

of a new theory, in that it illustrates, and is illustrated by, the statement of Luke. According to Acts, Paul preached for three weeks in the synagogue and persuaded a few of the Jews to become Christians. He also (or possibly afterwards, for this is one of the points on which the exegesis of the Acts is doubtful) met with far greater success among the 'God-fearing' Gentiles. It is clear that this statement can for the first time be properly appreciated on Harnack's theory, which postulates, exactly as Acts does, the existence of a Jewish minority which was nevertheless the 'first-fruits'

of Paul's preaching. Without Harnack's theory, Luke's statement that there were Jewish converts is left uncorroborated, for there is nothing in 1 Thessalonians to suggest that the community was anything but Gentile in origin.

It will be seen that this suggestion of Harnack's really introduces a new period in the history of the criticism of 2 Thessalonians. Whether it will answer all objections time alone can show, but at first sight it certainly seems to comply with all the conditions of the problem in a manner which has not been done by any previous hypothesis.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

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The River of Death.

THE figure is a classical one, and leads us back at once to the Acheron of Virgil, whose words are so familiar, 'This flood, all turbid with its muddy stream and dreary rapids, rages along, and belches forth into Cocytus all its sand.' The same rivers had been already Christianized in a way by Dante. The poem *Pearl*, already alluded to, has very fully and beautifully worked out the metaphor. In that *Pèlerinage de l'Homme*, which general conception is a forerunner of Bunyan's work, the river to be crossed flows at the beginning of the journey, and signifies baptism.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* is singularly wholesome in its imagination, and though the thought of death occurs frequently, it casts no shadow of gloom upon the reader until the close. Now, when the end is reached, the fact of death is unflinchingly faced, but in so vital a fashion that it produces the effect (as it ought to produce) simply of an incident in life, a trying moment in the career of pilgrimage.

This is all the more remarkable when we take into account those times in European history when the imagination of the community has been absolutely mastered by the *macabre*, and the very atmosphere of the time has been full of spectral lights and graveyard exhalations. After the great plague of 1487 this took place, and the *Dance of Death* pictures and literature are the expression

of horror mingled with a kind of wild and consciously futile defiance: as if while men shuddered they also laughed back their hoarse laughter at the enemy. That morbid spirit lingers through centuries by reason of its sinister fascination, especially in remote country places. It taints and infuses itself into religious thought, until the ghastly realism of ancient gravestones forces upon the living the crudest and most repulsive of representations. It revives at times when, through political crisis or raging epidemic, men's lives become peculiarly uncertain. Such a time was it at which the *Pilgrim's Progress* was written. The Plague of 1665 had not yet appeared, but other epidemics were frequent and fatal; while, in the times of Charles I. and Charles II., life was uncertain enough for any British man. The austere gravity of the Puritan spirit found the darker and sadder things but too congenial. In Nathaniel Hawthorne we have one of the most interesting proofs of this, for in him this aspect of the Puritan spirit recurs in the corpse-candle light by which he writes his tales and sketches. John Bunyan, with the horrible biography of the dying Spira in his hand, would be peculiarly sensitive to this sort of obsession, for his was a fearful imagination, and one which knew too well the power of the ghastly. He seems to have had forebodings of a painful death-bed experience, for we read that when he was a prisoner, 'Satan laid hard at me, to beat

me out of heart by suggesting thus unto me, "But how if, when you come indeed to die, you should be in this condition; that is, as not to savour the things of God, nor to have any evidence upon your soul for a better state hereafter." All the more pleasant is it to remember that such fears were never realized. Cheever quotes from the oldest of his biographies, that 'he comforted those who wept about him, exhorting them to trust in God . . . telling them what a glorious exchange it would be to leave their troubles and cares of a wretched mortality to live with Christ for ever with peace and joy inexpressible.' According to another biographer, his last words were, 'Take me, for I come to Thee.'

