

# LUTHERAN THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

— AND —

## WATERLOO COLLEGE

Dear Mother:-

WATERLOO, ONT., Feb'y 17, 1924.

On this fatal date I find myself writing to you again and I desire to bring to you the assurance of my sympathy and my love. Thirty-three years of your widowhood have passed, and I know that every year as the anniversary rolls around you are sorrowful as it reminds you of your loss. But the Lord has been good in sparing the whole remainder of your family throughout all these years and in preserving you in health and strength to enjoy your children and to be enjoyed by them. I am glad too that you have a pastor now whose ministrations you find spiritually helpful. To live for the Lord and for those who love you and whom you love is the greatest blessing of life. It doesn't require a great abundance of possessions to make one happy. It is still true, as it always was, that "Godliness with contentment is great gain." The past week has been rather uneventful with me and I haven't much to write. It was very cold for a few days and from time to time we get a little more snow, but to-day was comparatively mild. I went to Church this morning and heard Rev. Reble, who is a member of the Board of Governors of the Seminary, preach a sermon on the needs of the institution preparatory to making a canvass of the congregation in the Seminary's interest. Envelopes for this purpose and pledge cards were distributed to-day. I subscribed \$2<sup>00</sup>, payable in two



instalments between this and Easter. I know the amount is absurdly small, but I haven't paid Corolus' tuition yet; and I take it, that it is accepted according to that he hath and not according to that he hath not. If the contributions did not have to be in before Easter I could have done better. But I know that between now and that time I will have my hands full and will not have any money to spare. I am trying to economize whenever possible and we have cut out coffee, though we are very fond of it, in order to save \$3 a month. It's a sort of living from hand to mouth, but the Israelites managed to live that way for forty years without suffering, and so far I can't say that I have experienced any serious discomfort. It is rather interesting to see how one gets through with it. I find my work pleasant and see no reason to complain. Besides there are so many people in the world to-day so much worse off that in comparison I feel quite comfortable and rich.

I am enclosing in this letter the poem Principal Willison read last week at our informal opening. I don't know whether you will care to read it or not. I am sure I would never wade through it, but you will see what we had to sit and listen to for a matter of half an hour or so when we were all longing with watering lips for the refreshments. Prof. Willison judges himself on his poetry and he has some poetic gifts. Sometimes he writes pretty fair verse and sometimes it is pretty punk. He and Mrs. Willison are entertaining the two Faculties on Friday evening of this week. I suppose it will be as it was last year a sort of progressive-crokinale affair. I don't care for these wasted evenings during the term. My work keeps me pretty busy and when I have any spare time I like to put it to profitable study, but I suppose "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I spent the last week in reading some



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heavy philosophy and am now busy with the  
History of Preaching. I generally manage to read from  
one to two books a week, which I think isn't bad  
considering the study required for my Seminary work.  
This afternoon the boys and I were out on the Sem-  
inary rink. The weather and the ice were ideal. I  
skated for about an hour and a half and didn't  
feel tired over it, from which circumstance I am  
beginning to think that I am renewing my youth.  
Dr. Hett, a man of about my age over in St. Charles,  
who used to go swimming in the park last summer,  
was very much surprised when I told him that  
I went skating whenever I got an opportunity. He  
thought it was wonderful and said he had given it  
up several years ago. I even play hockey occasionally  
with my boys and some of the younger set. Robert  
is still champion in chess. I had it on him a  
week ago, but he got the two best out of three  
nearly all last week. Prof. Zies is preaching the  
English sermon to-night on the Seminary. Bonnie and  
the big boys were down, but haven't got back yet. Well,  
I must close. With love to you all, I am

Most sincerely yours,

Carroll Little