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The Great Text Commentary.

THE GREAT TEXTS OF THE PSALMS.

PSALM CXIX. 105.

'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And light unto my path.'

1. How can a word be a lamp? Take this familiar story from English history, as told by Dr. Alexander Macleod:—

Seven hundred years ago, all Europe was sending soldiers to Jerusalem to fight for the Saviour's grave. The lords of Jerusalem at that time were fierce Saracens, who did not believe in Jesus. And the people of Europe said: 'Why should unbelievers like these be lords of the place where our Saviour lay?' Army after army went from England, France, and Germany. And sometimes they won, and sometimes they lost. And when it was their lot to lose, they were seized, made prisoners, and sold as slaves.

It happened in one of the battles that a young Englishman, named Gilbert à Becket, was taken prisoner and sold as a slave. He was sold to a rich and princely Saracen, who set him to work in his garden. And there, as she took her daily walks in the garden, the daughter of his master saw him. And when she looked at his sad but beautiful face, and remembered that he was a slave, first she wept for him, and then she loved him; and then she resolved to help him to escape. So one night she procured a little ship, and had it waiting near the shore, and she opened the door of à Becket's prison, and gave him money, and said to him, 'Go back to England.'

Now Gilbert had seen her love and returned it. And when he was going away he said to her, 'You too will one day escape, and find your way to London, and there I will make you my wife.' And then he kissed her, and blessed her, and went out free. And he reached the little ship and found his way to England. But the Saracen maid remained in the East.

Many a night she looked towards the sea, along the very path he went, and thought of him, and longed for him, and wept. She longed to be at his side. But how was she to escape from home? How could she cross the seas? How could she ever hope to arrive in England? She could not speak the English speech. The only word she knew was 'London, à Becket.' À Becket had taught her this much in the garden.

At last she could remain no longer in the East. She would go to the Christian land, and be a Christian, and the wife of Gilbert à Becket. So one day she left her home, and went to the sea, and to the English ships, and as she went she said, 'London, à Becket.'

She uttered this word, and rough sailors made room for her in their ships. 'London, à Becket,' she said, and ships hauled up their anchors, and spread their sails, and carried her through stormy seas. 'London, à Becket!' It was all she said, all she could say, but it went before her like a light, and made a path for her over the pathless deep; and she followed it until her eye caught sight of the white cliffs of England, and her feet touched the sandy beach, and she was in the land of him she loved.

She had far miles still to travel to reach London. And these were the old times when there were no railways, no coaches, not even roads. Old bad times, when robbers lived in dusky woods, and bad men watched from grim stone castles, that they might rob and kill the lonely travellers. But she went onwards. 'London,' she said, 'London, à Becket.' London was many miles away; but that word opened up a way to her, went before her, was coach and road and guide to her. It was a lamp to her feet. She uttered it as she was setting out every morning, and peasants tending their cattle on the heath pointed in the direction where London lay. The lamp went before her over hills and fields, and woods and streams, and brought her at last to the gates of London town.

'London, à Becket,' she said, as she passed on through the streets. From street to street went this Eastern lady, from street to street, and from house to house, and still as she went she said, 'London, à Becket.' Crowds gathered about her in the streets, and some wondered, and some mocked, and some had pity; but she made her appeal to the very crowds as she said, 'London, à Becket.' The word was caught up by those who heard it, and passed from lip to lip, and from street to street, until it filled the town, and searched out for her à Becket's house and brought her to his door. And then her long toil was ended. À Becket heard the well-known voice, and leaped and ran, and folded her to his bosom, and took her into his house, and made her his wife, and loved her with all his love. His word had been a lamp to her feet, and brought her to his side. She became the mother of the famous Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.

2. The word spoken of in the text is the word of God, 'Thy word.' And on the lips of the Psalmist who wrote the 119th Psalm it means the Law of Moses.

The 119th Psalm, says Liddon, is a hymn of one hundred and seventy-six verses in praise of the Mosaic Law, which, whether as God's Law, or His statutes, or His commandments, or His testimonies, or His precepts, or His ceremonies, or His truth, or His way, or His righteousness, is referred to in every single verse of it except two. There is no other Psalm like it, for its varied power of expressing all that is deepest and most affectionate in the human soul when in communion with God as revealed to us in His Word and Will; and, like many of the most beautiful things in the moral and spiritual world, this Psalm is the product of sorrow.

