

convey, is not appreciably greater than the truth of the story itself, being, as that story is, a perfect mosaic of minute incident and graphic description bespeaking the reality of a personal narrative.

With regard to the book of Daniel the case is different. The difficulty of believing it to have been written after B.C. 163, which it must have been if not genuine, is really greater than that of believing it genuine (if, that is, we are prepared to admit miracle and prophecy), and therefore *critically* it is easier to accept it than not: whether we are of the "few who could feel a difficulty in recognizing as inspired the teaching" of it in the former case, must depend, as I have said before, upon what our notion of inspiration is, a point which this writer discreetly, and no doubt intentionally, leaves undetermined.

It cannot too carefully be borne in mind that the genuineness and authenticity of the books of Scripture are distinct questions, but not seldom the one involves the other. For instance, St. Matthew's Gospel may be perfectly authentic—that is to say, it may relate matters of fact—even if it be not genuine, that is written by St. Matthew, which it nowhere professes to have been. On the other hand, nobody doubts the genuineness of the Cyropædia, though it is admitted not to be authentic; but in the case of the books of the Bible, one way, and a very sure one, of overthrowing their authenticity is to attack their genuineness. Thus if Deuteronomy be not genuine, it cannot be authentic, that is to say, it cannot be true; but if it be authentic, it can hardly be other than genuine. And so if Daniel is authentic, we may be pretty certain that it is genuine; and if it is genuine, we need have no doubt as to its authenticity. But if Daniel is not genuine, then it follows as a matter of course that it is not authentic, even if its "teaching" is "inspired." And then, as a matter of fact, we really know nothing about Daniel; we have no knowledge of his character nor of his work, for the book that passes under his name is a worthless romance which cannot possibly be true or worthy of the slightest credit, however pure, noble, and disinterested the object with which it was written may have been, however "*inspired*" its "teaching."