

tented himself with forcing worms into my mouth, and went away quite ashamed of himself.

As soon as the week was over, the doors of our prisons were opened, and we returned to our usual labour.

Upon finding every one of us at the wheelbarrows, we greeted each other with inexpressible joy. "Oh, dear mother," exclaimed my sisters, "so then you are still with us?" "I am with God," returned I. "And we also; we are with God" And we all fell on our knees to thank God for having given us one more victory, and we began the *Te Deum*; after which I said to my companions—"We have been resting ourselves for a long time my dear children; let us now try to work hard. Come, to work, to work."

Siemaszko was not long in answering the invitation he had received from Michalewicz. For one whole hour the bells announced his arrival. The Czernice ran to meet him, whilst we waited for him in our prison. Siemaszko came to us, accompanied by Michalewicz and his clergy. After greeting us with mildness, he said—

"Well, I am glad to see you."

"And we also; we bless your presence, if you come to us like a good bishop, like a good shepherd; but if you come again as an apostate, leave us, leave us"

He replied that he had come upon our own invitation; an invitation which, added to our declaration of adherence to the *orthodox* faith, had filled his heart with joy. He consequently, said he, named me the Superior General, and as the insignia of my new dignity, brought me a beautiful crozier, as well as a decoration, that was a signal proof of his Imperial Majesty's favour.

We at first thought Siemaszko stark mad; but at the same time we were involuntarily seized with most shocking misgivings We were afraid of having a traitor amongst us My sister nuns at first looked at each other, and then their eyes were all at once rivetted upon myself. "Thou infamous wretch," I exclaimed, "what dost thou say? who called thee hither to tempt us again?" "Why, your ownself," retorted he. At these words my sisters uttered a most distressing groan, followed by as deep a silence. . . . I was oppressed by the most excruciating anguish. I again snatched the pretended petition out of the hands of Siemaszko; I opened it before my sisters, and we read, in large characters, the name of Michalewicz; but still the felon's hand had trembled.

"So it is thou, infernal monster, thou who deceivest even Satan, thy master?" And I threw away, indignantly, the fatal paper.

The wretch dared to answer me by a new lie :

"Blood of a Polish hound! You have all licked my very feet, asking me, in the most humble manner, to write this petition."

"And do you not fear God whom you offend by such an audacious falsehood? You know better than any one that we fear neither martyrdom nor death; how then should we ever have asked you to call in your accomplice, the man whom you acknowledge as your Archbishop, but who is for us nothing else but an apostate like yourself?" Then, addressing myself to Siemaszko, "This cross, which you bring me from the Emperor, hang it on your own heart, so richly loaded with them already; in former times villains were tied to crosses, but now-a-days I see that crosses are ad to villains. Avaunt, thou shalt tempt in vain the servants of the Lord."

Siemaszko appeared surprised, but yet he changed not his tone, being determined this time to win us over through mildness. As soon as he was gone we wept for joy, thanking God for such a signal grace, and my sisters pressing round me to give full vent to those feelings the apostate Bishop's presence had forced them to suppress.

On the very same day, Siemaszko ordered a Russian Pope, called Andrianow, to make an inquiry into the truth concerning the petition signed by Michalewicz. This person witnessed our constancy, and threatened us with the greatest tortures, even with death. Nothing could shake our fortitude, God Himself supporting it, and the Pope left us, uttering a thousand insults against us.

The next day, Siemaszko ordered us to be whipped before his windows, and thus repaid his visit with our blood. He then left the place, after ill-treating Michalewicz, who avenged himself by an aggravation of cruelty towards us. Not content with beating us, he now pelted us with stones and his example was followed by the Czernice, and by the very children, who persecuted and ill used us by means of sticks, bent double, in the form of a *knout*, or whip. No possible means was forgotten to increase our labour;—one instance amongst a thousand. The Czernice made us carry water from the river, to make the tea, mixed up with brandy, which they took several times a day. We carried this water in copper vessels, exceedingly heavy, and at our arm's end, in order, said the Czernice, that the *Polish spirit should not get into the water*. The distance was great, especially in winter, when we were obliged to take a long round-about way to get to the river. If, exhausted with fatigue, we approached the pail for one moment to our body, the Czernice, who were ever by our side, immediately seized the pail, and emptied it over our heads, forcing us sometimes to begin again four or five times running. A bath like this, taken in winter, covered us with