

THE Holy Ghost is not a mere manifestation of God, or an influence of which we can say "it;" it comes to us, it helps and uplifts us; but a divine person, of whom we can only rightly use the personal pronoun "He." So the Scripture speaks. Our Lord said, "Ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you and shall be with you." His responsibility is distinguished from that of the Father, our Lord speaking of "the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name."—*The Church News.*

Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living in common drag behind them?

—*Victor Hugo.*

THE Church has lost in Michael Ferrabee Sadler a faithful and devoted servant. He did more by his pen than any other man to popularize the Catholic Revival, on its theological side. The Oxford Movement was in its earliest years almost purely academic in its character. Its influence lay wholly in the universities and among the clergy, who were more or less in touch with university life. The next generation translated an academic and intellectual movement into the terms of popular teaching and practical parochial effort. And while such men as Mackonochie and Lowder were exhibiting the logical outcome of the Tractarian movement in parochial life, Sadler was hard at work presenting the theology of the Church to the people in a simple and thoroughly popular form. The sale of his two best-known works, "Church Doctrine—Bible Truth," and "The Church Teacher's Manual,"

has already exceeded a hundred thousand copies; and *The Church Times* did not exaggerate when it said that his books are the source and the model of the daily teaching in Church schools, the weekly instruction of teachers and workers and congregations, the yearly courses of Confirmation classes in thousands of English parishes.—*Sel.*

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#### Children's Department.

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#### JOE'S VICTORY.

Joe Warner was up stairs in his own room. On his bed were spread out all the books and magazines he owned, and he, with his hands in his pockets, stood surveying the display, evidently in great perplexity.

The Sunday school scholars were packing a box to send to a missionary, and Joe's class were going to put in reading matter.

It seemed to Joe an easy matter to promise something, he had so many books; but when he came to look them over there was none he wanted to part with. This one he should want to read over again; that one he liked best of all, he really believed; and that—why that would leave such an empty space on the bookshelf.

His bound volumes of *St. Nicholas*? Why they were out of the question, entirely; he couldn't give one of those away. But wouldn't that poor, forlorn missionary boy enjoy one? It fairly made Joe's mouth water to think what a feast it would be to him. Well, it was too bad, but he could not spare one, and what should he send?

"I just wish they hadn't done a thing about it," he said to himself; "but since they have, I suppose I must give something, and I might as well decide."