

moments were sufficient to win for him the lasting affection of a small circle of friends, who were never weary of offering him every attention in their power, and far from taking amiss his rigid seclusion endeavoured in all ways to shield him from the intrusion of strangers. He never called anywhere; but sometimes he would take his afternoon stroll in the gardens of Warwick House, where the bright society of his kindly hostesses was a delightful relief after his arduous hours of study.

One day in the week Lane closed his books. His early training had led him to regard Sunday as a day to be set apart for the things of religion, and his long sojourn in the East had in no wise weakened this feeling. In Egypt he had frequently attended the prayers at the Mosques and there comported himself in all outward appearance as a Muslim: but this was only because without thus conforming to the ways of the people he could never have acquired that knowledge of their character which he afterwards turned to so great an account. To the last he preserved the simple earnest faith of his childhood. His acquaintance with the original languages of the Old and New Testament and his insight into Semitic modes of thought had certainly modified his views on some of the minor points, but in the essential doctrines of Evangelical Christianity his belief never changed. But his religion was not a mere matter of intellectual adhesion to a given series of dogmas: he carried it into his every-day life. The forms of grace at meals, to most people purely ceremonious, were to him realities, and he never began his day's work without uttering the Arab dedication *Bismi-lláh*—"In the name of God." No one who came within the reach of his influence, however great the disagreement in opinion, could fail to be impressed with the earnestness of Lane's convictions; and few talked with him without going away better men than they came. His high and pure soul shone in his countenance, in his manner, in his every word. In his presence a profane or impure speech was an impossibility: yet no one was ever more gentle with that frailty for which the world has no pity. He was a Christian Gentleman, of a fashion of life that is passing away.

Sunday was to Lane a day of religion rather than a day of rest. In the morning or afternoon he would, if he were well enough, attend the office of the Church of England. The remainder of the day he spent chiefly in Biblical study, for which as a Hebrew scholar he possessed a critical knowledge that most of our divines might have envied. But it was not as a philological amusement that he pursued his researches. To him the Bible was the guide of his life; and he used his every endeavour to understand each doubtful passage, to emend each ignorant rendering, to interpret by the light of Semitic thought those dark sayings which the Aryan translators comprehended not, and not least to discover the harmony of Scripture and science. Thus his Sundays were not a time of thorough rest, such as the severe character of his week-day work required them to be. His Biblical reading often tried him more than a day's work at the Lexicon, and the parallel lines of ordinary print weakened eyes accustomed to the flexuous writing of Arabic manuscripts.

So the years wore on. Day followed day, and year year, without seeing any change in the monotony of Lane's life. Manuscript was written, proofs came and went, volumes were published, with unvarying regularity. The Lexicon was Lane's one occupation. The review and the essay, the offspring of the idle hours of learned men, had no attraction to a man who could not boast an idle moment. The only contributions he ever sent to a journal were two essays that appeared in the "Zeitschrift der deutschen