

New York 5th mo: 4th 1847

Dear friend

William Lloyd Garrison



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The time draws nigh when the friends of humanity will assemble at their thirtieth annual meeting. The subject on which they meet is deeply interesting, and I hope their proceedings may be characterized by sound discretion, good sense, and an energy not to be dismayed by all the powers of darkness that may be arrayed against it. Seventy six winters have passed by me, and I yet live - my eye is not dim nor my natural strength abated. I have endured some hardships in the cause of my suffering colored brethren, and am prepared to endure much more if it may be but as a drop in the bucket, in promoting the approach of that day when it shall be said to the sons of down-trodden Africa, "Rise up and get ye forth +++ and go serve the Lord as ye have said." - Then shall they be no longer chattels, but stand upright as men.

When I took up my pen it was merely to give thee an invitation to make thy abode with us at the approaching anniversary.

I am affectionately

Thy friend

Grace T. Hoffman

