

## Prophecy.

Listen, O ye men and women, youths  
and maidens, and little children.

Listen, Oh! ye good people of Sucketts,  
to the words of wisdom from the lips  
of your prophet and dreamer, who  
dreams, sweetly dreams the happy hours  
away.

It has been given unto me as the  
chosen one to dream strange dreams,  
and see strange visions through  
the vistas of the years to come, &  
moving among the dim shadows  
of the future, I behold those pale  
and radiant beings, who were  
once my class mates, changed and  
transformed into citizens of the  
world outside, even as they had  
long hoped to be, & for years had  
studied hard in order that they might  
be properly equipped, for the duties as

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responsibilities of life.

As they emerge from the shadows by which they are enveloped.

I am not disappointed in them. There are no signs of clouds of care, or mountains of sin hanging over them. They seem bright, busy, cheerful & happy. I can see our little town grown larger and more happy through the work of these, her future citizens, ~~with~~ into an attractive little place with paved streets and beautiful parks, tall commercial buildings and handsome residences.

Lucketts is no longer churchless, but has tall churches with tall spires reaching skyward, but the people still seem to be going to Faith Chapel on Sunday. I gaze on a fine new building, which has taken the place of our old dearly beloved school house,

and the campus is so changed that I can scarcely find the play places of our early days.

Then Heigh! Presto! Change! We dreamers dream rapidly. And as I walked along one of the most beautiful residential streets in the city, one home especially attracts my attention.

As I stand gazing on the scene of quite prosperity, the door opens and a man comes out, whose very walk depicts the lord and master.

He steps into an automobile, and as he drives off, a bright face appears at the window and waves a cheery good-bye, but that woman who can she be? There is something strangely familiar about her, yet so changed that I could hardly believe my eyes, when at last I recognized Minnie Belle Arnold grown into charming

womanhood. This was indeed a treat, see her, I must. I rang the bell and was ushered into her presence, and we had a cozy chat.

She told me of her happiness, and as I listened to her, I forgot that she was secretary of the woman's National party, had been making some fine speeches and was frequently spoken of as a Candidate for Lieutenant Governor. She did not even mention her political career.

The scene changes and I go from the busy city streets, leaving the maddening crowd behind me and ere long, I am in the vicinity of the little town of Loyalty.

Here I see a beautiful old colonial country home surrounded by trees and and shubbery, and rich field of golden grain shaking in the breeze, while apples

are falling from the trees, and all the comforts and blessings that can only be had on a good farm, and here my eyes did not deceive me, when I saw Ethel Titus with a big apron on, feeding the chickens, while a man I also new came up in a new Chandler car, very much like the one his father use to own. This seems to have been a culmitation of a romance which began at Lucketts. In my next two visions which merge into one I behold our class romance. My dreams now become fitful, but in them I witness a slender youth on graduation day at Hampden Sidney College, and later on one or two occassion, I caught in distinct visions of him in the Seminary studying Theology for seven months in the year, and assisting

over worked pastors of Churches the other fire, later I witness his ordination after which he is a minister of the gospel. Then I meet him face to face, as he embarks a ship, and behold it is Fabney Simpson, and I was so glad to see him.

Another vista and I saw a primal forest with black forms hovering about. They are savage and do not know God, but again I saw Fabney a missionary among them.

Then I dreamed a new dream, and saw the ladies of the Woman's Auxiliary preparing an outfit for a young lady missionary and I read in the papers, that it was Clara Heflin, our Clara.

I saw the Atlantic Ocean, the sobbing Atlantic, bear a ship on its bosom that was taking her to

to the dark continent to win savage souls. In my visions appeared a mission home in darkest Africa and a young girl goes to and fro talking, teaching and reading in her efforts to win souls, then followed a pestilence, and she nursed the sick and endeavours to save both souls and lives, until she was stricken and then, I go to a quite secluded spot, where surrounded by beautiful shrubby and trees, a modern hospital appears before me. I stopped to look at the beautiful building, when I caught a glimpse from a window of a sick face that I knew, it was one of the beautiful pictures that hang on memories wall. As I turned away a familiar figure of a gentleman came in view. It was a missionary from another

African mission field going to see the sick.

Simply I saw a marriage in that far away land. I went over a nice cement road from Lucketts to Faith Chapel and saw the familiar faces of people I knew, lighted with expectancy. A missionary was to preach and he and his wife were both missionaries from Africa. They came and the missionary was Rev. Fabney Simpson and Mrs. Simpson was the lady we know as <sup>Mrs.</sup> Clara Heflin.

Lastly, I saw my self, an old maid school teacher struggling along hoping to be rewarded in heaven for the sacrifice of a life's work for the benefit of the school children of Virginia.

The scene suddenly changed & behold



a white haired, dignified old man sitting on a porch watching with interest, the drama of life being played, and he is happy in seeing the boys and girls of our class carrying on in a most worthy manner the work that was begun in the eventful year of 1921, when our class left the walls of the institution, over which he so ably presided. It was not difficult to recognize our honored Principal, who has nothing to regret in the outcome of his efforts.

The visions fades the dreams are over, back I come from the land of the future, and find myself in the town of Lucketts, year 1921, and the future into which I have just pierced is now unexplored.

But dear class mates, I am sure that with such brilliant futures

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before you, you can not but work  
henceforth to bring them to a  
fulfillment, so that in the years  
to come you may say of your  
Prophet. She spoke wisely and  
truly as did the prophets of old.