

# The Household.

## OCTOBER.

What joy is this which thrills us  
With unspeakable delight?  
What benison which fills us  
To forgetfulness of pain?  
What stimulus is nerving us to battle for the  
Right,  
As when in hopeful spring-time we tracked its  
beacon light?  
Whence do our wasted energies a new-born  
force attain?

October, blest of all the gods and well-beloved  
of men,  
Is ruling with a royal right the willing world  
again!

What though November's sleeping breath  
May stir the quickening gale;  
What though a whispering North-wind saith  
"Your streams I will enchain;"  
What though some far-off tufts of snow may  
chill life exhale;  
While splendor, wealth and beauty, with radi-  
ance fill the vale,  
We dare not by prophetic woe our heritage pro-  
fane,  
But yield to glad October, who garlands hill and  
glen,  
Crowned with a gay Bacchante's crown, and  
throned for us again!

Who calls these "melancholy days,  
The saddest of the year?"  
Who sings in minor tones of praise  
For Autumn a refrain?  
Who disenthralled from Summer, her wan face  
loitering near,  
But triumphs o'er his late divorce in joyance all  
sincere,  
And springs, with heart unburdened, on the  
richly loaded wain  
Of her who wields the "golden-rod," and sways  
the hearts of men,  
Wreathed in Iridian splendor, magnificent  
again!

Her gracious hand extended,  
She bids us cease from care,  
And feast, love's labor ended,  
On golden-dropping grain,  
Our souls have but to open wide to charms so  
debonair,  
And drink the ruddy wine of life from lips 'tis  
ours to share;  
Ay! revel in the joyousness of glowing mount  
and plain,  
Aslame with bright October's smile: brighter  
and dearer when,  
Turning her crimsoned cheek to go, the pale  
months come again.

# JANET.

BY MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

"There came a day  
As still as Heaven."

"So Janet is not to go, is she not?"  
said Sir Thomas Greythorpe, knitting a  
pair of bushy eyebrows. "Well I don't  
suppose she will much mind, and certainly  
it lessens the expense. The way the  
money flies in these parts is positively  
diabolical. It's pay me here, and pay me  
there, till I am afraid of taking so much as  
a walk along the shore, or setting foot on  
the deck of a steamboat to see a friend off!  
Heigho! The Highlands may be all very fine  
in August and September, but they make  
a desperate hole in one's pocket—that's  
what I know. As for this Staffa and Iona  
business, we might have left it alone, I  
thought. We could have put it on the  
weather or something"—but here the

speaker, who was sitting in a front room  
of one of the great hotels at Oban, cast  
his eye up the Sound of Kerrara, and then  
round upon the Island of Lismore, and  
beheld on either side nothing but a stretch  
of glorious blue water and sunlit promon-  
tories, while overhead there was an abso-  
lutely cloudless sky, and Sir Thomas felt  
that a feint of "putting it on the weather"  
would hardly take in the veriest babe.  
"All the same, it's a nuisance," he mut-  
tered.

"We could not be here and not go,"  
said his wife.

"Humph! I don't see that; we have  
been to a lot of places; I don't see that it  
would signify if only we had a decent ex-  
cuse."

"But we have really no excuse, and  
Isabella has set her heart upon it. She has  
been talking with young Stronachan, and  
he has set her on. He says Fingal's Cave  
is the one thing in Scotland to see. I  
fancy we should feel rather foolish if we  
were to go back to Worcestershire without  
seeing it, when we should have been so  
near."

"Well, it is an expensive trip, I warn  
you. You, and I, and Isabella"—reckon-  
ing on his fingers—"then there's Florry  
what about her? Is she to go, or to stay  
with Janet?"

"Oh, she can go," said Lady Greythor-  
pe, indifferently. "She pays for herself,  
so it makes no matter. And Janet can  
look after her aunt while we are away."

