down from a back bench on being called, made his little bow, folded his arms like a minute Napoleon, and looked up at Sister Gaudry as if ready for anything that might be asked of him, from the first axiom to the differential calculus. He was asked to point out the pyramids, the cone and the square, and to name the parallelogram and the equilateral triangle, which he did promptly, his little French tongue getting round the "long nebbit words" with wonderful glibness. He then bowed to the company with the air of one who had been long accustomed to this sort of thing, and thinks nothing of it, and clambered back to his seat.

Gymnastic exercises followed, one of these consisted of amusing imitations of various trades. First, the boys sang a verse about carpenter work, sawing imaginary pieces of wood as they sang. Then the girls took up the song, and sang about dressmaking, all of them sewing nimbly with imaginary needles and thread, keeping time to the music.

### DINNER.

The exercises over, all the children, at a given signal, rose, formed promptly into line, and filed out as they had entered. I remained behind to have some conversation with the nuns.

When we returned to the Recreation Room, I found a great stir there—long low tables, about the height of ordinary school forms, having been spread for dinner, and the children being engaged in finding their places. "They bring their own food in baskets every day," said Sister Gaudry, "for we are too poor to feed any but the destitute. You see the bustle. Shall I tell you the reason? We arrange their things differently every day to teach them to look about for themselves. We try to make every little thing a part of education." "Some of them," she said, "are very poor and bring no food with them, or not enough. But there are others whose parents are not so poor. These are often sent with more in their baskets than they need, to teach them charity."

By this time the children were all seated, but touching nothing before them, waiting till the signal should be given.

"In this way," said Sister Gaudry, "we teach them not to act like wolves, but to control themselves."

She made a sign, at which the children all rose and sang a little French prayer, beginning "O Father, bless the bread of Thy chil-