

New Germany,  
Nova Scotia,  
Dec. 13, 1901.

Dear Mamma; -

Your most welcome  
and newsy letter was received several  
days ago and was very highly enjoyed. I  
was glad to know that Mabel's rising  
wrath was assuaged by my Germanic  
Epistle and that in the reading of it she  
forgot the preceding ponderous philippics  
and caustic exhortations which gave occasion  
to it. I thought she would know a good  
thing when she saw it and give her credit  
for comprehension. If she should ever write  
me a letter in German, I would be very  
apt to read it, provided of course it was  
German. But even if it were a mixture, I  
would be apt to cipher it out. If she doesn't  
believe it, let her try me. I doubt I know  
how my letter to her would sound  
translated as I never attempted that  
and did not think any of it in English  
except the interpolations in that language.

German is the language for sentiment  
and deep feeling in general. One can  
apologize much more gracefully in that  
language than in any other. Hence I always  
use it, where possible, when I want to write  
anything affecting. Of course, it is susceptible  
of funny combinations also, and if one  
knows how to handle it, he can make it  
sufficiently amusing. I keep up my German  
by reading a little every day in the N. T. I  
began reading it through in German and  
in Greek Jan'y 1, 1901. I am now as far  
along as the 9th Chapter of Revelation, and  
if nothing happens will finish the book  
by the end of the year. I generally translate  
the Greek into German, consulting the Ger-  
man text when I'm in doubt. At the same  
time I also look up all the Greek words  
whose form or meaning I do not know.  
I wrote a German sermon this week. I  
don't know whether I will use it or not  
but wrote it for practice and for use  
in emergency. I have an old couple at  
Springfield who are Germans and who  
would perhaps appreciate an altogether German  
service. If they desire it, I will give it to them  
on the 5th Sunday when I administer the  
communion to them. They are the Grimms of  
whom I have spoken before, I think.

I would be glad if I had more opportunity to use German and to hear it spoken, as there is danger of losing the correct accent in the absence of the spoken language and I pride myself on having a pretty good accent for an Englishman. Old man Zwiester, our near neighbour, speaks a little German and likes to sport it off, but his accent and pronunciation are like that of the Pennsylvania-wretches. I was sorry to hear that Jennie Lee had the mumps but wasn't much surprised since she is in the habit of taking everything that comes along. I hope, however, that she is getting along all right and is pretty well over them by this time. They are plural provided you have them on both sides. Two or more are always plural. If she has the disease only on one side, it is singular and is the mump. That is the way, at least, that I reason it out. Our Thanksgiving Day was copied after that of the States. Formerly it was held early in Nov, sometimes even in October; but this year the Dominion Government fixed it permanently on the last Thursday in November. Canada is influenced a good deal by the States one way and another. It was this that caused the Government a number of years ago to

so away with £, s. and d. and to adopt the  
American money denomination of dollars  
and cents. So now a Canadian dollar and  
an American dollar are all the same here.  
In fact the American money goes better here  
than in the U.S., in as much as they will  
take it as they do their own money whether  
it is slick and has holes in it or not. As  
long as you can tell what it was meant  
for, it goes. There is not much American  
money, of course, in circulation here now,  
but in the summer time during the  
tourist season there is a good deal of it.  
The lumbermen who go over and the girls  
who hire in the states also bring a good  
deal back with them. I was rather sur-  
prised to hear of Uncle Jule and Aunt  
Ellen Settemyne's move. I did not know  
they were contemplating such action. People  
seem to be scattering about considerably.  
Old man Jule, if he strikes a good place,  
will be apt to make some money. Four  
thousand dollars in cash is not bad to  
start on. If I had 400 I would think  
I was rich. I am glad Blanche succeeded  
in getting a school. I was afraid that by her  
trained mouse hobby she would get herself  
out of a job. Well, with Leopold and Pottle in  
stones, Clarence in a mill, Herbert, Mabel, & Blanche  
teaching - Pearl also, I forgot her, - you ought  
to be able to get along pretty well. I suppose

