

New Germany, N.S.,
Dec. 5, 1907.

My Dear Mother:-

Your most welcome and highly interesting letter was received a few days ago and was read with much pleasure. I will try to give you a few lines in reply to-night. The muddy roads are over now and we are having a taste of fine old winter weather. Last Sunday it began to turn cold, though the day was very pleasant and I had good congregations all around. I preached here in the morning and the collection was more than double what it used to be on Sunday mornings in the old hall. People appreciate a nice Church and like to come to it. Sunday night we had quite a snow-storm. About five or six inches fell and if I had had my sleigh I could have come home with it. It has been snowing off and on ever since. Yesterday I took Mrs. Silver down to Riversdale through a blinding snow-storm to see her newly married sister. I just got back to-night from making a call on one of my parishioners. I took Miss Phoebe Armburg, my other woman, with me on this trip, and though there was a wild storm raging we enjoyed the sleigh-drive all the same. I also took my little girl out for a sleigh-drive to-day. She told me last night that she was just dying for a sleigh-drive and as I didn't want her to die, at least before we had our Christmas Service, I told her I would take her out to-day. She was perfectly delighted with the prospect and very profuse in her appreciation of it after it was over. I know she loves me; for she is always so animated and as happy as she can be in my presence, and I guess if I called on her every night she wouldn't think it was too often. She is one of the finest little girls I ever knew, and I really