

Evangelical Lutheran Synod
of Canada

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104 HUGHSON ST. HAMILTON, ONT.

REV. J. MAURER, D. D., VICE-PRESIDENT
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170 ALBERT STREET, WATERLOO, ONT.

REV. A. A. ZINCK, D. D., ENGLISH SECRETARY
WATERLOO, ONT.

REV. E. HOLM, TREASURER
CONESTOGO, ONT.

September 24, 1917.

Dear Mother: I am at home to-day for the first time on Sunday this summer and will take advantage of the favourable situation to write you a few lines once again. I will not be at home all day, as I am to preach at Galt to-night at a Harvest Home Festival they are holding there. Next Sunday I am engaged to preach at Hespeles in the evening. So I am still doing enough preaching to keep in practice. Our summer vacation is now well-nigh over, as we begin our regular work in Seminary and College on Tuesday of this week. The prospects for attendance of students are very good. We expect to have 18 or 19 in the Seminary when they are all in. In the College they are expecting quite as many as they had last year and perhaps a few more. So that in the whole institution we should run well over the hundred this year. We are handicapped in the Seminary by the shortage of our Professor - a shortage which may be remedied soon, but which for the present entails a doubling up of the work on the

Three of the present staff. I have spent a very pleasant vacation during the past few months, and in spite of the work I had to do, I am in first class physical trim, and never felt better in my life. I made the vacation quite profitable too, and was able to pay my life insurance premium without scratching around for the money when it came due. I have earned about \$325. by preaching since the first of January, and, by thus supplementing my salary, have been able to live, though not in luxury or superlative comfort, yet without getting behind. To-day is an almost perfect day following a week of rather cold weather, during which I had to have my furnace burning steadily. Yesterday morning we had a heavy frost that killed the tomato and cucumber vines as dead as Peter's door nail. But our changes come suddenly and to-day is like summer again. Perhaps it is "the last rose of summer." But it would be a saving of coal if the cold weather would hold up a while longer. However, I am prepared for any emergency, having laid in my coal for the winter. I am still going in swimming in the lake in the park every day. The water is quite cold and I do not stay in very long, but the stinging of the water makes one feel good and keeps one tough and in the pink of condition. I think I will go down again this afternoon. I had a very fine installation service for Pastor Iseler at Pool Colborne last Sunday.

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There was a good attendance, and everything went off like clock-work. He has a nice parish down there. I think I would prefer it to any English parish in the Synod. I was a little late in getting to Galt that evening, but they waited on me. The Rev. Prof. Hrite was unanimously called to Trinity Church, Hamilton, last Sunday evening. He is giving the matter serious consideration now and I rather think he will go. Cornelius is still working at the Globe. He earns \$15 a week. He will start to night school as soon as the classes open up, and if he makes his matriculation he will be able to enter College with Herman next year. Little Florence doesn't walk yet, but she can get up anywhere in the middle of the floor and stand indefinitely. She can push things around too and crawl over them and it's hard to block in. She has a mania for going up stairs, and if a door is left ajar she is up at the top in a jiffy. She is also beginning to talk, says quite a number of words and the sentence "I see." We have had the most corn we ever had this year and have had it every day till they are all sick up it, but Bonnie and me. But I must close. With best wishes and love to all, I am
Yours sincerely yours, Corroll H. Little