



THE NEW BOY.

"YOU had better eat meat, you know, Rodgers," said Monks.

"Monks is a terror," whispered another, "you had better."

"I can't," expostulated Rodgers. "Catholics can't eat meat on a Friday."

"But you'll have to," continued Monks.

"I shan't," was the quiet answer.

"See here," said Monks, "if you don't, I'll make you. We shall stand none of your bigotry here."

"Try."

Monks reflected, made a mental estimation of the new-comer's fighting powers, and seemed to hesitate, then stammered, "Well, I would, only I don't like to hurt you."

Rodgers smiled. He was a new-comer to Seaforth's boarding school. Seaforth's, you must know, was one of the most successful schools in the colony. It was a Presbyterian school; but professed to be perfectly impartial in matters of religion. To this academy Willie Rodgers was sent by a father, who was ambitious that his son should carve his name on the future history of Australia. Mrs. Rodgers ventured to expostulate. She had been so careful of her son's training from the cradle that she looked with some anxiety to the prospect of his living in such an un-Catholic atmosphere as a Presbyterian boarding school. Her husband was inflexible.

"My dear," he said to her, "you shut your eyes to