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THE SNOWBALLS.

The Snowballs. At that word, how are the fountains of memory's great deep broken up, and visions of days long, oh, how long gone by, come welling in like a flood. There they are, those grand old shrubs. It is early summer, and the large white balls are blending with the lingering Lilac's rosy purple. Their overarching canopy shades a rustic seat. There the children are, as of yore, wreathing gathered flowers. Perched among the branches, a glossy black-squirrel is watching with eager interest every movement. Now bounding upon the shoulder of his young mistress, he rubs his head coaxingly against her cheek, then plunges into her pocket to bring out a nut or sugar-plum for his comfort.

But thus it could not always be. The brother leaves the home so bright and sunny, and on the rustic seat carves for those remaining the words of the old Latin poet :

"Forsan' et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

It may be in after days these shall be remembered with joy.

Aye, with joy. A sobered joy, for a minor chord is sounding through all the music of bygone days. Where now is

the home made attractive with Flora's brightest gems? Where now those merry peals of childhood's laughter? Where those children? The echoes answer, pealing through the corridors, memory's corridors, faintly and more faintly dying to a whisper, "Where?"

But the Snowball. Yes, the Snowball; yet is there any need to write of it? Is it not, gentle reader, even as your eyes trace these words, palpable to sight? An old familiar friend, into whose ear you have whispered profoundest secrets; upon which you have looked in each returning season with friendly interest and ever increasing pleasure; so wrought into your life's morning hours, and into your noontide's brightness, that it has become a part of your very being? Yet it may be that an added pleasure will be given to be reminded that it is a near relative of the twining Woodbine that covers your lattice; of the rosy pink Honeysuckle, whose bright flowers make the lawn so cheery in summer, and whose ruddy berries brighten the autumnal days; and of the pretty pure white Snowberry, heightening the beauty of their common cousin, the Redberried Elder, by the harmony of contrast? Yes, our