

SOPHIE'S INFLUENCE.

"Will you be kind enough to write my name in the centre of this white square? I'm sorry to trouble you to do it, but my eyes are dim, and I cannot do it nicely myself."

"Certainly," we replied; "so you are piecing a quilt;" and we took the album square from her hand.

"Oh no, it's for Mary Liman's wedding quilt. She wants all the neighbors to contribute a square of their own dress pieces, to remind her of old friends, when she is married and gone; so I found this commenced among poor Sophie's things, and thought that I'd finish it. It's her work."

"It is a beautiful square," we remarked; "what a pretty harmony between this buff and blue."

"Yes, that buff was Sophie's dress, and it was so becoming to her, and—the old lady turned abruptly from us, as though some startling thing claimed her attention at the window. Too well we understood the interpretation of this movement, so we quietly took the patchwork and went up to our room for pen and ink, to render the simple service.

Sophie was a stranger to us. We had never known her while living, and never seen her, save what the little wan, but cherished miniature on the parlor table, revealed to us of her form and features. But we knew her before long—knew her by a thousand little nameless associations and memories, that clustered around the old farm house.

Whether we wandered up, into the dim old garret, where stood the spinning wheel, still and useless, and the broad old cradle, dusty and untenanted, or peered into the deep dark closet where hung the drapery that had clothed her light figure, there was an ever present sense of hallowed memory, of the lost one before us. All about the little parlor were vivid mementoes, in the worsted lamp-mats, sketchings, scrap-book, and album, containing the written offerings of kind hearts.

Four years ago they laid her to sleep in the church-yard, and the tall, old fashioned clock in the corner, ticked ceaselessly away the hours, one by one, but still that sense of loneliness remained. The little low lounge by the window was vacant; there was no Sophie with her

sewing basket and cheerful face to occupy it, but the mother sewed on, alone; and when the Sabbath morning came, and good Father Sawyer drove to the front door with "little Kate" in the family chaise, there was no Sophie with her kind hands to shape the mother's bonnet, or adjust her shawl, preparatory to church going!

We felt like walking very softly when we went into the sitting-room, and sat down by the grieving mother, to whose heart her child's loss was ever like a fresh-opened grave. We wanted to cover it with soft mosses, and sweet flowers; anything that should awaken a simile of the angel life she had entered upon.

But the great bereavement clouded every consolation, and we could only go out from her presence, with a prayer at our heart, that He whose hand had stricken, might be the one to bless and cheer her bowed soul.

There are many homes in this wide world, that owe their most refining influence to these tender associations, linked with departed ones; and that faith is beautiful and divine, that looks uncomplainingly up to God, blessing him for the brief life, that makes Heaven a dearer place—a home!

IMPORTANCE OF EXERCISE.

Without the regular exercise of the body, its health cannot be maintained; the body becomes weak, the countenance pale and languid, and the spirits depressed and gloomy. Regular bodily exercise, on the contrary, creates a healthy appetite, invigorates the power of digestion, causes sound and refreshing sleep, a freshness of the complexion, and cheerfulness of the spirits: it wards off disease, and tends to preserve the vigor of both mind and body to an advanced age. During the winter season, active exercise in the open air preserves the warmth of the body, and renders it less susceptible to the influence of cold, and less dependent for comfort on artificial heat. The periods of the day best adapted to exercise are, early in the morning, and towards the close of the day. Walking is the most beneficial and the most natural exercise, because, in the erect position, every part of the body is free from restraint, while by the gentle motion communicated to each portion of it, in the act of walking,

free circulation is promoted. Next to walking, riding on horseback is the kind of exercise to be preferred. Many other species of exercise may be considered as contributing to the support of health—such as working in the garden or in the fields, running, leaping, &c.

AMERICAN NICKNAMES.

The inhabitants of Maine are called Foxes; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; Massachusetts, Bay Staters; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; New York, Knickerbockers; New Jersey, Clam Catchers; Pennsylvania, Leather Heads; Delaware, Muskrats; Maryland, Claw Thumpers; Virginia, Beagles; North Carolina, Weasels; Georgia, Buzzards; Louisiana, Creoles; Alabama, Lizzards; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Ohio, Buckeyes; Michigan, Wolverines; Indiana, Hoosiers; Illinois, Suckers; Missouri, Pukes; Mississippi, Tad Poles; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Wisconsin, Badgers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Oregon, Hard Cases.

SELFISHNESS AND GENEROSITY.

"Just see what a beautiful turnover mother has baked for me," said a little boy to his aunt, as she entered the room where he was sitting.

"It is a very nice turnover," said his aunt. "Will you give me a part of it?"

"It is hot," said the boy, taking the plate in his hand, as if he feared he should lose his treasure.

"But I will wait until it cools; will you give me a piece then?"

"I am not going to eat it now—I shall put it away."

"But I shall stay here all day; I am in no hurry. Will you not give me a taste when you eat it?"

"It is a very small turnover," said the boy.

"I only want a very small taste. Will you not give me that?"

"It is not good."

"O, I think it is good. Your mother makes good turnovers; I know it would taste good to me."

"Mother would not be willing; she made it for me."

"I am sure your mother would be willing. She is always generous."

"I want it all myself," said the boy, at last, giving the true reason.

This is a correct report of a conversation which took place more than forty years ago. The selfish boy is still living, and he is a selfish man. I have observed him through all these years, and he has