

him that noble substance, glass; by whose help we may see ourselves and our blemishes represented, as in a looking-glass; discern heavenly objects as with a telescope; or with sunbeams kindle, as with burning-glasses; so when these little fragments of time, which if not carefully looked to would be lost, are managed by a skilful Christian and improved by the fire of devotion, they may afford us looking-glasses to dress our souls by, and perspectives to discover heavenly wonders, and incentives to inflame our hearts with charity and zeal."

While Philip de Neri was living in an Italian university, a young man ran to him with a face full of delight, and told him that he had come to the law-school of that place on account of its great fame, and that he intended to spare no pains or labor to get through his studies as soon as possible. Philip waited for his conclusion with great patience, and then said:—"Well, when you have got through your course of studies what do you mean to do?"

"Then I shall take my doctor's degree," answered the young man.

"And then?" asked Philip again.

"And then," continued the youth, "I shall have a number of difficult questions to manage, shall catch people's notice by my eloquence, my zeal, my learning, my acuteness, and gain a great reputation."

"And then?" repeated the holy man.

"And then," replied the youth, "why there can't be a question I shall be promoted to some high office or other; besides, I shall make money and grow rich."

"And then?" repeated Philip.

"And then," pursued the young lawyer, "then I shall live comfortably and honorably in health and dignity."

"And then?" asked the holy man.

"And then," said the youth, "...and then....and then....then I shall die."

Here St. Philip raised his voice,—"**AND WHAT THEN?**" Whereupon the young man made no answer, but cast down his head and went away. The last "*And then*" had like lightning pierced his soul, and he could not get rid of it. Soon after he forsook the law, and gave himself to the ministry of Christ, and spent the remainder of his days in godly words and works. "*Your business,*" reader, takes every spare moment." *And what then?—Legion, or Feigned Excuses.*

Correspondence.

The Editor of the Nova Scotia Church Chronicle does not hold himself responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH CHRONICLE.

Sir,—Some remarks made in your last number with reference to the resolution on Ritualism of the Provincial Synod of Canada seem to give more weight to that resolution than it deserves. Certainly, if the Provincial Synod has set up a different standard of ritual from that which has been deliberately adopted by the Reformed Church of England, such action might well give rise to grave doubts about the propriety of our joining with them. But has it done so? In the first place, there has only been passed a *resolution*. Now, not being acquainted with the constitution of the Synod, I am not in a position to state that a resolution is not a law; but judging from the analogy of Parliament, we should say that it is not. For there, a resolution is merely an expression of opinion, and requires to be embodied in an Act and to