

as I heard it every day, and my mother knew something of it.

I have a distinct recollection of my first entrance into the Nunnery ; and the day was an important one in my life, as on it commenced my acquaintance with a convent. I was conducted by some of my young friends along Nctre Dame street, till we reached the gate. Entering that, we walked some distance along the side of a building towards a chapel, until we reached a door, stopped, and rung a bell. This was soon opened, and entering, we proceeded through a long covered passage till we took a short turn to the left, soon after which we reached the door of the school-room. On my entrance, the Superior met me, and told me first of all that I must dip my fingers into the holy water at her door, cross myself, and say a short prayer ; and this she told me was always required of Protestant as well as Catholic children.

There were about fifty girls in the school, and the nuns professed to teach something of reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. The methods, however, were very imperfect, and little attention was devoted to them, the time being in a great degree engrossed with lessons in needle-work, which was performed with much skill. The nuns had no very regular parts assigned them in the management of the schools. They were rather rough and unpolished in their manners, often exclaiming, ' C'est un menti,' (that's a lie,) and ' mon Dieu,' (my God,) on the most trivial occasions. Their writing was quite poor, and it was not uncommon for them to put a capital letter in the middle of a word. The only book of geography which we studied, was a catechism of geography, from which we learnt by heart a few questions and answers. We were sometimes referred to a map, but it was only to point out Montreal or Quebec, or some other prominent name, while we had no instruction beyond.

It may be necessary, for the information of some of my readers, to mention, that there are three distinct Convents