

LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

— AND —

WATERLOO COLLEGE

Dear Mother:-

WATERLOO, ONT., Dec. 30, 1923.

The Christmas season is over and New Year is rapidly approaching and will be on hand by the time you get this letter. May it be a bright, prosperous and happy one to you, the best of mothers, full of rich blessing from the Lord! You know the best present I received this Christmas and the one I treasure and appreciate the most was the splendid picture of yourself, by Underwood and Underwood sent from Gastonia by Mabel, but apparently presented by Bille. I have already written him thanking him for the same and telling him how very much I thought of it. The picture is a perfect work of the photographer's art, but it is not for this that I appreciate it so highly, but rather because it is the picture of one so dear to my heart. As I said to Bille, you have aged up somewhat since I saw you last but I love every line of your dear old face. Everybody that has seen it thinks it is a wonderful picture and I am proud of it because it is the picture of my mother. Dornie gave me a fine, large rose-colored, gold band fountain pen as a Christmas present. It is a fine writer and writes as smoothly as an old pen. If people can't read my writing running, when once I get used to the pen, it will not be the pen's fault. I think even now you will be able to read this letter better than some of my past ones. The pen is coarser and the writing is consequently not so fine - in one way, but finer in another. We have had consistent winter weather since I wrote you last week. It is not too cold, but cold enough to snow a little every day. I had intended going out skating this afternoon, but it snowed so

much that the ice was not fit to go. I have
been down on the lake nearly every day since I wrote
you last week. To have all the children with the exception
of the three youngest who haven't learned the art of skating
as yet. Carlos met with quite a painful accident last
evening. He was playing hockey on the ice in the park
when one of the party hoisted the puck which struck him
in the face, breaking his nose. He went to the doctor who
set it and bandaged it up. The Dr. said it would come around
all right, but at present the boy looks like he has been
in an "argument" with Gumbo or Damprey. The young claps
when they play rough games have to take what they get and
I must say he is not setting up any whine about it. The
Dr. said his nose would be straight. Last Wednesday night
Bonnie and I, together with Prof. and Mrs. Willison, were in-
vited down to Prof. Gurek's and enjoyed a big turkey din-
ner. They had bought a big turkey for Christmas and as there
are only two of them, they couldn't make much headway
with it, and we were glad to help them out. I am not
doing much studying during the holidays, and have
been taking more outside exercise, to my physical
benefit as I believe. I kept pretty closely at it for the past
year. I have just finished the correspondence course for
the S.T. M. degree of the Chicago Seminary graduating
in nine courses, eight of which I completed within the
past year. This required the reading and criticism of at
least 150 books. At the same time I kept up my work
here, read the O.T. through once and the N.T. 14 times during
the past year. I have read the N.T. through 86 times since
1914 and expect, if I live, to reach the centennial number
by this time next year. Robert wants you to know that
he is still champion at chess. Mr. Hamann was up the other
night and had a game of chess with me and won out. Then
I turned him over to Arthur who licked him in a fifty. Mr.
Hamann who is a big German from Russia was so taken back
that he did not know what to make of it. By the way, he doesn't
take as unfavourable a view of German rule in the Baltics
as Mr. Jannan and thinks the latter writes with con-
siderable prejudice. I am enclosing another instalment
of Jannan's history. With love and all good wishes for the
New Year, I am, most sincerely yours,
C. H. Little.