

Sacrament. Siemasko uttered another insult to me ; but the Governor granted my request. We rushed into the chapel in tears, and, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament, we prayed together an instant. " O Lord Jesus, said we, thy divine will is our will ; accompany us, strengthen us, teach us the mysteries of thy Passion, that we may have the desire and the courage to die for Thee."

We were thirty-five in number, and when the soldiers received orders to turn us out of the chapel, thirty-four of us rose from the floor ; the thirty-fifth one lay dead before the Blessed Sacrament : her heart had burst with grief and love. This good Sister was named Rosalia Lauszecka ; she was fifty-seven years of age, and had been a nun thirty years. When we had left the chapel, I again cast myself before the Governor, imploring his permission to take a crucifix with us, that the sight of our crucified Saviour might give us strength to bear our cross. This Siemasko persisted in refusing us ; he had even wrested out of our hands the silver crucifix containing the relics of St. Basil, and adorned with beautiful gems ; but the Governor allowed us to take at least the wooden crucifix, the same one that used to be carried in our processions. I carried it the entire way, resting it on my left shoulder. Oh ! what consolations it afforded us during our forced march from Minsk to Witebsk ! It was indeed heavy, but its weight was far surpassed by its sweetness ! It recalled to us the whole Passion of Our Lord. Ah, how deep must have been the wound in that sacred shoulder on which our Saviour rested his cross on the way to Calvary !

When the soldiers had driven us from the convent, our children were startled from their sleep ; they ran after us in tears, exclaiming : " They have taken away our mothers ! They have taken away our mothers ! " They were our orphans, forty-seven, and our other pupils, to the number of about sixty. The cries of the children awoke the neighbours also, the most courageous and zealous of whom joined the children in our pursuit.

These good people overtook us at our first stand, near a tavern called Wygodka, about three miles distant, where the soldiers made us halt, to be tied two by two, and have fetters put on our feet.