

might give way, and bury her with her helpless charge beneath the waters of the bay. The biting wintry wind as it swept over the bay, almost congealed their blood till the suffering woman thought that the alternative seemed to lie, between drowning or freezing to death. As she thus waited and watched, with eager, almost despairing, eyes, for the messenger whose return in time appeared nearly hopeless, how did the events of her checkered life pass in panoramic view before her. First, she sported amid the daisies and cowslips of her own green isle, with her dearly beloved brothers and sisters, herself a merry, thoughtless child. Next she stood a hopeful maiden, upon the deck of a vessel sailing into port, with her eyes fixed upon that new world, of which fancy had woven so many fascinating pictures. E'er long, she was the frank young Quaker's happy bride. Then, a proud mother, as the years sped on with ever returning and increasing joys; and their children, one after another, gathered about them, in that happy home of peaceful plenteousness, beyond the blue mountains of Pennsylvania, before the dark war cloud burst above their doomed heads. Even now, a shudder convulsed her benumbed frame, as she reviewed those days of torture, in which she, an anguished wife, "endured a thousand deaths in fearing" a dishonoured one for the beloved companion of her youth. Then a despairing widowed mother, she lay prostrate beneath the cruel blow that had demolished her heart's idol. Again she was the fond mother, toiling for, guarding, and cherishing her orphaned flock, through all the weary cheerless years that had intervened, till the difficulties of their position had been overcome, and she had seen them all able to take care of themselves; blessed with competence, and enjoying the respect of their neighbours. Was her life of suffering and sorrow, to have a termination so full of both? Was she with that perishing child, clasped in her aged arms, to freeze to death there, or were they yet to sink together in the cold waters of the bay? No; succour was approaching. The inmates of the house to which the young man had gone, hastened to the rescue, bringing with them rails and such other things as they thought likely to prove useful.

Rails were laid down upon the frail ice,

and an individual cautiously advanced towards the partially submerged sufferers — they were reached, and drawn out, though chilled almost to death. Their kind neighbors conveyed them, as quickly as possible, to a house where suitable means were used, to remedy the effects of their unpremeditated and rather protracted cold bath.

This was but one of the many dangerous adventures through which Mrs. Morden passed, during her life of hardships in Canadian wilds.

In later years, she removed with her son to the township of Westminster, and died in the township of London at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

CHAPTER XIX.

BURLINGTON BEACH—"BRANT'S BLOCK"—WEL-
LINGTON SQUARE—THE LEGEND OF THE BEACH.

The Burlington Beach is a mere strip, or narrow neck of land, which would have been an isthmus, had it not been divided near its centre by an outlet. It is little more than a sand bar, formed by the action of the waters of Lake Ontario, and the Burlington Bay, which it separates from each other. This natural highway of sands was a great accommodation to the early settlers in passing from one side of the lake to the other. It is about seven or eight miles in length, and by its means they avoided making the circuit of the bay, which would have necessitated the travelling of some sixteen additional miles. At times the outlet could be very easily forded, but at others it could not be crossed except in a boat or skiff.

When the wind was in the east, and the lake was rough, the waves would wash over some of the narrower parts of the beach, or were driven through the outlet into the bay. When the wind was from the west, the water flowed from the bay into the lake with such force as at times to form a strong current, and washing out the sand to a considerable depth. Thus the water in the outlet was deep or shoal, according to the force of the current, and the amount of water driven by the winds from the east or west. During calm weather, except at periods of high water, it was generally fordable.