

New Germany, N.S.,
Feb'y 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. Had 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 Newburn 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