

**LETTERS
TO EDWARD**

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Letters to Edward by Malcolm James McLeod

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MALCOLM JAMES MCLEOD

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By
MALCOLM JAMES McLEOD

*Minister of Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas,
New York City*



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Foreword

THESE letters are not imaginary. It was never dreamed when originally written that they would ever appear in book form. And this has necessitated a few minor changes—changes in names and places and dates. Some sentences needed filing down a little and some polishing up. Of course much material had to be stricken out altogether as being too personal. Otherwise they are intact. They are substantially unchanged. They make no claim whatever to any literary merit; they are published for one reason solely, viz., that it was Edward's last request.

A Call to California

New York City, March 4, 1912.

MY DEAR EDWARD :

I am so sorry to hear that the doctors have ordered you off. My, how I shall miss you! I do not see what I am going to do. Really life won't be the same.

How can I get on without those chats on the links? We ministers have heard so much at the Board rooms about ministers' blue Mondays, but Mondays of late years have been my bright days. It seemed when we were nearing that eighteenth hole, and the sun was in my eyes so that I could not tell whether or not I had topped as usual into that horrid bunker where I generally landed—it seemed to me as if I were already looking forward to next week, and our regular golfing tryst again. Indeed I felt as if it could not come fast enough. Only another Monday meant another Sunday, and my, how quickly they turn up! Does not the pace sometimes appal you? I sympathize with the old parson who said that the tightest place he was ever in was between two Sundays. Why, here it is

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Thursday already, and I haven't as yet even a text. My wife has often told me that she fears I am living for Mondays rather than Sundays, and that the driving tee is my pulpit. My, my, my, but how I shall miss you, dear boy!

But I am so delighted since you have to go to California that you received such a unanimous call. No, it was not my recommendation. It was your own good solid worth. I know the church well, have often preached in it, and they are a lovely people. Santa Flora is about fifty miles or so from Los Angeles and it is a charming place. I will tell you all about it later on. The congregation will welcome you with open arms. You see I know the whole lay of the land out there. I know the personnel of the church quite intimately. Many of them are among my warm friends. Much as I would like I cannot dissuade you from your decision. You know I wanted you to go even before the doctors gave their verdict. I know you are doing the wise thing. I know you are doing the right thing. I believe the outdoor life will bring you back all O.K. Only do not let the church work worry you. Your first duty is to