There is not much reason for doubting that it was written quite at the close of the Jewish Captivity in Babylon by some pious Jew, who had felt all the unspeakable bitterness of the Exile; the insults and persecution of the heathen; the shame, the loss of heart, the 'trouble above measure,' which that compulsory sojourn, in the centre of debased heathendom, must have meant for him. The writer was a man for whom sorrow did its intended work, by throwing him back upon God, His ways, and His will; and so in this trouble, when all was dark around, and hope was still dim and distant, and the heathen insolent and oppressive, and the temptations to religious laxity or apostasy not few nor slight, he still could say, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and light unto my path.'

3. But this witness of the captive Jew who wrote the Psalm, thinking only of the Mosaic Law, has been echoed again and again by Christians, with reference to the whole Bible of the Old and New Testaments, and in a deeper sense. They have found this book a lamp unto their feet, and light unto their path. Not, however, without reading; not without study. Now there are various ways of studying the Bible.

(1) There is the method of science. We try to reproduce the circumstances of the writer of this 119th Psalm, and his meaning when he spoke of the sacred writings as a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path. Who was he? when, and where did he write? What were the books he spoke of? and in what sense did they guide him on his way through the world? The many-sidedness of the Bible; its immense resources; the great diversity of its contents and character; its relations with ages so widely apart as are the age of Moses and the age of St. Paul; its vast stores of purely antiquarian lore; its intimate bearing upon the histories of great peoples in antiquity, of which independently we know not a little, such as the Egyptians and the Assyrians; the splendour and the pathos of its sublimer poetry;—all these bristle with interest for an educated man, whether he be a good man or not. The Bible is a storehouse of literary beauties, of historical problems; of materials for refined scholarship and the scientific treatment of language; of different aspects of social theories or of the philosophy of life. A man may easily occupy himself with one of these subjects for a whole lifetime and never approach the one subject which makes the Bible what it is. And, indeed, much of the modern literature about the Bible is no more distinctly related to religion than if it had been written about Homer, or Herodotus, or Shakespeare, or Gibbon. It deals only with those elements of the Bible which the Bible has in common with other and purely human literature; it treats the Bible as literature simply, and not as the vehicle of something which distinguishes it altogether from all merely human books.

(2) There is also the method of philosophy. The Bible may be read for the purpose of constructing a philosophy of God's dealings with man. The great problem of the world is man's existence and destiny—what we are, and whither we are tending, and what is the mystery of this world. Now in constructing this philosophy, which is in fact a theology and a scheme of salvation, the Bible has always been, and always will be, of primary importance. During the ages of the great writers of the Christian Church the Bible was used as the quarry out of which a systematic theology was to be constructed; it was a collection of texts. Little attention comparatively was paid to the original and historical meaning of the passages, or to the varying circumstances under which they were written; but systems were constructed — physical, ecclesiastical, theological — which we now see to have been scarcely even outlined or shadowed in the Bible itself; and these were formulated with a precision obtained only by the sacrifice of large portions of the Bible, and by the absence of all historical perspective. The historical side of the Bible was lost sight of; Augustine, for example, says that whatever narrative has no immediate bearing on the rules of life must be treated as figurative. The question became not what the Bible meant, but what it might be made to mean, and such a question has plainly an infinite number of answers. The Bible became a storehouse to which each party in a controversy went for his weapons.

(3) There is still another method of studying the Bible. It is the method of devotion. And it is this method that the Psalmist uses. When we employ the devotional method we read a passage privately, by ourselves, and ask ourselves, 'In what sense is this meant for me? What can I learn from it?' This reading acts not only on the intelligence, but also on the spiritual life, and for

this it is essential. It adds to our knowledge, but it also adds to our goodness, and calmness, and wisdom; it does not add to the length and width, one may say, of our knowledge, as it adds to its height and depth. No other reading will take the place of this. In no other way can we learn the value of the Bible.

