## THE HEARTHSTONE.

TO-MORROW.

BY ABBY SAGE MICHARDSON.

Out on the beach a maiden sits;
With absent eyes and parted lips
She watches the waves hapidly up,
And marks the track of the white winged ships;
Half awake and half in a dream
She notes the gulls sail screaming by,
Feels the wind blow her yellow hair,
And counts the clouds in the changeful sky.

A ship in her dreams sails fair and fast,
Nearing and nearing the port at home,
Crowding all sail as she cuts the waves,
Leaving behind her white swirls of foam.
She sees on the deck her lover stand,
Dreaming like her of the tender hour
When he shall clasp and hold her his own,
Heart of his heart, of his life the flower.
She muses thus till the sun goes down.
Till sky and waves have in twilight kissed,
And a cloudy moon shores overhead,
Like an opal set in a ring of mist.

To-morrow," she murmurs, with quickoned pulse Rising to loave the wave-washed strand,
"Another day of waiting and hope
Before his vessel shall greet the land,
Fly, dim night, through the trackless sky,
liasten, O sun, to your morning place;
The glad dawn bring that will rise on mo,
When I shall look in my lover's face."

Over the sea the storm-cloud hangs,
Wrapping his vessel in black cellpse.
Round and round fly the screeching gulls,
Deoper and deeper the strong prov dips.
No eye sees how the bark goes down;
No car lists to the good ship's knell,
Soft on her pillow the maiden sleeps,
While her lover's lips waft their last farowell.

Morning dawns with resiest glow,
Tinging the waters with coral and gold,
Nor in sea nor sky is a whisper heard
Of the secret the white-topped billows hold.
Day after day the maiden will wait.
Month grow to year ere her watching he o'er
For a lever who never will come to land.
For a ship which never will touch the shore.

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## POOR MISS FINCH:

A DOMESTIC STORY.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LUCILLA'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

September 1st -I am composed enough to return to my Journal, and to let my mind dwell in a little on all that I have thought and felt since Oscar has been here.

Now that I have lost Madame Pratelunge, !

have no friend whith whom I can talk over my little secrets. My aunt is all that is kind and good to me; but with a persen so much older than I am-who has lived in such a different world, and whose idea seem to be so in away from mine—how can I talk about my follies and extravagances, and expect sympathies in return! My one confidencial friend is my Journal-I can only talk about myself to myself, in these pages. My josition feels sometimes like a very lonely one. I saw two girltelling all their secrets to each other on the sands to-day—and I am afraid to envise.

Well, my dear Journal, how did I feel-after longing for Oscar-when Oscar came to me? It is dreadful to own it; but my book lock-up, and my book can be trusted with the truth. I felt ready to cry-I was so unexpectedly, so

horribly disappointed.

No. "Disappointed" is not the word. I can't find the word. There was a moment—I hardly dare write it: it seem so atrociously wicked—there was a moment when I almost wished myself blind again.

He tock me in his arms; he held my hand in his. In the time when I was blind, how I should have felt it! How the delicious tingle would have run through me when he touched me! Nothing of the kind happened now. He might have been Oscar's brother for all the effect he produced on me. I have myself taken his hand since, and shut my eyes to try and renew my blindness, and put myself back completely as I was in the old time. The same result still. Nothing, nothing, nothing.

result still. Nothing, nothing, nothing t
Is it that he is a little restrained with me
on his side? He certainly ist I felt it the moment he came into the room-I have felt

I can only account for it in one way. The restoration of my sight has neede a new creature of mo. I have gain d a sense-1 am no back, I can write and announce your return, longer the same woman. This great change and get all the news from the rectory, must have had some influence over me that I never suspected until Oscar came here. Can the loss of my sense of feeling be the price that I have paid for the recovery of my sense

When Grosse comes next, I shall put that question to him.

In the meanwhile, I have had a second disappointment. He is not nearly so beautiful as thought he was when I was blind.

On the day when my bandage was taken off for the first time, I could only see indistinctly. When I ran into the room in the rectory, I guessed it was Oscar rather than knew it Oscar. My father's grey head, and Mrs. Finch's woman's dress, would no doubt have helped anybody in my place to fix as I did on the right But this is all different now. I can see his features in detail - and the result is (though I won't own it to any of them) that I and my idea of him in the days of my blindoh, so unlike the reality! The one thing that is not a disappointment to me, is hisvoice, When he cannot see me, I close my eyes, and let my ears feel the old charm aigain—so far.

