

LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AND WATERLOO COLLEGE

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

January 7, 1923

Dear Mother:-

I have just got home from Church and put the smaller children to bed and will try to write you a short letter again to night. I preached in St. John's for Pastor Backelmann to night, and had quite a good turn-out for a Sunday evening service. Pastor Backelmann was away over this Sunday to preach a trial sermon somewhere in the States, I believe. He didn't tell me where he was going and I didn't ask him, but I have no doubt he went away for the above purpose. He has been here now for sixteen years and some of the people think it is time for a change, though I believe it will be a long time before they get as good a preacher as he is again. He has quite an accent in his English to which many who speak it no better object, but his sermons are always good and applied in such a way that there is no mistaking his meaning. I will be very sorry to see him leave, but he is too old to fight it out with those who are opposing him and will go as soon as he receives a call.

We have been having quite cold weather for the last few days. Last night it was 12° below zero and although it has moderated a bit it is probably around zero now. Caroline flooded our front yard and made a fine rink out of it and for the past few days we have had plenty of skating as soon as we stepped out of the front door. The boys and I were out about an hour last night and Marion and the boys were out on it to day. I didn't go out as I had my sermon to get up. The Seminary rink isn't in commission yet as they only flooded it yesterday and it is so large as to require several floodings before it is fit. When it is done it will be the largest rink in town. We had good skating down at the lake in the park till the snow came the other day and spoiled it. I am enclosing several snap shots that Caroline took last week. She wishes to apologize for them as the camera paper was old and the pictures did not print very well, but they will serve to show you the kind of sports the children

have up here in the winter time. For in-door sport chess
serves very well. Herman is the champion player of the house.
I think Arthur and Robert come next and I bring up the
lucky prize. Robert is a "cracker-jack" for his age and size. Yester-
day and to-day I played 11 games with him and only got one.
He is an enthusiastic player and quite proud to be able to beat
his father. The children are all better of their colds and are
enjoying the snow and ice and the winter weather. Coal is very
scarce, but they say coke can be had. I still have about a half
ton of each and am not worrying over the future. If we can
get coke when we need it I will be quite satisfied. Little Ruth
is a remarkably plain talker and can form sentences as well
as any of the other children. She frequently plays that she is tele-
phoning. She goes to the telephone, calls out 'Hello', talks quite a
strip and then says 'goodbye'. She enters into all the games of
the children, plays hide and seek and even takes great interest
in the chess games, calling out 'check' whenever she sees any
one playing. She is small, but dainty and very smart for
her age and size. So far as I know now I will be free from
preaching next Sunday, but the following Sunday I am to
preach at Braintree. We resumed our work in the Seminary
and College last Wednesday and will run along now without
intermission till Holy Week. We were afraid some of our College
boys would not be back after Christmas on account of the
unpopularity of Prof. Crawford, but they are all on hand again.
I must tell you before I close up the Municipal elections. We
re-elected our Mayor and the entire Council who saved us from
Day-Light Saving by immense majorities ranging as high as
600. And to cap the climax Kitchener in a referendum
defeated Day-Light Saving by 624 majority. So we are over this
war-frenzy at last. I hardly ever bother to vote in the town
election, but did so this time, as I wanted to encourage our
Mayor and Council in their good work. Bonnie had no vote
in this election. Well, wishing you all joy and happiness
during this New Year, 1923, I am

Most Sincerely yours,
Corroll H. Little.