

Sisters had already perished before our arrival. The Mother abbess, Honora Rozanska, aged and infirm, had been one of the first victims (we found but ten Sisters and a corpse!!) When we entered, the ten Sisters threw themselves at my feet, as those of Witebsk had done, and asked me to be their Mother and Superior. We embraced each other in tears; I blessed my new daughters, and together we offered our trials and sufferings to God.

Among the Sisters of Polock, two were out of their mind in consequence of the blows and ill-treatment they had received. They were nevertheless lader: with chains like the rest, and tied to their wheel-barrows. One of them, Elizabeth Filihauzer, died shortly after our arrival: she expired on my knees from the effects of her wounds. The other, named Theresa Bieniecka, survived nearly six months with us. Her folly was peculiarly touching: she fulfilled her task in the household service without manifesting the least sign of mental aberration; but the moment she was tied to her wheel-barrow, she fell into a sort of ecstasy; she would strike her barrow as if it were a drum, and, holding her little crucifix in her hand, she would hum, with an inexpressible accent, a little song she had composed herself since her illness, although she never before had any taste for poetry. She would then raise her crucifix, press it to her heart, and terminate by pronouncing in a solemn tone these words of the gospel: *Glory be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will.* She would then become quiet, and recommence a few moments afterwards. One day, on our return from work, we found our dear Sister dead, her body covered with blood. She had expired under the blows of her tormenters; may her soul rest in peace!

We lost these two Sisters, not in the Basilian convent where we found them at Polock, but in another house called *Spas*, meaning *Saviour*, situated about three miles distant from the town, whither we had been transferred, to work at the construction of a palace for Siemaszko. We were first employed in levelling the hill upon which the palace was to be built.

Our hardest labor was breaking stones. We had no tools, and had to break one stone with the other. Such