

us most brutally. All our Sisters were, on this glorious march, decorated with bleeding wounds: I received a terrible gash on the head. We arrived at the church literally covered with our blood. I exclaimed in a transport of superhuman strength: "My Sisters, in the name of Jesus-Christ, let the axe deliver us!" "At that moment Sister Wawrzecka dragged a block to Siemasko's feet. I grasped an axe that one of the workmen, affrighted, had just dropped. The Sisters all threw themselves on their knees, and I, at their front, bending one knee to the ground, adjured Siemasko: "You have been our pastor; be now our executioner!..... Slay your own children! Take this axe; take it, and cut off our heads; throw them into your temple, for into it our feet will never walk!..... Take this axe, I conjure you, and behead us!"

I do not remember my expressions, but I will never forget the divine ardour that animated me as I cried out repeatedly: "Behead us! here is the axe, here are our heads!"

Siemasko with a blow of his fist knocked the axe out of my hands; it fell edge foremost against the leg of Sister Hortolana Jakubowska, and inflicted a deep wound. He then struck me a terrible blow on the face, and broke one of my teeth. I took the tooth, and presented it to Siemasko; "Here, monster! Keep this in remembrance of the brightest deed of your life; place this tooth amongst the diamonds that cover your heart of stone; it will shine more brilliantly than all those jewels for which you have bartered your soul!"

Here Siemasko nearly fainted; he muttered; "They have hurt me," and fell backwards into the hands of the popes, who offered him refreshments.

We were brought back to our work, and on the way we sang the *Te Deum* and dressed our wounds, which were indeed sweet.

Siemasko consoled himself for his defeat in an orgy that lasted all night, for all night long clamorous *hurrahs* in honour of the Emperor and Siemasko mingled with the sweet chants of thanksgiving that echoed through our prison.

Meanwhile the persecution became daily more violent. Michalewicz, constantly drunk since his apostasy