

**A MODERN BUNYAN.**

(J. N. Ervin, in Ram's Horn.)  
**DREAMED:** and behold I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein: and as he read he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?" And while he was standing in his plight there came to him a man named Evangelist and talked with him and gave him a parchment roll wherein was written the way of life from this world to that which is to come. Then the man took the roll and began to read in it, and as he read the way seemed plain before him and a voice said, "This is the way, walk ye in it."  
 Now, while he was still reading therein there came by a man with a huge book under his arm. But the man who was reading was so intent upon what he was reading that he did not see him. Then the visitor laid his hand on the roll in the man's hand and said, "What readest thou?" And the man said, "I am reading a roll which Evangelist gave me to show me the way from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. For you must know unless I escape, I shall perish with this city." "This is an excellent book," replied the man, "and I have given a great deal of time to its study. I am able to tell you many things which Evangelist has never discovered and to make it plainer to you than any one else can. That roll is, in the main, a reliable guide, but I would advise you to read a book of mine on the explanation of the roll and the 'roll corrected.'" Then the speaker gave the man with the roll a card whereon his name was written and disappeared. And the name written was "Higher Critic."  
 And I saw, and behold, there came another man to that place the man was still reading the roll. And he stopped and spake with him and asked why he read so earnestly and why his face was so serious and troubled. And he replied that he was trying to learn the way to escape from Destruction. "I am so glad, then, that I have found you," said this man. "My name is Mr. Modern Thought, and I am setting right such people as you. I perceive that Evangelist has found you and that he has puzzled you with the roll which you have. That roll is all right, but Evangelist is narrow in his views and several centuries behind the times. He shows you the narrow way by the little Wicket Gate and over the Hill Dim-



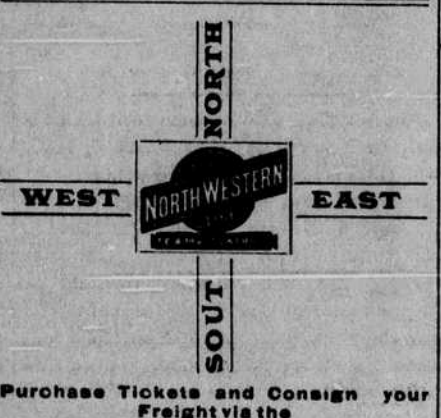
WITH HIS FACE FROM HIS OWN HOUSE.

culty and through the Valley of Humiliation which pilgrims used to go. That way is largely abandoned and we now find an easier road. We are never solitary, for there is always a gay company with us to cheer the time, and we have no longer the sad faces pilgrims used to have. I have a company close here which is on their way and which I am guiding. If you will put that roll in your pocket and go along with me I will guide you without any farther fear on your part. We will follow the roll, but I will read and explain portions of it to you every seven days and relieve you of the vexation of reading it for yourself. And then I will give you that explanation which we accept and which makes our journey so happy. If you have ever read the account which John Bunyan gives of the journey of the Christian from this world to that which is to come you have found that he went through much tribulation, but I can show you another way." Then I saw that the man persuaded him to go and he gave to him the name of Pilgrim and added him to his company.  
 Then I saw that Mr. Modern Thought went on his way with his company. And as they went they laughed and sang and cheered each other by the way. Pilgrim kept the roll in his pocket and rarely touched it. On every seventh day Mr. Modern Thought would talk to them for half an hour about some theme pertaining to that roll and would tell them how sadly the stern men of the past had tried to force all pilgrims through a narrow and difficult path with lions in the way and how fortunate they were in that they were not beset by any of those old views. The spirit of the modern times does not follow those old paths. And then for the rest of those days which they called sacred days they found delight in social companies or in reading papers each of which contained a sermon that no one ever read.  
 Now, I saw that as they went on their way, they came to a place where a narrow way went up a steep hill to the road that Christian went of whom we have heard from Bunyan. And at that place where this way left the road that Pilgrim was going there was a house where Evangelist was trying to gather in those who were with Pilgrim and explain to them the roll so that they might go on the King's Highway to the

