

father, 'Mr. Chiniquy, is it true that you and your child read the Bible?'

"'Yes, sir,' was the quick reply 'we do, and what is more my little boy has learnt by heart a great number of its most interesting chapters. If you will allow it, Mr. Curate, he will give you some of them.' 'I did not come for that purpose,' abruptly replied the priest, 'but do you not know that you are forbidden by the holy council of Trent to read the Bible, and that it is my painful duty to get the Bible from you and burn it.'

"Quick as lightning my father was on his feet, while I clung trembling to my mother's gown. My father's anger was terrible, and I feared a violent scene was about to take place for he paced the room with a double quick step, his lips pale and trembling. The priest closely watched my father's movements, his hands pressing his heavy cane, and his face giving the evidence of a too well grounded terror.

"'Sir,' said my father, 'is that all you have to say here?' 'Yes, sir,' said the trembling priest. 'Well,' added my father, 'you know the door by which you entered my house, please take the same door and go away quickly.' The priest went out immediately. I felt an inexpressible joy when I saw that my Bible was safe. I ran to my father's neck, kissed him, and thanked him for his victory, and to pay him in my childish way I jumped upon the table and recited in my best style the fight between David and Goliath. Of course, in my mind, my father was David and the priest of Rome was the giant whom the little stone from the brook had stricken down. Thou knowest, O God, that it is to that Bible read at my mother's knee I owe the knowledge of the truth to-day; that the Bible had sent to my young heart and intelligence rays of light which all the dark errors of Rome could never completely extinguish."

When Chiniquy was twelve years old his father died. Shortly after the funeral they were again visited by Rev. Mr. Courtois who demanded money from the poor widow in order that prayers should be made for the deliverance of her husband from the flames of purgatory. Mrs. Chiniquy had been left quite penniless, and told the priest so, "but," she added, "you see that cow in the meadow not far from the house; her milk and the butter made from it form the principal part of my children's food. I hope you will not take her away from us. If, however, such a sacrifice must be made to deliver my poor husband's soul from purgatory,