You may rightly read other books for devotional purposes. It is well to read such books as *The Imitation of Christ*, *The Christian Year*, and other similar devotional books in prose and verse. But remember that these books all get their inspiration from the Bible: they shine by reflected light. The light that they shine by is none other than that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. It is Christ in the Gospels that alone shines like the sun by His own light. Here is the source of all the inspiration of saint and poet that moves us heavenward. We then ought to try to get our inspiration at first hand, not at second hand. Let us bring our souls into as close contact as possible with nature and with Christ, the two channels by which God speaks to man. 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork,' is the voice that speaks of one channel. 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father,' is the voice that speaks of the other.[1]

We do not find all portions of the Bible equally good for devotional reading. We choose our favourite books—the Psalms, or the Gospels, or the Epistles, and read them again and again, taking some daily portion for our study, and by no means caring to read the whole of the Bible for this purpose. No doubt every line of the Bible has some bearing on man's future destiny; but in some cases this bearing is direct and obvious, in others it is indirect, and perceived only after long reflexion. For instance, St. Paul desires Timothy to bring with him from Ephesus to Rome the cloak which was left at Troas, 'and the books, but especially the parchments.' This verse has its use and interest. It shows the spirit in which service may be asked and rendered by fellow-labourers in the cause of Christ; it illustrates the use of literature as an agent in the propagation of the Faith. But no one would compare it, in point of direct religious or moral teaching, with such words of the same Apostle as 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ'; or, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners'; or, 'Christ in you, the hope of glory.'

What is wanted is a sense of proportion; a perception of the relative importance of things; of the subordination in which the earthly and the human must always stand to the spiritual and the Divine. Thus the life of David is not without high political interest. But how insignificant is this interest when we compare it with David's language and conduct as a great penitent! The case is parallel to that of the relation which the externals of worship bear to its essential spirit and life. The architecture of churches, the beauty and character of music, the order and accuracy of ceremonial,—these things are not without their value, since man is led, by his imagination and his ear and his sense of beauty, towards the frontier of the invisible world. But the essential thing in worship is the communion of the living soul with its Maker and Redeemer. And a man who should imagine himself a true worshipper of Christ because he was well versed in sacred music, or in the details of ritual, would exactly correspond to a man who should think himself a true student of Scripture merely because he was a keen Biblical archæologist, or a good Hebrew scholar, or an authority on the critical questions which have been raised as to the date and authorship of the Gospels.

[1] J. M. Wilson.

4. The word of God, says the Psalmist, is a lamp to the feet and light to the path. Here, as we often find in Hebrew poetry, the parallelism or recurrence of the same thought, or of one like it, in the two members of a verse, is more than a simple repetition. The Word of God is a lamp or lantern to the feet by night. It is light, as that of the sun, by day. It makes provision for the whole of life; it is the secret of life's true sunshine; it is the guide when all around is dark. It thus throws light on 'the path' and 'the feet'; on the true course which thought and conduct should follow, and on the efforts which are necessary in order to do so. With the Word of God at hand, we should be in no doubt about the greatest practical question which man has to deal with; the true road to everlasting happiness in another life.

Much of the dislike felt towards the Revised Version is connected with the number of 'trivial changes.' No one else, however, has paid so heavy a price for changes of association as have we who were Revisers. And at least one generation must elapse before this disadvantage is overcome. Nevertheless, changes which are called 'trivial,' besides being justified as part of a system, are often intentionally presented in this unobtrusive form, so as to minimize the disagreeable consequences. Take two examples

of different kinds. '*Meal*-offering' stands instead of '*meat*-offering,' that is, the bloodless offering in the Levitical law. 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, *and light* unto my path,' is instead of the tautological and inaccurate '*a light*.' Already it is felt by multitudes that a parallel Bible, honestly studied, is one of the best commentaries possible.[1]

I.

A Lamp to the Feet.

