burnt before it reached the publisher, with the exception of a single copy, and the entire Part had to be printed again, and therefore did not appear till 1872. After the necessary two years' interval Part V. was published in 1874. The Sixth Part was half-printed (as far as p. 2386) when its author died; and it has taken me a year to finish it (1877). Two Parts remain to be published, besides the Second Book, which may be estimated at one or perhaps two Parts more.

The publication of the Lexicon more than confirmed the high expectations that had been formed of it. As Jules Mohl well said, each article is a perfect monograph recording all that can be recorded on the subject. Each statement is followed by initials indicating the authorities from which it was derived, except where Lane has interwoven, within brackets, his own remarks and criticisms. Thus the work is, in point of authoritativeness, as sufficient for the student as if he possessed all the original manuscripts from which it is compiled. And whereas in the native writers method is unknown and meaning follows meaning in no settled sequence, Lane has succeeded in arranging each article in logical order, distinguishing between primary and secondary meanings, and making the various significations of each root a connected whole, instead of a chaotic congeries of inexplicable contradictions. The value of the manner as well as of the matter was instantly recognized by the Orientalists of Europe. There was no question of rivalry: all and each were agreed absolutely to submit to an authority which they saw to be above dispute. The greatest Arabist of Germany used to send Lane from time to time monographs of his own inscribed with the words "Unserem Grossmeister" and the like; and his homage is but an example of the reverence felt by all for the "Schatzmeister der arabischen Sprache."

But this universal appreciation of his work did not induce Lane to slacken for a moment the severe tension of his monotonous toil. He never rested on his laurels for a single day. He felt that it was a work demanding more than one lifetime, and he determined to leave as little undone as he could. After a year at Hastings he moved to the milder climate of Worthing, and during the twenty-five years he lived there he left the place but once, going to Brighton to see his old friend Outram; and nothing but severe illness could compel him to take a day's rest.

These years at Worthing were a time of constant unvarying labour,—"Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity, Of labour that in lasting fruit outgrows Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose, Too great for haste, too high for rivalry." My Uncle would go to his desk after an early breakfast and work for three or four hours in the morning. An early dinner then made a nécessary interruption, but afterwards he would begin again without a moment's delay, and continue writing till about four o'clock, when if the weather were fine and he in fair health he would walk with some of his family for an hour or so. Then he would come back to tea, and from six to ten would again bury himself in manuscripts, when a simple supper would end the day. At first his afternoon walk extended to three or four miles; but as his strength waned he gradually shortened the distance, till in his last year he could only saunter gently up and down some shady road for half-an-hour, and even then found himself exhausted. So too he was at last induced by the entreaties of his family to close his books at nine o'clock instead of ten; but even then he accomplished eight hours of study in the day. Nothing was allowed to interfere with these hours of work. Visitors who asked for him were strictly denied, and it was only by calling on his wife or sister that it was possible to see him, and then only if he was at a point in his composition where interruption would not entail a serious delay. Yet these rare