

of *Nunc dimittis*. For now it seemed to him that indeed his commission was accomplished, and his pilgrimage at an end. He then read the letters, and all that night kept them near his heart. The words that were spoken, the questions that were asked may be more easily conjectured than detailed. John Ferdinand did his best to nurse him, hoping that with recovered strength he might yet be able to undertake the journey to Peking. But strength there was none; as indeed physician there was none, nor proper medicines; nor was there anything to do him good in his illness, unless it were some European dishes which John Ferdinand cooked for him. And thus, eleven days after the latter's arrival, Benedict breathed his last; not without some suspicion of his having been poisoned by the Mahomedans.

These latter had fellows always on the watch, in order to pounce upon whatever the dead man might leave. This they did in the most brutal manner; but no part of the loss which they caused was so much to be deplored as the destruction of the journal of his travels, which he had kept with great minuteness. This was a thing the Mahomedans fell on with open jaws! For the book also contained acknowledgments of debt which might have been used to compel many of them to repay the sums which they had shamelessly extracted from him. They wished to bury the body after their Mahomedan ritual, but Ferdinand succeeded in shutting out their importunate priests, and buried him in a decent locality where it would be practicable to find the body again. And those two, the Armenian and John Ferdinand, having no service-books, devoutly recited the rosary as they followed his bier.

It seems right to add a few words in commemoration of a character so worthy. Benedict Goës, a native of Portugal, a man of high spirit and acute intellect, on his first entrance into the society was sent as a volunteer to join the mission in the Mogul Empire. For many years he gave most active aid to that mission, instructing Mahomedans, Hindus, and