

# Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Canada

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Dear Mother:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year", as the poet would say. In our more prosaic period, we would probably say, Autumn, or fall, is here. And the weather conditions outside to-day make one realise it. It was lazily dripping rain all morning; and this afternoon dull clouds cover the skies, dampness fills the air, and a sense of gloom makes itself felt, which ever way you look. The only bright spot lies in the leaves on the trees, which are beginning to take on their radiantly variegated autumnal colours. But I don't want to fill my letter in talk about the weather, as you probably have some of it down your way too that is more or less thought-provoking and interesting. Our college and seminary have now completed the first fortnight of the current scholastic year, and the gears of the institution, well-greased, are running along smoothly. Just like the war of 1914-1918 which after a protracted vacation is hard at it again. Anyway I am glad to be back in the harness again, and am enjoying my work. Another thing that brought some ease to my mind was the taking in of the fees and the consequence that resulted. I turned in some two thousand dollars in tuition to the treasurer, and told him that I was in desperate need and implored him to do the best he could for me. And he actually sent me a cheque for \$200.00, the biggest cheque I had received in years. Well, I went down down and paid up all my bills for groceries and meats and clothes and things, and had a few dollars left. Now all I owe is the \$100.00 that I borrowed from Herman last spring. If I were paid up to date, I would