And this is what I have gained, by submitting the operation, and enduring my imprisonment in the darkened room!

What am I writing? I ought to be ashamwhat am I writings I ought to be assami-ed of myself! Is it nothing to have had all the beauty of land and sea, all the glory of cloud and sunshine, revealed to me? Is it nothing to be able to look at my fellow... creatures-to see the bright faces of children smile at me when I speak to them? Enough of myself! I am unhappy and ungrateful when I think of myself.

Let me write about Oscar. My nunt approves of him. She thinks him handsome, and says he has the manners of a gentlemen. This last is high praise from Miss Batchford. She despises the present generation of young men. "There is no variety, no dis-tinction among them," she said the other day.
"They are all mechanical copies of each other. In my time, I used to see young gentlemen. I only see young animals now; well-fed, wellvashed, well-dressed; riding animals, rowing animals, betting animals—nothing more."

Oscar, on his side, seems to like Miss Batchford on better acquaintance. When I first presented him to her, he rather surprised me by changing colour and looking very uneasy. He is almost distressingly nervous, on certain oc-casions. I suppose my aunt's grand manner daunted him.

f Note .- I really must break in here. Her nunt's "grand manner" makes me sick. It is nothing (between ourselves) but a hook-nose and a stiff pair of stays. What dannted Nugent Dubourg, when he first found himself in the old lady's presence, was the fear of discovery. He would no doubt have learnt from his brother that Oscar and Miss Batchford had never met. You will see, if you look back, that it was, in the nature of things, impossible they should have met. But it is equally clear that Nugent could not find out beforehand that Miss Batchford had been left in ignorance of what had happened at Dimehurch? He could do nothing of the sort—he could feel no assurance of his security from exposure, until he had tried the ground in his own proper person first. The risk here was certainly serious enough to make even Nagent Dubourg uneasy. And Lucilla talks of her nunt's "grand manner!" Poor innocent! I let her go on .- P.]

As soon as my aunt left us together, the first words I said to Oscar, referred (of course) to his letter about Madame Pratolungo.

allah has been sent back from London to the rectory. The Dimchurch doctor (who attended. witness) is settled in India—as you will see, if you will refer to the twenty-second chapter. The London doctor with whom he consulted has long ceased to have any relations with his former patient. As for Herr-Grosse, if he appears on the scene, he can be trusted to shut his eyes professionnally to all that is going on, and to let matters take their course, in the onry interest he recognises—the interest of Lu-cillu's health. There is literally no obstacle in Nugent's way—and no sort of protection for Lucilla, except in the faithful instinct which persists in warning her that this is the wrong man—though it speaks in an unknown tongue. There! my mind is relieved. I may let the entry in the Journal speak for itself.-P.1

September 2nd .- A rainy day. Very little said that is worth recording between Oscar and

me.

My aunt, whose spirits are always affected by bad weather, kept me a long time in her sitting-room, amusing herself by making me exercise as well. my sight. Oscart was present by special invi-tation, and assisted the old lady in setting this new seeing-sense of mine all sorts of tasks. He tried hard to prevail on me to let him see my writing. I refused. It is improving so fast as it can; but it is not good enough yet.

He made a little sign of entreaty, and looked lit is to get back -in such a case as mine-to which is still to come. the exercise of one's sight.

new self, I hope and believe, with time—and pondence with your father, or your stepmother, that will accustom me to my new impressions while she is out of England ?" he asked. Oscar, and who might have proved an awkward of Oscar-and so it may all come right in the end. It is all wrong enough now. He put his arm round me, and gave me a litte tender spaceze, while we were following Miss Batch
He considered a little—and then turned the ford down to the dining-room this afternoon. Nothing in me answered to it. I should have felt it all over me a few months since.

