

L E T T E R LXXVI.

To Miss MONTAGUE, Rose-hill, Berkshire.

Temple-house, Sept. 16.

I HAVE but a moment, my dearest Emily, to tell you heaven favors your tenderness: it removes every anxiety from two of the worthiest and most gentle of human hearts.

You and my brother have both lamented to me the painful necessity you were under, of reducing my mother to a less income than that to which she had been accustomed.

An unexpected event has restored to her more than what her tenderness for my brother had deprived her of.

A relation