1. The Word of God is *a traveller's lamp*. An American Bible-reader tells us that, going two miles to read to a company, and at the close being about to return through a narrow path in the woods where paths diverged, he was provided with a torch of light wood or pitch pine. He objected that it was too small, weighing not over half a pound. 'It will light you home,' answered the host. And to all objections the same answer came, 'It will light you home.' Thus, if the Bible were taken, it would be found sufficient to light home. Some may object to this part of the Bible, and others to another part; but the answer of the Bible to all objectors is, 'It will light you home.'

An incident is told in Captain McClintock's narrative: the search in the Arctic Seas for Sir John Franklin and his brave men. After many difficulties and dangers, these explorers at last came upon a boat, containing some bleached skeletons of Englishmen. A few silver spoons and forks with name and crest upon them were also discovered; which at once told the sad truth. But to me the most touching and impressive things they beheld were two guns, double-barrelled. One of the barrels was loaded. The guns were in full cock, resting over each side of the boat ready to be fired. They had been in that position for twelve years. Beside them, and scattered in the boat were *lanterns*. What sort of lanterns? I do not mean lamps to guide them and light them in the Arctic seas and among Arctic icebergs. But I mean *Bibles*. Yes, Bibles along with Testaments, Prayer-books, and books of devotion. These, too, were marked and underlined, as if they had been carefully read. A friend of mine told me that he had been at the United Service Museum, shortly after these relics of the Franklin expedition were collected, that he had seen the marked Bibles, and underscored verses: the guns too, just as they were found, pointing upwards from the boats. He mentioned being specially struck with the underlined words in Psalm 139: 'Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.'[2]

[1] Principal G. C. M. Douglas, in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, iii. 494.

[2] J. R. Macduff.

2. It is *a signal lamp*. God's Word points out the places of moral danger and shows the right way. This is especially observable in the things that were written aforetime. In this aspect the biographies are remarkable. The things written about the errors of Old Testament worthies, and read in our churches, are written and read for our learning, that we may avoid their faults. On the lamp is written the words, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' Too many modern biographies give unreal characters. Scriptural biographies are real pictures. The men and women are human in their frailties at least. Let us attend, then, to the signal lights which the Scriptures give.

One night the train stopped at a small station over an hour. One man grew impatient, and called to the conductor, 'Why don't you go on?' 'Do you see that red light ahead?' said the conductor; 'that means danger. I dare not pass that; if I did there would be disaster.'

3. It is *a night lamp*. There is no sorrow which it cannot soothe; no bereavement which it cannot comfort. Sometimes the night of affliction is around us, but what a blessed and subdued light the Bible then becomes for languid eyes.

In the Indian Mutiny of 1857, a number of fathers, mothers, and children were shut up within the walls of a fort which has a terrible memory. Every day, every hour, they were expecting a fearful end at the hands of their foes. It was a sudden gleam from God's own Lantern which cheered them as nothing else could have done. What do I mean by this? A native servant who had remained faithful, had stolen, one night, secretly into the citadel, in order to try and fetch some medicine for his sick master. He managed to procure it, and returned with the drugs, wrapped up in a piece of waste paper. What did this paper turn out to be? It was a portion of a leaf of God's Holy Word. It was, as I have called it, a gleam from the Divine lamp of God. Listen to what these terror-stricken sufferers read with tearful, grateful eyes: 'I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day, because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor? The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit, nor that his bread should fail. But I am the Lord thy God, that divided the sea, whose waves roared: The Lord of hosts is his name. And I have put my words in thy mouth, and I have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand, that I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of

the earth, and say unto Zion, Thou art my people' (Is 51^{12-16}). Need I tell you that these precious thoughts and words contained in that scrap of paper—these flashes from the heavenly lantern—brought to the affrighted captives a hope and peace which nothing else could, into the darkness of their despair. They thanked God and took courage. The day *did* come when they found He was true to His word; and when some of them, at least, were spared joyfully to say: 'O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy. . . . He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.'[1]

II.

Light to the Path.

