

two branches, when overtaken by the illness that terminated his life. His death brings sharply to mind the lamentable fact that among the many Friends who are, or would be, teachers, only a very few have prepared themselves for the work by a special study of pedagogy. Some years ago Dr. Russell was the only man in a large class of teachers who were being trained for kindergartening. He undertook and completed the course because he believed that the kindergarten principles apply to all education, and that he would be a better teacher for his understanding of them.

To make himself a better teacher was, indeed, his constant aim; to that end he studied and thought and read and lived. While quite a young man he gave up the use of tobacco, for no other reason than that he could not permit himself to continue in any course he could not recommend to his pupils. He believed that a man teaches what he *is* much more surely than he teaches the lessons he assigns, and he strove to be what he would teach. His rule of life was that we cheapen by culling the Golden Rule.

The "adult class" of the Brooklyn First-day School loses in Dr. Russell a leader of rare qualifications. Always willing to give his own opinions when asked, his desire seemed ever to be to hear the opinions of others. Courteous attention to all that another might have to say, with no eagerness to express his own view, made him a delightful companion and an excellent leader for a class of young people. His place in the First-day School will be as difficult to fill as that in the Seminary.

That anyone in the Society believes that there is any virtue in separating the sexes in our religious meetings may hardly be supposed. In a few places, the traditional division is still made because there happens to be none bold enough to make the first

move toward the more rational and natural custom. But even in those meetings where men and women have sat together for years, the old custom survives in the galleries. That there is any more reason for separating man and wife when they become ministers or elders than there was before, does not appear.

Time was when there was thought to be something unseemly in the mingling of men and women in their worship; but there is absolutely no foundation for such a notion, except the sanction, not to say sanctity, that long usage gives to custom.

There may be no harm in keeping the men and women apart, and it may be better to continue a harmless practice than to be too ready to make changes. But if the harmless practice is also useless and, moreover, so peculiar that it requires explanation, then, since there is no satisfactory explanation to be given, it would seem better to abandon the custom.

Lieut. Hobson, in his exceedingly interesting account of the sinking of the Merrimac, published in the *Century Magazine*, in speaking of the marvelous escape of himself and men, refers to the feeling of nearness to the Deity that possessed him in the quiet hour after all preparations had been made and they were waiting to set sail. One is led to wonder if he attributes his escape to a "special providence," and then the thought comes—why didn't the special intervention come earlier and prevent the whole sad business. If one allows himself to believe in a "special providence," he very soon makes of his Deity a being subject to all sorts of whims.

A lady in telling of a railroad accident said she had changed her seat after the train started and the lady who took the seat she left was killed. And she added, "Don't you think my good angel was looking after me?" "How about the good angel of the other