

morgenländischen Gesellschaft."\* With these exceptions Lane never allowed any literary pursuit to divert him from his work. Even the revision of new editions of his earlier works demanded more time than he would spare, and he therefore left it to his nephews.

In 1867 Lane experienced one of the great sorrows of his life. He had seen both his sister's sons well advanced in their several careers: but he was destined to lose the one whom he had regarded as his own successor, the continuer of his life-work and the heir to his fame. My father's early death struck a heavy blow at Lane's love and hope. It was as the loss of an eldest son. Twenty-seven years before, he had taken to his home his sister and her sons; and now, with the same unselfish readiness, he opened his door to the three children whom my father's death had left orphans. From this time my Uncle's house was home and he was a second father to me. It was no slight sacrifice to admit three children to his quiet life: but he never let us know that it was a sacrifice at all. I can never forget the patience with which he suffered all our childish waywardness, the zealous sympathy with which he entered into our plans and pleasures, his fatherly counsel and help in our boy troubles, his loving anxiety in sickness. The few moments that he could spare from his work, which he might well have devoted to his own recreation, were given to us. He delighted to lead us to the studies he had loved himself, and would bring from the stores of his memory that scientific knowledge which had formed the favourite pursuit of his boyhood. And when I had chosen for myself the same field of study to which he had devoted his life, he gave me daily that help and advice which no one could give so well; read and revised everything I wrote; and at length, when his health was failing, gave me a last proof of his trust by confiding to me the completion of his own work.

The life of the great Orientalist was drawing to its close. Frequent attacks of low fever, added to the exhaustion of chronic bronchitis, had seriously weakened a frame already enfeebled by excessive study. I seldom left my Uncle for a few weeks without the dread that I should never see him again. It was a marvel how that delicate man battled against illness after illness, never yielding to the desire of the weary body for rest, but unflinchingly persevering with the great task he had set before him. His own knowledge of his constitution, acquired by long residence in places where medical help was not to be had, served him in good stead; and his life was ever shielded by the devoted care of his wife and sister, and the friendly attention of Dr. Henry Collet, who for many years afforded my Uncle the great advantage of his constant advice; a service of love which was continued after Dr. Collet's death, with the zeal of long affection, by his son, Mr. A. H. Collet.

But the time came when there was no longer strength to withstand the approach of death. At the beginning of August, 1876, my Uncle was suffering from a cold, which presently showed signs of a serious nature. He went on with his work till Saturday the 5th; and then a decided change came over him. The weakness increased to such a degree on Sunday that he allowed me to support him about the house, though never before would he accept even the help of an arm. That evening we induced him to go early to his bed: and he never again rose from it. Two days passed in anxious watching. Everything

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\* The first of these is entitled "Ueber die Lexicographie der arabischen Sprache," and appeared in Bd. III. SS. 90—108 (1849). It is in the form of a letter to Prof. Lepsius, and treats of the principal Arabic Lexicons, and gives specimens of Lane's own work. The other article was "Ueber die Aussprache der arabischen Vocale und die Betonung der arabischen Wörter," an excellent treatise on the pronunciation of the Arabic Vowels and on the accent (Bd. IV. SS. 171—186, 1850).