

steamer *Alabama*, chartered and fitted up for the Bombay pilgrims, and reaching Goa on the following day at ten A. M. Having anchored before Nova Goa or Panjim, the Governor's barge, manned with fourteen men in their state dress, received and conveyed us in about an hour's time to Goa Velha, the city of ruins, the former capital of the once Majestic Portuguese Empire of the East, still grand in the magnificent churches and convents, partly standing well preserved, partly fallen more or less into ruins. How often already have the lamentations of Jeremias been recited over this city, and how often hereafter will travelers recite them ! It is impossible to look at Old Goa without remembering the « Threini. » Will they after another three hundred years be repeated over our Bombay ? Through shrubs and rubbish we wound our way to the palace of the Archbishop, contiguous to the cathedral, a stately building, sufficiently put in repair to be used occasionally by the Archbishop and those whom his amiable hospitality calls to that marvellous city, which is now inhabited by nobody except the canons of the cathedral, who are at the same time guardians of the still extant churches and convents, and by St. Francis Xavier, resting, so to say, alive in his magnificent silver shrine of the beautiful church of the Jesuits of old.

How can I call dead him whose body dwells there preserved from corruption by God's power, and preaches with open lips to all who come to receive from the sight of an evident miracle a confirmation of their faith, consolation in their hearts, and perhaps, relief from bodily ailments ? Being received by the Archbishop with truly brotherly love, we were lodged, as many as possible, in his palace, the others finding a resting place in the cells of the old convent of St. Monica, prepared for the occasion. On the three first days of December we