Pearl got over to Pearl Lewis's wedding, if Mabel didn't. I knew that it was coming off, but didn't think it was coming off so soon. Well, Frank Carpenter got a nice girl all right. I had a very pleasant time with her when she was up home last summer and enjoyed her visits very much. I hope that she will be happy. I was at the Gold mine again last Sunday. The turn out Sunday night was again very good. The change from morning to evening was a good stroke of policy. I stayed over a while Monday and went through the "Crusher" where they crush the rock and separate the gold. I was quite surprised to find that all the machines were made by the Meeklenburg Iron Works, Charlotte, N.C., which speaks well for the enterprise of the Queen City of the Old North State. The excitement over the new mine has somewhat died away. They have it bonded for 60 days at \$40,000, i.e. they have given a man an option on it at that amount. If he sells it within the time specified, he pays them \$40,000 for it and he pockets the balance over that amount. If he doesn't sell it within the time, it goes back to the original owners. They are at work now sinking a shaft. If they strike the lead and it holds out, it will be

a wonderful mine. They are not sure that they have the main lead yet. They may be merely on a cross section. Mr. Demore succeeded in getting back a share in the mine. He now holds a  $\frac{1}{2}$  interest. One of the men in the old mine, a Norwegian whom I met twice. He came from Cuba and Porto Rico up here about 4 mos. ago and is firing the engine at the Libby mine now. He is a Lutheran and speaks good English. You could hardly tell that he is a foreigner. He and his people have always followed sea-faring. There is said to be another Norwegian there, whom I must look up. In February - 2nd Sunday - I purpose to try to effect an organisation at Pleasant River. I don't know whether I will succeed or not as we have very few members there, but I thought that by combining our membership there and at Brookfield, we might scare up enough members to start a church on. I am not very sanguine over the prospects, but thought I would make the attempt at any rate. If I don't succeed, we shall be no worse off than we are now; and if I do succeed, we will be very likely to buy the English church there within a year. Another reason that induced me to hasten matters is the fact that the congregationalists are agitating the building of a new church. I don't think they will get it done, but they might draw our people into helping them out.

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in which case it would be harder to interest them in a church of our own. I preach in the congregational church at Pleasant River now. Mr. Veinat, the wealthiest and most influential man in that section, belongs to our church but has also been paying to the congregationalists. Without his aid they will hardly attempt to tear their old barn down and put up a new church in its place. And if we could get a church of our own, he will put his money into that, which will be decidedly better. The heft of the people around there are congregationalists, but they don't like their preacher and are trying to freeze or starve him out. If he should leave, they would hardly be able to get another preacher. If they should be without a preacher any length of time, many of them would come into the Lutheran church where they naturally belong. And while I don't believe in proselyting, we must watch our opportunities to reclaim our own when once they are free to come back.

The word 'heft' used above is a convenient Nova Scotia word which expresses the biggest part of anything, whether of quantity, bulk, or weight. 'Fortnight' which they pronounce right; 'fortnit' is another word in frequent use. They rarely ever say 2 weeks. It is always a fortnight instead. I held a practice of the Xmas service at Stumpson Monday night. They

are going to render it nicely & I think we have a regular service prepared by organist C. R. Mowbray of Dr. Repas's Church at Allentown. There will also be recitations by the Sunday school scholars and I suppose I will be expected to make an address. This evening Monday night I will have to hold a rehearsal at Newburn and on Tuesday night again at Stamford so you see I will be quite busy this next week. I will have to get up a special sermon or so too. The Xmas Tree at Stamford will be on Xmas Eve. I don't know just when we will have it at Newburn but I would like to have it on Xmas night. The weather is still very mild. There is no snow on the ground and while it generally freezes up at night it never always thaws during the day. The days all this week have been pretty and bright. It is some warmer and threatening rain however, to night. Last Monday when the roads were frozen I drove my horse 9 miles in one hour. As the Bluenoses would say, That wasn't too bad, was it? But there are lots of horses up here that go 10 and 12 miles an hour. Every body drives fast and thinks he has the best horse in the Province. It would be an insult to attempt to pass him. I find passing teams by turning to the left by far the most convenient way. It is more natural. It is easier to pull your horse to the left especially when you are driving with one hand, the left. Then you can see just how much of the road to give. I'm surprised that people ever thought of turning to the right. My horse's full name is Charles, Prince Hiddigeigai. I call him Prince for short but 'Hiddigeigai' is his prettiest and truest name. The g's are pronounced hard. It is a German name. Write some more to all, I am sincerely yours. Yours R. C. Hill