

## CHAPTER XI.

Soon,—very much sooner than I desired,—we arrived at the end of our journey. Now, indeed, were we alive to the novelties before us. We were in a wild uncultivated region, fifteen miles from any settled town, although, to be sure, there were a few intervening settlements like our own, scattered here and there along the way. Our nearest neighbour, however, lived about three-quarters of a mile from the spot which we intended occupying. We had procured a man from the nearest town to transport ourselves and baggage to the house of a neighbour, who had been an old friend of father's in his eastern home.

Here we were to remain until our own log-house was erected. Our friends welcomed us with all the hospitality natural to a new country; and Willie and I soon found ourselves upon good terms with the large family of children. Here we passed a happy week, previous to entering our own happy home.

I soon forgot the resolution made at home, never to be pleased with anything at the west. How could I but be happy with my parents and brother, and a whole bevy of new little friends?