

**"My Three Days in Gilead."**

Traveling is common to-day as compared with the traveling even of a decade ago, but it is, nevertheless, as fascinating as ever, and the countries to be seen, just as inviting as ever, and, indeed, more so. There is one country, however, that is the most interesting of all—and that is Palestine. We think of the Holy Land as we think of our Bible. We imagine we would view its scenes as we would a sacred painting, or traverse its historic valleys and hills as we would an ancient and imposing cathedral. So closely do we associate this land with the Savior that it is indeed sacred and holy—and most conducive, too, to the play of imagination and religious fancy. Therefore a traveler who has walked amidst these scenes is most interesting. Our fancy, even, plays about him, and we begin to imagine what grand scenes he has beheld and upon what holy ground he has trod. "That man," we say to ourselves, "has looked across the same valleys that the Christ looked across when He bade us consider the lilies there; he has been to the well—this traveler has—where Christ sat and gave water of eternal life to the thirsty comers; he has been in the silent and lonesome Gethsemane; in the dark tomb whence the Lord called the dead Lazarus; and he has been upon the clouded brow of Golgotha."

Whatever such a returned traveler says or writes is thus welcome and interesting. And, though we may have heard much about these things before, and have read much, yet every man is a "new man" and every book is a "new book." So was Dr. Elmer Y. Hoenshel, Dayton, Va., who lectured in the College Chapel last week on the Passion Play, a "new man," and so is his little book "My Three Days in Gilead" a "new book." Dr. Hoenshel has a pleasant manner and clear style of expression in speech. And this ease and happy naturalness is equally experienced by the reader in this delightful little story of his pilgrimage through the mountains of Gilead. It is the most interesting section of Palestine, and the most dangerous to visit. The author rivets your attention not only by depicting beautiful vistas of craggy hills and ruined cities but by associating every scene with the great prophets, warriors, and kings who have played here, in ages gone by, their various roles. "The hills over which man walked are still here; the rocks that he quarried, carved, polished, and fitted into place are here; the stone coffin in which he lay down to his last resting-place is here—but where is he? Gone! Gone forever! I am just above the garden; its rippling waters tell me of Abraham, of Jacob, of Joshua, of Saul, of David, of Elijah, of Elisha, of Naaman, of John the Baptist, and of Jesus of Nazareth. How sweet and musical is the story! How impressive its truths! It is all so beautiful!" And we feel with the author that truly it is all impressive and beautiful. A. C. H.

**"The Idea."**

Celestine.—And has Mr. Pryor's church so small a congregation?"  
Hilda.—"Yes, indeed. Every time he says, 'Dearly Beloved' you feel as if you had received a proposal."—Bohemian Magazine.

**LOCALS AND PERSONALS.**

Continued from Page One.

bate Query. Resolved That each State should have complete control of all matter pertaining to its commerce." Best speaker on the affirmative, A. T. Fanks. Best speaker on the negative, J. S. Truitt. Question won by the affirmative.

Mr. E. S. Welborn from the University of North Carolina spent Sunday at the College.

Miss Pearl Fogleman spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Burlington.

Ladies Aid Society gave, in the College Auditorium, Monday evening, a concert representing "Ye Olden Time."

Misses Mary and Beulah Post spent Saturday and Sunday at their home in Burlington, accompanied by Miss Maggie Isley.

The Christian Endeavor Society had a very inspiring meeting Sunday evening, led by Mr. D. C. Holt. Subject, "Bible texts that help me."

We note with pleasure that Mrs. Dr. Moffit and children, who have been sick for several days, are very much better and we hope to see them out again soon.

Miss Urquhart, head of the Department of Expression, led the Y. W. C. A. Sunday afternoon. Subject, "The Seizing of Opportunity." Her meeting was very instructive and beneficial.

Y. M. C. A. Hall Saturday evening. Meeting led by Rev. J. O. Cox. Subject, "Trusting in the Lord." The meeting was interesting and well attended, yet almost total absence of upper class men would indicate that these men should take more interest in the Association.

Under the auspices of the Shakespeare class, the net proceeds to go to the Athletic Association and to the Young Woman's Christian Association, Mr. Haunibal A. Williams, a noted Shakespeare lecturer will present as a reader, Henry IV, Part 1, and Othello February 18 and 19, in the college auditorium. A literary feast for those who attend. Admission 25 and 35 cents.

The Clio Literary Society will give its annual celebration Tuesday evening, Feb. 22d, in the College Auditorium. The program is as follows: Vocal solo, "Bandolers," O. M. Barnes. Oration, "Power of Melody," R. A. Campbell. "Journal," J. S. Lincoln. Oration, "Great Things Have Little Beginnings," J. P. Farmer. Cornet Solo, "The Lost Chord," R. A. Campbell. Debate. Query: Resolved, That the Carnegie Foundation as it is now administered, is detrimental to the best interests of education in the United States. Affirmative, C. J. Felton, of N. C.; J. A. Dickey, of N. C. Negative, C. W. Rountree, of Va.; G. S. Cornwell, of Va. J. W. Dancy, Pres.; H. A. Moffit,

Sec. Marshals, R. L. Walker, chief; D. F. Parsons, A. E. Ballance.

Mr. P. F. Barber, Class of 1903 was a visitor last week. He left the last of the week for his home in Jackson, Miss. A. F. GRIFFIN.

**A Reliable Fiance.**

A lady in a Southern town was approached by her colored maid.

"Well Jenny," she asked, seeing that something was in the air.

"Please, Mis. Mary, might I have the afternoon off, three weeks from Wednesday?" Then noticing an undecided look in her mistress' face, she added hastily, "I wants to go to my fiance's fun'ral."

"Goodness me," answered the lady, your fiance's funeral! Why, you don't know that he's even going to die, let alone the date of his funeral. That is something none of us can be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully. Then, with a triumphant note in

her voice she added—"But I'se sure about him, Mis. Mary 'cos he's goin to be here!"—Everybody's.

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