

elevate the character of her people in the eyes of the Christian world, and—what was, and is, even more important—in their own esteem. They had, she thought, been too long satisfied to go on as they had gone during the days of their tribulation and persecution: content to amass wealth, without any purpose beyond its possession; she panted to set before them “The Records of Israel,” to hold up to their admiration “The Women of Israel,” those heroic women of whom any nation might be justly proud.—Here was a grand purpose—a purpose which made her heart beat high within her bosom. She knew she had to write against popular feeling; she had the still more bitter knowledge that the greater number of those for whom she contended, cared little, and thought less, of the cause to which she was devoted, heart and soul. But what large mind was ever deterred from a great purpose by difficulties? The young Jewish girl, with few, if any, literary connections; with limited knowledge as to how she could set those things before the world; treasured up her intention for a while, and then imparted it to that mother who she felt assured would support her in whatever design was high and holy. Her mother exulted in her daughter’s plan, and had faith in her daughter’s ability to work it out: she believed in her noble child, and thanked the God of Israel, who had put the thought into her mind.—Mrs. Aguilar knew that Grace had not made religion her study only for her own personal observance and profit. She knew that she embraced its principles in a widely extended and truly liberal sense; the good of her people was her first, but not her sole, object. The Hebrew mother had frequently wept tears of joy and gratitude when she observed how her beloved child carried her practice of the holy and benevolent precepts of her faith into every act of her daily life—doing all the good her limited means permitted—finding time, in the midst of her cherished studies, and still more cherished domestic duties, and most varied occupations, to work for and instruct her poor neighbours; and, while steadily veneration and adhering to her own faith, neither inquiring nor heeding the religious opinions of the needy, whom she succored or consoled. Her young life had flowed on in bestowing and receiving blessings,

and now, when her aspiring soul sought still higher objects, how could her mother, knowing her so well, doubt that she would falter or fail in her undertaking! Proofs have been for some time before the world that she did neither.

She first translated a little work from the French, called “Israel Defended;” she tried her pinions in “The Magic Wreath;” and feeling her mental strength, soared upwards in the cause of her people, she wrote “Home Influence,” and “The Spirit of Judaism.” But the triumphant spirit was, ere long, clogged by the body’s weakness. In the spring of 1838, she was attacked by measles, and from that illness she never perfectly recovered. Soon she commenced the work that of itself is sufficient to create and crown a reputation—“The Women of Israel.” But while her mental powers increased in strength and activity, she became subject to repeated attacks of bodily prostration; and her once round and graceful form was but a shadow,

It was thought best for her to try the baths of Germany, but she found no relief. Convinced that recovery was now impossible, she calmly and collectedly awaited the coming of death: and though all power of speech was gone, she was able to make her wants and wishes known by conversing on her fingers. Her great anxiety was to soothe her mother; though her tongue refused to perform its office, those wasted fingers would entreat her to be patient, and trust in God. She would name some cherished verse in the Bible, or some dearly loved psalm, that she desired might be read aloud. The last time her fingers moved it was to spell upon them feebly, “*Though he slay me yet will I trust in him;*” when they could no longer perform her will, her loving eyes would seek her mother and then look upwards, intimating that they should meet hereafter. Amen!

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What sun-light, and the want of it, are to the body, such are knowledge, and the want of it, to the mind.

A moralist who teaches to do and does not do, is like a sick physician who will not abide by his own prescription.