

his manly features. The consciousness that he was so near agitated her; and when she sang in her turn *vorrei e non vorrei mi trema un poco il cor*, her voice really trembled. By an effort, she recovered her self-possession, and went through the air with her wonted spirit; and before she rose from the piano the Count had walked away. As she returned to her seat, a slip of paper was handed her; she turned deadly pale as she read the words—

"Louise, I fear, is dying, and has asked for you; come to her, dearest Mademoiselle.

BASIL."

Henriette turned from the room. As she hastened from the dressing-room, whither she had gone for her cloak, she was accosted by the Duc de B.

"Whither, ma Belle Henriette! We do not part so—you must take me with you."

"Will you have the goodness to let me pass? I am in haste."

"Never, till I have told you again and again how much I love you!" whispered the Duc. "Not till you consent to be mine. Go with me, my carriage is at the door: nay, I must bear you off by force, if you persist, more cruel than Helen, in repelling me!"

He had seized her arm as he spoke, to lead her out; Henriette struggled to free herself from him, and almost without being conscious of it, took the arm of another gentleman, who conducted her down the steps and assisted her into the carriage. Involuntarily she glanced back, as if apprehensive that she might be followed.

"Will you permit me to accompany you home?" asked the Count, for it was he, and he seemed to understand her fears.

Henriette bowed her head, for she could not speak, nor could she suppress her sobs, overpowered as she was by different feelings. The Count evidently sympathised with her; but without noticing the Duc's rudeness, he adverted to the sudden summons she had received, and inquired if her sister were ill.

"No, it is a young friend of mine, who has been long consumptive; at least I have long feared for her," said Henriette; and even while her tears flowed afresh at thought of the danger of poor Louise, it was a relief to speak of her. She told the Count of the precarious state in which her young friend had been for some months, though of late she had hoped for her speedy recovery. Some sudden and fearful change must have taken place, or Basil would not have sent for her.

So in truth she found it; Louise had broken a blood-vessel, and was in imminent danger; but

revived a little when she saw her beloved friend and benefactress bending over her, and felt her tears drop on her hand. The physician whom Basil had summoned, interposed, saying, that all excitement must be avoided in her present condition; and Henriette left the room, desiring to be called when the sufferer should be asleep, that she might watch by her side all night.

How she wept as she descended to her own apartment, and reproached herself for having, even for a moment, forgotten Louise. The Count was still waiting, to learn how her friend was; he asked for Henriette, and received permission to call on the succeeding day.

Poor Louise lingered for more than a week; but the seeds of her fatal disorder had for years been implanted in her frame, and the help of medicine was in vain. Her friend remained with her night and day, ministering to her wants with affectionate care: Louise died with Henriette's hand in hers.

Henriette left the stage, and became the proud and happy bride of Count R. When he proffered her his hand and name, he told her that not all the brilliancy of her beauty and genius had affected him so deeply as his knowledge of the noble qualities of her heart. He had learned from Basil of her befriending the destitute girl: had witnessed her sympathy with the unfortunate; and rightly judged, that she who could turn from the homage of thousands to minister to the wants of a suffering fellow being, without feeling that she made any sacrifice, must have a heart it would be happiness to win.

In the elevated circle in which, as Countess R., Henriette now moves, and which she adorns by her talents, she has proved that the true sphere of her sex is domestic and social, not public life; that to mitigate sorrow, and to refine enjoyment, is the appropriate test of Woman's Worth.

THE LITTLE BROOK AND THE STAR.

ONCE upon a time, in the leafy covert of a wild woody dingle, there lived a certain little Brook, that might have been the happiest creature in the world, if it had but known when it was well, and been content with the station assigned to it, by an unerring Providence. But in that knowledge and that content, consists the true secret of happiness, and the silly little Brook never found out the mystery until it was too late to profit by it. I cannot say positively from what source the little Brook came, but it appeared to well out from beneath the hollow root of an old thorn, and collecting together its pellucid waters so as to form a small pool within that knotty reservoir, it swelled imperceptibly over its irregular margin, and slipped away unheard, almost unseen, among mossy stones and entangling branches. Never was emerald so green, never was velvet so soft, as the beautiful moss which encircled that tiny lake, and it was gemmed and embroidered too, by all violets that love the shade, 'pale primroses that die unmarried,' violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, or Cytheria's breath. Anemones with their fair downcast heads, and