

Priest! Priest before all! Priest above all and forever! Father Giveline underwent the painful operation, with a smile on his lips; his soul united to God in the ineffable joy of a voluntary and blessed sacrifice.

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... A few days ago Father Escousin was informed his friend, Lieutenant Giveline would pass Aubervilliers at four in the morning, on a train bearing the seriously wounded; he set out, on foot at two, in the darkness of the night, arrived at the station in good time, and soon saw his poor mutilated priest-soldier, weak and unrecognizable, but the Doctors said they hoped to save him, and afforded Father Escousin the consolation of keeping him in Paris, by placing him in the hospital of the Brothers of St. Jean de Dieu.

Father Escousin after finishing this tale, opened a box he had and drew out the vestments of the soldier-priest, the alb, chasuble, amice, maniple, stole all dyed with blood, mute witnesses of heroism and faith, testifying to the fervor of the priest and the intrepidity of the soldier.

In the intimacy of a pious conversation, Father Escousin, asked his wounded friend: "when you were struck when you fell at the foot of the Tabernacle, were you fully conscious?— I was perfectly lucid, — How did the awful shock affect you?— I was gald, it was so sweet to feel God had heard my prayer."

Today Father Giveline, the priest soldier is convalescing; he will return to the front, when he is able, more a priest than ever, keeping in his heart the interior joy of a sacrifice blessed by heaven.

Y. D'ISNE.
