

Mary Green to W. L. Garrison
(Incomplete.)

No. 1709 Green St. Phil^a

Jan. 28th 1861.

My Very Dear & Highly Valued Friend,

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I am not content that my congratulations to you on your entrance upon the fourth decade of your labors as editor of the Liberator, and leader of our anti-slavery hosts, should be expressed only by the editor of the Standard, speaking in behalf of all abolitionists. The memories of the past thirty years come crowding so thickly on my soul, this morning; memories of all its toil, of all its strife, of all its victories; the memory of the first time I saw you, the first words I heard from you, and of the effect of those words upon my own soul; the memory, running through all the interval from that hour to this, of all the strength and

help and joy which God has sent to me through you, mingled with the memory of your unwearyed labor for the slave, for your country, for mankind, that I cannot repress the impulse to utter some of them in words to you. But there are no words, at least in this world's language, which can give adequate expression to the deep emotions with which an abolitionist, who has been in it from the beginning, looks back over this thirty years' war. I believe that the strongest feeling which the survey awakens in me, is reverent thankfulness that I have been permitted to live through all this glorious period of the world's history. Who shall talk of personal sacrifices to the anti-slavery cause, when it has breathed into every one of us the breath of life, and made us living souls!

But, today, my retrospect of the

cause, and its struggles and triumphs,
leads my thoughts to you; and, though
you need no such word from me, I would
go to you and say that for all that you
have done for the promotion of my own
soul's health and strength, for all that
you have done to break the fetters of
four millions of slaves, for all that you
have done to uplift this nation to-
wards a supreme love for absolute
Right and Truth, I thank God, and
I thank you, with my whole heart.

Verily, I need to turn my thoughts to
you and such as you, to heal the heart-
sickness with which I witness the
treachery or faithlessness or coward
weakness of those from whom we had
expected the manly strength and cour-
age which the times demand.

And, now, I learn that you are
confined to your bed, with sickness,
when Boston so needs to hear your
voice. But she has heard it, and felt

it in her inmost soul, and the lessons it has taught her have been neither lost nor forgotten, but will live in her life, as long as she has an existence. Yours is the blessed privilege, now, to feel that at whatever moment your earthly labors may be ended, they will not be cut off, unfinished, but will stand rounded in completeness. One lesson which your life has taught to reformers, is yet to be better learned, I trust, than it is at present; the lesson that patient endurance of persecution, even unto death, is higher philosophy and truer success, than the repelling of violence by violence. But even true-hearted and brave reformers learn some of Christ's precepts slowly.

We are all eager for daily news from Boston, that we may know how the fight wears on, and whether or not