

and extend its healthful influence, than whole years of spasmodic efforts in catering for the entertainment of the public. Plays, lectures and concerts are no doubt very good in their way. They afford innocent amusement; they call out latent powers too often doomed "to blush unseen;" they inspire elevating tastes and sentiments; and last, not least, they add something to the funds of the society. But these efforts, though often characterised by what is called a "great success," are not by any means certain indications of healthy and enduring vigor. Necessarily ephemeral in their nature, depending for their support on the ever-changing and capricious popular taste, they are a strain upon the steady, regular work of the society, and they not unfrequently call into being those elements of discord—heart-burning jealousies and angry irritation—which are sometimes fatal to the very existence of the body which looks to these adventitious aids as its chief sources of subsistence. Believe me, the neat, orderly, well-furnished room, ever ready for the reception of members disposed to chat over the news of the day, or to indulge in some quiet game—the spacious library carpeted throughout, with its broad table covered with popular literature, and easy, comfortable chairs, gently inviting to intellectual repose—the grand hall, on which no pains or expense have been spared to render it worthy of the hospitality of the society and respect to its honored guests, and the appliances for comfort and convenience on every side—in a word, a club-house, worthy of the aim and objects of the society, will prove the bone and sinew which will give it character, influence, and stability. The members cannot enter a building of this kind without a sensible pleasure that it is their own, and the work of their hands. The very sight of it as they pass by will exercise a salutary and elevating influence. It will be a positive delight to them to introduce their friends from a distance, and to witness their glad surprise. They will think of it, speak of it, write of it, till it is ever before them—a monument to their enterprising, devoted, and persevering energy—their better genius as it were—reminding them of the triumphs of firm purpose, and crushing beneath its giant foot every paltry, petty, and ignoble aim of variance with the grand object of its existence.

It is all very well to extol the humanising influence of schools. No doubt they are the starting point in the formation of character, and without them it would be vain to think of anything like superior culture. One who has not had school training, or been schooled into religious habits of thought and action, is ordinarily, whatever his exterior may be, a sort of savage in reality. "Scratch the surface," as they say of the Russ, "and you will find the Tartar." But school is, after all, at the very best, only a place of training to enable us to profit by the lessons of life. Experience, under favourable circumstances of place and association, is the great humanizer. The character of the man mainly depends on those with whom he associates when he is for the first time free to act for himself. This is, you all know, the danger point in the life of every young man. Here he needs guidance most of all—a guidance and help not such as rigid theory and stern, uncompromising virtue would enforce, but practical help, suited to his disposition and most likely to influence his heart. You must win him to the side of what is good and honourable by positive attractions. Of what use is it to say to him, "You ought to read," "You ought to employ your spare time profitably," "You ought to avoid these low places of amusement," "You ought to consort with better company," if there is no inducement or practical means pointed out for the accomplishment of those lessons of wisdom? You expect a young man, after a day's work, to sit down in a wretched make-shift of a library, amid foul air and noise and crowding and confusion, or you compel him, pining for recreation and amusement and fun with companions as lively as himself, to mope over the borrowed books in his solitary room. You are aggrieved because after a time he looks discontented and unhappy! and are amazed when wayward nature at last rebels, and will have its way! Theorize as you will, reason as you may, upon what ought to be,—*Contra factum non licet argumentari*—"There is no getting over a fact." And it is, I believe, a stubborn fact that the majority of our youth are sent headlong to destruction because, at the dangerous outset of life, they are not helped, as they ought to be, to the formation of steady and elevating habits. Give them, then, I say, a chance, a fair chance of a good start in the struggle against evil; supply them with the aids suitable to their dispositions; make those pursuits to which you would have them turn their leisure hours pleasant and attractive; give them a home that they can look up to with respect, surround them with its comforts and amenities, and you will do more to train them in the way in which they ought to go, and make them real men, than if you had them for ever under your eye and guarded them with the most jealous care from every appearance of evil. Hence I say with all my heart to St. Patrick's Society, "Go on and prosper" in the work you have begun. Carry out your plan with no niggard hand. Let everything in and about your club-rooms be first-rate of its kind—furniture, decorations, and all. May it be said of them in the words of the poet—

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest—

so may you hope to leaven the whole mass with a new spirit—the weakest elements must rise with the body, till even the victims of intemperance, and the worst excesses roused from the besotting sleep of sensuality, and the dream of sin, by the freshening atmosphere of the place, awoken to shame and repentance, and turn away with loathing and disgust from what, in their wild delirium, they once fancied as the sole enjoyment of life.

