

to eat the meat. His attempt failed ingloriously as we have seen above.

After dinner Rodgers found himself in the midst of a crowd of boys regarding him with feelings of mixed wonder and curiosity, as the boy who "cheeked Monks, and refused to eat meat on Friday."

"What a silly ass he is," he overheard one say.

"Oh, yes, a little bigot," responded another; "this is the first time a Catholic refused to take what he got on a Friday. We'll soon teach him better."

"Oh, let him alone," said a bigger boy, who just joined the group. "He will soon get tired of his abstinence. He will eat meat like the rest, next Friday. Let the youngster alone. It's not quite fair to a new-comer."

The majority of the boys began to feel ashamed of themselves, and hurried off to their cricket and tennis, leaving their recent victim in peace. He repeated more than once: "He will eat meat like the rest, next Friday." Why, what a stupid lot of duffers they are, he thought, not to know that a Catholic can't eat meat on a Friday. But I wonder if it's true that the other Catholics here eat meat. Here comes Hardy, I'll ask him.

Hardy had been a distant, former acquaintance, and had acted as the new-comer's patron since his arrival at Seaforth's. Great, then, was Rodgers' surprise when this young gentleman called out:

"What the dickens did you want making such a fool of yourself in the refectory to-day? The sooner you drop such nonsense, and do as every one else does, the better. I thought you were a fellow of some sense."

"Surely, Hardy, you don't mean to say you ate meat to-day, Friday."

"Why, you little idiot, do you suppose one can live on potatoes and bread. One can abstain on Friday at home if he likes, but in Rome one must do as the Romans do. Have a little sense in future, Rodgers."