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old neighbours formed new relationships by their weddings. My father got related in that way to an old friend of his family, whose eldest daughter he married, and she was my good mother. His small congregation one and all assisted in building for him the largest log-house in the whole community. One end of it was fitted up as a plain and primitive Presbyterian church, the other was his manse, or dwelling; and the fabric stood on the highest point of a gentle slope, which his own hands had cleared, in the form of a semicircle, open to the river and the south, and on all other sides shut in by some of the tallest trees of the mighty forest.

My father was one of the highland