

FR JAMES MULLINS CM

Greg Cooney CM

Fr James Mullins came to Australia from Ireland in 1907 and spent twelve years here, of which ten were passed at St Stanislaus' College, Bathurst, and two at St Joseph's Parish, Malvern. He probably would have stayed for a longer period had not the Provincial Council, in 1918, determined that he should go to China with Fr Patrick O'Gorman CM to commence a new house in Peking.¹

The ex-students of St Stanislaus' College honoured him with a farewell dinner in Sydney in 1918.² The journey took approximately three weeks and he arrived in China at the end of January 1919 to be greeted by the coldest weather he had ever felt in his life.³

Fr Patrick O'Gorman arrived some months later and they took up residence at St Joseph's Church, in a suburb known as Tung T'ang, on 13 August 1919. At the request of the Vicar Apostolic, Mgr Jarlin, a college, known as St Patrick's College, was begun for teaching the Chinese youth English and other commercial and scientific studies. Initially, the College was conducted in their own house.⁴

Fr Dan O'Connell CM, who joined him later in Peking, recalls him as man who had a kind word for everyone and tender spot in his big heart for the poor; as man who relished a challenge, even when it involved

¹ "The Irish Vincentian Mission to Peking -- Origins," *Colloque*, 1(Summer 1979): 43-51, at 46.

² *Echoes from St Stanislaus'*, (1919); 6.

³ James Mullins CM, "A Lesson in Geography," in *Cheerful China*, Chinese Mission Series, no. 7,(Essendon, Victoria: St Columban's Mission Society, 1925), 15.

⁴ "The Irish Vincentian Mission to Peking - Origins," 49-50; and "The Irish Vincentians in China," *Colloque*, 5(Spring 1982), 43.

grappling with an unfamiliar language; as man of learning, of keen wit and humour and of overflowing geniality.⁵

Fr John Hall CM, who was at St Stanislaus' College with him, recalls that he

...was yet another of Ireland's great gifts to us. ... It is very safe to say that the boys of his time never forgot him, and the memory is a kindly one. The most obliging of men, he had the rare gift of thoughtfulness which wins hearts more effectively than perhaps any other quality. His effervescent humour made him an exceptionally popular lecturer and the most delightful of companions.⁶

Whilst in China, Jimmy Mullins (or Moo Shen Foo, as he was known in China), wrote a number of reflective, and entertaining essays, many of which were published in *The Far East*, a magazine published by the Columban Fathers in Australia.

These essays were collected in a volume, *Cheerful China* published in 1925, as a means of raising money for the St Columban's Mission in China. In the Preface to the volume, Mullins wrote:

Some of the essays ... were printed originally in magazines in Ireland, and most of them in the "Far East" in Australia. People in Ireland said they liked Irish essays, and people in Australia said they did not dislike Australian ones. So it has occurred to me that perhaps it would not be a foolish thing to give my Irish friends a chance of reading the Australian essays, and to give my

⁵ Dan O'Connell CM, "Inimitably Mullinesque," *Evangelizare* [Student magazine of the Irish Province], (August 1955): 28-30.

⁶ John Hall CM, *History of St Stanislaus' College Bathurst including St Charles' Seminary, 1867 to May 24th, 1944*, (Bathurst: St Stanislaus' College, c 1944), 141.

Australian friends a chance of reading the Irish ones. ... It is said that a man who has been but five years in China cannot have enough experience of the country to justify him writing a book on it. That is absolutely true. But this book does not pretend to be a book on China. It is an attempt to reveal the impressions made on a new arrival by a very interesting people. ...

In the hope that readers of today will find his impressions interesting, two of them are reprinted in this edition of *Oceania Vincentian* – “A Lesson in Geography” and “A Curate in China.” In their pages one gains a deeper insight of the depth of the wisdom, wit and affability that endeared James Mullins to many.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY¹

James Mullins CM

“Now, there is, of course, a geography of information, but it does not become educational until it is transformed into a geography of inspiration. Most of the geography of information with which children are stuffed until they can recite it—regurgitate it—is forgotten. There is no use, except the bad use of display, in remembering the boundaries of States, or, in fact, anything very arbitrary of that sort which takes the place of strong visualisations, both of the countries and of the people and animals and plants which live and die in them.”—(The “Atlantic Monthly.”)

