

A NOTABLE SCHOLAR.

SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, who died in England recently, was a striking example of a type of Englishmen in whom are united the highest energy of character, great executive ability, and strong intellectual tastes. He rendered service of very high importance in three distinct departments—politics, the Army, and diplomacy. In all these fields his reputation was of a high order. He was also one of the best-known scholars of his time, dividing with his brother George a distinction which has made the name of Rawlinson illustrious the world over. Born in Oxfordshire, sons of an old-fashioned country squire, the two brothers, George and Henry, were destined, in the old-fashioned way, the older for the State and the younger for the Church. They were both sent to school at Ealing, and the younger, George, continued his education at Trinity College, Oxford, while Henry, the older, was sent off to Bombay to begin service in the Army. He was active, energetic, and faithful. He had the qualities which have made the English soldier a type of a good fighter and a brave man. He also had the dash which many young Englishmen have, and which bears evidence to the constant strain of heroism and adventure in the English blood. His famous ride of seventy-two miles from Poonah to Panwell sixty-two years ago was made in three hours and seventeen minutes. Not long after this exploit he was sent to Persia, where he spent six years familiarizing himself with many parts of the empire, rendering efficient service in reorganizing the army of the Shah, and, above all, making his name memorable by reason of his imperishable service to scholarship in deciphering the famous cuneiform inscriptions. It was characteristic of him that, four years after his famous ride, he was painfully, and at the peril of his life, spelling out cuneiform characters on the polished face of a rock between three and four hundred feet from the ground. Supported by a ladder resting on a narrow ledge at an elevation which would have made most people helpless by reason of giddiness,

this daring young man slowly copied the inscriptions, unveiled the secret of the cuneiform characters, and gave a new historical science to the world. It was this feat which won for him the title of the "Father of Assyriology," and it is unnecessary to say that the work which has been done in this department is hardly second in importance to that in any other field of knowledge.

The man who had rendered this service to scholarship was, however, a man of action quite as much as a man of knowledge. At the end of six years he left Persia and became the British political agent at Kandahar, performing through the first Afghan war services to the English Government notable at once for their delicacy, their difficulty, and their danger. His name was constantly mentioned in the despatches from the field. But his heart was in his work as a scholar, and, putting aside an advance in position and salary, he took a humbler position at Bagdad in order to bring himself into contact with the material which he wished to study. Under the commission of the British Museum he superintended the excavations at Babylon and Nineveh which had been begun by Layard, and he copied and translated a great number of ancient inscriptions and sent them to England. In 1859, with the title of Major-General, he was sent to Teheran as British minister. In 1865, returning home, he entered Parliament. As a writer he was very much overshadowed by his brother, Professor George Rawlinson, but his book on "England and Russia in the East," in which he took the position that Herat, as the key of India, must always be kept safe from Russian occupation, holds a high place among books of its class. His London house was a museum of archaeology, and to the end of his life Sir Henry was an enthusiastic student in a department which he had contributed so largely to create. So long as the English race breeds men of such temper and force its influence as a world-power will remain intact.—*The Outlook*.

THINE to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrong away ;

Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting heaven's warm sunshine in.
— *Whittier*.