

then with his short quick step he walked up to the condemned. "Pierre," said he to him. Pierre gazed at him, and made an effort to speak, but a sudden stupor seemed to overwhelm him. "Pierre," continued the emperor; "remember your own words of last night. God gives thee life a second time; devoted it not to me, but to France! She too, is a kind and a good mother! Love her as thou didst love thy first—thine own." He then turned to depart, and greeting shouts of admiring love followed him till he was out of sight.

Some years after this, a captain of the Old Guards fell mortally wounded on the field of Waterloo.

Amid the din of battle, he was heard to shout in his death pangs—

"Long live the Emperor! France for ever! My mother? My mother!"

It was Pierre Pitois!—*Sharpe's London Magazine*.

Grace Aguilar.

Grace Aguilar, the only daughter of Emanuel and Sarah Aguilar, was born at the Paragon, in Hackney, in June 1815;* for eight years she was an only child, and after that period had elapsed, two boys were added to the family. Grace was of so fragile and delicate a constitution, that her parents took her to Hastings when she was four years old; and at that early age she commenced collecting and arranging shells, learning to read, almost by intuition, and when asked to choose a gift, always preferring "a book." These gift-books were not read and thrown aside, but preserved with the greatest care, and frequently perused.

From the age of seven years this extraordinary child kept a daily journal, jotting down what she saw, heard, and thought, with the most rigid regard to the truth; indeed after visiting a new scene, her chief delight was to read and ponder over whatever she could find relating to what she had observed. Her parents were both passionately fond of the beauties of nature, and she

enjoyed scenery with them, at an age when children are supposed to be incapable of much observation. Her mother, a highly educated and accomplished woman, loved to direct her child's mind to the study of whatever was beautiful and true; before she completed her twelfth year she wrote a little drama called "Gustavus Vasa;" it was an indication of what, in after life, became her ruling passion.

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A life spent as was that of Grace Aguilar affords little incident or variety; it is simply a record of talents highly cultivated, of duties affectionately fulfilled, and, as years advanced, of the formation of a high purpose persevered in with stoic resolution, until supported by pillows, and shaken by intense suffering, the trembling fingers could no longer hold the pen. It cannot fail to interest those at all acquainted with her writings, to learn how she mingled the most intense faith and devotion to her own people, with respect for the teachers of Christianity. Well as we knew her, we were quite unacquainted with her religious habits; though the odour of sanctity exhaled from all she did and said, she never assumed to be holier than others: never, in her intercourse with Christians, though sometimes sorely pressed, gave utterance to a hard word or an uncharitable feeling; even when roused to plead with eloquent lips and tearful eyes the cause of her beloved Israel.

It is a beautiful picture to look upon—this young and highly endowed Jewish maiden, nurtured in the bosom of her own family, the beloved of her parents,—themselves high-class Hebrews,—gifted with tastes for the beautiful in Art and Nature, and a sublime love for the true; leaving the traffic of the busy city, content with a moderate competence, soothed by the accomplishments, the graces and the devotion of that one cherished daughter, whose high pursuits and purposes never prevented the daily and hourly exercise of those domestic duties and services, which the increasing indisposition of her father demanded more and more.

Stimulated by the counsel of a judicious friend, who, while she admired the varied talents of the young girl, saw, that for any great purpose, they must be concentrated, Grace Aguilar prayed fervently to God that she might be enabled to do something to

* Her family were of the tribe of Judah. Of the original twelve tribes two only are at present known: the tribe of Judah, the fourth son of Jacob and Leah, and the tribe of Benjamin, the youngest son of Jacob and Rachel.