As I read these same words, for the first time, last evening, two memories came back to me together. Nearly thirty years ago I saw and heard a little girl, about eleven years old, grinding away at the task of memorizing the Lakes of China, their length, their breadth, and, above all, their unpronounceable names. Years afterwards, when I was teaching in Australia, I mentioned to an extremely intelligent pupil of mine that many Europeans— even educated ones—had the drollest notions about the habits and customs of the Australian people. (I did not tell him, as I did not wish to hurt his feelings, that a French lady at Lourdes asked a friend of mine if the Australians were cannibals! This, of course, was long before the war; the French people know and appreciate the Australians now.) “Don’t they ever learn geography?” asked the astonished boy. “Well, they do; but they learn it as the little girl learned the Lakes of China.”

I lived within three weeks’ sail of Shanghai for more than twelve years without having the slightest idea of the manner of living and dying of

¹ Reprinted from: Rev. J. Mullins CM, *Cheerful China*. Chinese Mission Series no. 7 (Essendon, Victoria: St Columban’s Mission Society, 1925), 11-18.

A Lesson in Geography

the four hundred millions of Chinese people who were almost next door. Whatever was the cause of it, meantime, the most extraordinary notions got into my head. When I was actually leaving Australia for Peking, I met a travelled friend who tried to change my ideas about the capital city of one of the most cultured countries on earth.

I was under the impression, for instance, that it was an utterly unsafe proceeding to go for a walk in broad daylight, even in the principal streets of Peking. As a matter of fact, Peking is probably the only city in the world where a stranger may go, during any hour of the twenty-four, through high streets and bye streets, without the slightest fear of molestation. Following a practice much beloved of the Chinese, I will give a couple of striking examples. When I had been here about ten days, the Vicar-General asked me, on a Saturday evening, to say Mass next morning for the Sisters of Charity in St. Michael's Hospital, Legation-street. My knowledge of French at that time was on a par with my knowledge of Chinese; but still I more or less distinctly caught the word "voiture." Now, to me the word "voiture" meant anything from an aeroplane to a wheelbarrow, so next morning, when I came across a rickshaw at the big gate of the Pei-tang at 5 o'clock, I naturally thought it was for me. Accordingly, I got on board, and the puller started off without making the slightest attempt to find out where we were going. He led me through a labyrinth of city "boreens" (called here "hu-tungs") on that dark February morning, and he might have taken my life without the slightest difficulty any moment that he wished. So far from doing that, he used various short cuts to get me to what he thought was my place of destination, and, after about a quarter of an hour's run, triumphantly landed me at the Peking railway station.

Here was a pleasant situation—a guide who didn't know a syllable of any tongue but Chinese, a stranger who knew one Chinese word ("lai," meaning "come"), and that wrong, the Sisters, and their staff meantime waiting for Mass. There was only one thing for it, to meander into the void, literally to hurtle in a vacuum, until something turned up. The

“something” proved to be a soldier attached to the Dutch Legation, who was taking an airing at five in the morning.

“Parlez-vous Français, Monsieur?” (or words to that effect), said I. “No,” he replied, “but I speak English.” “Very well,” I said, “can you put my puller on the road to St Michael’s Hospital ?” He could and did, and when I gave the poor rickshaw puller a little extra for our forty-five minutes’ promenade, his mute gratitude was more eloquent than the loud gratitude of a satisfied Irish jarvey— if such a freak there be.

In the heart of the country I had an experience of the same kind. Some time ago my business took me to a place called Shundefoo, about a day’s journey by train from Peking. Whilst there I received from a Famine Committee one hundred dollars in silver for the Sisters of Charity, who have an orphanage on the outskirts of the country town. When the money was handed over to me it was already dark, and, a stranger in an unknown spot, I had to make my way to the Catholic settlement by the aid of the only rickshaw puller I could get. Now, I do not wish to pose as a Marco Polo or an Abbé Huc, but how many middle-aged priests would like to rickshaw through a famine district with a hundred silver dollars at eight o’clock on a winter’s night? Yet I did not hesitate for an instant, simply because I knew something about the Chinese people.

