

THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN SEMINARY  
OF CANADA

WATERLOO - ONTARIO

Aug. 1, 1926.

Dear Mother:

You will kindly excuse me if I give you only a lick and a promise tonight. I have just got back from Conestogawhere I preached tonight. They came for me and brought me back after service. Since about 5 o'clock it has been raining cats and bullfrogs. We haven't had such a rain all summer, and it will do a world of good. It started to rain about noon today, but didn't make much headway and let up around 3 o'clock in time for me to go in swimming. It did not begin again till after I got to Conestoga. Then it poured and has kept it up ever since. But we had a closed car and didn't mind it at all except in getting in and getting out. I took Eileen along up with me and we had supper at Pastor Grunwald's. It rained too hard for Eileen to get out to Church. It is now about half past ten, and Bonnie has gone to bed, so I am not going to stay up much longer. Carolus and Oscar Christiansen rode down to Niagara Falls Saturday morning on bicycles. They got an early start and reached Niagara Falls, N.Y. at 9:20 Saturday morning. To relieve his mother's mind Carolus sent a telegram notifying us of his safe arrival. They are putting up with a Mr. Schug, one of Carolus's schoolmates in the college here. They expect to be back tomorrow sometime. I am to preach at Niagara Falls, N.Y. next Sunday for the President of The N.Y. Ministerium, who is away on his vacation. I am to preach in English at 9 o'clock and in German at 10 o'clock. There will be no evening service. I am making overtures to Prof. Roy Hirtle to take me down and bring me back in his new car and he has partly promised to do so. In that event I expect to take Herman along with me and give him a view of the Falls. The following Sunday will I think be my Bridgeport Sunday and on the 17th I have arranged with Pastor Christiansen to go with him to northern Ontario on a fishing and preaching tour covering the Sundays of the 22nd and 29th of this month. I am booked for Hespeler for the first Sunday in Sept. Robert was sick today - a result of his birthday celebration yesterday. I gave him a big dose of salts and he is better tonight. Catharine had a rather bad bronchial cough and I got her a bottle of Pertussin - a rather palatable medicine. I was lying on the couch the other day and she came around coughing as hard as she could and I paid no attention to her. Finally she said, "Do you hear me coughing? Don't you think it is time for another dose?" Robert didn't ask for another dose of salts however. Tell George Killian that I am smoking the last of his box of cigars as I am writing you this letter tonight. They were as fine cigars as I ever smoked, and I'm rather sorry they are now all gone. But I really must stop here and get to bed. With love to you all I am,

Most sincerely yours,

Carroll H. Little.