

view, William forgot for a moment the advantage he was likely to derive from it; but that moment passed, and the Canadian had decided.

"I will get more if I go to Quebec;" thus had he reasoned with himself, "but I must be at some expense, my wife may die ere I return. 'Take her,'" said he, in French; "take her; but she is far too cheap."

William turned back immediately, and alone, driving the cow gently before him to the township, and stopping only to get some bran for her at a tavern where he was known. The declining sun was shedding among the hills that deceptive brilliancy which so often in winter robes the western side of the snow-clothed mountains in the mellow hues of an autumnal field, when William reached his own line fence, and, well satisfied as he was with his purchase, he did not at that moment feel perfectly at ease. He looked around, he saw no one, but he heard the stroke of the axe and observed on the slope of the hill, the top of a slight birch tree nodding; he spooked not, he stirred not, till the crash announced its fall.

Then: "Ho boys, ho!" hoeried; and at the sound their father's voice, emerging from their shadowing boughs, down came the young woodmen; the door of the shanty opened, and, before he had advanced three steps, all his family were around him. "Boys," said the father, "I have not bought the cloth." The boys stood silent, listening for what was to follow. "I've bought this cow with your money. Are you content to wait for the cloth till your mother can sell butter to buy it?"

But before he had ceased speaking, "a cow! a cow!" in the accents of gladness, burst from every lip.

"O yes, father, we're well content," cried both in a breath. "A cow, mother!" said Billy. "O now we've got a cow, you'll never need to go through the rain for buttermilk again."

"We'll soon get everything, now that we have got a cow?" said Richard. And plenty, comparative plenty, they had before long.

A temporary shelter—hastily erected, an end of their dwelling forming one side of it, and the roof, covered with brush wood, received the gentle and wearied animal; a *white drink* was given to her that night, and before ten days went by the sound of the plumper in the churn was heard in the shanty. That shanty is no longer the dwelling of William Crawford; his house stands on a rising ground twenty or thirty yards from the road, and his barn at a little distance to the north of it. There are sheep, and cows, and young cattle, and a mare with a fine foal at her side, grazing in his meadow; but still William dates the commencement of his prosperity from the day that he bought his *first cow*.

AFFECTION AND LOVE

BY A MATRON.

By many persons, the terms Love and Affection, are used indiscriminately, as if meaning the same feeling, but, if we give due reflection to the subject, we may find there is a wide difference. Originally the word *love* comprised all we can express by affection, but the former term has been so misused of late that it now seems difficult to affix any positive meaning thereto. It means most frequently a transient fancy. Sometimes it means a violent attachment, but seldom a permanent one.

Affection, of a lasting kind, it is to be feared, is not very common: some temperaments are not favourable to its growth: when it does exist it is very easily distinguished. That cannot be affection, which seems to delight in attracting the observation of others: sincere regard usually avoids all unnecessary exhibition; though it would not resort to falsehood in order to conceal it. Those who feel a very strong attachment are frequently unable to express their sentiments; though by kind attentions they are studious to evince it; and thus it is often mistaken for insensibility. That fervour which is pleasing to ardent minds seldom has any durability. Much of sorrow and disappointment would many avoid if they could in so important an affair judge rightly. True affection blinds us to the faults of friends: nothing can diminish its force: absence seems rather to strengthen it: even when reason requires it should be subdued; the heart refuses to forget, though the external conduct may be disciplined. But modern love is not proof against the slightest trial of its stability. A short interruption of daily intercourse; a malicious whisper: temporary embarrassments; a misunderstanding may separate for ever those who have seemed to love sincerely.

How can this be? some might ask. Those may wonder, who, having formed an attachment, cannot change, though circumstances should. There would be no broken engagements; no secret pinings; no blights of the finest, best, first feelings: if there were no mistakes as regards real affection.

How desirable then is it, that persons should distinguish the difference between *affection* and *modern love*.

OBSTINACY and perseverance, though often confounded, are two very different things; a man may be very obstinate, and yet not persevere in his opinion ten minutes. Obstinacy is resistance to truth; perseverance is a continuation in truth or error.