Here is a tear on the paper. What a fool I am i Why can't I write about something

I sent my second letter to my father to-day; telling him of Oscar's return from abroad, and taking no notice of his not having realied to my asked instead of ms not naving replied to my lasted. It is not to take notice, and to let him come right by himsetf. I showed Oscar my letter—with a space left at the end for his postscript. While he was writing it, he asked me to get something pered; "and i will live at Ramsgate if you like the transfer of the space left and the space left at the end for his postscript. While he was writing it, he asked me to get something pered; "and i will live at Ramsgate if you like the space left at the end for his postscript. which happened to be un-stairs in my room. When I came back, he had scaled the envelope —forgetting to show me his posteript. It was in those werls, there was something that start-not worth while to open the letter again; he led me—I ... not describe it—in his hole and fold me what he had written, and that did just manner when he said them. I made no answer

(Note-4 must trouble you with a copy of what Nigent really did right. It shows why ourselves to think of? he sent her out of the room, and closed the cuvelope before she could come back. The portcript is also worthy of notice, in this resp I notice here what a dreadfully difficult thing that it plays a part in a page of my narrative Thus Naporal writes, in Oscar's name and

> brother's landwriting no obstacle in his way. A close similarity of handwriting was-as I have. I think, already mentioned—one among the other

triking points of ressemblance between the

O Dian Mr. Freen, shoothat's letter will have told you that I have come to my senses, and that I am main paying my addresses to her as her allianced husband. My principal object in adding these lines is to propose that we should forget the past, and go on again as if nothing had happened.

" OSCAR."

Unless I add a word of explanation, here, you will hardly appreciate the extraordinary skil-fulness with which the deception is continued by means of this posteript.

Written in Oscar's character (and represent-ing Nugent as having done all that he had promoo on the sands." However, he said he would go, if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wished it. I did particularly wish it. So we went.

There were chairs on the beach. We hired two, and sat down to look about us.

All sorts of diversions were going as the said he would go, if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wish it. So we went.

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All sorts of diversions were going as the said he would go, if I particularly wished it. I did particularly wishe necessary apologies and expressions of regret from a man engaged to his daughter, who had left her as Oscar had left her no matter how the circumstance might appear to excuse him. The curt off-hand posteript signed "Oscar" was the very thing to exasperate the wound already inflicted on Mr. Finch's self-esteem, and to render it at least probable that he would reconsider his intention of himself performing the into conversation with me; hospitably offering marriage ceremony. In the event of his refume biscuits and sherry out of her own bag. ral, what would happen

when it was too late to alter his mind. Findto permit Lucilla to inform her father of hisarrival at Ramsgate, he was now obliged to run the risk of having that important piece of domestic news communicated—either by Mr. Finch or by his wife—to no less a person than myself. You will remember that worthy Mrs Finch, when we parted at the rectory, had askked me to write to her while I was abroad-and you will see, after the hint I have given you, that clever Mr. Nugent is beginning already to walk upon delicate ground. I say no more: Lucilla's turn now.—R.1

S. ptember, 3rd,-Oscar has (I suppose) forgotten something which he ought to have included in his posteript to my letter.

More than two hours after I have sent it to the post, he asked if the letter had gone. For the moment, he looked annoyed when I said, Yes. But he soon recovered himself. It mattered nothing (he said); he could easily write again. "Talking of letters," he added, "do you expect Madame Pratolungo to write to you?"
(This time, it was he who referred to her!) told him that there was not much chance, after what had passed on her side and on mine, of her writing to me—and then tried to put some of those questions about her which he had once already requested me not to press yet. For the second time, he entreated me to defer the discussion of that unpleasant subject for the present-and yet, with the most curious inconsistency, he made another inquiry relating o the subject in the same breath

" I should doubt her writing to my father,"

He considered a little—and then turned the talk to the topic of our residence at Ramsgate

" How long do you stay here ?" he inquired. "It depends o Herr Grosse," I answered.
I will ask him when he comes next,"

He turned away to the window-suddenly, as if he was a little put out.

"Are you tired of Ramsgate already?" I

pered; " and I will live at Ramsgate if you like-for your sake."

Although there was everything to please me

6 Why should we not be married at once? he naked, 6 We are both of age. We have only

(Note:--Alter his words as follows : + Why should we not be married before Muclame Palin a page of my narrative tolungo can hear of my arrival as Komegae less, in Osem's name and character, to the tector of Dinnel urch. (He would tind the imiliation of this brother's handwriting no because it is to marry him before any discoveries can herethe's handwriting no because the product of the confidence is to personal to be confidence in the product of the confidence is to be a second to be confidence in the confidence in the confidence is to be a second to be confidence in the confid her sufficiently recovered to leave the ansatz

> <sup>9</sup> You forget,<sup>9</sup> I answered, more surprised than ever; <sup>9</sup> we have my father to there of It was always arranged that he was to meey us at Dimehmeh."

