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Waterloo, Ont.,
Sept. 13, 1925.

Dear Mother;

Your most welcome letter was received on my return from conference Friday evening and was greatly enjoyed. I will try to write you a few lines this evening. I had a fine trip up to Ladysmith in the province of Quebec. Ladysmith is a little hamlet in the Laurentian mountains some 60 miles north west of Ottawa and 14 miles off the railroad. It lies in a picturesque country, wild and wild. The country looks very much like Nova Scotia with its evergreen trees, the murmuring pines and hemlocks, and with its rocks and hills and lakes. I left here on Monday morning and arrived in Ottawa at 4:20 in the afternoon. Pastor McCreery met me at the station in Ottawa and took me with him to his rooming house. I stayed with him till noon the next day. He drove me around in his car to all the principal sights of the city and also over to Hull on the Quebec side of the river where they sell good beer. We arrived at our destination Tuesday evening in time for supper and were comfortably housed in the hotel of the village and well-fed at the parsonage. The conference was opened in the beautiful little stone church on the hill. The sermon was preached in German by the convener, Pastor Voss, after which the holy Communion was administered. The business meetings of the conference were all held in the parsonage. This had the advantage that it enabled us to smoke during the sessions, thus enabling us to kill two birds with one stone. The conference is bi-lingual, but the language mostly employed was German. This gave me some good practice in German speaking. I was able to follow the discussions fairly well. All the English brethren could understand some German but McCreery and he is learning. Toward the last he could catch a word every now and then. The Rev. Klein, pastor loci, is quite a gourmand, and set one of the finest tables you ever saw. He fed all the ten ministers for two days and gave us chicken, roast beef, wieners, vegetables of all kinds, honey, cakes etc. galore. I haven't weighed since I came back, but I am sure I ate enough to gain at least 2 pounds. We returned to Ottawa on Thursday p.m., and I left Friday morning for home, reaching here at 8 p.m. after a run of about 400 miles. The College School opened Wednesday with 36 students. The College of Arts will open next week. They expect to have about 40 students in that department. In that case we will have about 90 students, counting Seminary and all. This will make a good showing. Today we had the Willisons Prof. R. Hirtle, and Mr. Nickel over for tea. Bonnie put them up a wonderfully fine dinner, which I think they all enjoyed. The Willisons are leaving on Wed. for Kingston, where he will take a course in Queen's University. He is taking his family with him. They gave a sort of farewell party to the members of the faculty at their home last night. Prof. Roy Hirtle is taking Dr. Willison's house for this winter and will live in it with his mother who came back with him from Nova Scotia.

We are having wet weather now for a change. It has rained every day now for a week. Today has been particularly wet. Friday night Carolus and Herman donned their new suits and went down town to a band concert and were caught in a shower and wet to the hide. Their suits were quite bedraggled.