

with great fear. In the day time they reconnoitre from the neighbouring hills, and if they consider the road safe they prosecute their journey by night and in silence. Our travellers found on the way the bodies of sundry Mahomedans who had been miserably murdered. Yet the Tartars rarely slay the natives, for they call them their slaves and shepherds, from whose flocks and herds they help themselves. These Tartars make use neither of wheat nor of rice, nor of any kind of pulse, for they say such things are food for beasts and not for men ; they eat nothing but flesh, and make no objection to that of horses, mules, or camels. Yet they are said to be very long lived, and indeed not unfrequently survive to more than a hundred. The Mahomedan races who live on the Chinese frontier in this direction have no warlike spirit, and might be easily subdued by the Chinese, if that nation were at all addicted to making conquests.

In this journey it happened one night that Benedict was thrown from his horse and lay there half dead, whilst his companions who were all in advance went on in ignorance of what had happened. In fact it was not till the party arrived at the halting place that Benedict was missed. His comrade Isaac went back to seek him, but the search in the dark was to no purpose, until at last he heard a voice calling on the name of Jesus. Following the sound he found Benedict, who had given up all hope of being able to follow his companions, so that his first words were, "What angel has brought thee hither to rescue me from such a plight?" By help of the Armenian he was enabled to reach the halting place and there to recover from his fall.