

an error; and this perhaps admitted *for the sake of a better Example to be collected from your SUFFERINGS, than could have been given, had you never erred*: For, my dear, the time of ADVERSITY is your SHINING-TIME. I see evidently, that adversity must call forth graces and beauties which could not have been brought to light in a run of that prosperous fortune, which attended you from your cradle till now; admirably as you *became*, and, as we all thought, greatly as you *deserved* that prosperity.

All the matter is, the trial must be grievous to you. It is to *me*: It is to all who love you, and looked upon you as one set aloft to be admired and imitated, and not as a mark, as you have lately found, for Envy to shoot its shafts at.

Let what I have written above have its due weight with you, my dear; and then, as warm imaginations are not without a mixture of Enthusiasm, your Anna Howe, who, on refusal of it, imagines it to be in a style superior to her usual style, will be ready to flatter herself that she has been in a manner inspired with the hints that have comforted and raised the dejected heart of her suffering friend; who, from such hard trials, in a bloom so tender, may find at times her spirits sunk too low to enable her to pervade the surrounding darkness, which conceals from her the hopeful dawning of the better day which awaits her.

I will add no more at present, than that I am

*Your ever faithful and affectionate,*

ANNA HOWE.

## LETTER XII.

*Miss CLARISSA HARLOWE, To Miss HOWE.*

*Friday, May 12.*

I Must be silent, my exalted friend, under praises that oppress my heart with a consciousness of not deserving them; at the same time that the generous design

design of those praises raises and comforts it: For it is a charming thing to stand high in the opinion of those we love; and to find that there are souls that can carry their friendships beyond accidents, beyond body, and ties of blood. Whatever, my dearest creature, is *my shining-time*, the time of a *friend's* adversity is *yours*. And it would be almost a fault in me to regret those afflictions, which give you an opportunity so gloriously to exert those qualities, which not only ennoble our Sex, but dignify human nature.

But let me proceed to subjects less agreeable.

I am sorry you have reason to think Singleton's projects are not at an end. But who knows what the sailor had to propose?—Yet had any good been intended me, this method would hardly have been fallen upon.

Depend upon it, my dear, your Letters shall be safe.

I have made a handle of Mr. Lovelace's bold attempt and freedom, as I told you I would, to keep him ever since at distance, that I may have an opportunity to see the success of the application to my Uncle, and to be at liberty to embrace any favourable overtures that may arise from it. Yet he has been very importunate, and twice brought Mr. Mennell from Mrs. Fretchville to talk about the house.—*If I should be obliged to make up with him again, I shall think I am always doing myself a spite.*

As to what you mention of his newly-detected crimes; and your advice to attach Dorcas to my interest; and to come at some of his Letters; these things will require more or less of my attention, as I may hope favour or not from my Uncle Harlowe.

I am sorry that my poor Hannah continues ill. Pray, my dear, inform yourself, and let me know, whether she wants any-thing that befits her case.

I will not close this Letter till to-morrow is over; for I am resolved to go to church; and this as well for

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