

New Germany, N.S.,

Oct. 17, 1907.

My dear Mother:-

The short days are on hand and the weeks are running rapidly by. It seems only the other day that I wrote you and yet the calendar informs me that it was a full week ago. The leaves are falling fast. Many trees are already quite bare; the brilliant crimson colours have faded to a dark dull red; the yellow to a sullen brown; and all things portend the approach of winter with its cold days and frosty nights. But we are having a little bright weather just now. Three successive days of sunshine are something unusual for the season through which we have been passing and are appreciated by us all. To-day, October 17, father's birth day has been especially fine. We have had no more perfect day this fall. The frost this morning was exceedingly heavy but the sun was bright and warm and the day turned out super fine. Last Sunday we had another rainy day. It rained almost all day. In the morning I had about a half congregation at Hamford, only eight at Pleasant River in the afternoon and none at the Mine in the evening. It was bad, worse worst. This made three Sundays in succession that we had rain. There may have been more but I had occasion to remember these. Last