Coming up in the boat from Australia, my imagination used to be filled with visions of what would happen if I were to be left behind by accident at a lonely railway station between Shanghai and Peking. I communicated these fears to an English commercial traveller who journeyed with me in the same carriage from Mukden to Peking. He assured me that he had travelled all over the interior of China without ever receiving an insult of any kind or the slightest approach to physical harm, “Here we are, Father,” he said, “now in this train; supposing. these were wild people, what chance would we two white

men have against so many hundreds of them?" Obviously none at all. But still, a lighted train is a place that comes under public observation; whereas I have gone on foot at eleven o'clock at night to a sick call alone, with as much confidence in my personal safety in these dark "hu-tungs" of Peking as if I were walking down the streets of my native town. Apart from instances of engineered red-fool fury, such as the Tientsin massacre and the Boxer rising, the Chinese either has no habitual disposition to "murder, ambush, and reprisal," or, if he has, he controls it under his yellow exterior much more effectively than some of his Christian brothers.

Oddly enough, wrong as I was in my ideas of the Chinese attitude towards the "foreign devils," an experience I had, on my very first morning, should have confirmed me in the "fond things I vainly imagined." On the coldest morning I ever felt in my life (January 30th, 1919), I visited the venerable Bishop of Mukden and got his permission to say Mass. Chatting with him after Mass in absolutely catastrophic French, I asked him if persecution of Christians was rampant in China still: "My predecessor was killed," he answered, with characteristic shrug and smile, leaving me, as I journeyed back through the native city, under the impression, as the American humorist said, that every moment might be "my next."

Of course, there have been Boxers, and there are always bandits, but the Boxers were dupes, led, not by lions, but by sharks; while a bandit is very often a soldier who, never getting any pay in a regular way, makes up his mind to levy his own taxation by direct action, as the Central Government is unable or unwilling to do it for him. Some of these bandits are, like their prototypes the Australian bushrangers, real "sports." Thus, the young traveller above referred to told me that on one occasion when the bandits captured a traveller belonging to that ubiquitous interest, the B.A.T. (the British and American Tobacco Association), the bagman handed round cigarettes in large quantities, and then persuaded his captors to let him out and get on with his job. An American who has travelled the country often assured me he had

A Lesson in Geography

no trouble at all in getting away from them. In one place where they are particularly bad, and where the Government is powerless, they always respect the Catholic Mission flag, and I have heard of a case where a non-Catholic missionary here in the city made a five weeks' trip in that neighbourhood carrying with him the Catholic Mission flag all the time.

In one of the famine districts near Peking the bandits had a Famine Committee of their own! And a very sane Englishman who was running the adjoining district Committee opened negotiations for mutual support.

I do not write these things to glorify robbery or to convert a pack of undoubtedly genuine scoundrels into highly imitable moving-picture heroes. No, I am only trying to give the devil his due; and, in reparation for the view I held until two years ago, I now frankly admit that in my reading of the letters written by Vincentians from here over two hundred years ago, I have come across ample evidence of widespread tolerance and non-interference even then; and at all times Chinese men and women have been found ready to sacrifice wealth, comfort, and even life to succour and shelter these strange white men who have left father and mother to bring news of Jesus Christ to the people whose rulers have rewarded them with death.

Another quotation from the "Atlantic": "If you want to teach geography in the best way, you take the children to the place you wish to have them learn about." A child who had learnt geography in the worst way once wrote to me: "It must be queer to think, when you go to bed, your head will be cut off before morning." Well, in some countries, perhaps yes; but never in peaceful Peking. An elderly lady, who has taught school herself, wrote to me recently: "Do you ever get anything eatable at all?" I wish, in the spirit of the "Atlantic" writer I have quoted, I could take that lady and a couple of hundred of her pupils to the Railway Hotel at Shihkiatchwang. It is right in the

A Lesson in Geography

“bush,” but far more up to date than any hotel I have seen anywhere outside a capital city. The proprietor is a good Chinese Catholic, as I discovered when I tried—unsuccessfully—to make him accept payment for an excellent cup of tea. Four of us turned in there without notice at ten o’clock at night, and were immediately provided with perfectly clean beds, were introduced to bathrooms whereof the fittings were first-class, and finally were shown into a commercial room, where we had a chance of regaling ourselves impartially with “Punch” or a set of German comic papers before betaking ourselves to bed.

