

LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AND WATERLOO COLLEGE

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Christmas, 1921.

Dear Mother:-

We have had a glorious Christmas day: the ground was covered white with snow, the sun was bright and cheery and the weather was cold enough to make the blood tingle and to keep from melting the little snow we had. Within was everything that makes for comfort and good cheer, the children happy over their gifts and over the beautiful Christmas tree, and every body satisfied over the Christmas dinner consisting of goose and cranberry sauce and the usual accompaniments. The children received many presents, thanks to your and their grand father's generosity, while Bonnie and I were not neglected, and the day was pronounced a grand success. Our domestic festivities began last evening when we had our Christmas tree. The children led by Eileen marched in in procession singing "Come hither ye faithful." I read the Scripture Lesson and the Collier for Christmas eve, and the children from Coralus to Eileen inclusive each in succession mounted a box which they had set for a stage and recited a Christmas piece. It was too cute for anything. Eileen, who led the procession which began in the kitchen and went through the hallway and parlor into the dining room, when she got into the parlor led them round and round the parlor table till they had sung two or three verses of *Adesit Fidelis* before they finally got her headed toward the dining room. They received for the most part good and substantial presents. I can't begin to tell you all of them, but Coralus received a Kodak and developing outfit, Marion a handsome tea set of good size and quality, Herman a pair of Hockey shoes, Arthur a New Testament and Harmonica, Robert an automobile that runs by friction, Eileen a doll and a purse with three cents in it and Ruth dolls and rattle.

There were a great many things besides these, such as shoes, caps, sweaters, dresses, handkerchiefs etc, of which I cannot remember half them bags of candies and nuts. Aunt Meda sent all of the children something in the wearing line but Robert, whom I suppose she forgot. Bonnie received the usual gift of the Ladies Home Journal from her father, a beautiful vari-coloured corset cover from her mother, a handsome sweater coat from Meda, a half-groinell, a handsome sweater coat from Meda, a half-dozen silver knives from her husband and various other things which I do not at the moment recall. The same day your letter came to Bonnie I received a five dollar cheque from Clarence. This I decided would go for cigars and accordingly laid in a box. With my share from Father DeLong I bought a handsome pipe and half pound of tobacco. Last night Pastor Backelmann sent me up a box of cigars. So I am better off for smokes at present than I ever was in my life before. Bonnie gave me a book recently published by Dr. Neve on "Lutherans and Church Union" - a very scholarly treatment which she by prying found out that I was desirous to have. Arthur, who is a very religious lad, had been after me for a Testament for a long time. So I got him a nice one with coloured illustrations, and he was prouder of that than over any of his games or toys. He is a rapid reader and read 12 chapters of St. Matthew in it to day. He promises to be a great student of the Scriptures and has ambitions to succeed me when, to use the terminology of Christian Science I "pass on". He knows more passages now, I venture to say, than some theological students, though I am trying hard to remedy this deficiency among our theologues by requiring a great deal of memorizing of Scripture. Arthur can repeat the whole Christiana Gospel, the story of the visit of the Magi, the Easter Gospel, a number of the Psalms and many smaller passages. Cornelius and Herman have been memorizing passages every Sunday now for a couple years and are doing nicely at it. I myself have just finished reading the N.T. through for the 12th time this year. For a number of years I have been trying to get it down to once a month, but never quite succeeded before this year. I have read it through 55 times since 1915 when I first began keeping record. The boys in the Seminary some times ask me what method I pursue to

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have at my command so much of the Scripture. I tell them I have no method at all but to keep working at it. If I can impress this upon them in such a way that they will be led to go and do likewise I think I will have accomplished a wonderful work. I tell them sometimes that the highest compliment that can be paid to a preacher is that paid by St. Luke to Hippolytus, when he describes him as "mighty in the Scriptures." We had service in St. John's at 8 o'clock this morning. I read the service for Pastor Boeckelmann as usual and went to church like the Catholics to early mass - without breakfast. The church was filled and we enjoyed a fine sermon and beautiful music. The Children's Sunday School service is going on to-night. Bessie and all the children are down except Ellen and Ruth. Ellen is in bed asleep and Ruth was asleep too till a little while ago, but now requires me to shake the carriage with one hand while I write with the other which is somewhat difficult to do. I want to say that while I appreciate very much your kind contribution to our Christmas fund, if I had known you were going to make it I would not have allowed you to do so but would have had you put it on my account especially as I have not been able to pay anything on it as yet. I am in hopes though that times will be better with me later on. Now that Corvus has a Kodak I hope to be able to send you snapshots of ourselves and the children from time to time. Mrs. Dr. Hoffmann remembered Ruth with some beautiful presents and Mrs. Boeckelmann Ellen. The baby took as much joy out of the Christmas celebration as any of the children and appeared quite as much interested in the tree and in her presents. She has been playing her rattle all day long. But I must close for this time. With lots of love and all the best wishes for this beautiful season,
I am

Many hearty thanks for
your kind and generous
gift!

Most sincerely yours,

Correll H. Little.