

## **TWO ROADS**

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[Although this dream is intended for a certain individual's situation and is an answer to prayer, this will be of benefit to others as well. We all must choose between this world and the Lord, even if it involves family.]

In my dream, I have several children. I see a scale. On the left side of it are my children and on the right side of it is a clipboard. Many angels stand around my children, some with their hands on the children's shoulders. Many angels stand next to the clipboard, except these angels are different. Some hold books, some have flaming wings, and others have swords and shields.

I look at my children, whom I love more than anything, and then at the clipboard. It is transparent, like clear glass, with nothing on it. I know I must choose between my children and the clipboard. I love and want my children, but I realize I must have faith and choose the clipboard, knowing that my children will be safe.

On top of the scale's frame, I notice a small banner with an inscription inlaid in gold. It says, "Deuteronomy 30:19." ["I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live."]

I pick up the clipboard. Since I have chosen the clipboard, I now see writing in capital gold letters centered at the top: "FOR MY PEOPLE." Toward the left appear smaller silver letters on a single line that say "Joshua 24:15." ["And if it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."] I turn the clipboard over and notice that it says the same thing on both sides, even though the clipboard is transparent.

I look up at my children who still stand on the scales, tell them I love them but that I have chosen. Holding the clipboard close to my heart, I turn and walk away, knowing that I have made the perfect decision and that my children are being watched over.

I leave the room and begin walking. I find myself on the side of a very steep hill and on a very small, narrow path with many rocks. It is hard to walk and I struggle to find a good foothold. I look down at my clipboard. It says "SIGNS OF THE TIMES, June 22 1904."

"Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

The two roads mentioned lead in opposite directions; one is narrow and rugged, the other is wider and smoother, but it ends in destruction. Those who travel these two roads are opposite in character, dress, and conversation. Those in the narrow way are serious and earnest, yet cheerful. The Man of sorrows opened the way for them, and traveled it Himself. They see His footsteps, and are comforted. As they travel on, they talk of the joy and happiness that await them in their journey's end.

Those in the broad way are occupied with thoughts of worldly pleasure. They freely indulge in hilarity and glee, giving no thought to the end of their journey.

In the road of death all may go, with their worldliness, their selfishness, their pride, dishonesty, and moral debasement. There is room for every man's opinions and doctrines, space to follow his inclinations, to do whatever his self-love may dictate. In order to go in the path that leads to destruction, there is no need of searching for the way; for the gate is wide, and the way is broad, and the feet turn naturally into the path that ends in death.

But the way of life is narrow, and the entrance straight. If you cling to any besetting sin, you will find the gateway too narrow for you to enter. Your own ways, your own will, your wrong habits and unchristlike practises, must be given up if you would keep the way of the Lord. He who would follow Christ can not follow the world's opinions or meet the world's standard. Heaven's path is too narrow for rank and riches to ride in state, too narrow for the plan of self-centered ambition, too steep and rugged for lovers of ease to climb. Toil, patience, self-sacrifice, reproach, poverty, the contradiction of sinners against Himself, was the portion of Christ, and it must be our portion, if we ever enter the Paradise of God.

Yet do not therefore conclude that the upward road is the hard, and the downward road the easy, way. All along the road that leads to death there are pains and penalties, there are sorrows and disappointments, there are warnings not to go on. God's love has made it hard for the heedless and headstrong to destroy themselves. It is true that Satan's path is made to appear attractive, but it is all a deception; in the way of evil there are bitter remorse and cankering care. We may think it pleasant to follow pride and worldly ambition; but the end is pain and sorrow. Selfish plans may present flattering promises, and hold out the hope of enjoyment, but we shall find that our happiness is poisoned, and our life embittered by hopes that center in self. In the downward road the gateway may be bright with flowers, but thorns are in the path. The light of hope which shines from its entrance fades into the darkness of despair; and the soul who follows this path descends into the shadows of unending night.

The pathway to heaven is narrow, but no one need fail of finding it. It has been plainly marked out by the Father's hand. Not one trembling sinner need fail of walking in pure and holy light. Altho the upward path is sometimes difficult and often wearisome, altho the Christian may have to endure toil and conflict, yet let him go forward with rejoicing, trusting as a little child in the loving guidance of Him "who keepeth the feet of His saints," knowing that the path he is traveling will bring him at last to the mansions that Christ has gone to prepare for those who love Him. "The path of the righteous is as the light of dawn, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." {Signs of the Times, June 22, 1904}