

the form of a record of his prophetic activity. Ezekiel was "the first designer and, so to speak, the father, of Judaism." The religion "which with the eye of faith he saw established in the future, is the religion of legalism." From the school of his disciples sprang Ezra, who succeeded in putting his ideas into practice.

The *British Quarterly Review* for January, 1885, contains an interesting article by Mr. C. Kegan Paul, on the Psalter, viewed in relation to modern modes of thought.

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### BREVIA.

**A Modern Greek on the Revised Version of the New Testament.**—Among the criticisms evoked by the publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament, not the least instructive is that of Mr. A. G. Paspatis. This gentleman looks at the Version from the point of view of a Modern Greek. He has printed at Athens a lecture which he delivered on the subject to a select company of English ladies and gentlemen at Pera, and one or two specimens of his strictures may interest those who have not an opportunity of reading his pamphlet.

Many of his remarks have been anticipated, but his familiarity with the language and customs of Modern Greece confirms what has been already accepted. On the much discussed word in the Lord's Prayer, *ἐπιούσιον*, Mr. Paspatis says: "This word is in general use among the Greeks. Many poor people complain that they cannot gain their *ἐπιούσιον* bread. *Ἐπιούσιος* means whatever can sustain or maintain. . . . It has nothing to do with *daily*. The passage may be thus translated: 'Give us this day our bread to sustain us.'" In Matt. viii. 2, he would render *προσεκύνει* by "saluted" rather than by "worshipped," as it is the word commonly used by the Greeks of Roumelia and Asia Minor to express the greeting of friends. *ρυπαρός* in James ii. 2, he would deliver from "vile" ambiguity, by plainly translating it "dirty." In one or two instances the Revisers have had the ill luck to mar what they meant to mend; and of these instances one of the most

flagrant is their admission of "milk which is without guile" into their text at 1 Peter ii. 2. Why did they shrink from the obvious and surely intelligible "unadulterated milk"? "In the ordinary language of the Greeks," says Mr. Paspatis, "milk not adulterated with water or other ingredients is called γάλα ἄδολον." Another instance, though of small consequence, is the alteration of the A. V. in Mark xiv. 54, from "and warmed himself at the fire" to "and warming himself in the light of the fire." The word is φῶς, and might be supposed to have commended itself to Mark as suggestive of the dubious firelight in which the maid looked once and twice to make sure of Peter's features. But the Modern Greek use of the word φωτιά for fire discountenances this idea and condemns the italics in the Revised Version. A man does not warm himself at light, though he may at a lighted fire; and perhaps this last might be the best rendering here. The ἄφες ἰδωμεν of Matt. xxvii. 49 Mr. Paspatis considers to be equivalent to the Modern Greek, ἄς ἰδωμεν, let us see, a remark in which he is anticipated not only by Professor Jebb (Appendix to Vincent and Dickson's *Handbook to Modern Greek*), but also by Mr. Carr in his *Matthew* (Cambridge Greek Testament), a volume that cannot be too highly commended for its sound and unpretentious scholarship and its abundance of useful and original observations. Some of Mr. Paspatis's suggestions will not find general acceptance. In Matt. xxv. 21 and 23, he proposes to substitute *feast* for *joy*, in the clause, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." For this, however, he has the authority of Coray. Those who recall Dean Stanley's note on 2 Cor. xi. 20, will be slow to believe with Mr. Paspatis, that εἰς πρόσωπον δέρει should be rendered, in the light of the modern προσωποδέρει, "if he upbraideth you to your face." In 2 Tim. ii. 15, instead of "handling aright the word of truth," Mr. Paspatis would read "preaching fearlessly the word of truth." This on the first blush has little plausibility, but not only has he Coray with him but certainly the modern usage seems strongly in favour of a rendering which also fits well in with what we know of Timothy's character. "You can hear the Greeks often say: 'I told him everything ἄρθὰ κοττά,' that is, clearly and fearlessly," or, as we might say, straight out.

MARCUS DODS.

**Mark Rutherford.** A little volume, *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, Dissenting Minister*, Edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott (Trübner), was published three years ago. While it failed of popular success, not a few readers perceived that it announced a new and great English writer. A sequel was half-promised, and has just appeared under the title of *Mark Rutherford's Deliverance*. Few will question that it more than redeems the promise of its predecessor—though we could have spared the appendix of "Notes on Job" for a few stanzas like those which opened the first volume—verses whose sad music has not ceased to haunt us. That the book will win a great popularity is not to be expected; nor do we say that it will take a permanent place in English literature. For this the experience described is perhaps too limited and individual. But that it will miss recognition—the most precious and cordial—it is hard to believe. The author must win the admiration of all worthy readers; some will be inclined to say that he is one of the very foremost living masters of the English tongue. In times when individuality of style grows more and more rare it is something to read a great book which no well known living author could have written. The swift inerrancy of the writer's style, the effortless mastery with which he summons words that truly speak his thought, the surprised enjoyment with which one constantly greets expressions which, however unexpected they may be, are seen at once to have found their right place—these are things which cannot escape those who are fit to judge. And there are some from whom the author will win not only admiration but love. We doubt if ever any one has so forcibly brought home certain familiar and yet unrealized aspects of life. After a brief experience as a Dissenting minister Mark Rutherford found his place amongst the mass of London toilers. The sense of the sombre existence given to him and them—more especially of the absolute insignificance of the individual, whose place can be in a moment supplied from the multitude of thronging claimants—the uses they make of the poor margins of their toilsome days, the tragedies which they often meet when at last they return home, their feeling towards God and man; in short, the life each lives as a soul—cannot be too earnestly pondered in a time when a shallow philanthropy seems to have no thought save for the mouth and the stomach. Not that there is any trace in all this of envy and bitterness. The author has a truly poetic

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and tender sense of the encompassing darkness of all life. He "teaches without noise of words, without confusion of opinions, without the arrogance of honour, without the assault of argument." This is why we make no apology for introducing these volumes to the readers of the EXPOSITOR. He says much that it deeply concerns all teachers of religion to consider in these fateful days—not only of the eternal darkness and crime of the city, but of his escape through the door of love—love pure, imperious, awful—the love of wife and child leading up in the end to the love of God in Christ. The story reads in parts like a sermon on that sweet snatch in *Maud*, where the singer prays that "my sad life" may endure till love blesses it.

"Then let come what come may,  
I shall have had my day."

Messages from God he found could not be read through the envelope which enclosed them—but read they were—and at last all morbidness vanished, and his life grew pure, calm, heroic. He is far from orthodox according to any accepted standard; and yet he grows in his appreciation of the truth which, as he would say, lies at the heart of all dogma: more, he recognises the inextinguishable life and conquering strength of Christian doctrine. We are mistaken, indeed, if men who are orthodox of the orthodox do not apply to him what he says of his wife. His way through the desert was not annihilated. The path remained stony and sore to the feet, but it was accompanied to the end by a sweet stream of strength and refreshing. *He drank of the same spiritual Rock that followed him, and that Rock was Christ.*

EDITOR.

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