> Os ar smiled-not at all the charming smile Lused to imagine when I was blind!

"We shall wait a long time, I am aband," he said, " if we wait until your father marries

"What do you mean T' I asked. "When we enter on the painful subject of Madame Pratolungo," he replied, "I will tell you. In the meantime, do you think Mr. Finch will answer your letter ? " I hope so."

" Do you think he will answer my proscript T' "I am sure he will !"

The same unpleasant smile showed itself again in his face. He abruptly dropped the conversation, and went to play his p quet with my All this happened yesterday evening, I went

to bed, sadly dissatisfied with somebody. Was it with Oscar? or with myself? or with both?

It with Oscur 7 or with myself 7 or with both?
I fancy with both.
To-day we went out together for a walk on the cliffs. What a delight it was to move through the fresh briny air, and see the lovely sights on every side of me! Oscur enjoyed it too. All through the first part of our walk, he was charming, and I was more in love with him than ever. On our return, a little incident oc-curred which aftered him for the worse, and which made my spirits sink again. It happened in this way. I proposed returning by the sands. Rams-

gate is still crowded with visitors; and the ani-mated scene on the beach in the latter part of the day has attractions for me, after my blind life, which it does not (I dare say) possess for people who have always enjoyed the use of their eyes. Oscar, who has a nervous horror of erowds, and who shrinks from contact with people not so refined as himself, was surprised at my wishing to mix with what he called "the mob on the sands." However, he said he would

All sorts of diversions were going on. Mon-keys, organs, girls on stilts, a conjuror, and a troop of negro minstrels, were all at work to amuse the visitors. I thought the varied col-our and bustling enjoyment of the crowd, with the bright blue sea beyond, and the glorious suishine overhead, quite delightful—I declare I felt as if two eyes were not half enough to see with! A nice old lady, sitting near, entered me biscuits and sherry out of her own bag. ignorant of which was Nugent and which was Oscar, would officiate in his place. Do you see lady vulgar; and he called the company on the | Oscar, to my disappointment, looked quite disit now?
But even the eleverest people are not always capable of providing for every emergen"mixture of low people," he suddenly cast a cy. The completest plot generally has its side-hook at some person or thing—I could not at the moment tell which—and, risine, placed hims if so as to intercept my view of the promasterpiece. But it nevertheless exposed the in made on the sunds introductely before me. I writer to a danger which (as the Journal will happened to have noticed, at the same moment, tell you) he only appreciated at its true value a hely approaching us in a dress of a peculiar colour; and I pulled Oscar on one side, to look ing himself forced, for the sake of appearances at her as she passed in front of me. "Why do you get in my way?" I asked. Before he could answer the question the lady passed, with two lovely children, and with a tall man at her side. My eyes, looking test at the lady and the child-ren, found their way next to the gentleman and saw, repeated in his face, the same blackblue complexion which had startled me in the face of Oscar's brother, when I first opened my eyes at the rectory! For the moment, I felt eyes at the rectory! startled again, more, as I believe, by the unex-pected repetition of the blue face in the face of a stranger, than by the ugliness of the complexion itself. At any rate, I was composed enough to admire the lady's dress, and the beauty of the children, before they had passed beyond my range of view. Oscar spoke to me, while I was looking at them, in a tone of reprouch for which, as I thought, there was no occasion and no excuse.

"I tried to spare you," he said. "You have yourself to thank, if that man has frightened

"He has not frightened me," I answered-

sharply enough.
Oscar looked at me very attentively; and sat

down again, without saying a word more.

The good-humoured old woman, on my other side, who had sien and heard all that had passed, began to talk of the gentleman with the discoloured face, and of the lady and the children who accompanied him. He was a retired Indian officer. The lady was his wife, and the Indian officer. The lady was his wife, and the two beautiful children were his own children. It seems a pity that such a handsome man

should be disfigured in that way," my new ac-



HE MADE SO MANY MISTAKES IN PLAYING CARDS WITH MY AUNT, THAT SHE DISMISSED VIM FROM THE GAME IN DISGRACE.