"It is rather hard upon Janet, tho,"  
and Sir Thomas' face softened as he turned  
and looked at his youngest daughter.  
"Eh, Janet? I dare say you would like to  
go as well as the rest of us."

"Nonsense!" interposed Janet's moth-  
er, with some asperity. "Janet knows  
she cannot have everything and it was a  
very great treat indeed for her to come to  
Scotland at all. Considering that we had  
all the trouble—for it is trouble, if no-  
thing else—of bringing your sister and  
her girl with us, and having to engage  
their rooms as well as our own on ahead  
wherever we go, Janet may think her-  
self exceedingly well off to be here at all;  
and if she cannot spend a happy day on  
this delightful shore—or I dare say your  
aunt will take you for a drive along the  
Gallinach road, and you can look for our  
steamboat coming home," turning to her  
daughter likewise "why—what—what in  
the world, child—what do you mean what  
is this about!" exclaimed she the next  
moment. "What! Crying? Oh, for shame  
Janet! You must indeed be spoiled by  
all the pleasure you have had, if it makes  
you behave like this. Oh, dear me, this is  
disgraceful! Really—I—I"—turning over  
the books on the table in obvious discom-  
fiture, while her husband again wheeled  
round his chair to the window as tho to  
gaze upon a pleasanter prospect than was  
afforded by the room within.

Poor Janet! She had listened to the  
above discussion from the first with a  
swelling heart. So much depended upon  
it.

The proposition of leaving her out of

the party being formed for the next day's  
excursion had only just been made when  
she entered the room wherein her parents  
sat, and the first words that fell upon her  
ear were those with which our little story  
opens.

She instantly realized that they fixed  
her doom. Once her father was started  
on the track of his special grievance for  
the moment, namely, the dearness of  
Scotch hotels and the exorbitant charges  
demanded for every species of transit dur-  
ing the Highland "season," he was ready  
to make all considerations give way,  
if by any means he might save something  
out of the fire.

She had understood that he had been  
startled by the amount by which a short  
trip—a trip, nevertheless, which had been  
one of the principal projected items of the  
Scotch tour—would run up; and a cold  
thrill had shot through her veins lest it  
should be abandoned in consequence.  
This would have been dreadful enough.

To behold with her own young enthu-  
siastic eyes the great pillars of the famous  
Fingal's Cave, to tread the sacred shores  
of holy Iona, and gather a flower or a  
weed from the graves of the Scottish  
kings who rest beneath the shade of its  
ruined cathedral, had been Janet's dream  
ever since the whole expedition was ar-  
ranged.

Janet was half Scotch by blood, more  
than half by every other mode of reckon-  
ing.

Ever since she had been a summer, at  
an early and impressionable age, with  
her maternal relatives at their West  
Highland home, she had onshrined the  
country, the people, the language, togeth-  
er with every tradition and association,  
in her heart of hearts.

That her own name was a Highland  
girl's name was delightful. That she  
might if she chose wear tartan—her moth-  
er's Campbell tartan—was insisted upon.

That no place was like the Campbells'  
place, and no people like the Campbells'  
themselves, was a part of her creed; and  
to have called the young head of the  
house anything but "Stronachan"—he  
was of course, styled only by the latter  
name in his native place—would have  
been impossible.

Lady Greythorpe had no objection to all  
this. For her own part she was not en-  
thusiastic; but if Janet chose to remember  
that her mother had a pedigree, and to  
break out into extravagant descriptions of  
her mother's native place, well and good.  
Janet was a foolish girl; but there was no  
harm in this particular folly.

Isabella was her mother's child, how-  
ever. Isabella cared a thousand times  
more for riding on the Row on a bright  
May day, for dancing in great London  
drawing rooms, and shopping in Leaden  
shops, than for the purple moors and  
rocky fells of bold Argyle.

Stronachan itself she liked well enough.  
It was a comfortable place, snugly situa-  
ted, and not too far out of the way.

As for Stronachan, the man?