

A CAMP MEETING

It was spring, beautiful, wonderful, heavenly, spring with its gay green, grass, lovely flowers and singing birds. This is the time of the year when nature is at its best and all the world is happy and in love. The sweet songs of many birds drifted to my ears as they flitted from tree to tree over head as the car in which I was riding, sped through the country bringing me nearer and nearer to my long looked for destination, my first camp meeting.

At last we arrived, and I being then just a child was afraid and ashamed at the sight of so many people. It reminded me so much of my first trip to a circus. My parents at once began to shake hands with old friends and to become acquainted with others. After a short time, which seemed an eternity to me, we entered the large brown canvas tent where the meeting was being held and I began at once to take note.

On a stand made of new cut boards sat three queer little men. The queerest one of the three, I was later to learn, being the preacher for the afternoon. The meeting was opened by the congregation singing "A Charge to Keep I Have" led by an old man. Next it was announced that after the prayer which followed one whole hour would be given for testifying. By this time I was sitting with a girl and boy about my own age and who felt as much out of place as I. The three of us became friends at once and decided to make the best of the day. To me the scene was truly funny. There were so many strange people in such funny costumes.

I paid strict attention to every word that was said by each speaker. My attention was drawn to a rather tall woman of dark complexion wearing a red hat, a black skirt, a yellow waist, white slippers, tan stockings, and long white gloves. My funny box was truly touched.

My male companion turned to me and said, "what a funny picture. There's an exact rainbow only the colors don't match. Isn't she really too funny?"

The three of us sniggled and my mother gave me such a hunch with her elbow that I decided it was better for my comfort to be quiet. I was until another woman rose to testify.

"Brothers and sisters," said the speaker, "I am here to say that God has truly washed me of all my sins. He and He only has the power to cleanse you and make you whiter than snow. Yes, he has blessed and cleansed me. Look! see how white he has made me."

Slowly my eyes strayed from the tan slippers on her feet to the darker tan hose, to her black dress and then to her little lighter face. I was amused beyond doubt. Quickly I called my companion's attention to this and the three of us laughed out and I just couldn't stop. Of course mother was furious and I managed not to laugh out again during the speaking but oh! when the preaching started it was so funny.