

A Child's Strange Dream

This story of a child's dream and how it came true shows that God knows all the future and He has a special care for children.

One time, there was a little girl who lived on a farm in Minnesota. Her parents were strict Lutherans. Let us call this little girl "Laura." When Laura was about ten years old, her parents wanted her to be confirmed so that she could join the Lutheran Church. This meant that she must go to the minister to read the Bible and learn the duties of a Christian.

As Laura read her Bible, she noticed that it said, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." God "rested on the seventh day from all His work." "Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." "In it thou shalt not do any work."

Laura was puzzled. How plain the Bible seemed. Yet her parents and all the Lutherans rested on Sunday. They hallowed the first day of the week. She wondered if there was anyone in all the world who kept the seventh day holy. She had never heard of any. How strange!

The more Laura thought about this, the more puzzled she became. She thought all Christians ought to obey the word of God. Why was every one keeping Sunday? She talked with her parents about it.

"Everyone keeps Sunday, daughter," her mother said. "Don't let this trouble you. When older people do this way, a child should be satisfied."

But Laura was not satisfied. She kept asking her parents questions that they could not answer. At last, they told her to ask the minister. He would surely be able to explain.

"Please, sir, why do people keep Sunday, when the Bible says the seventh day is the Sabbath?" she asked the minister the next time she went to read to him.

"Sunday has been kept for ages, my child," he said, "and it should be good enough for us."

"Where does the Bible tell us to keep Sunday?" the child asked.

The minister could not answer her question. He could give no reason from the Bible for keeping Sunday. Laura was greatly disappointed. She was not at all convinced. She believed God wanted her to keep holy the day He had made holy.

Often, when the Sabbath came, she took her Bible and went to her favorite nook back of a big straw pile, and there she studied the word of God. But as she knew of no one else in all the world who kept the seventh day, she finally decided she must be mistaken, and gave it up.

A few years later Laura had a dream. In her dream she saw a tent. Beyond the tent was a bright light. A voice said to her, "Go in there, and you will see the light." The only thing Laura could think of as being held in a tent was a circus, and she had been taught to stay away from that. So she replied to the voice that she never went to a circus. Again the voice told her to go up to the tent. This she decided to do. As she neared the tent, she heard singing. They were singing gospel songs! She looked inside and saw a number of people listening to the speaker. She marked well his appearance. Then she awoke, but she did not think anything special of the dream.

A little later she had another dream something like the first one. She saw a large tent, and saw and heard a number of speakers.

Time wore on and Laura grew to womanhood. Then she married. A few years later, a tent was pitched on a vacant lot not far from the place where she lived. She then had a little boy about ten years of age. One day, as he was coming up the street on which the tent was pitched, a man seemed to be waiting to speak to him. Soon he reached the place where the man stood.

"Good morning, son," the man said pleasantly. "When you go home, tell your mother that meetings are held every night in the tent, and we should like to have her come and hear."

On his way home, the boy stopped a moment at the tent. Hanging up in the tent he saw a chart with many strange-looking pictures on it. When he reached home, he told his mother what the man had said and what he had seen.

"The men at the tent are false prophets," the mother said. "Why should I go near them?"

But she kept wondering about the pictures. At last, she decided to go and see them, and hear what these men would talk about.

At first, she did not have courage to go inside the tent, but only peeped in as she went past. The face of the speaker seemed familiar. She looked in again on her way back. She knew that she had seen that face before. The third time she managed to get courage enough to go in. Then she recognized the speaker as the one she had seen about thirty years before in a dream.

After the meeting, she told him that she had seen him thirty years ago. He wondered what she meant, for he was but a child then, and had never thought of such a thing as being a minister. But the Lord who knows our down sittings and our uprisings, and who understands our thoughts afar off, not only saw him in His work but also saw just how he would dress thirty years later. The mother, related her dream, and it made a deep impression upon the minister.

As a result of these meetings, the mother accepted the third angel's message. Next year, she went to camp meeting. Here she recognized a number of the speakers by voice and appearance, those she had seen in her second dream.

Does this not show us that although our heavenly Father is clothed with majesty, yet He is not too great to speak to a little child and lead them to the light in His own good time and way? He never forgets even the smallest of His creatures. While to us the future is clothed in darkness, to Him it is as an open book. We are His children, and we should cast all our trials upon Him, knowing that His eye is upon us and that He will never forsake us. Adapted from Review and Herald before 1933.