

the society, embraced only reading, writing, and what was called ciphering, though I think improperly. The only books used were a spelling, *l'Instruction de la Jeunesse*, the Catholic New Testament, and *l'Histoire de Canada*. When these had been read through, in regular succession, the children were dismissed as having completed their education. No difficulty is found in making the common French Canadians content with such an amount of instruction as this; on the contrary, it is often found very hard indeed to prevail upon them to send their children at all, for they say it takes too much of the love of God from them to send them to school. The teacher strictly complied with the requisitions of the society in whose employment she was, and the Roman Catholic catechism was regularly taught in the school, as much from choice, as from submission to the authority, as she was a strict Catholic. I had brought with me the little bag before mentioned, in which I had so long kept the clippings of the thread left after making a dress for the Superior. Such was my regard for it, that I continued to wear it constantly round my neck, and to feel the same reverence for its supposed virtues as before. I occasionally had the tooth-ache during my stay at St. Denis, and then always relied on the influence of my little bag. On such occasions I would say — 'By the virtue of this bag may I be delivered from the tooth-ache!' and I supposed that when it ceased it was owing to that cause.

While engaged in this manner, I became acquainted with a man who soon proposed marriage; and, young and ignorant of the world as I was, I heard his offers with favour. On consulting with my friend, she expressed a friendly interest to me, advised me against taking such a step, and especially as I knew so little about the man, except that a report was circulated unfavourable to his character. Unfortunately, I was not wise enough to listen to her advice, and hastily married. In a few weeks I had occasion to re-