In Peking, Shanghai, Tientsin, etc., etc., you can buy anything short of the grace of God, provided you have enough money. Those who can manage Chinese “chow” are able to live luxuriously on about three or four shillings a week. (Three dollars used keep a famine victim alive from November until May.) On the other hand, those who can pay for sharks’ fins, birds’ nests, etc., may spend a small fortune on a dinner and still not have got as far as the soup. I was at a first-class Chinese dinner once. I think it was somewhere about the thirty-second dish or bowl that I lost the count. If only I could have taken some of our school children, especially our school boys, to that, it would have been an ideal geography class indeed.

A CURATE IN CHINA.¹

James Mullins CM

The worst possible preparation for a curacy in a Chinese city is to be a curate in an Australian city first. In Australia, domiciliary visitation is vital to missionary success; in Chinese cities it is not at all encouraged, and, outside exceptional cases, not even permitted. In Australia an active priest plays many parts in the course of his varied missionary career—now figuring as a sort of *impresario* in a fund-raising effort; again intervening as a *deus ex machina* in the settlement of a domestic problem; to-day, reproving an architect who has listened too willingly to a committee that is determined to be generous, and more than generous, with other people's money; to-morrow, appeasing a *prima donna in petto* whose "execution" of the offertory piece on Sunday last has not received due recognition from the local Catholic weekly's musical critic. At all times, as a matter of course, the Australian curate is busy with confessions, sermons, Extreme Unctions, and the like, and, in between, he may be harassed by the elusive figures in his account books, which, like the reckonings of Dora in "David Copperfield," simply "will not come out right." I know my Canon Law to be sufficiently well to be aware of the fact that an Australian curate, as such, has not yet to encounter, at first hand, these evils; but he is at least in training for them, and, if it be not his fate to beard bank managers and to contract contractors, he is not in the least likely to escape the wailings of the humiliated Tetrizzinis.

Far otherwise is it in the East. Funds are raised on a different plan. Whatever the method be— it varies in different vicariates — a curate's sleep here is never interrupted by the fear that the tickets or next

¹ Reprinted from: Rev. J. Mullins CM, *Cheerful China*. Chinese Mission Series no. 7 (Essendon, Victoria: St Columban's Mission Society, 1925), 124-134.

week's concert may not be printed before Sunday; that the girl who is to lead the others in the action song may suddenly be afflicted with the mumps; that the Sisters may have forgotten to write to Mrs. Somebody to tell her that Rosie cannot have her name on the programme for the pianoforte duet, but, by way of compensation, she and her cousin Doreen may stand in the front row "of the photograph," provided that the Sisters approve of their frocks.

A curate in a Chinese city parish has his solely spiritual work to do. In the main, he says Mass, preaches, and hears confessions, like curates anywhere else, but his Extreme Unctions excite more of what is technically called *admiratio* (wonder) than do the similar administrations of a curate in Australia.

It is not the thing to pay casual calls on Chinese households, and however welcome a priest may be to Catholics, he has always to reckon—in Peking, at all events—with the eager crowd of inquisitive pagans that surround the isolated houses of Catholics, and must know the whys and wherefores of those who come and those who go. I have a Chinese friend here—an excellent Catholic—who sometimes goes to see his father-in-law; the latter lives in a city about sixty miles from Peking. The father-in-law is a man of standing in the district, and he occasionally takes his son-in-law out to look up a couple of friends. The old man and the young man have in this way visited several neighbouring houses, but the young man assures me he has never once seen the face of a woman in the course of these friendly calls. The women saw him, of course, for they are famous, like their sex in some other countries, for "looking through the lattices"; but even when their husbands give big dinner parties to friends, the ladies of the true-blue, dyed-in-the-wool Chinese households are nowhere to be seen.

You can imagine, then, the excitement in a city lane when a foreign priest comes along to give the Last Sacraments to a woman who is about to die. There is nothing like public commotion; that is not the Chinese way. The little street may be as silent as a cemetery, but it is

an easy sum to calculate the degree of gossip that must be going on between the ladies in the adjoining households when you remember that these ladies have nothing in the world to do but talk—it being a loss of “face” here for a man of any standing to have female relatives that are forced by poverty to work. Of course, all possible precautions are taken to prevent unworthy comment, but people cannot be allowed to die, without Sacraments, rules or no rules.