In this connexion it is impossible not to remember Michel de Montaigne and his famous preparations against the day of his death, the elaboration and detail of which are among the curiosities of morbid literature. Confessing frankly that most men 'set a good face upon the matter . . . to acquire reputation,' he blames them for exaggerating the importance of their death, although he is constrained to admit that it 'is the most remarkable action of human life.' He accumulates classical precepts and examples of philosophic facing of the last enemy, such as the saying of Diogenes Laertius, that 'Every day travels towards death; the last only arrives at it.' His own plan is summed up in the sentences, 'Let us disarm him of his novelty and strangeness, let us converse and be familiar with him, and have nothing so frequent in our thoughts as death. Upon all occasions represent him to our imagination in his every shape.'¹ In all this there is something grotesque rather than sublime. The spectacle of the Mayor of Bordeaux confronting the Great Shadow in this grandiose theatrical manner is not impressive. Our Stuart Kings, whatever faults were theirs, unquestionably knew how to die like gentlemen, and one of Mary Stuart's latest biographers has finely said of her and her mother and her uncle Duke Francis, 'When death approached any of these three generous and living souls, the passions, ambitions, nay, the very sins which had filled their days, seemed to slip off them like a garment, and they faced death with head erect, and steady eyes, as one with whom they had long been reconciled.' This was certainly a nobler heroism than

¹ Montaigne, *Essays*, i. 19; ii. 13, etc.

can be achieved by such calculating plotters against the surprises of their own moods as Montaigne.

For the chill and fear of death, Christians have no such remedy as Montaigne's. The sting of death is sin; and the finer the spiritual sensibilities, the more surely must conscience claim its place beside the bedside of the dying. Thus, while Montaigne manages to make the river shallow by his sophistications, 'Christian,' as the inscription of the woodcut in Bagster's edition has it, 'finds it deep.' Indeed, that little woodcut makes him find it so deep that all we see is the ring on the smooth surface of the water where Christian is supposed to have altogether sunk. 'God can pardon all thy sins,' says John Bunyan himself, 'and yet make them a bitter thing and a burden at death.' It follows from this that Montaigne's test cannot be fairly applied to Christian men, namely, 'that the very felicity of life itself, which depends upon the tranquillity and contentment of a well-descended spirit, and the resolution and assurance of a well-ordered soul, ought never to be attributed to any man till he has first been seen to play the last, and, doubtless, the hardest act of his part . . . in this last scene of death, there is no more counterfeiting: we must speak out plain, or discover what there is of pure and clean in the bottom of the pot.' For his own death Montaigne's principal concern 'is that I may die well—that is, patiently and tranquilly.' Classical instances of such courageous dying abound. Siward of old, ashamed of surviving his battles to die in his bed, insisted on being clad in his mail of proof and dying with helmet on head, his shield in his left hand and a gilded axe in his right. Charlotte Corday went to the scaffold with a tranquillity that still astonishes the reader. The conversation beginning: 'These formalities are unnecessary: I killed Marat' is indeed a classic in the literature of dying.

Very different is Christian's demeanour as he enters the river. To those who forget or ignore the terrible blessing of a strong and sensitive conscience, it will seem pusillanimous enough. Indeed, there is something obviously morbid in the nervous condition here described. It is hardly by chance that the curious *Selah* is added after the cry, 'I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all the waves go over me. *Selah*.' In that quotation we see a man clinging with a

convulsively rigid clutch to the *ipsissima verba* of Scripture. The sting of death is sin.

Yet there is also something of temperament here. Christian's experience is not the universal one, for Hopeful's is as different from it as can be conceived. It is interesting to see him, whose own serenity is unruffled, comforting Christian with the text which says of the wicked that 'there are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm.' The fact is, he is so busy attending to Christian's need that he has quite forgotten his own—an excellent excuse for being, in this indifference to death, as free from bands as the worst of the wicked. Bunyan's knowledge of human nature was wide enough to teach him that the aspect in which a man views his approaching death cannot be any exact criterion of his condition. 'Few men,' says Montaigne, 'come to die in the opinion that it is their latest hour; and there is nothing wherein the flattery of hope more deludes us.' This, however, is a nobler hope, whose message is not of escape from death, but of blessedness and victory in death. Indeed, Hopeful is here rather an allegorical than an actual figure. It is true that he represents a class of men who must have existed even among Bunyan's friends. But here he plays the part of hopeful thoughts combating gloomy ones in a nature that was by no means optimistic. The beautiful lines of Schiller's song 'Hoffnung' occur to memory here:

Hope ushers man into life,
And flowers around the new-born boy.
Its magic light shines for the youth,
Nor will it be buried in his grave;
For when he lays down his tired body there,
Still on the grave does he plant the plant of hope.

