

170 Albert St., Waterloo, Ont.,

April 20, 1940.

Dear Mother & Pearl:

I am addressing my letter this way because I received Pearl's nice, newsy letter this week and want to show my appreciation of it. So any message you may find in this letter you may both take it to heart. It is a nice afternoon that we are experiencing to-day. There are clouds but they are so thin that the sun easily sends its glimmer through them; and the cool weather, which we have now had for a long time, is moderating, and though the wind blows outside, our house is for once comfortable and warm. The snow is almost all gone glimmering. It is only here and there in spots where it had been unusually deep that you can discover its "last tracks". Maybe we won't get any more now till the melancholy days of autumn return again. Frederick is busy this p.m. digging up the arc in front of our house in which to plant flowers - things of beauty and joys forever, as it were. I haven't missed a morning so far since I began in taking my morning swim in the lake. A curious thing about it this year was that the ice went out of the lake on the same day this spring as last, namely the 16th of April. The only difference is that last year it went out in the night, while this year it went out in the afternoon, thus exhibiting a return to conservatism. It is the modern young people who like to go out at night and stay out till the wee hours of the morning, as you know. We older fellows of more experience prefer to do our going out in the day. Last night Arthur started off on his momentous trip for Arnprior, where he is to preach to-morrow with the hope of receiving a call. As he is a good speaker and takes well wherever he goes, both in English and in German, I don't think that there is any doubt but that he will come back with a call in his pocket or at least in his possession. Arnprior is about 400 miles from here being some 50 miles north of Ottawa. If he arrived on scheduled time, he reached Ottawa this morning, and will spend about a