I have had very little experience in that way myself, but I had a sick call once that I am not likely to forget. I was here just a year when, on Chinese New Year’s Day, I was called to a dying man in a remote city by-way, a long distance from the presbytery. When, after an innumerable series of twistings and turnings, I arrived at the house, the man was on the point of death; he died as I was saying the final prayers. There was nothing very much out of the common in that, but I got a lesson in Chinese calmness from subsequent events. The moment the poor man died, two other men who were in the room reverently covered his face with a cloth, and then proceeded to pay New Year’s honours to me. In the same room—a room very much smaller than an average bed-room—they invited me to have some tea. To play the game according to the received rules, I said, “Certainly,” and so was handed the customary milkless, sugarless tea of the country. Then my host in those poor surroundings, for the place had all the look of a stable-yard or a mews, asked me to have a smoke. As a refusal might not have looked well on the great annual festival, I again cheerfully assented; whereupon one of the two men went out to a small shop in the neighbourhood and came back with a packet of cigars. The cigar that was lighted for me, according to Chinese politeness, by my host, subsequently enabled an old lady whom I met on my way back to spend an unexpectedly happy New Year. Meanwhile, as we went through the formality of afternoon tea, I was highly edified by the faith of these two simple Chinese, who congratulated me on getting there in time. As far as I could gather—after only one year in China I could not gather much—the dead man was a stranger from the country, who had no friends, and these two men gave up their festivities to look after

him. They saw me off with the usual ceremonies that attend one's departure from a Chinese house, and, though I was ill when I started out, and the weather was as cold almost as it could be, I thanked God as I returned home that He had called me in His mysterious providence to save the soul of that poor, half-forsaken Chinese, which had gone to celebrate its true New Year's Day in heaven.

I had another sick call later on that gave me a still further look into the jealously guarded homes and habits of the Chinese. A baby was dying of small-pox, and I was called to baptize it. When I got to the house, which seemed to be that of a rich man, I was wondering what a strict theologian would do in regard to baptizing that poor little baby. According to theologians, the baptismal water must touch the skin when it is poured, as directed, on the head of the infant. I cannot here describe the state of that unhappy infant, covered all over with small-pox sores; the only place where there seemed to be no sores was on the baby's little chin. Though most people would have been glad enough to get away as soon as possible from such a place, I thought it part of my duty as a semi-public man to give a number of sympathising ladies who had gathered for the baptism a lecture on vaccination, contagion, and so on. They heard me with great respect; one lady even developed my views more perfectly than I could do it myself; but, in a land where you read in a Conversation Manual "this child has not had small-pox yet," I doubt if my words had much effect.

There is no rush for new ideas here, and that brings me to a problem in my curacy that never confronts an Australian curate—how to convert a whole city, or a very large portion of it, from paganism to Catholicism. Conversion in the country is not so difficult a process as conversion in a city; this is the opinion of all expert authorities. I know a priest who converted the chief man in a village, and the whole village, as a matter of discipline, followed suit. I was never in a village for any length of time myself, and so I can talk of these things only from hearsay; but I know that converting city Chinese is hard work. The poor in a city have terrible temptations to robbery, and conversion means giving up

that; the rich, just to show they are rich, like to have at least the appearance of polygamy, and conversion to Catholicity emphatically means giving up that. There are minor problems besides. A tradesman here, if he is lucky, gets enough to keep body and soul together by working from daylight to dark. He desires to be converted to the Catholic Church. He must, therefore, be thoroughly instructed. He cannot do his work and learn his Catechism at the same time. His foreman will soon see to that. Dilemma: If he gives up work for a couple of months and learns his Catechism, who meanwhile is going to feed him, his wife, his mother, his grand-father, and his three children? If you feed them, are you making the pretence of conversion an easy way of getting food without working for it? Obviously, a difficult situation for a young man, and fortunately a matter for Bishops and pastors, who must be consulted in these circumstances by the curates. And the Bishops and pastors find solutions, too; for even in the cities the work of conversion goes steadily on. Only, of course, the harvest is not as heartening as one gets in the villages from time to time, nor as easy to keep permanent count of, either.

Haven't we the census—the great weapon of the curate in welding together the stray elements that, in the big cities of the world, are so sadly prone to wander and get lost? We have and we haven't. The local catechists act as shepherds, and, like Milton's shepherds, do their best "to tell their tale" - i.e., to count their flocks. But, at best, they are amateurs; and cannot ferret out "dark brothers" from all the out of the way holes and corners, as a priest can in places where it is possible to practise domiciliary visitation. The fixed population can be estimated readily enough, for where Catholicism becomes traditional in a family, the members of that family are as proud of their heritage as a Howard is of his pre-Norman blood. In a city, the floating population is an immense difficulty, as all expert census-takers know. The Chinese, either at home or abroad, does not usually carry his heart upon his sleeve, and although my experience here has shown me that half the things I used to read about the silent East have no foundation in

Chinese life, it is still undoubtedly true that a Chinese can be desperately silent when he likes.

