

during all this time, and while waiting for the virgin soil and genial skies to mature the crops, the settlers were obliged to subsist on scanty fare. At length, when the ripe corn was gathered, the only means of reducing it to meal was by pounding it in wooden mortars. A few, however, soon contrived small hand-mills, made of two stones, the top one turned by hand. By working this primitive mill during the evening, a sufficient amount of meal would be obtained to last the family through the day. After a time, windmills were built at Sandwich, and the people used to go to these mills to get their grain ground. The distance was about fifty miles, and the roads, such as they were—mere tracks—were bad beyond description, except when the ground was frozen. In summer, they went in canoes. In winter, the mud being frozen up, and the marshes and streams frozen over, the people could travel with more ease and safety, either by land or on the ice. At the time here referred to, there were about twenty-five miles of this route to Sandwich without an inhabitant.

On one occasion, a Mrs. Rebecca Brown, whose husband was dead, went to Sandwich with what grain one horse could draw on a small sleigh. She reached the mill, got her grain ground, and left for home. While driving on the ice on Lake St. Clair, a severe snow-storm set in, and she lost her track. Her anxious search to recover it was soon rendered hopeless by night setting in. She halted—alone in the darkness—upon a bleak and dangerous sheet of ice, in the midst of a terrific snow-storm, far from human aid or sympathy, and without food, fire, or shelter. Who can imagine the unutterable anguish of that desolate mother's almost despairing heart?

"What shall I do?" cried the wretched widow, in the extremity of her terror. "My husband has been taken from me; my children are almost destitute of food, and must I die here alone in this fearful storm, and my children be left to starve?"

Out of the depth of her distress, she cried unto the Lord, and lifted up her heart in

prayer to God for deliverance. He who heareth the young ravens when they cry, had pity upon her, and darted a ray of hope athwart the gloom of her despair. An idea occurred to her that she might, by active exertion, keep her blood in circulation, and thus escape being frozen to death.

"I will try," she said, "by every means in my power to preserve my life for the sake of my children."

Rousing herself from the stupor which was beginning to creep over her, she hastened to unhitch her horse, and turning him round with his head towards the sleigh, fastened him to it. She then formed a path in the snow around the horse and sleigh, and continued to walk her weary round amid the biting frost and driving snow through all the dreary hours of that long and dismal night. To add to the terrors of the lonely woman's dreadful situation, the wolves howled in fearful chorus in the thickets along the shore of the lake. But as the longest night must have an ending, so this night of weary toil and anxious watching, with all its accumulated horrors, passed away, and the light of another dawning day brought joy and gratitude into the heart of the suffering widow. Her courage and her persevering energy had, under the Divine blessing, saved her life.

By the light of day she was able to discern the proper course, and in due time, though almost exhausted with cold, hunger, and weariness, but with a grateful heart, she reached her home and children. Well might she exclaim, in the fulness of her joyful thanksgiving: "I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. The Lord is my strength and shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; with my song will I praise Him."

Previous to the above adventure, Mrs. Brown and her three young children—all daughters—had been taken prisoners by the Indians. After enduring all the rigors of a savage captivity for three years, she and her two younger children were restored to