Yet there is one touch which recalls Hopeful from allegory to living man. 'Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over.' It is comforting to hear this. Hopeful must have had his own misgivings, for he too was a Christian man for whose conscience the sting of death is sin. But he was mercifully so occupied in ministering to another's greater need that he lost his own troubles and gained that real serenity which shows no trace of conflict. Of him, and such as him, Bacon's splendid words are true: 'He that dies in an earnest pursuit, is like one that is wounded in hot blood; who, for the time, scarce feels the hurt; and therefore

a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good, doth avert the dolours of death; but, above all, believe it, the sweetest Canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations.' It is this *Nunc dimittis* element, in which a man hands over his finished life to his God and Saviour, that is the characteristically Christian note. Hopeful says: 'Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.' 'And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh, I see Him again! and He tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."' Philosophy and courage count for much in the hour of death, but the Christian's hope is personal. Herbert's verses are well known:

Death, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.
But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.
Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithfull grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust.

Well may we close our study of the deaths of those believers with the great and sufficient words, 'This it is to have a Saviour!'

The Celestial City.

For all but men of clearest vision and strongest faith, death closes the mortal view. Convictions of future life they may have, founded on arguments which are well thought out and tested. But they do not find themselves able to let imagination play freely about those convictions—always a severe test of faith. Rather do they observe a reticence, similar to that which characterizes the intimacies of love and the sanctities of sorrow. Bacon's wise and great essay on Death discusses the various causes which may make it seem fearful or desirable, and sounds throughout a brave note. 'Who can see worse days than he that yet living doth follow at the funerals of his own reputation?' 'I have often thought upon death; and I find it the least of all evils. All that which is past is as a dream; and he that hopes or depends upon time coming, dreams waking.'

The fact is, that to the natural eye there is in many lives around us little or nothing which seems to lay hold upon eternity. Jack Weeks' saying of a great man recently dead, is but of too common appositeness, 'Well, I hope he is in heaven; but if he be in heaven 'twere pity it were known.'

Yet even for such men these are 'obstinate questionings that will not be silenced.' Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature was too great to be satisfied with such splendid sentences as 'Briefly, death is a friend of ours; and he that is not ready to entertain him, is not at home.' That is indeed a brave utterance, but there is a far truer philosophy of human nature in the eternally living cry, 'Ah, but to die! to go we know not where!'

Thus does this life push out our thoughts beyond the grave with anxieties that no philosophy can silence. And such lives as those of Bunyan's pilgrims demand a future. Without it they would be meaningless and incomplete, for all this journey is intelligible only in view of its destination. John Bunyan himself had attained to that state of spirit in which he cried, 'Let me die! Now death was lovely and beautiful in my sight, for I saw we shall never live, indeed, till we be gone to the other world!' So we are not surprised at the daring distinctness and certainty with which the last adventure, on the further side of the river, is drawn. For some, whose childlike spirits have kept faith and imagination still in full power, it will be a satisfying and heartening close. Others will fall back upon Keble's prayer for the First Monday after Trinity:

Open our eyes, Thou Sun of life and gladness,
That we may see that glorious world of Thine!
It shines for us in vain, while drooping sadness
Enfolds us here like mist: come, Power benign,
Touch our chill'd hearts with vernal smiles,
Our wintry course do Thou beguile,
Nor by the wayside ruins let us mourn,
Who have th' eternal towers for our appointed bourn.

It is very striking that Bunyan's favourite book, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, gives no description of heaven at all, and only refers to it now and then in passing. Bunyan's delight in the spectacular was such that some description of the heavenly glories was inevitable. It is, like all such descriptions, a splendid failure. Even Dante himself, with all his imperial wealth of

imagination, has made his *Paradiso* immortal by its theological rather than by its artistic value. No one felt the limits imposed upon the imagination more keenly than he, and none of all his lines are more perfect than those in which he confesses this:—

Pattern fails me now,
But he who takes his cross and follows Christ
Will pardon me for that I leave untold
When, in the speckled dawning, he shall see
The glitterance of Christ.

