

Max Mueller.

A YEAR passes after year and the world's work goes on without intermission, at times there is borne in on our minds a feeling of the permanence of things, a feeling ever and anon dissipated by the touch of death, which reminds us that in this world the old passes and all is made new. Very significant in this respect seems to me the death of Max Mueller, who has just passed away near the close of the last year of this dying nineteenth century. He was at once a link with the social and literary life of its beginning, and a light that guided men into many of the most important ideas that are influencing thought at its close.

Born in 1823 at Dessau, the capital of Anhalt-Dessau, he had an opportunity of appreciating the influence for good or for evil of the small German courts, and we owe to him a generous and appreciative account of the patriarchal rule of such petty princelings. "When the carriage of the rulers of Dessau passed through the streets, everybody stood still, took off his hat and remained bare-headed till they had passed. There was no servility in this, nothing but a feeling of respect;" and Max Mueller goes on to tell how it pains him, when he sees a king riding through the streets of his own capital to-day, and no one touching his hat, which were surely a small return in courtesy for a life passed in men's service.

He studied in various universities, notably in that of Berlin, which Frederick William III had founded shortly before, and in his endeavor to secure all the talents for its chairs, had appointed some curious characters to professorships in it. One of the most curious of these was the poet Rueckert, a singer of the "War of Freedom," but still better known, perhaps, for the wonderful beauty of his translations from the Arabic and the Persian. He had accepted the position of Professor of Persian, and tried to lecture; but he had a little farm at Neussess, near Coburg, to which he was so much attached that he prevailed on the Minister of Public Instruction to grant him leave of absence for each summer term. Then followed leave of absence for one winter of especial severity, and the professor seems to have made up his mind to pass at Neussess his winters as well; for when Max Mueller called on him to enter his name for his lectures on the Gulistan, he met with a very cold reception. "Why do you wish to learn Persian?" Max explained his reasons. "It's of no use your learning Persian unless you know Arabic." Max replied that he