But the fixed population presents a difficulty from another point of view. The old-standing Catholics unfortunately regard newcomers or converts as no-class, just as the descendants of Crusaders regard profiteers as bounders. The phenomenon cannot be regarded as a purely Chinese one, for the same thing happened in England in the early days of the Oxford Movement. Even Newman himself, according to Augustine Birrell, was received with well-bred composure." An enthusiastic young curate might be disposed to begin operations here by initiating a "catch-my-pal" movement—that is, by suggesting to each Christian Chinese at Mass to bring a pagan to Mass next Sunday. I can say from my own short experience, and from the very much longer experience of a venerated Vicar-Apostolic, that that kind campaigning has very little hope of success. I have been amazed myself to witness the indignation of a young, up-to-date Chinese Catholic, who speaks English, at the mere presence of some pagans in a church. He urged me quite vehemently to put them out! On one occasion here, when there was danger of general looting, it was proposed that some of the pagan women might find refuge in the church buildings during the storm. The indignation of the old-time Catholics knew no bounds. What! these people in a Catholic church! They could not stand it, or understand it either! Obviously, a difficult and delicate situation for a new curate.

On the other hand, there is little or no attack. A few quasi-intellectual Chinese Modernists make play with foreign names amongst the high-brows, but these people are beyond the range of curates. Moreover, a young Catholic boy or girl never hears a word against Catholicity in a Chinese Government school. This does not mean that these schools are satisfactory from our point of view; at best, there is that lack of Catholic atmosphere that furnishes such a vital element in the training of an Australian Catholic child. But the school problem here is not as acute, for many reasons, as it is in countries where the leagued enemies

A Curate in China

of the Church are ever on the alert to lay hold of the minds of the young. Nobody thinks the matter is unimportant, and some Missionaries have done giant work in that regard; but education in general is in a crude state, or in no state, over large areas of the country villages. Though the Government makes great efforts in the larger towns, I have been told for instance, that it is only the other day that girls of the humbler classes began to go to school at all. The highest authorities in the Church in China are fully alive to the importance of the question, as anyone who knows his Church History may expect. Whilst the Bishops have been building up their edifices with trowel in one hand and sword in the other, they have seen to it that teachers' training colleges have been built, that our Brothers and Sisters have received the diplomas of the Government, and that schools have been multiplied on modern lines. If the pace has not been as rapid on the educational road as it has been in Australia, it is not for one who comes out here as a mere learner—and who must for many years remain a mere learner—to do more than admire the deep foundations laid in blood and sweat by the “track blazers” of three centuries.

Doubling the parts of a teacher and a curate myself, I unfortunately, have not been able to get into that close touch with my people that constitutes one in China, as in Ireland, a “soggarth aroon.” I cannot, of course, go to the people as freely as I could in Australia, but the people, on the other hand, can and do come to me. In a previous essay I have said that in four years' experience I have never seen a weeping woman in China. What I meant was that I never saw a woman weeping as a result of masculine cruelty. I have seen sorrow, of course, at very lose quarters during the period of the terrible famine, but—always speaking as novice—I have, in normal circumstances, seen far more evidence of joy. The children here are habitually cheerful, and a good many of our grown-up Catholics preserve a constant child-like cheerfulness in the presence of the priest.

I may be an incurable optimist, but I see no reason in the world why a priest with a fair knowledge of the language should not be as happy in

A Curate in China

China as in any place on earth. There are drawbacks, of course, arising out of a thousand circumstances that have their roots in the depths of prehistoric soils. But the Chinese in general are a sober, thrifty and industrious people; they have an innate respect for authority, and an actual zeal for right reason and for law. If they have many of the defects of these qualities; if they stick too tenaciously to out-worn tradition, and harbour a dim idea that their country is, after all, their own, they are in the main a splendid people. They are a race whose natural qualities, in a curate's opinion, afford the finest and firmest base for the great supernatural structure of Catholicity that one day, by God's grace, will rear itself towards the Chinese sky.