(1) Light stands for *Knowledge*. There was a tired traveller, who came, on a winter day, to a hill. He did not notice on the hillside a glassy slide; and, slipping, he rolled to the bottom. He fell against a door, which opened, and let him fall into a dungeon. There was one who saw what had happened—a knight in shining armour. Stepping to the now closed dungeon door, he touched it with the point of his sword, and called out the man. Then he guided him back up the hill, lifted him on to a tableland, and sent him rejoicing on his way. The dungeon was Ignorance, the knight was Instruction, and the tableland was Knowledge.[2]

In the course of pastoral visitation I called on a man, some eighty years of age. Owing to an accident some years before, he had lost the sight of an eye, with the result that the other eye became affected. I was not aware of the fact. During the course of my visitation I asked him, among other things, if he read the Word, when I got the following answer: 'Well, sir, I may say I do not read it much for this reason, the sight of my good eye is not so good as it used to be. I find when I look at print the sight becomes dull, and the eye fills with water and I seem to be looking through a mist, and the page is blurred and I cannot make it out. And she (referring to his wife who was sitting near) can't read, and so I do not read much,' and then he added these significant words: '*But I have so much by me as does me.*' And then he began to talk about the Word—the Psalms and Job coming in for special attention, his grasp of the latter being marvellous, so accurate, so intimate was he with its contents and so deeply experienced in the deep things of suffering and sorrow. He himself had trodden the Valley of the Shadow more than once. His testimony to the last was bright and beautiful and not without results, for his wife came to a saving knowledge of the truth, and to-day is a happy Christian entering on her eighty-fourth year.

(2) Light stands for *Godliness*. A little while ago, I heard one of our most useful missionaries tell of how he saw a Maori chief, Tamati, starting back one day from the Table of the Lord, and for a while refusing to kneel beside his brethren there, because, as he afterwards said, he had seen for the first time kneeling there a once heathen chief, who in the days of their former life had killed his father and drunk his blood. 'I had sworn by the gods,' he said, 'that if ever I met that chief I would deal with him as he had dealt with my dead father, and now that I saw him for the first time my whole soul rose in fury against him. And as I stood on one side nursing my wrath, the words fell on my ears again and again, "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was given for thee; the Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee"; and at last,' he added, 'His presence filled my soul, and His peace crept into my heart again, and I asked myself, If He suffered all this for me, cannot I even forgive the man who slew my father, and drank his blood?'[3]

Charles Dickens wrote to his son, when the latter was about to begin undergraduate life at Cambridge University: 'I most strongly and affectionately impress upon you the priceless value of the New Testament, and the study of that book as the one unfailing guide in life. Deeply respecting it, and bowing down before the character of our Saviour, as separated from the vague constructions and inventions of men, you cannot go far wrong, and will always preserve at heart a true spirit of veneration and humility. These things have stood by me all through my life, and remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you, and lovable by you, when you were a mere baby.'[4]

(3) Light stands for *Social Service*. The following incident was related by Canon Bardsley, father of the Bishop of Carlisle:

'I was travelling third class,' said the canon, 'with some working-men as my companions. Judging of my calling by my dress, I suppose they thought they would have some fun out of the old parson, so they began to talk to each other, but *at* me. I remained silent whilst they aired their views about the uselessness of church-going and the hypocrisy of many who practised it. Long prayers, long faces, and cant were the special marks of people who called themselves religious, according to their ideas. They were only like a great many others who would fain persuade themselves they are right in trying to live without God, and who profess to despise His Word.

'At last,' continued the canon, 'I got my chance. One of the men said, "I'm with you, mates. If we just do as we'd like to be done by in this world, we don't want any better religion than that."

'The speaker looked me straight in the face and gave a self-satisfied nod, as if to say, "The parson can't go against that."

[1] J. R. Macduff. [2] S. P. Bevan. [3] Bishop Crozier. [4] Forster, *Life of Dickens*.

'I smiled and replied, "That is excellent teaching, my friend. Where did you get it?"

'"Where! Why, everybody knows the old saying, 'Do as you would be done by.' If it is good, what does it matter where it came from at first?"

'"It matters a good deal to me, my friend, for it is in that old Book you have been running down that we first find the text: 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' There are a few more sayings of the same sort in that Book—all old-fashioned ones, such as, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself': 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbour.' But the old Book goes right on, and says, 'If ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? Love ye your enemies; do good and lend, hoping for nothing again'; and 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink,' and so on."

