

Brome, founder of Oriol College, who prevailed on the King to transfer the patronage to Oriol, from which period the Provost and scholars of that College figure as rectors of the church. Many notable names in more recent days are those of Copleston, Hawkins, Newman, Marriott, and Burgon, nor must we forget the name of the present Archbishop of York.

Impressive services were held in Canterbury Cathedral on the 21st ult., in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the death of St. Anselm, who was consecrated 34th Archbishop of Canterbury, in the year 1093. After the great fire of 1174, his remains were transferred from the north side of the Cathedral, where he had been buried, to the south-eastern chapel of SS. Peter and Paul. Henceforth this chapel was known as St. Anselm's, and it was in this chapel that the Holy Communion was celebrated at 8 a.m. on Wednesday in last week by the present occupier of St. Augustine's See. The Primate was accompanied by Canon Mason (Vice-Dean), the Bishop of Dover, the Archdeacon of Maidstone, Canon Moore, and Minor Canon Ryley (sacrist). The Cathedral choir attended, and the members were accompanied with seats in the adjacent aisle, owing to the limited space in the chapel. At Matins, for which special music was arranged, a fine sermon was preached by the Archbishop from the text, Hebrews 13:7. At Evensong a lecture was given in the nave on the life of St. Anselm by the Rev. Canon Mason, the Vice-Dean.

Prof. Flinders Petrie, in giving an account of the work of the British School of Archaeology recently at a meeting held in London, said the great result of this year at Memphis had been the discovery of the palace of King Apries, the Pharaoh Hophra of the Bible, who was a contemporary of Jeremiah, B.C. 629-588. Hitherto no palace has been known in Egypt beyond the tower of Medinet Habu and some remains of a rather earlier date. Following are the details of the palace:—Length, 400 feet, very impressive; breadth, 200 feet; middle court, 100 feet square; painted columns, 40 feet high; seven stone-lined walls, 15 feet thick. The approach to the palace led up through a large mass of buildings to a platform at a height of about sixty feet above the plain. In the ruins a scale armor, hitherto rarely found in Egypt, was discovered. Good bronze figures of gods were also found. What Prof. Petrie described as the one supreme piece was a fitting of a palanquin of solid silver, a pound in weight, decorated with a bust of Hathor with a gold face of the finest workmanship of the time of Apries the Great. A gateway and immense walls descending deep into the mound indicated that there lay ruins of successive palaces built one over the other. Prof. Petrie predicted that in six or eight years the excavators might dig down to the earliest records of the Egyptian Kingdom.

On a recent Sunday a new reredos, which has been placed in the ancient parish church of Brading, Isle of Wight, was dedicated by the Bishop of Southampton. It stands probably on the spot where St. Wilfrid raised the standard of the Cross in 686 A.D. The reredos has been presented by Lord Rollo in memory of his wife who died three years ago, and is buried in Brading Churchyard. The setting is of Bere stone, and the panels of opus sectile, the central subject being the Revelation of the Risen Lord to the two disciples at Emmaus with the words:—"He took bread and blessed it; and their eyes were opened." At the same time an altar cross, Office Book and credence table, presented by the Misses Beaumont and other ladies, was also dedicated. The

Bishop was the celebrant and preached upon the words:—"I am with you always."

**Children's Department**

**PING-TI'S DISCOVERIES.**

By Ruth Winant.

Grandfather Fang had died, and that left thirteen-year-old Ping-ti and his grandmother, who was over eighty, alone in the wee wooden house on the hillside of Nan-yang. Alone, that is, save for the occasional visits of Uncle Han-chu. This was two years ago, when outside their home, by grandfather's grave, faithful grandma Fang daily burned paper money, so that her husband might not be in want in the spirit world to which she supposed he had gone. And to his grave she hobbled twice a day on her three and a half-inch feet to leave him a bowl of food lest he be hungry; while before a piece of wood, called an ancestor tablet, her oldest son, Han-chu, bowed reverently upon each visit, to worship his father's spirit.

Ping-ti was a live boy, and he doubted the common sense of these doings. In the dead of a memorable night he crept into the yard where the grave, lay, to see if grandfather Fang's spirit rose from the ground to eat the rice and fruit placed there, or with trembling fingers to grasp the paper money. How creepy he felt out alone under the stars! He never forgot it. Ten minutes, 20 minutes—still he watched, straining his eyes in the darkness. An hour passed, and in the dead silence a frightened rat scurrying across the ground alone broke the stillness, and made Ping-ti's heart beat like a trip-hammer. But no angry spirit came to condemn the midnight watcher, or to take the food prepared.

Ping-ti slipped back into the house, convinced that he was a discoverer,

and that his discovery that spirits didn't need things of this world, was one that would shake the empire were it known.

A few days after this the tenants at the end of the winding street moved out, and in the rubbish left Ping-ti found an ancestral tablet.

"I wonder," he thought, "if one of a man's three spirits really lives in that piece of wood, after his death?"

Often before he had wondered when he saw Uncle Han-chu bow before the tablet of his grandfather. Now, as he questioned, he grew more bold, and finally decided to light the tablet and see what would happen. Gingerly he started the flame, but the wood was wet, and it sputtered and groaned like a living thing, until in terror the boy dropped it and fled, as if for his life. Then, ashamed of his folly, he came back, a few moments later, to find the reverend tablet a mound of smouldering ashes. Spellbound, he watched them, then with a twig poked the dying embers, but no angry spirit jumped forth to denounce his desecration.

So Ping-ti recorded discovery number two; that ancestors do not live in tables of wood; a discovery that would touch almost every Chinese home.

This was the beginning. The end came when a missionary, a woman almost as old as grandmother Fang, came to tell them what did happen to those who die; and she told of the place Jesus has gone to prepare, a happy home with every need supplied. And both grandmother Fang and Ping-ti believed it, nodding approvingly as the messenger of Jesus told the glad news; and they accepted Jesus Christ that day.

Then no more need sham money be burned at the grave of the grandfather. No more need the tired, tiny feet of grandmother Fang climb the steep steps leading away from the house to the grave. And no more did the ancestors tablet reign supreme in the home. But on the shelf where the tablet had stood Ping-ti, one Sunday, placed seven chop-sticks. Each day he removed one, until there was only one stick left. By this these two new disciples knew what day was the Lord's day, for the stores and theatres do not close at Nan-yang on Sunday. Thus Ping-ti made another discovery; that never again was the Sabbath forgotten in that home.

Just one more discovery. It was in the early morning, and Ping-ti, Bible in hand, was spelling out the words and looking for a verse to learn, when he found this:

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace."

"Why, that is what Ping-ti means, the 'Prince of Peace,'" the boy shouted.

And with a wild whoop of delight,

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he bounded into his grandmother's room, exclaiming:

"I've made a discovery: Jesus and me have the very same name!"

And grandmother Fang's joy was so great that she never even stopped to correct his grammar.—Sunday School Times.

**How is a Cold to be Cured?**

When it has reached the chest, is developing into bronchitis, and threatens to become pneumonia.

There's no time for delay or experimenting—It's time to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It seems too bad that there is not more pain and suffering associated with a cold, for then there would be less tendency to neglect treatment.

So gradually and stealthily does a cold pass from its simpler form of a cold in the head into inflammation of the bronchial tubes and then on to the lungs that many do not realize their condition until pneumonia is upon them.

Ordinarily, of course, the cold is thrown off, but with the system run down and weakened there is every reason to expect that a cold will end seriously.

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