

Toronto, Ont.,

Dec. 12th, 1920.

Dear Tot,

Received your long serious letter and I think you aren't having enough priority. It is a good thing to think matters over occasionally and to have a look at the working of our "egos" and from your letter I get the impression that you have been doing this pretty thoroughly. However I think you'll arrive just about where you started for you have already been carrying out the things you speak of. We often speak of doing work that will help others and I suppose everyone gets rather dissatisfied at times but after all as long as the matters of this earth are arranged as at present each has to do as well as possible the work he is at. That done well and without offence or injury to others will pretty well fill the bill. An effective sermon may stir one up and appeal to the desire within us to do and be for the welfare of the world but I think we must apply our ideas to our everyday life and work. Don't shrink too much, go along as best you can, don't worry over the mistakes and shortcomings and things will work out pretty well. You speak of getting into

permanent work at the settlement - why not come back to Winton, there is field enough here and work enough to do. Edith Lee (Godfrey) is taking the Social Service course here and hopes to get regular work next year. - No more serious talk now and you mustn't bother yourself by worrying about your life and work. Life is an aggregation of little things with a few bigger ones scattered through. The little things make up the greater part of the total and satisfaction in them whether it be work or pleasure is therefore important.

We haven't had any definite word from Parkhill that the folks will be here but we are hoping and Mary and I are writing tonight to urge them. Christmas will be here very soon and its approach gives me a feeling of fadness even though nothing of much importance will happen. We have our shopping about done and buying things is always fun. We'll send you a parcel this week and you must put it away till the proper time. We have two nice records for George Beth, one "abide with me" by Clara Butt and one of Caruso's.

George Beth (and Van) went home or rather I took them home a little while ago. While George was at Sunday School the rest of us, Mary, Beth, Van, Mrs. P. & Mrs. B. went for a drive as the day was mild and bright and afterwards we had supper together here. Van with six other babies was christened this morning and wore the rompers you sent. They fit him fine. I managed to get to church to witness the event and

was proud of Van's perfect behavior. He looked a little surprised when Mrs. Cochrane sprinkled the water on his head but made no audible objection.

Last week was a rather gay one for Mary and me. Monday night Mary was at Port Colborne but came back Tuesday. Thursday was our club meeting at the Wogsey's and Fred Gullen beat me out by six points. Friday we went to a nice dance at Parkdale Lawn Club and last night we saw Lena Ulric at the Princess in a Chinese play. It was very interesting the scenes being laid in New York. The last scene was quite melodramatic but it was soon over. We certainly enjoy our Ford when we are out at nights. We haven't had any winter yet except about three days in November and the streets are as dry as in summer. Next week we'll see David Warfield in the "Return of Peter Grierson" and I am looking forward to it as I have always wanted to see him.

Things at the office are about as usual. Miss Lewis is still with me I am thankful to say. (Did I tell you she refused to leave me to take Mr. Pundell's work? a good thing for me. I get quite a few wills to do and the general work is busy. We have a new big estate, that of Judge Britton who died a couple of weeks ago. The estate will be a couple of million. You can imagine what Miss Smith and Mr. Armstrong think of it when I tell you that there

are over four hundred mortgages in the estate.

We have had a couple of meetings this fall. Mr. Kaidna spoke of the tramp work and last Tuesday Mr. Poucher gave us what we expected a humorous address. He started out this way, "Mr. Rundle, fellow workers and Mr. Armstrong—"

The people around the office ask about you quite often and always ask to be remembered. There are very few changes, new juniors, an odd stenographer or two and that's about all. Not a word or hint has been dropped so far regarding salary or bonus and there seems to be quite a bit of talk and speculation among the bunch. Personally I'm not expecting anything much will be done so I'll not be disappointed.

If I am to send a letter to Parkhill I must stop this as my energy won't last. If I postpone it till tomorrow you know what is apt to happen. Therefore my sister who need not worry about herself at all but just be happy and satisfied, I'll say goodnight. I'll write you at least once more before Christmas. I wish you were to be here but I suppose we'll have to wait till next year. This letter takes to you the love of your brother who thinks of you very very often.

Harry.