

we may do God's will? Can we deny ourselves anything, any luxury, any indulgence,—in eating and drinking, in ease or pleasure,—that we may be more with our Saviour, that we may pray more, that we may read more, that we may think more of Him? This, then, is the work of Lent. Oh! despise not the call and the lesson of such a season. Its quiet solemn weeks have borne rich fruit in many and many a humble servant of Jesus. Many and many a one has learnt, in a right use of Lent, lessons which have indeed made him wise. He has learnt to mourn and sorrow for them. He has learnt to seek mercy and pardon for them at the foot of the Cross. He has learnt to watch and guard against them in fasting and self-denial. He has found that it was well that a special season should be marked out for such a work as this. He has felt that, had it not been so, the work might never have been begun at all. And when at the end of the Lenten weeks has come that week—the most sacred in all the year to Christian hearts—that week in which the Cross was set up in Calvary, and the Son of God died that we might live, then he has proved that not in vain has he prepared his heart for those awful hours. For he has found the Cross of his Redeemer dearer to him than before. He has realized the mighty scene more vividly than of old. He has followed the Saviour's pathway of suffering more closely. He has learnt more of fellowship with that Saviour's sufferings and death. And in all this he has found himself more able than before, "to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of God, which passeth knowledge."—From "*Plain Words*," by Rev. W. W. How, M.A.

Leaves from the Book of Nature.

No. 2.

A WINTER'S WALK IN THE FOREST.

"O Nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is His presence, which diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
To know and feel His care for all that lives;—
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a Paradise."

WINTER is not without its charms, kind reader, and although there are too many, alas! in this world who murmur when the weather is not exactly to their liking, as if a kind Providence did not order all for the best, yet to those who can see in the storm and tempest the same overruling, unchangeable, and all-powerful hand which directs the sunbeams to shine in their glory, the season of winter, with its frost and snow, appears to equal in many respects that of summer. The trees may be leafless, yet covered with a white mantle of snow, or the still more lovely 'silver thaw,' they present an appearance scarcely less attractive than when clothed with the full leaf of summer, or ever changing tints of autumn. The snow, too, what a study is here! each flake as it falls to the earth, a mass of crystals, which, under the microscope in the open air, exhibit to the eye every conceivable form of crystallization. And then the use of snow to vegetation—many a plant owes its life to this warm covering which screens it from the excessive cold of winter; and the grassy pastures, we well know, receive