

most cruelly by his orders, and another Sister, Basilissa Holynska, died during the night ; like so many others she expired on my knees.

Siemasko returned the next morning ; when the bells announced his approach, my Sisters gathered around me, trembling : " Oh ! Mother, they said in tears, for God's sake, don't answer that monster, for he will kill you, and we will be left orphans."—" Let him kill me, my dear children, let him kill me ! If I die for God, He will not leave you orphans ; He will be your Father and your Mother !"

Siemasko soon arrived ; as usual, he exhorted us to apostatize ; he threatened and cursed us, and insisted on finding out who had composed the petition and written the verses found in the chapel, as I have already mentioned. That evening he gave me only three slaps on the face, for having called him an apostate. Seeing he could gain nothing on us, he went out saying to Wierowkin : " Torture them, torture them more and more ; I will make them submit. " Our misery consequently increased from day to day ; our labor became more painful, our tortures more intolerable.

The following winter (1841-1842) was still more terrible than the preceeding winters. In the spring of 1842, our hard labor and our floggings recommenced by Siemasko's orders. We lost three Sisters under the flogging : Seraphina Szczyrbinska, seventy two years of age, was the first victim. At the thirtieth stroke her lips ceased to pronounce the sweet name of Jesus ; her soul was in haven. Twenty strokes remained to fulfil orders ; they were inflicted on her corpse ! The second Sister, Stanislas Dowgial, expired on my knees two hours after her flagellation. She too invoked incessantly the holy name of Jesus. " Oh ! she said to us, do not weep over me, for my sufferings will soon end ; weep over those that await you yet."

Nathalia Narbut, the third Sister, prolonged her agony till that night. Stretched upon the floor with her head resting on my knees, she looked up to me with an expression of ineffable sweetness, and pressing her crucifix against heart and to her parching lips she incessantly repeated these touching words : O my Jesus, come and