

Tertiary of Mount Carmel. "We are now of the same spiritual family," he wrote, "which is a great grace of God, and fills me with joy. We say every day together the Little Office of Our Lady, and we are thoroughly united in this act, as in all others."

The following beautiful prayer, which was found among General De Sonis' papers, dates from the time of his illness:

"My God, I am here before Thee, poor, miserable, destitute of all good. I am nothing, I have nothing, I can do nothing. I am at Thy feet, plunged in my nothingness. I would like to have something to offer Thee, but I am only misery, and Thou art my sole riches. My God, I thank Thee that Thou hast willed I should be nothing in Thy sight. I love my humiliation, I thank Thee that Thou hast put far from me all feelings of self-esteem, all self-satisfaction. I thank Thee for the deceptions, the anxieties, the humiliations which have been my portion. I am conscious of having deserved them, and that the contrary might have driven me from Thee. O my God, be Thou blessed for having thus tried me! I love to be broken, consumed, annihilated by Thee. May I be, in Thy Temple, not the polished stone, but the grain of sand taken from the dust of the earth. My God, I thank Thee for having filled me with Thy consolations. I thank Thee, likewise, for having deprived me of them. All that Thou dost is just and good. I bless Thee in my indigence, and regret nothing but that I have not loved Thee enough. All I ask for is, that Thy holy will may be done. Thou art my Master. I am Thy property. Turn me again and again as Thou wilt; destroy and reform me. I wish to be reduced to nothing for the love of Thee. O Jesus, how tender is Thy Hand even in the midst of trial; may I be crucified, but crucified by and with Thee."

On the 25th of October, 1884, his sufferings increased, and he wrote to his daughter: "May God's holy will be done in sorrow as in joy, in sickness as in health! You know that is the foundation of a Christian life. What a subject of meditation! * * * I

would go on, only I fear lest you should make me out better than I am."

The Pope was his consolation in his suffering. "What an admirable figure is Leo XIII.," he added, "and how he grows every day in public estimation in the midst of all our meannesses and weaknesses!" His best hope was in the Queen of Heaven and in the Rosaries ordered to be said in her honor by the whole Catholic world during the month of October, to which he attributed the success of the elections during that month.

The year 1886 brought De Sonis no hope. He wrote sadly both of his family and his country. It was the sadness of the Saints—a martyrdom of the heart as well as of the body. Yet in vain did they implore him to soften his rule of penance. "If I can bear these privations," he said to his Carmelite director, "how can you forbid them to me?" Even that did not satisfy him; and instruments of penance made him bear in his martyred body the stigmata of Him "Who was wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins."

The last letter De Sonis wrote was on the 16th of July to a relation of his who had become a Carmelite at Jerusalem, and to whom he wrote to congratulate her upon her resolve, saying he had just been celebrating the feast in the Chapel of Mount Carmel, and had offered up his Communion for her intention. In the week of the 8th to the 15th of August, fever set in, but the danger was not thought imminent. Madame De Sonis wrote: "On Sunday my dearest husband gets up as usual; he went to Confession, and they brought him Holy Communion, which they always did when his sufferings were too great to enable him to get to church. The night was calm. My anxiety was very great; but I still had hope. It was only on the Monday morning towards six o'clock that a feeling of suffocation came on, and all hope was over. Extreme Unction was administered, which he received with perfect consciousness; then a terrible agony began. He suffered horribly, and we did so with him and for him. I held his dear hand in mine during