Those who have ability to profit by the advantages offered them, and yield to the gentle attractions inviting them to do so, will certainly be greatly benefitted. "But who amongst the very best of our members," I seem to hear them say, "can hope to aspire to those high positions or win those triumphs you have spoken of?" "A fair field and no favor?" No; there is a prejudice against us, for we are Irishmen and Roman Catholics. Suffer me for a moment to touch on this delicate ground. I will not detain you long, and will be careful to avoid saying a word to offend the religious sensibilities of any one

present. This is a practical point of much interest to every member of St. Patrick's Society, and I cannot well avoid alluding to it on the present occasion, and particularly on St. Patrick's Day. I have you see, put the two names together—Irishmen and Roman Catholics. Once they were identical almost in many parts of the colony; and as far as my own feelings are concerned, I wish from my heart they were so in reality. Some forty or fifty years ago, in the Eastern Province, they had queer notions about the animal called Irishman. Even those who are anything but friendly to the being in his two-fold capacity at the present day, would smile at what was currently believed in the olden times, and at the traditions regarding the race still preserved in some nooks and corners of Lower Albany. I do not find fault with the "Pilgrim Fathers," as they are sometimes called. They and their families knew little or nothing of us before they landed here, and what they knew afterwards of the many wild, reckless, harum-scarum deserters and runaways from the army was not calculated to impress them favorably. These notions, thank God, are now, we may say, "past and gone." From Algoa Bay to the Gold Fields I question if you will meet an intelligent human being of any nationality who will think the less of any sober, well-conducted man, simply because he is an Irishman. There are good specimens of the Celt everywhere throughout the land—men that we may be proud of in all ranks and in all professions—and the better they are known, I can safely say, the more they are esteemed. The genial qualities of the Celtic heart, when duly controlled, make friends everywhere. So far, then, nationality is no barrier to success. But then comes the religious question, and here I must confess there is a prejudice. But it is not a prejudice which should discourage anyone amongst you from doing his best to win fame and honor in the battle of life. It is now not a blind, invincible prejudice. Even amongst the Boers in the wilderness, who were once taught to curse and loathe the very name of Catholic, there is a wide-spread and rapidly growing belief that Catholics can be honest men and true. You can live down a prejudice like this. Be men in the real signification of the word; shrink from everything that is low, mean, and contemptible; be honest and truthful in all your dealings; have self-respect, and then your natural good qualities, your warm-heartedness in friendship, your fervent gratitude for kindness, your well-known generosity, will balance anything disagreeable even in the name of Papist. The day is gone by when the mere cry of an odious name can evoke the rage and indignation even of a mob. We can afford to treat these cries of passion with indifference and contempt. They do us no real harm: rather, I should say from experience, help us, and certainly react on those who are so low and cowardly as to attempt by this means to hound on the public against their Christian brethren.

A word more and I have done; and what I have to say, in conclusion, is suggested by what has been just now before my mind, as well as the festival of St. Patrick. We have to suffer at times from prejudice against our religion. The great remedy which not only averts evil, but converts evil into good, is patient endurance. If you study the life of the great missionary who christianized Ireland, and whose memory we venerate to-day, you will find that this virtue of patient suffering was an eminent trait in his character. In him, through grace, it rose to heroism. And if you read the history of your country you will see that he stamped this character on the soul of the nation he had begotten in Christ. Impatient of constraint, highly sensitive to wrong, impulsive to the highest degree of any people on the face of the earth, brave and dauntless to a fault, the Celts of Ireland, as a people, learned from St. Patrick's teaching and example to be "meek and humble of heart;" and they practised this sublime virtue, first taught by Christ, through whole centuries of cruel wrong. This a lowly virtue in the eyes of worldly-minded men, rather, I might say, it is contemned and despised by them as our Divine Redeemer in the fool's garb and silent before the tribunal of Herod was despised and scorned by the proud monarch and his courtiers, but it is in truth a sublime virtue—heaven-born in its origin—and requiring the example of a God-made-Man to render it conceivable and practicable to proud human nature. It in a manner defies this nature. Talk of the bravery of the battle-field, and physical courage in all its forms, these are but mere instincts of man's better nature compared with the heroism of endurance! For this involves the determined trampling down of self in every shape and form, and the constant, unwearied, patient watchfulness to keep down this most powerful passion of the human heart. Learn to be patient and silent for conscience' sake. Let this be the crowning virtue of the habits of self-respect and mutual forbearance and gentle manners, which I firmly believe will be fostered in this new St. Patrick's hall and club-room; and there is no doubt but that the name of Irishman will rise every day in the public estimation of Port Elizabeth, and that your countrymen throughout the colony will look to you and your works with honest pride and gratification.

Mr William Barry, of Killmallock, Dr Meehan, of Holycross, Dr Sheedy, Killmallock, Thomas Donovan, and Michael Meehan, were prosecuted at the Bruff petty sessions for an extraordinary series of frauds upon the New York Insurance Company. It was alleged that the lives of several persons living in the district were insured with the company without their knowledge, their signatures to the necessary documents being forged and fraudulent medical certificates. Barry was alleged to be a party to the frauds and the other persons were charged with preparing and signing the fraudulent documents. One of the persons so insured was Mr Charles Wilmot Smyth, J.P., who was at the time engaged in disputes with his tenants and threatened with assassination, and it was alleged that Meehan, one of the accused, attended a meeting at Ballylanders to accuse him. The accused were returned for trial at the assizes on two distinct cases.

During last year 90 149 emigrants left Ireland, being an increase compared with the year 1872 of 12,047. The total emigration from Ireland since May 1, 1851, the date at which the collection of returns commenced, is stated at 2 252,744 persons.

Prince Arthur has been created Duke of Connaught and Earl of Sussex.