

# **ANDROS OF EPHESUS: A TALE OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY**

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Andros of Ephesus: a tale of early Christianity by J. E. Copus

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**J. E. COPUS**

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"He is the life of her life, her joy, her recompense. For him she thinks, speaks, moves, breathes." Page 190.

# ANDROS OF EPHEBUS

*A Tale of Early Christianity*

BY THE  
REV. J. E. COPUS, S. J.

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*Author of*

*"The Son of Siro, A Story of Lazarus," "Harry Russell,"*  
*"St. Cuthbert's," "Shadows Lifted," "Tom*  
*Losely: Boy," "The Making of*  
*Mortlake," "As Gold*  
*in the Furnace,"*  
*Etc., Etc.*

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To  
THE MOST REVEREND  
JAMES EDWARD QUIGLEY, D. D.  
ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO,  
WHOSE APPROBATION HAS EVER BEEN AN  
INSPIRATION, THIS VOLUME IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR





of Ephesus, he felt a glow of national pride that the place of his birth possessed one of the wonders of the world.

Had one been near him and watched his face closely, however, on this particular afternoon, there might have been discovered indications of trouble, as shown in the sadness of the eyes and in the lines about the mouth. Strange and disquieting thoughts had recently entered the mind of Andros, the Ephesian, concerning the worship of Diana—thoughts that he could not understand and difficulties which he was unable to solve.

So general was the cultus of the great goddess that he was aware that he could not with safety confide his difficulties even to his nearest friend, yet they were real and tangible to him, and startling because of their newness and for the persistency with which they appeared to demand consideration. He was much disquieted. He remained stationary for a long time, his gaze fixed upon the temple, while his active mind was busy with the problems that had presented themselves.

At last he realized that the sun was about to drop behind the western clouds. Arousing himself from his reverie with an impatient shrug of the shoulders, he turned and walked down the narrow path of the southern slope of Mount Coressus until he came to the substantial farmhouse of one of his

tenants. He was surprised and not unpleased to find that several of the neighboring vine-growers had gathered under the modest portico to spend the evening in rest and conversation and in the enjoyment of each other's company. He welcomed the gathering as a distraction from his own too exacting thoughts.

"Hail, friend! may the great goddess be kind to all," said Andros, as he approached.

"Thou art kind, good Andros; may the great Diana prosper thy vines, for thy rent will be in proportion to their yield," answered a man about fifty years of age. He was florid of face and appeared to be a good patron of his own wine vats.

When Andros had saluted all his friends and had taken his seat among them, the conversation which his coming had interrupted was resumed.

"Hast heard the news, friend Andros?" inquired the red-faced speaker.

"That there will be no Artemision festivities next spring?" said Andros facetiously.

Every one knew that the cessation of the games and procession in honor of Diana and the glory of Ephesus was among the last of improbabilities. All laughed at the sally of humor.

"No, good Callinus," continued Andros, "I have heard nought. Keep me not in suspense. Is the divine emperor dead?"

"Not far from the southern fountain,"