

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF SUSAN ANSTEY.

gence and sweetness, and in another the contrary, you can by no means account for; independent as it is of form, colour, or the more arbitrary characteristics of beauty. But that the countenance is the mirror of the soul, who will deny?—and that, by means of it, spirit reveals itself to spirit, in a manner not the less real and truthful, because perhaps too mysteriously, to be accurately described.

Now as all this digression was indulged in, for the purpose of showing how Miss Wilmoth and her mother resembled each other so strongly, yet the impression which each conveyed was so entirely opposite. So striking indeed was this resemblance, that one might have fancied the latter was the former grown old. Both handsome, with the same regularity of features, and fine dark grey eyes, you wondered when you gazed, why you felt so differently affected to each. The face of the daughter was full of sensibility, candour and affection, with that colourlessness of complexion not so much paleness as purity,—*"non è palidezza ma candore,"*—which is calculated to reflect every shade of feeling. It exhibited but one blemish, less perhaps a slight cast of melancholy, which was the prevalent expression of her features when in repose, and which she was always ready to assume except when under the excitement of conversation or amusement. Except that her habitual cheerfulness and animated flow of spirits forbade the idea, one would have imagined her to be a person under the influence of some secret sorrow. The mother had no touch of melancholy—there was scarcely enough of softness in her for that; but she had a hard, cold, unhappy eye, which besides possessed that disagreeable furtive peculiarity, commonly ascribed as the characteristic of an evil conscience—that of never being able to meet the eye of another, or look a fellow creature steadily in the face. She had a restless fire in those eyes of her's, in strange contrast to the placidity of her daughter's, which gave one an idea of a predisposition to insanity. Flurried and nervous, she seemed ill at ease in conversation, and sometimes gave evidence of a mind wandering elsewhere than on the subject presented to her attention. In short, in association with her one remained in that uncertain and uneasy state, as in the presence of one with whom there was connected some mystery, and which we felt rather than could divine. Yet was there one amiable trait which every one could not fail to recognise; that was her affection for her daughter, beyond even the proverbial intensity of a mother's. It was almost painful to behold; she could scarcely bear her out of her sight. Every

change of the other's countenance was reflected in hers, and that with a delicacy and abandonment of self, more believed of a lover's than of any other's sentiment; as if her interest could be obtrusive, or her affection, in its great strength, burdensome to the other.

"I am glad," said she, in continuation of a conversation they had just been pursuing, "I am glad you are not going to leave me next week, though I could say nothing against such a short visit."

"I invited Miss Anstey, you know, and could not go. But why not have told me you did not wish it—you know I feel happier nowhere than at home."

"That will not do though," said Mrs. Wilmoth; "I feel that I tax your youth too much for the sake of my own heart's loneliness, when it should be basking in more genial companionship; for this reason I wish you oftener away, love, than you care to leave me; and yet when you are gone I have a thousand fears that you are hurt, or ill, or unhappy; and what should I do in losing you? you are all I have in the world."

"To feel thus, dear mother," said Annie, "and turn our love into an occasion of anxiety and trouble, is like extracting gall and worm-wood from the flowers of God's sweetest blessings."

A scornful incredulous smile passed over the features of the woman at this speech.

"Perhaps it is better she should think thus," muttered she; "I have gained little by the wisdom of my philosophy."

"What do you say, mother?" enquired Annie.

"Only thinking what sad helpless puppets we are, and that our joys and our griefs are so little in our own power."

"Heaven is over all, mother, and dispenses them to us better than we could allot for ourselves."

"Oh! yes," returned she; "let us receive these dispensations as they fall. We feel that there is a fate in all things. Even I deny not that; though the thought is poor consolation in the anticipation of those misfortunes which we are so sensitive to feel, yet so powerless to avert."

"It were wrong to anticipate, mother; we should be prepared for sorrows, not anticipate them."

"Fate is officious in that way sometimes. To some eyes she casts her shadows before; and, do you know, I think we are sometimes endowed with a supernatural foresight, as concerns those objects which are dearest to us." The woman's eyes began to assume a strange expression, but Annie appeared in no way surprised, perhaps she was accustomed to such sallies. "What,"