

**Berkley Letter.**

The old year will be gone ere this letter appears in print, and with it will pass up another round of experience in every human life to be recorded, pro or con, by the ever-busy recording angel. Father Time works slowly but surely, and he never lays down his scythe.

Since the report of "poundings" seems to be in order, we rise to remark that on Tuesday evening before last Thanksgiving, while the sky was inky black, and the rain was coming down in fitful showers we were aroused from a pleasant reverie by the ringing of the doorbell. On opening the door, we were surprised to see a large number of the Ladies Aid Society, standing drawn up as if in battle array, while behind them stood Deacon Eley and Bro. Randolph. We invited them in, of course, and they intensified our surprise when they refused the parlor, and insisted in holding a meeting in the dining-room. The dining-room door which opens into the yard was thrown open and suddenly from out the darkness there emerged package after package of groceries borne in by busy hands and hurrying feet. There were bags of flour, bundles of sugar, coffee, apples, peaches, and crackers. There were jars of fruit and preserves, baskets of potatoes, Irish and sweet, a fine turkey, cakes and crackers, and numerous other articles. Out in the back yard a colored man had dumped a ton of coal. We stood stock still and pinched ourselves to see whether we were ourselves or some one else, but Sister Nichols handed us a handful of free silver before we could come to a conclusion. Well, to make the story short, we were pounded with a gush of enthusiasm in spite of the weather, and there was not a happier chap in Berkley that night than your humble servant. We cannot convey to these friends our thanks in words, we could not do the subject justice. So we are just trying to show our appreciation by endeavoring to serve them to the best of our ability. In addition to this pounding we also got some Christmas gifts for which we are indebted to Mrs. W. H. French, Mrs. Oue Marwitz and the Sunday school. Our hearts desire is that the riches of God's favor may ever rest on these friends who are friends indeed.

The writer with his family spent Christmas week in Warren county, N. C., and enjoyed the quiet seclusion of a country home, where far removed and comparatively free from the haunts of men, we endeavored to find "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." A little change and rest is a good medicine for a busy man.

Last Monday night the 29th, the children of our Sunday school rendered their Christmas exercises, at the conclusion of which the whole school was treated to confectionaries, nuts and fruits. It was a happy gathering of young people and the exercises reflected credit upon Miss Elizabeth Pierce, who trained the children.

The church here is in a hopeful condition, and we hope, with the help of the Lord, to see her add strength to herself both in spiritual power and in members during A. D. 1903.

HERBERT SCHOLZ.

**Holiday and Birthday Presents.**

DEAR SUN:—I want to acknowledge in your columns a very unexpected New Year's and birthday present I got today—a purse of a nice little sum from a few of my very dear old friends at Durham, W. C. Cole, Ruby and Mabel, his dear

little daughters, R. Kelley, J. D. Kelley, Miss Stella Kelley, C. A. High, family and friends. Also a few nice Christmas presents from Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Peace, of Durham; also friends at Franklin and Norfolk, Va. How gratifying to feel, though absent, we are so kindly remembered by dear friends.

J. W. WELLONS.

Elon College, N. C.,  
Jan. 1, 1903.

**Holland Items.**

All things considered, Christmas at our place passed rather quietly, notwithstanding much strong drink was sold and drunk. There has been very little rioting or cases of disorder, and few, if any, cases have come under mayor's notice. Business was at quite a rush for several days preceding the 25th. It was really a harvest time with merchant's, saloons not excepted. Several thousand dollars was no doubt taken in. And although there was not the usual noise and excessive frolic and tumult, among the more considerate, the Saviour's advent was respected and enjoyed in moderation.

Several marriages took place in this and other neighborhoods during Christmas. This writer was called upon to unite in holy wedlock, Mr. Charles Hatfield, of Southampton Co., and Miss Cleve Reed near this place, Dec. 24th, and Mr. Willie L. Bittle, of Elwood, Va., to Miss Ella V. Holland near this place, the ceremony taking place at Holland, Dec. 25th.

Last 4th Sunday was cold and the congregation did not reach its maximum proportions, although it was large enough to give inspiration to the speaker. It was communion day, and a goodly number received the sacrament. Mission exercises took place in the evening, and the program was well planned and admirably executed by the children. Miss Mamie Holland the chief manager, who trained the children, deserves much praise for her noble efforts to make the exercises a success. Being just at Christmas, when every body's attention was in other directions, she alone under rather embarrassing circumstances, by persistent effort, drilled the children almost to perfection. All the pieces by the children were well chosen and appropriate, touching on the advent of Christ. The various parts rendered by the children were charmingly recited and were well adapted to the occasion and place, and the whole was highly interesting and entertaining, and all enjoyed the services from beginning to close. We are glad to say we have some bright little "kids" in our Sabbath school, and are prospective men and women of prominence and usefulness for the future church. And Miss Mamie Holland is highly esteemed as a leader in church work, as well as in the social circle. We have no lady member that takes greater interest in church work and its various enterprises.

The many friends of the Misses Golda and Sadie Holland were glad to see them on their home visit, during Christmas. They are looking well, and no doubt enjoyed their short stay with friends and loved ones.

We were pleased also to see Bro. Obed Johnson of Mt. Carmel and Tommie Jones, of Holy Neck, from Elon College. They speak encouragingly of the school.

Melder Jones will return to Elon, with others from this section.

We would also mention the following who were home from other schools, especially as they are members of our church: Lillian Porter from Blackstone Female College and Selmer Butler and Buella Holland (of

this place) from Farmville Female College. We very much enjoyed seeing them all, and they seemed greatly to enjoy the home visit.

