

Willie's best interests ; the boy has talent, remarkable talent, and it would be unfair to him, as well as to ourselves, if we were to deprive him of the advantages of such an education as may be had at Seaforth's. There are already plenty of Catholics there. Major Hardy told me last summer he was sending his two boys there."

So Willie was sent to Seaforth's ; late in the term, too, which caused everyone to talk of the new-comer. He had been put on to bowl at cricket the first day, and took Monks' wicket the first over. Everyone was delighted, except Monks ; for Monks was a bit of a bully, and was, in consequence, secretly hated by the boys.

His first night the new-comer knelt down by his bedside to say his night prayers, as was his unfailing custom. There was a titter in the dormitory. Someone threw a pillow at him, another hit him with a sponge ; but he didn't appear to mind. Monks hit him with his slipper. That hurt. 'Twas mean, too. Rodgers seemed vexed when he looked round, and Monks pretended to be engaged with his tooth brush, but the night prayers were finished without further interruption. This was the beginning of it, but the real trouble came on Friday.

On Friday the new-comer found that no provision had been made for anyone who did not wish to eat meat. The dishes came one after another, but, with the exception of some vegetables and a potato, he found there was nothing he could eat. This was hard for a hungry youth like himself. Potatoes and vegetables are never satisfactory in such a case. It was still harder to see his neighbors on all sides watching his evident discomfort. They were staring and sneering at him so. He could hear whispered remarks and polite inquiries about his health and appetite. He felt the shame burning on his cheeks at so much attention being paid to him ; yet it no more occurred to him to eat meat than to cut off his head. At length Monks, the biggest boy at the table, took it upon himself to compel the new-comer