

moment a bomb explodes on the altar, reduces it to powder, overthrows priest and captain, leaving only the Tabernacle standing.

The Captain is the first to recover, he is not wounded; the priest, bathed in blood, helped by the Captain, with difficulty gets to his feet. Fragments of the deadly missile have inflicted three ugly scalp wounds and broken his arm in two places.

"Can you walk to the ambulance? — Yes, Captain, if you will kindly lead me for this blood blinds me. — Would it be possible to take off your vestments? — No, it's impossible. Moreover I am glad to go as priest to the ambulance"... glad?...

And the Captain gazed in amazement at this wounded soldier-priest whose eyes shone with supernatural light. "You do not know Captain, you cannot know how happy I am! Do not question me but let us recite the Magnificat, each a stanza in turn, as we walk along."

And he began: "Magnificat anima mea Dominum! My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced".....

The beautiful hymn goes on to the end, for the ambulance they thought so near, had been obliged to move further away from the threatening bombs, and they only reached it after the Gloria Patri.

That was an indescribable moment.

"Our Lieutenant! In priestly vestments. He was wounded saying Mass. Is it serious?".....

And he, radiant, calm and serene gently said: "Do not be anxious about me, I am not the first you have seen wounded. It is not serious, I do not suffer."

The vestments drenched with blood are taken off with infinite care, the white alb is forever empurpled.

The Doctors pronounce it a very serious case requiring three operations on the head immediately. After that the arm would be attended too.

"Please treat my arm, specially, for if I live, I must be able to say my Mass."