Like Dante, Bunyan leads us up to the presence of the Divine, but stops short of any attempt at description. 'He that sat on the throne' is indescribable even by the writer of the Book of the Revelation, who leaves us with the blaze of diamond purity and ruby love when we had looked for form and face—'like a jasper and a sardine stone.'

Two of the sublimest of such celestial spectacular visions may be compared with Bunyan's. The first is little known, yet it is matchless in its splendour. It is the vision of the procession of the Lamb, seen through the amber translucency of golden walls suffused with light, in the closing stanzas of *Pearl*. But it is improbable that Bunyan knew even the name of that wonderful poem. The other is that of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, whose similarities to Bunyan's picture are far too many to admit the possibility of their being mere accidental resemblances. For half a century before Bunyan was born, this great poem had been delighting England. Spenser's holy man—'his name was heavenly Contemplation'—dwelt in his hermitage on the top of a hill so high that

That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citty led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The citty of the greate king hight it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happinesse doth dwell,

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend.

The pilgrims had been warned by the angels on the earthly side of the river, of two remaining difficulties. The river is the first, the heights of heaven are the second. But here we see the essential protestantism of our author. That 'mighty hill' that must be climbed on the further side of death before the gate of the city can be attained is certainly like a doctrine of purgatory. Viewed from the earthly side, no doctrine appears more reasonable. We, who have been accustomed to such slow conquests in character, and whose holiness, such as it is, has been attained so painfully, can hardly conceive of an immediate change that would render the soul fit for heaven. The hill stands even for Bunyan, as it must stand for us all, the symbol of preparation for the heavenly state. But the anticipated pain and difficulty of that preparation have vanished here. These were the consequences of those 'mortal garments' which the pilgrims had left behind them in the river, and the passage from the further bank to the gate is swift and easy and full of joy.

The companionship of angels beguiles the way. The speech is wholly occupied with what awaits them within the city. Grandest and best of all, at the centre of all thoughts of heavenly blessedness, is the vision of the Mighty One, and the hearing of His voice—the pleasant voice of the Mighty One.' The phrase is a masterpiece, combining in a few compressed words the thought of all the power and love of God, by which from the beginning they have been brought on their way. It reminds us of that prayer of the early Christians, whose weakness left them exposed to all the cruel forces of the world: 'We thank Thee most of all that Thou art mighty.'

Two things chiefly interest them, companionship and occupation—eternal love and labour, in which life finds its perfection. For the companionship, there is the gentle fellowship of the angels, and the 'spirits of just men made perfect.' The companionable soul of Bunyan, who might truly be written 'as one who loved his fellow-men,' delights in those majestic and honourable crowds in which he will mingle and from whom he will learn. One or two faces we recognize among them—great masters of life and ancient patriarchs whose familiar names have wakened our curiosity as children,—Enoch, Moses, Elijah,—look down from over the celestial gate. But the spirits of the pilgrims

are as energetic as they are companionable. For them heaven would not be heaven without something to do there. 'All the days of Eternity' open their tremendous vista, and if it were for idle blessedness the strenuous spirits would fail for very weariness, and long for the dangerous but vital adventures and labours of the old earth again. Herbert asks in his song of 'Heaven,' 'But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure?' and echo answers 'Leisure.' Leisure, however, does not mean idleness, but work uncrowded and with abundant room and time to bring it to perfection. This is that 'work more worth for God to do,' of which Tennyson tells in his *In Memoriam*. Its glad and free activity in the presence of the King is for many men the richest promise of heaven.

We lose sight of the pilgrims in a blaze of light, and a pageant of golden glory, amid the strains of a heavenly music and a glorious clangour of bells. Poor Bunyan's early temptations had tortured his conscience with what he took to be an inordinate desire for bellringing. Here, at last, this bellringer, with the heart of a boy and the soul of a prophet, comes to his own, when 'all the bells in the city rang again for joy.'

Bunyan? Ah no, it is not yet his time for entry. It is his pilgrims whose 'abundant entrance' we have been watching. He has at last brought them to the end of a successful pilgrimage. They have arrived. For them, looking back, it is evident that all things earthly have been transformed to a heavenly meaning, and 'Good was the pathway, leading to this.' Heaven, deducting as much as you please from the merely spectacular elements of its description, is just the perfect realization of your own best hopes and highest aspirations. Cheever says finely: 'To those who have never set out on this pilgrimage, nor encountered its dangers, it is interesting, as would be a book powerfully written of travels in an unknown romantic land.' But to the writer it is all intensely real. And he closes his dream with a sigh, leaving his pilgrims within the gates, and returning, like Browning's 'poor drudging student' in his 'Caponsacchi,' to the rough and unkindly earth. 'Which when I had seen I wished myself among them.' There is no need of any note to that. It is the most perfect touch of all.

