

Waterloo, Ont.,
Feb'y 9, 1919.

Dear Mother:-

It is pretty late for me to begin a letter, but perhaps I can get a short one done between this and bed time. Bonnie and Herman and I went down to Church to night. After Church we sent Herman home and went around and made a call upon Prof. Holm and wife, where we had eats and drinks and smokes. There are no people who understand entertaining like the Germans and they have the matter of feeding down to a fine art. We spent a very pleasant evening and when we got back just now we found all the children in bed asleep. Carlos had put Robert to bed. I had put Marion and Arthur to bed before we went to Church. Pastor Boedelmann preached in English to night. His subject was King Solomon. His divisions were: Solomon the wisest man and the biggest fool, How God accepted his prayer and rejected him, How he had every thing and yet was forever dissatisfied. He said Solomon's folly was seen in his

"wives", of which he had a thousand in his
harem and that he should have controlled
them but allowed them to control him in
the end. He didn't give Solomon much
credit but the sermon was quaint and
interesting and rich in Germanized English
expressions. Pastor Baedermann is a fine
German preacher, but his English still has
room for improvement. I heard him this
morning in German and he was very good.
This is, I think, the second time I have
heard him in English. Pastor Maurer is
still quite sick. The doctor does not know
exactly what is the matter with him, but
suspects he has a growth in the stomach.
He wants to put him through an X-ray
examination. He looks desperately bad
and I'm afraid his days are numbered.
I hope though that in this I am mistaken
as he has for you been one of my best
friends and is in a position here where he
could be of the greatest usefulness. In
fact he has already done much in the
way of building up again the First English
congregation in Hitchumel. My prayers are
that the Lord may spare him for still
greater good work, but he is himself in
very low spirits over his condition which
is not a good sign. Prof. Willison preached
for him to-day. We are still having
most delightful winter weather, bright
and mild. I was out skating yesterday

with the boys, and this afternoon I took
all the family down except Bonnie and Robert
and we had a great time on the ice. Marion
and Arthur, of course, don't skate, but they
enjoyed running over the ice and trying to
keep up with us while we were skating. I
suppose there were over 300 on the ice this
afternoon. Arthur is a great whistler and
crowds over Herman who can't whistle. He
gets before him sometimes and tries to in-
struct him in the art. He said to Jay, "If
Uncle Lynton ever comes up here I will tell
him Herman can't whistle and won't he
laugh?" Little Robert is also a very bright-
boy and can use some pretty big words.
He can say 'dictionary' as plain as anybody
and can say 'Kirchenbuch' and distinguish
it from my Church Book. He is also about
the best one of the whole lot to carry a tune.
Everything is moving along nicely at the
College and the Seminary. We are getting a
new student in the College tomorrow, a
returned soldier from Galt. He intends
after he gets through here to study medicine.
Most of our boys are of course, prospective
theological students. But we will soon
have to enlarge the scope of our College.
Prof. Willison has at last moved into

his new quarters in the mansion previously occupied by us. We were over and made them a call this afternoon. The house looks nice and fresh, but their furniture is not in keeping with the place or rather palace either quantitatively or qualitatively. In spite of the improvements we are highly satisfied with our present domicile, which we are gradually fitting out with the means of furnishing. Bonnie made up some beautiful cream serim curtains yesterday for the parlor. She likes our new piano better and better every day. At first she did not care particularly for the finish, but the beautifully grained and artistically matched walnut grows in one's appreciation the more one becomes accustomed to it. I like it much better than the more common mahogany finish. Since losing our old piano we haven't a single piece of furniture now that we had when we started our house-keeping, but nevertheless we are a great deal better off in that line now than we ever were, and besides have the most ideal home we have ever had. We hope you will come up this summer and see where and how we live. Well, it is getting late and I must wait upon my furnace and go to bed. To-morrow is coming and it is work day. So Good night. With much love and all good wishes, I am

Most sincerely yours
Corroell Little