Celestial city. And I heard Mr. Modern Thought speak with his company and tell them that while Evangelist might imagine he was doing good it were better to go on their easy way than to fall in with the fanatics who were trying to climb that hard hill and leave behind them all the delights they might enjoy. Then I saw that they passed by without stopping to hear what words Evangelist might speak to them. And so they escaped any pricks of conscience.  
 And I saw after this that they came to a place where the atmosphere from the Valley of Humiliation began to blow chill upon them. And their hearts began to sink and goblins began to appear to them. But Mr. Modern Thought belonged to a company who had builded a railroad entirely around that valley, called Constant Amusement railroad. It is luxuriously furnished and its coaches are equipped with theatrical exhibitions and dancing pavilions till it takes away all thought of the discomforts of the Valley of Humiliation. Pilgrim and all who were with him took this railroad and passed the serious valley without so much as a single encounter with any evil or so much as a dream of Apollyon. It is said that he has never interfered with the running of that road, though it has large numbers of travelers. On Sundays Mr. Modern Thought talked to them of a religion of sunshine in opposition to the sadness of those who pass through the Valley of Humiliation where the old way used to go.  
 At the end of the C. A. R. R. was a station fitted up with telescopes labeled "Modern Ideas," through which the pilgrims were permitted to look at what they were told was the Celestial city. There was a large and beautiful country into which everybody who had ever lived was received. There were all the pleasures of sight and sound and sense with which men were fascinated in the City of Destruction and on their pilgrimage. Pilgrim learned after he had reached the end of his journey that these pictures were painted on the end of the telescopes.  
 And after this the pilgrims went on their way making merry among themselves. And one day Mr. Modern Thought told his company he wanted to raise a fund to help another company to come by the way of the C. A. R. R. But the old way of helping others by giving up something was a hard way and the pilgrims stopped at the Vanity Fair and took some booths and gave some "charity performances" for the good of other pilgrims who were coming in a second-class railroad carriage, called a "Mission." Pilgrim ran a wheel of fortune, others sold sweet meats and beverages, and others had charge of the ballroom to the delight of the citizens of Vanity Fair. Mr. Modern Thought and Pilgrim were summoned before the officers and presented with the "freedom of the city" and a copy of resolutions of regard adopted by the officials. They sent a small gift as a donation from the company in charge of Mr. Modern Idea to "assist needy pilgrims."  
 After this I beheld that they went on their way with merry hearts. They traveled by easy stages and rested at night in comfortable places. If Evangelist attempted to talk with them by the way they easily escaped him, and if he urged them to read the roll which he had put in their hands they assured him that they had it safe in their pockets and that Mr. Modern Thought read some of it to them every seventh day. And so I saw Pilgrim till he came to the end of his journey and his friends would not let him think of the dark river which ran across his way till his feet were in the waters. Then he passed out of my sight for a time till I saw him on the other side. And he was met there by attendants who took him away to the place prepared for him. And I looked once more and beheld the entrance to that place which he had entered and the name that was above the door, and behold it was not heaven! Then I awoke from my dream.  
**"BEWARE!" SAID WILLIAM.**  
 But the 17-Year-Old Beauty Didn't Beware Worth a Cent.  
 A very funny young fellow named William Riggs thought it would be fun to scare four young women who were in the habit of riding by moonlight on their wheels in the smooth road in the vicinity of Delphi, N. Y.  
 He had made a long white costume and a hideous mask. Mounted on stilts he appeared twelve feet high, and he waved his ghastly arm and in a sepulchral tone moaned, "Beware!"  
 One of the young women fell off of her wheel in a faint, two of them broke all world's records for the distance, but Miss Grace Holden, a 17-year-old beauty from Jersey City, gracefully dismounted from her "bike," plucked up a large stone, and, as she threw it, said: "If you are a ghost this will go through you, and if you are a frolish, masquerading boy it will hurt you."  
 And that is how it happened that Willie Riggs has three broken ribs.  
**This Calf's Tail Is in Front.**  
 A Scarborough (Me.) man has a cow which recently brought an offspring into the world. The calf is said to be all right except as to the tail, and the tail is all right, only it is misplaced, being on the wrong end of the beast. It is said to grow from between the eyes. In fact, the animal looks more like a baby elephant than a cow. It was found that the calf was likely to starve to death from its inability to suck and wag its tail at the same time, so it was brought up by hand.  
**Had Their Feet Washed.**  
 The ceremony of feet-washing was performed in the Church of God, at Decatur, Ill., recently. One hundred and twenty-five persons had their pedal extremities made clean

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