The Fate of Ignorance.

After this sweetest and most fitting close, another paragraph is added. This last paragraph is certainly bad art. It is as certainly quite deliberate and intentional. The *Pilgrim's Progress* is the work of a literary artist of fine perception and delicacy. It shows no trace of rules, but everywhere is distinguished by that fine genius which guides it instinctively to the right word and phrase. John Bunyan must have known quite well that in the previous words he had found the real close of his story. Such a close comes rarely to any writer, and the fortunate artist who has found his perfect note to end on must have been sorely tempted to accept the precious gift, and to omit the rest, or insert it at some earlier place. Instead of doing this, however, he goes on to end his allegory with one of the very dreariest passages in all literature. For sheer bleakness it is comparable only with a few such masterpieces of desolation as Virgil's Charon or Dante's entrance to the Inferno.

When we ask why it is that Bunyan has done this at so great a cost to his own artistic tastes, the answer is not difficult to find. His *bêtes noires* are ignorance and turning back, the sins which he felt to be most dangerous and most tempting in his day. He was the Puritan preacher first, the artist and all else only afterwards. Given the Puritan hell, the last word of any faithful man must be a word of warning, and one remembers the sermon on the pillory in *The Scarlet Letter*. And how much tenderness there is in that apparent harshness! For Bunyan has in view neither the sensibilities of his readers nor the untoward figure of his puppet Ignorance. He is thinking of living sinners, known to him or as yet unborn. These, in their unspeakable danger, are being tempted to their fall by such characters as Ignorance. Pity for the tempted sinner induces a view of the tempter, which shows him rather as noxious vermin than as any longer an object of human pity. The last word shall be for the sake of tempted men.

So, with a shudder, we must watch the end of the man we have seen so much of by the way. There is nothing melodramatic about his death. In the story of the death of Mr. Badman, Bunyan has shown the same restraint and the same truth to facts as they are commonly observed. In his belief the melodrama comes after death, and

Ignorance manages death as comfortably as Montaigne. He is very expert in the art of dying, and does not even—as in that inimitably pathetic touch of childhood with which Shakspeare closes his Falstaff's career—'babble o' green fields.' Ignorance is perfectly self-possessed to the end. He makes arrangements with Vain Hope, a ferryman whose oars plash surprisingly upon that silent tide, as Kerr Bain remarks. The same author points out also the vulgarity of this intrusion of light-hearted brainless optimism upon the solemn waters of death. Vain Hope is some sort of a priest—perhaps intended for a passing stroke at the Roman Church and its *viaticum*. But he may be a Protestant also, with good-natured, well-meaning consolations comforting a soul in extreme peril to its doom. Vain Hope and Hopeful stand out in strong contrast as false and true friends for a dying man.

Mr. Froude protests at length against the passage—'the only passage which the present writer reads with regret in this admirable book.' Were it not for an air of patronage about the protest, we would feel its appeal more strongly than we do. Bunyan's answer is already given in a touch which shows his greatness and his depth. *The two angels who conduct Christian and Hopeful to heaven are the same who carry Ignorance to hell.* This reminds us of the inscription over the gate of Dante's Inferno, recording that it had been built by Eternal Love. In his *Life and Times of Jesus* Hausrath emphatically lays down the principle that that in Jesus which threatens and condemns is but another aspect and occupation of the love that saves.

These things are fitted to give pause to any premature condemnation of Bunyan. Whatever may be our views as to the theological dogma of future punishment, we must acknowledge that here Bunyan is facing an imperative and a tremendous question. Ignorance stands for Unreality, confronted at last with grim Reality in the shape of Death. Ignorance had been impervious to the reality of love when God sought him in past days. Now he has to reckon with reality in its other form. He had shut out love,

And he that shuts Love out, in turn shall be
Shut out from Love.¹

So 'this man's loss comes to him from his gain,'

¹ Tennyson, quoted by Kerr Bain.

and that is death—the only true and dreadful death there is. ‘Hell also hath a wide mouth,’ says Bunyan in his *Heavenly Footman*; ‘it can stretch itself further than you are aware of.’ Life is real, and death is real; and the most dangerous enemies of the human race are those who extin-

guish the beacons and delude the souls of their fellows into an unreal dream of security in so dangerous and awful a world.

