

me the book." Then the priest asked, "Has your boy also permission to read it?" and my father replied, "If it is not bad for me to read it cannot be bad for my boy." The priest then said, "M. Chiniquy, you know better, you have studied theology, and you know that my duty here is a very painful one. *I came here to take away from your hands this book and burn it.*" My father was a quick-tempered Frenchman, and he could not stand that. He rose up as quick as lightning and began to pace the room. I was trembling by the side of my mother, anticipating at every turn that my father would take the priest and throw him through the window. The priest also was trembling, seeing that there was a storm ahead. At the end of four or five minutes my father stopped quickly before the priest, and said, "Is that all you have to say in my house?" The priest said, "Yes, that is all I have to say." Then my father answered, "If that is all you have to say, sir, here is the door by which you came. Please take that door and go away." And the priest thought it advisable to follow this good advice, and he went away at the double quick.

I was so glad that my father had kept my Bible that I ran to his neck and kissed him, and thanked him for his victory over the enemy. The week before I had learned the beautiful history of the battle of David against Goliath, and in order to pay my father with my childish money I gave him that history, telling how David with a little stone had killed the giant. Of course, in my mind, my father was the David, the little man, the priest was the giant, and the Bible was the stone.

But the year after, my father died suddenly, and, not long after, the Bible disappeared from the house. Probably the priest had sent someone to take it away. Now this Bible is the root of everything in the story of my conversion. That is the light which was put into my soul when young, and, thanks be to God, that light has never been