

Mahone Bay, N.S.,  
June 8, 1911.

Dear Mother:-

Thursday night having come around again as it has a habit of doing with great frequency, I will try to write you a few lines and give you what little news I have at hand. Everything has been going along in the even tenor of its usual ways and there is very little to write about. Still I will try to fill a page or so. We received a letter from Pearl this week in which she says she is still in the notion of paying us a visit this summer. As she does not fancy making the long trip alone she proposed bringing a friend, a Miss Plout, with her, to which I wrote her that we were agreed. I think it would be better and safer for her to have a companion with her, and would rather have her bring some one with her than have her come alone. We shall look forward with anticipation to her coming and hope she will enjoy the visit sufficiently to repay her for the expense incurred. We inserted her card as a candidate for music pupils in the Progress-Enterprise, the leading county paper, this week; but whether it will amount to anything or not, I do not know. The summer, being vacation time, is a somewhat inopportune season

for getting pupils. But as Pearl said in her last letter that she didn't particularly care about teaching, I suppose it will be all right however the affair turns out. We are having fine weather now, great growing weather. We had several rains around the first of June which started things in nice shape, though we will soon be needing another rain now. The days are just cool enough to be pleasant and we still have light frosts nearly every night. I have been covering my cucumbers every night till to-night. It seems to be a little warmer this evening and I thought I would risk it and leave them uncovered. My corn is up and growing nicely though it isn't as good a stand as I would like. The potatoes are coming up too. We had our first mess of lettuce one evening this week and from this out we will have loads of it. We will soon have radishes also. It is only two weeks from to-night till Lyrod begins. That will be a busy time with us here, though I will be relieved to a certain extent, as I succeeded for once in keeping off the programme. I will hold my last communions for the Synodical year on the coming Sunday. In the matter of benevolent offerings my parish will show a considerable increase, I think, over

last year, but in membership it will show a  
 loss of six or eight. I have not yet decided what  
 to do about my call to the Orphans' Home. I an-  
 nounced the fact of having received the call to the congre-  
 gation here on the Sunday following my election. I  
 have heard nothing about it whether pro or con. I do  
 not know whether they vote it for granted that I  
 will not accept it or whether they simply don't care.  
 I am arranging an exchange for the third Sunday  
 with Pastor Behrens when he will put the matter  
 up to my people here. If I could raise the money  
 necessary at the Home, I would fare a good deal  
 better there than here financially, as they offer \$600  
 and maintenance and the Home would furnish  
 and feed the horse. Bonnie does not fancy the  
 idea of our going there, but still would not  
 stand in the way. And one thing is certain, we  
 can not stay here much longer on the salary  
 I am receiving and I don't see any disposition  
 to increase it. This is a pleasant place to live  
 and I would hate in many ways to leave it. But  
 I would hate also to see our Home go down and  
 at present I seem to be the only hope of its con-  
 tinuance. If I decide to go there I will resign  
 my position as Editor of the Nova Scotia Lutheran  
 and give all my time and attention to the Home,  
 which institution in its present state will certainly

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need it. I dislike the idea of moving more than almost any thing else. It is such a bother, and I am no good at packing and getting things in readiness. We wish you could come along with Peave and see your fine grandsons. I know you would be proud of them; they are so bright and good. Coralen is a great talker these days, and knows both the English and the German for a good many things and Herman is picking up tricks already and plays with hands and dress and goes like a dog.

When I was in Bridgewater some time ago Dr. McMeekin asked to be remembered to Herbert and said I should ask him if he still remembered about the lobsters. We had one for supper a few days ago. We get plenty of fresh fish here, also clams and scallops which latter I like best of all. Well, I guess I will close as it is time all honest folks were in bed. With love to you all,

I am

More Sincerely yours,  
Corvett Little.