So John Bunyan woke, and behold it was a dream. But that dream of his was and remains truer than most men’s waking thoughts.

Contributions and Comments.

Concerning ‘Jahweh’ in Lexicographical Babylonian Tablets.

SEVERAL inquiries have been addressed to me concerning the so-called discovery of the divine name Jahweh on a Babylonian syllabar, published in the *Cuneiform Texts of the British Museum*, vol. xii. plate 4, otherwise cited as *B.M.* 93035, obverse. On this tablet there are two columns, each arranged in three sub-columns; in the central sub-column stand cuneiform signs explained by their Sumerian values on the left, and their Semitic Babylonian values on the right. The obverse and reverse contained originally two of these large columns. On the obverse, where the divine name is supposed to have been found, column one toward the bottom is damaged; column two, which continues column one, begins at the top as follows:—

- | | | | | |
|----------|---|-----------------|---|--------------------|
| 1. [an] | : | AN ¹ | : | ia'-u |
| 2. | | | | ia-a-ti |
| | | | | 2 |
| 6. digir | : | AN | : | ilum (god) |
| | | | | iltum (goddess) |
| | | | | bêlum (lord) |
| | | | | beltum (lady) |
| | | | | ellu. ³ |

The section on column one, where the section on the sign *AN* began, certainly commenced as follows:

an : *AN* : *šamû* (heaven).

It will be noticed that the Sumerian sign *AN* has here two values *an* and *digir*, and that the

¹ Supplied from the end of column two.

² Here are three Semitic values of Sumerian *an* which are difficult and do not concern the problem.

³ Apparently the ordinary word *ellu*, ‘bright, pure,’ often applied to gods, hence ‘the pure one.’

first section discusses the values of this sign which the Sumerians pronounced *an*, and the second section discusses the meanings of the same when the Sumerians pronounced it *digir* (later *dingir*). The major value of *an* is ‘to be high’ (*šakû*), and ‘heaven’ (*šamû*). The major value of *digir* is ‘god’ (*ilu*).

Notice that *ia'u* and the feminine *iāti* are explained in the section which is based upon the Sumerian word *an*, which never means ‘god.’ If *ia'u* really means ‘Jahweh’ here, it would be explained under *digir*, which is the proper word for ‘god.’ In Sumerian the ordinary word for ‘what’ (*minû*) is *a-na*. Thus we say *ana nu ni-zu*, ‘What dost thou not know?’⁴ Sumerian often drops its final vowel, whence it is to be expected that *an* as well as *ana* could be employed in an interrogative sense.⁵ In fact, *iau* is an ordinary word in Babylonian for the interrogative pronoun, and is the philological equivalent of the Arabic ‘*aiiun*. So we have in Babylonian the interrogative declined as follows:

| | Singular. | Plural. |
|----|---------------------------|---------------|
| M. | <i>aiu, ia'u, iau</i> | <i>aiūti.</i> |
| F. | <i>aiatu, aiiti, iāti</i> | <i>aiāti.</i> |

To be true *iāti* is found only in the syllabar here discussed, but the syllabar makes it evident that it is the feminine of *ia'u*. For *iau*, cf. *ia-u awētīm*, ‘what word?’⁶ *ia-u*⁷ *zikri taḡaza-šu ušēš-ka*, ‘What man hath brought his battle against

⁴ R. iv. 7a. 26.

⁵ The development of the linguistic side of this problem would be too technical for the periodical in which I am writing. The reader may be referred to my *Sumerian Grammar*, p. III.

⁶ Reisner, *Sumerisch-Babylonische Hymnen*, 106. 68. We should have *iāti* here to agree with the feminine noun *awētū* (= *amātu*).

⁷ Written *a-a-u*. Both *aiu* and *iau* are possible pronunciations, see *Z.A.* xxiv. 385, note I.