

action and encouraging them in every way. All the time, however, he had a secret dread of this Italian campaign, fearing it would result in injury to the Papal throne and in fostering the views of the Freemasons and Socialists, whose secret aims were well known to him. But above all he was a soldier, and he felt bound to hide and sacrifice his own feelings to the common cause.

On the 6th of June, they were on the battle-field of Magenta. It was a horrible sight. Forty or fifty peasants had been engaged to bury the dead, whose bodies were scattered in every direction, and were slowly accomplishing their sad work, while both soldiers and officers were seeking their comrades, as far as they could be recognized, amidst the blood and dust of the field. "Soon," writes one of the officers, "our Captain disappeared, and we lost sight of him till the end of the day. We found he had spent it in the ambulances, giving religious consolations to the wounded and dying. Though he never said a word about it, and we respected his silence, we admired him all the same, and de Sonis became for the whole regiment an object of real love and veneration."

Three days after Magenta, the army entered Milan amidst the enthusiastic reception of the inhabitants. At eight o'clock in the evening a fresh cannonade was heard in the direction of the cemetery of Melegnano, where the troops under Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers won another brilliant victory. The following days were spent by the 1st Chasseurs in reconnaissances, while pursuing the enemy in the direction of Bergamo. The country was beautiful, the crops magnificent, and the whole appeared a paradise, in which, however, death was so

soon to enter.

During this campaign de Sonis never neglected his religious duties any more than if he had been quietly at home. Speaking one day to the missionaries of Laghouat of this eventful year he said: "As soon as my regiment had arrived at their camp and I had given all the necessary orders to my troops, I used to go after the nearest church-spire to find the Cure in his humble presbytery. Generally the good priest knew as much French as I did Italian, so that I had to brush up my college Latin to make myself understood. 'Will you please hear my confession as soon as possible?' I would say on coming in. 'We will talk afterwards if there be time.' When I could, I went to Communion directly after; if it were too late, then the next morning. After that, I came back joyfully to camp, full of peace and of the love of God. Death might come, but I was all right, and remounted my horse ready for any sacrifice."

"All this was done with the greatest modesty and simplicity," wrote one of his subordinates. "He never spoke of these little pilgrimages, but neither did he make a mystery of them. Every one knew that he went to take the orders of the 'Great Commander,' and do His duty to Him before undertaking any other."

In a few words which he wrote at that time to a friend at Limoges he alludes to the same thing: "Often when we were scouring the country very early in the morning, we came upon a church. My friend Robert was with me, and we used to say, 'The Master is there! let us stop for a few moments.' Alighting from our horses we used to run into the church, and if the Priest was there, we used to get Holy Communion. Then we had to