

although nominally a Protestant, not being accustomed to pay attention to her children. She was rather inclined to think well of the Catholics, and often attended their churches. To my want of religious instruction at home, and the ignorance of my Creator and my duty, which was its natural effect, I think I can trace my introduction to convents, and the scenes which I am to describe in the following narrative.

When about six or seven years of age, I went to school to a Mr. Workman, a Protestant, who taught in Sacrament Street, and remained several months. There I learned to read and write, and arithmetic as far as division. All the progress I ever made in those branches was gained in that school, as I have never improved in any of them since.

A number of girls of my acquaintance went to school to the nuns of the Congregational Nunnery, or Sisters of Charity, as they are sometimes called. The schools taught by them are perhaps more numerous than some of my readers may imagine. Nuns are sent out from that convent to many of the towns and villages of Canada to teach small schools; and some of them are established as instructresses in different parts of the United States. When I was about ten years old, my mother asked me one day if I should like to learn to read and write French, and then I began to think seriously of attending the school in the Congregational Nunnery. I had already some acquaintance with that language, sufficient to speak it a little,



MARIA MOWE AND HER MOTHER.