'The men looked at each other as much as to say, "He has us there. He has met us on our own ground." My stopping-place was near, but I had time to offer a few words of advice as to the use and abuse of the Bible, and we parted good friends.'[1]

[1] Ruth Lamb, *In the Twilight*, 83.

Pir'idri (Ben-Hadad) King of Syria.

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In 2 K 8[7-15] has been preserved the Hebrew source of the usurpation of the throne of Damascus by Hazael, who is mentioned thrice in the inscriptions of Salmanassar II., who conducted a campaign against him and drove him into Damascus.[1] In the Hebrew source mentioned above the king who was slain by Hazael appears as Ben-Hadad. Historians have generally supposed that the deposed king of 2 K 8 is identical with Ben-Hadad, king of Syria, of 1 K 20, who warred against Ahab (875–853). In the inscriptions of Salmanassar II. [860–825] he mentions several campaigns against Damascus which preceded those against Hazael of the same city. The first occurred in 854, in which year Salmanassar fought not only against Damascus, but against a coalition composed of Irḫuleni of Hamath, Ahab of Israel, ^{ilu}*IM-idri* of Damascus, and others. This same ^{ilu}*IM-id-ri* is named in the inscriptions of Salmanassar as king of Damascus in the campaigns of 850,[2] 849, and 846.

In the Hebrew sources, Ben-Hadad, בֶּן־הֲדַד, evidently corresponds to the Assyrian ^{ilu}*IM-id-ri*, and various theories have arisen to account for this difficulty. Most recently, Dr. Luckenbill, in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages* (April 1911), has attempted to solve the difficulty by supposing that the scribe of 2 K 8 made a mistake and should have written Hadad-ezer, the Hebrew equivalent of ^{ilu}*IM-id-ri* or Adad-id-ri. He supposes that Ben-Hadad, who appears in 1 K 20 as the foe of Ahab, with whom he then made peace, perished before 854, in which year (or before) Hadad-ezer (not mentioned in Hebrew sources) succeeded to the throne. The accuracy of 2 K 8 is, however, greatly strengthened by the new inscription of Salmanassar inscribed on his statue and published by Messerschmidt[3] in *Keilschrift-Texte aus Assur* (Leipzig, 1911, No. 30). Here it is expressly stated that Hazael, the son of a nobody, seized the throne of ^{ilu}*IM-id-ri*, and that the latter fled from the country.

The only possible way out of this difficulty is to go back to the interpretation of Winckler and Delitzsch, now held also by Zimmern,[4] and read the Assyrian name as ^{ilu}*Pir-id-ri*. Great objection to this reading has been raised in various quarters, it being asserted that no reason can be found for the epithet *pir* for Adad, the Aramean thunder-god identified by the Babylonians with their Sumerian deity *IM*, *i.e.* *immer*>*mer* and *iskur*. Yet the Assyrian syllabar (*C.T.* xxv. 16. 8) has clearly ^{ilu}*pi-ir* = ^{ilu}*IM*, and proper names of the early period have been found, namely, ^{ilu}*pi-ir-abu-šu*,[5] ^{ilu}*pi-ir-*

[1] In the campaign of 842 B.C. [*R.* iii. 5, No. N6 = Black Obelisk 97–99] and in the campaign of 839 [Obelisk 102–104].

[2] So Salmanassar, Bull Inscr. 87–91, supposed to be a repetition of the campaign of 849, see Ungnad, *Texte und Bilder*, 111.

[3] This accomplished scholar has recently passed away. In him Assyriology has suffered an irreparable loss. He combined modesty and culture with great and accurate scholarship. The writer has composed this short article as a tribute to a lamented colleague.

[4] In his article 'Benhadad,' *Hilprecht Anniversary Volume*, 299–303.

[5] Thureau-Dangin, *Lettres et Contrats*, 74. 33, and 73. 40. Also ^{ilu}*pi-ir-aštar* (73. 40, 74. 33), a name which appears to include two divinities. See further Ranke, *Personal Names*, 135, ^{ilu}*pi-ir* in several names, and *V.S.* viii. 48. 15.