We had the appearance of a rather unusual phenomenon yesterday morning, 30th. It was, seemingly, a bright and beautiful rainbow. The strange part of it was in the zenith, or directly overhead in the morning at about 8 o'clock. Many persons had never seen anything like it before. It was also seen in the evening, high up in the heavens.

R. H. HOLLAND.

**Elon College Notes.**

Gone forever! Lost: many opportunities to do things. Last year with its successes and failures is a warning for this just begun. New resolutions are in order. Make no pledge unless you will carry it holy.

But my duty is not to moralize but chronicle. These notes must be "in office Monday morning" to get in print, and so they were Christmas week but they went to waste basket and they were in a hurry to have holiday. The fault was not mine. I wrote, and on time.

Now what must I say? Much has been happening lately. Christmas began here with a Christmas tree to the primary Sunday school class under care of Mrs. Holleman and Santa Claus. Very pleasant and successful. Then began the rounds of young people. The hay ride (a wagon load of hay, and young folks) to Shallow Ford Christmas-tree followed by receptions at Mrs. Kernodle's, Dr. Newman's and so on winding up Wednesday night with "watch" party at Prof. Lawrence's.

Enough young people remained for holidays joined with the people living here and the visitors to have a real jolly time and all the time it seemed to me.

Among those visiting here were Miss Bettie O Kelly, of Durham, visiting Miss Martha Pearl Holleman, Rev. C. E. Newman visiting (at) his brother's, Misses Myrtie Daughtry, Maggie Shoffner, Profs. J. T. Cobb, W. M. Brown and others. Well, we love to see them and especially so happy as during the holidays.

Mesdames Atkinson and Lawrence seem to have forgotten the holidays are over. They are still in Eastern Va. while their other halves are at work here with long faces and lonely.

College has opened but many students are yet away in spite of zeros. Home people hide the demands of the class room in the great desire to have their children as long as possible.

No preaching Sunday as Dr. Newman was not well enough to fill his pulpit.

No effort to name those from here who visited either students or citizens only to say that some strange routes were made and new trips taken.

We wish all a prosperous year now begun. S. A. H.

**Why?**

Why should we give money to save heathen abroad when there are heathen in our own country to save?

THERE ARE OTHER "WHYS" EQUALLY LOGICAL.

Why should I give for those in other parts of this country when there are needy ones in my own state?

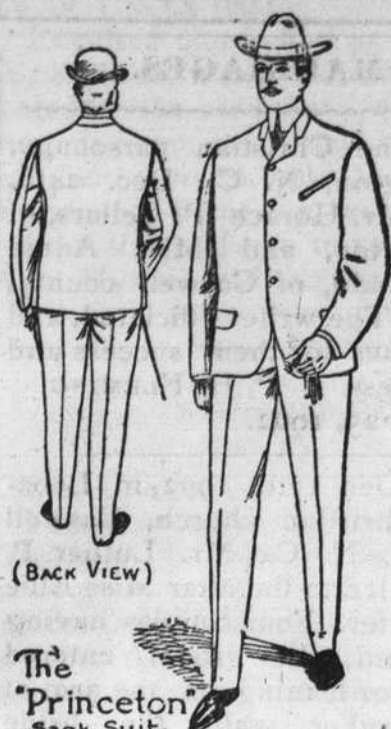
Why should I give for those in ether parts of the state when there are needy in my own town?

Why should I give for the poor in the town when my own church needs money?

Why should I give to church when my own family wants it?

Why should I waste on my family what I want myself?

Why? Because I am a Christian; not a heathen—Sel.



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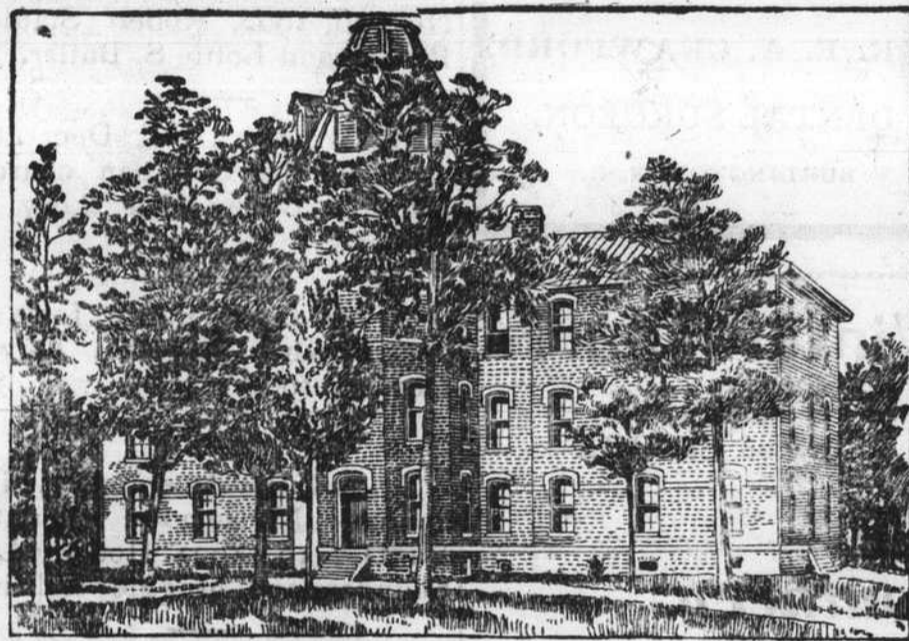
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