

New Germany, N.S.,
Feby 21, 1908.

My Dear Mother:-

I suppose you received the photo which I sent you some time ago. I haven't heard from you since, but presume it reached you all right. What do you think of it? My 'woman' thinks it is handsome, but she is partial, you know, and love is proverbially blind. The work, I think, is very good, as indeed it ought to be at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per doz. I should have written you last night in order for you to get it at the usual time, but I neglected to do it, and I didn't get up early enough this morning to finish my matin labours and write your letter in time to get it into the mail. It will not leave now until to-morrow morning. I told you of what fine sleigh roads we had last week. But they are all over now. We had a great break-up last Saturday and a heavy rain Saturday night, which took all the snow away. I left home Saturday afternoon, and while I could have taken my sleigh at that time yet I didn't risk it. And it was well I didn't, as I couldn't have gone a hundred yards in my sleigh by Sunday morning. Sunday was a fine bright day all day and I had good congregations, at least fairly good all around. But the roads were fearfully muddy. After doing some visiting around New Brunswick and on the way back I reached home in time for tea Monday evening. Saturday night last my sister-in-law Meda de Long came home from Boston where she has been studying music and teaching. She is about a year and a half younger than Bonnie but is also more than that much larger. She is quite talented in music and is especially good on the violin. The two girls gave quite a musicale

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The other night (Wednesday) to a few select invited guests. There was considerable excitement here Wednesday over a horse race on the lake. The sports had been trying to pull it off ever since before Christmas, but the weather or the lack of ice interfered. Fifty dollars were up on each side, and crowds poured in here from every direction on Wednesday. Owing to the gambling feature connected with it I never go to the horse races. Accordingly I went with my little woman to Springfield that day and had a very nice time. When we got back in the evening it was all over. There is nothing that will draw a bigger crowd together than a horse race. Some of them nearly go wild over it. Generally there is a good deal of whiskey afloat at such times and considerable hilarity, but I suppose it was fairly quiet Wednesday - at least only one man was seriously hurt, and that was not through fighting but through collision of sleighs. We had a little snow again Wednesday night but Thursday morning it turned to rain and lost it all away. Since then we have been having regular March weather, bright comparatively warm days and cold nights. I don't imagine we will have very much more sleigh roads this winter. I have been busy with the paper lately, but think I have enough material sent in for this month's issue. I expect it out some time soon - probably tomorrow or at least early next week. The Rev. W. S. Murray, our worthy President of Synod, met with another painful accident last week. I knew nothing of it till I saw it in the Progress & Enterprise yesterday. His sleigh upset, and horse ran away, pitching him out and seriously injuring his shoulder. This is the second time he has been used up in this way. He has a fast horse, but the nag is also pretty wild. He was thrown out of a wagon the other time and one arm and shoulder disabled so that he didn't have full use of it last fall yet when I saw him last I trust he was not so seriously hurt this time. Lent will soon be here again. I am going to take a vacation from smoking again during

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The fast I guess by that time 'Bonnie' will be as hungry for the smell of a smoke as I will be for the taste of one. She is thoroughly fond of it and always was. Mr. De Long generally keeps a good box of cigars about the house and I have been getting many a fine smoke free. My little brother-in-law (Lynton, the baby) gave me the name "Gorgar" (Cigar) and always calls me that. He is very fond of me and won't go to his father or mother or any of them, if I am around and will take him. And they say that for about half an hour after I leave his time is "Gorgar gone" "Gorgar gone." But he is a cute little chap and the greatest mimic you ever saw. I am going to have practice in the Church this afternoon and want to begin work on our Easter Service, if I can get enough of the choir together. The weather conditions have been very much against us lately. I expect to begin my catechising here also to-morrow. I have had to postpone it several times, but if I am to get off this fall I ought to do quite a lot of work this spring. But I must bring my rambling Brief to a close. With love to you all and all good wishes, I am

Most Sincerely yours,
Carroll H. Little.