Lucilla-not now !" His brother was the next subject in my mind, to write with so few mistakes in making my I was not at all sure how he would take my letters! It is nevertheless true that I did misspeaking about it. I risked a question however, for all that. He made another sign of memory to inform my eyes which was which His brother was the next subject in my mind.

with your aunt, and that Madame Pratolingo had gone abroad to her father. Is Mr. Finch well? Is he coming to Ramsgate to see you?" I was unwilling to tell him of the misunder-

standing at home. "I have not heard from my father since I have been here," I said, " Now you have come

tion to my writing to my father.

dealy, and looked at me again. "There is very little chance of his coming

here." I answered.

I was obliged to refer to the family quarrel. still, however, saying actaing of the unjust manner in which my father has spoken of my

" As long as I am with Miss Butchford," I being friends again. Do you object to my writing home to say you have come to Ramsgate?"

"I" he exclaimed, looking the picture of astonishment. "What could possibly make you think that? Write by all means—and leave a little space for me. I will add a few lines to your letter."

It is impossible to say how his answer relieved mu. It was quite plain that I had stu-pidly misinterpreted him. Oh, my new eyes! my new eyes I shail I ever beable to depend on you as I could once depend on my touch?

[Note.- I must intrude myself again. I shall burst with indignation, while I am copying the journal, if I don't relieve my mind at certain places in it. Remark, before you go any farther. how skilfully Nugent contrives to ascertain his exact position at Ramsgate-and see with what a fatal unanimity all the chances of his persontaing Oscar, without discovery declare themselves in his favour I Miss Batchford, as you have seen, is entirely at his mercy. She not only knows nothing herself, but she operates as a check on Mr. Finch-who would oth rwise have bined his daughter at Ramsgate, and have instantly dear! dear! why did I not meet my good old exposed the conspiracy. On every side of him, Grosse, and become the new creature that he exposed the conspiracy. On every side of him, Nugent is to all appearance, safe. I am away has made me, before I met Oscar? I should in one direction, Oscar is away in another. Mrs. have had no blind memories and prepossessions Finch is anchored immovably in her nursery; to get over then. I shall become used to my

Why should we spoil the pleasure of our first meeting by talking of her, he said. "the is so inexpressibly painful to you and to me. Let us return to it in a day or two. Not now, the state of the transfer of the other to-day?—after the state of the transfer of the other to-day?—after the state of the state of the other to-day?—after the state of the stat seeing so well, too, as I do now, and being able

> To-day's experience has also informed me that I make slow progress in teaching myself to judge correctly of distance.

In spite of this drawback, however, there is nothing I enjoy so much in using my sight as looking at a great wide prospect of any kind-provided I am not asked to judge how far or how near objects may be. It seems like es-caping out of prison to look (after having been shut up in my blindness) at the long curve of which lead me to fear that he saw some object the beach, and the bold promontory of the "I suppose you would like Mr. Finch to come here?" he said—and then stopp a suddenly and looked at me again makes a toil of my pleasure. It is worse still when I am asked about the relative sizes of ships and boats. When I see nothing but a Oscar cemed to be wonderfully interested boat, I fancy it larger than it is. When I see about my father. "Very little chance?" he the best in comparison with a ship, and then repeated, "Why?" lock on the boat, I instantly go to the other exceeds and the yit smaller than it is. The s tiling this right still vexes me almost as keen-ly as my standers vexed in some time since when I saw my fir t hor candenrt from an upper window, and took it for a dog drawing a said, "it is useless to hope that my father will wheelberrow! Lost me ach: in my own defence come here. They are on had terms; and I am that both horse and eact where figured at least afraid there is no prospect, at present, or their five times their proper size in my blind fancy -which makes my mistake, I think not so very stupid after all.

Well, I amused my aunt. And what effect did I produce on Oscar ?

If I could trust my eyes, I should say I pro duced exactly the contrary effect on him—1 made him melancholy. But I don't trust my ves. They must be deceiving me when they tell me that he looked, in my company, a moping, unxious, miserable man.

Or, is it, that he sees and feels something changed in Me? I could scream with vexation and rage against myself. Here is my Oscarblind. Contradictory as it seems, I used to understand how he looked at me, where I was unable to see it. Now that I can see that he myself, Is this really love that is looking at me in his eyes? or is it something else? How should I know? I knew when I had only my own fancy to tell me. But now, try as I may, I can-not make the old fancy and the new sight serve me in harmony both together. I am afraid he sees that I don't understand him. Oh,

"Do you think she is likely to be in corres-