

Our little sketch wears to a close—we draw a veil over the scene which took place when Soloski with his daughter, and the young and noble Imogen Herwaldisch drove up to the humble exile home, and presented themselves before the astonished countess, and hasten to say that preparations were soon made for the departure of this interesting family. Deeply as they had suffered in their exile, they had not neglected the duties and charities of life, and now on leaving, the count promised his daughter—who felt much for the poor with whom they had often divided their little store—to send a pious missionary to reside in Stradi, and be his agent in distributing an annual sum for their benefit.”

“Our banishment shall do them good,” said he; “perhaps we were sent here for that wise end, and to be the means of interesting Christians at home to seek the instruction of these desolate people. No doubt, He who ‘sees the end from the beginning,’ sends his blessings in ways strange and wonderful to us, for what would be our few years of trial in this lone region to the amelioration of the condition of hundreds of our fellow beings by means of our experience?”

Their friends had provided everything for their comfort, and they had little to do, except to divide their household effects among their neighbors, and take their leave.

Franziska's cheeks soon regained their hue of happiness amid the exciting anticipations of home, and a happier party could not have been found. The subdued thankfulness and sober sense of peace felt by the count and his lady, were constantly tinged with cheerfulness caught from the merry tones and pleasant conversation of their young relative, who having travelled extensively drew constantly from his store of information for their amusement; and as to Franziska, she was too happy to ask what made up the sum of her joy—it may be that her young heart even then yielded to those secret sympathies which entwine themselves around spirits in unison. It is true that the stranger's eyes never beamed so brightly as when fixed upon her,—and a stranger to the party might have detected a peculiar gentleness of voice and kindness of manner when he addressed her, or endeavored to explain some of the many useful and instructive topics which formed their subjects of thought during the long journey.

Montreal, Dec., 1853.