

from house to house, of your kind hospitality these nine weeks, not unmoved that I have sat on this platform sitting after sitting, and looked upon these three thousand faces, and recognized that here we have a body of Quakerism generally unknown to our people in England and widely misapprehended. I have felt almost like Christopher Columbus, discovering a new world of Quakerism, but I fear that I have not had the advantage that he had of coming with the blessing of the popes and the kings on the other side. Neither have I come with any particular desire to convert you to any form of Catholic or Quaker orthodoxy that you do not now hold. My object is a simpler and kindlier one, and let me say, lest I be misunderstood when I allude to popes and kings on the other side, I am remembering that I come as a simple individual, without any minute from my meeting, and I would like you to know that I chose not to ask for one, for many reasons, and for this particular one, that my visit to you did not appear to me to rise to the dignity of a 'concern.' I should not like you to think that the fact that I came here unofficially necessarily reflects in any way upon the kindly feeling of our authorities in England.

"Now Friends, as I heard the papers this morning and upon other days, I was reminded of last Eleventh month at Manchester, and I am of the opinion that there are probably three-quarters of our young men and women in England, in numbers and in strength, who would find a congenial home at this Conference. They do not know it; some might be shocked if they were told it; but I can tell them so when I go back.

"The only regret that I have felt, and I have felt it many a time, is that it has happened that in my weak young arms should come the olive branch of peace. When I remember what men there are in England who might so much better than I have come to you

with this message of good will, I cannot but wish it had been otherwise. It is due entirely to the accident that for the past two or three years I have been in correspondence with my friend, Howard M. Jenkins, that I owe the pleasure of my visit to America, and he will be responsible for any indiscretions that I may commit.

"But when I think of the men of England I should like to see on this platform—of Francis Frith, whose name was mentioned this morning, with his tall figure and venerable white hair—I could wish that he could come among you, but now the strength of his life is abated and I fear he will never come; and when I think of William Pollard, by whose death-bed I stood not long ago, when I remember his force of character, I could wish he had been here; and when I remember my friend and colleague in the editorship of the *British Friend*, William Edward Turner, with his sweet spirit and his persuasive eloquence, I could wish he had been here, and he perhaps may yet come; and when I think of the irradiating presence of Thomas Hodgkin, with his classic eloquence and his bright face, I wish you had Thomas Hodgkin here; and when I think of Caroline Stephen, now laid upon a bed of invalidism—but I can describe Caroline Stephen to you better than I can describe my other friends, for it so happens—if Elizabeth Powell Bond will forgive me this personal reference—in voice and in personal appearance, in gait and in ways, in mind and in spirit, I am irresistibly reminded of Caroline Stephen when I have the pleasure of talking to the Dean of Swarthmore College. And then there are young men. I wish I had been accompanied by my friend Edward Grubb, a saint in face and a saint in character; or by my young friend and old pupil, John Wilhelm Rowntree, now just on the verge of young manhood and growing blind and deaf, led by his devoted young wife into our ministers' gallery and standing