

the allusions are all alike deficient in sense when compared with other statements.

Then as to the early martyrdoms; many authors of apologetics in modern times have admitted the very doubtful character of some of the "sacred" historians. See what Mr. Addis has to say: "It may be well to warn the reader that the popular list of *ten* great persecutions *has no historic worth.*" Yet it appears in Augustine, and it appears to answer, he says, to the *ten plagues* of Egypt, or to the *ten horns* of the beast in the Apocalypse! That is, it is purely fanciful.

Referring to the strange early stories about the Christians, it would seem needful we should exercise due caution before we reject them as absurd and incredible; Mr. Addis shows, by his story from Tertullian, that the Christians really worshipped the head of an ass! Excavations made in Rome, in 1856, confirm the story! A representation of a human body with an ass's head nailed to the cross, has been discovered; while there is a man standing before it in the attitude of prayer! The Greek inscription, now readable, is—"Alexamenos worships his god" (p. 57). What it means he does not tell us.

The general conclusion, which I think may be safely adopted, is that within the first two centuries, Christianity, the Church and the New Testament were unknown and unmentioned in histories or books wherein it would be reasonable to expect otherwise; "always providing," as lawyers say, that there is any truth in the orthodox representations of the wonderful things that happened in that age of the world, "to the contrary notwithstanding." Those who are disposed to disagree with my judgment on this matter will find on a careful examination that all the writers who maintain the opposite view, rely on Eusebius and Jerome. Before accepting them as true and honest historians, read the stories they tell; the things they believed; and the policy they adopted—that lies were useful and the truth might be suppressed, in the interests of their propaganda; that the end justified the means. But as to who they were; where they lived; and how they passed their lives (according to the highest authorities): all these matters are as vague and uncertain as any saint could desire or invent. On the last point I am willing to let the case rest on statements contained in our *Encyclopædia Britannica* as to what is actually known about Eusebius and Jerome.

A new anecdote of Christopher North has just been put in circulation—one that is not only new, but authentic. A feminine enthusiast was talking to the eccentric writer about his "noble head." She told him about his "frontal development," and so on. Finally, Kit replied, with a result that can be imagined: "True, madam. In our village there was only one head bigger than mine, and that was the village idiot's."

Minister—Brother, you should try to be content with what you have.
Brother—So I am. It's what I ain't got that I'm dissatisfied with.