

When Siemasko had left us, we inquired whether the neighbouring convents had undergone a similar trial. We learned that Siemasko had sent the same written invitations, even to nuns of the latin rite.

The third day after this scene had scarcely dawned, when Siemasko, accompanied by the civil governor of Minsk, Uszakoff, and an armed troop, forced the convent doors; at five o'clock in the morning, and entered just as we were passing from our cells to the chapel. The soldiers made to the doors of our rooms, to prevent our return. In presence of the danger, the Sisters all gathered around me. It was a friday.

"Where are you going?" Siemasko asked me abruptly.—"To our meditation."—"To your meditation, to your meditation," said he, smiling.—"By order of his Majesty, he continued, I had given you three months to meditate; but I am come on the third day, for the evil might grow worse. This is your last moment of liberty. You are yet free to choose between the riches you possess, with those you may expect from the generosity of the Emperor, if you join the *orthodox religion*.—and penal servitude for life in the deserts of Siberia, if you persist in your refusal."—"Of the two, we choose the better, that is, penal servitude, and a hundred Seberias, rather than abandon Jesus-Christ and his Vicar."—"Wait a little, my lady; when my lashes shall have stripped you of the skin you were born in, and when another skin shall have covered your bones, you will not then be so stubborn."

My Sisters all screamed out with indignation, and I distinctly heard the voice of Sister Wawrzecka answering him: "Strip us of our skin, tear off our flesh, smash our bones; but we will remain faithful to Jesus-Christ and to his Vicar."

At these words, Siemasko ordered the soldiers to cast us out of the convent; he blasphemed horribly, and turning towards me in fury: "O you blood of a polish dog, you bloody varsovian dog! I will tear the very tongue out of your head!"

When we were near the door, I cast myself at the feet, not of Siemasko, but of the Governor, and asked him, with an accent of unspeakable sorrow, permission to bid farewell to Our Lord Jesus-Christ in the Blessed