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Boston, Jan. 24, 1861.

My Dear Goadjutor:

For the last eighteen days, I have been a prisoner at home, enfeebled by a fever of a low, typhoidal tendency; and though I am mending slowly, I am still not sufficiently strong to justify me, as a matter of common prudence, in being present at our annual State gathering to-day. "The spirit is willing," and restless for liberation, "but the flesh is weak." I believe this will be the first of the long series of anniversaries held by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which I have failed to attend — held "through evil report" and "much tribulation" — in storm and sunshine — in the midst of impending violence, or with undisturbed composure — but always held hopefully, serenely, triumphantly. It is a great cross to me to break the connection at this crisis; especially, ^{as,} judging from "the fury of the adversary," ~~the~~ the meeting, to-day, will be the most encouraging and the most potential ever held by the Society, whether broken up by lawless violence, or permitted to proceed without molestation. The cause we advocate being not ours, but God's — not ours, but human nature's — appealing to all that is just, humane, noble and true, and upheld by an omnipotent arm — it is beyond all defeat, unconquerable

and immortal; "therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

May a Divine patience, firmness, and spirit of peace be vouchsafed to all the friends of impartial freedom who may be present at the meeting to-day, not returning railing for railing, but looking calmly and joyfully to the end of this tremendous conflict with the power of darkness—namely, the liberation of every bondman on the American soil, and thenceforward the commencement of an era of universal reconciliation, happiness and prosperity, such as the world has never yet witnessed

Yours, to break every yoke,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Edmund Quincy, Esq.