

**ELIZABETH THORNTON;  
OR, THE FLOWER AND  
FRUIT OF FEMALE PIETY,  
WITH OTHER SKETCHES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649332410

Elizabeth Thornton; or, The flower and fruit of female piety, with other sketches by Irenæus

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**IRENÆUS**

**ELIZABETH THORNTON;  
OR, THE FLOWER AND  
FRUIT OF FEMALE PIETY,  
WITH OTHER SKETCHES**



ELIZABETH THORNTON; —

OR

THE FLOWER AND FRUIT OF FEMALE PIETY.

WITH OTHER SKETCHES.

BY "IRENÆUS."

Rev. General Linnæus

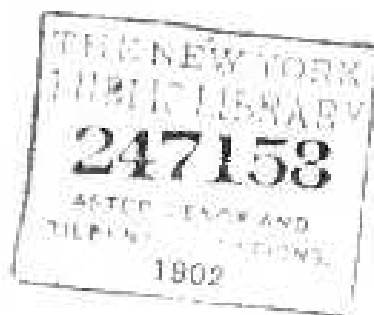
NEW-YORK:

M. W. DODD,

BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL, OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

1841.

1841.



---

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1841, by  
M. W. DODD,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern  
District of New-York.

---

---

UNIVERSITY PRESS—JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER.

---

# ELIZABETH THORNTON.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTION—ELIZABETH'S EARLY HOME— CHILDHOOD.

PERHAPS something will be lost by the reader, if he overlooks these introductory remarks in his haste to enter upon the narrative. I am about to record the simple and faithful history of a retired, humble Christian, whose name was never known beyond the circle of her friends. And I have a definite object in view in selecting such a subject for this sketch.

It has often occurred to me that religious biography fails of its appropriate usefulness, from the fact that only the bright and shining lights of the world are made the theme of the biographer. When private Christians read the memoirs of distinguished servants of God, in the midst of admiration of their worth and works, they feel that few can expect to reach

such heights of usefulness and happiness. The secluded female fears to believe that she may be as holy and consequently as happy as the honoured Ambassador of Christ, who was raised up to move the age in which he lived; qualified by grace divine for the mighty work, and called home in triumph to his reward when the work was done. Though the histories of such saints are rich legacies to the Church, they are not blessed to many, who live with the conviction strongly impressed upon them, that such patterns are too perfect for them to imitate. They feel like saying, "It is high, I cannot attain unto it."

To meet the case of such Christians, I have here chosen one who, like themselves, never rose above the walks of humble life; one, who never dreamed that a memorial of her labours of love would live after her; one, quite content to be unknown, who went about doing good, and whose story is now told with the simple purpose of showing how easy it is for *any one* to be useful, who has a heart to pray, and a will to toil in the service of Jesus Christ.

The record shall be faithfully true. There is a propriety in withholding the names of



many places and persons to which allusion will be made, but no colouring shall mar the naked simplicity of truth that adorns the character here portrayed. And I give the sketch with the fervent prayer, that all who read it may be led to seek after eminent holiness and extended usefulness in whatever sphere they move.

On the banks of the Hudson bloomed the flower that is the subject of this sketch. It early withered, but it lived long enough to be loved and admired, before it was removed to flourish in immortal bloom by the side of the river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb.

The Hudson is a noble stream. Its placid bosom, its expanded bays, its giant Highlands, its lofty palisades, combine to form its unrivalled attractions, and to make it the most admired of American waters. Between thirty and forty miles above the city of New-York it widens into "Tappan Sea." This part of the river is justly esteemed the most beautiful, from the extent of its surface and the peculiar richness of the scenery on shore. And when the eye has rested on the loveliest spot in this enchanting

scene, Elizabeth's birth-place and early home will have been found.

Every one of the countless passengers on the North River steamboats must have noticed the peculiarly commanding situation of the village of S—— S——. The noble view it presents of the river, from the Highlands above, down to the city or as far as the eye can reach—the salubrity of its air—and the romantic country that surrounds it, have made it a favourite resort for those who would fly “the town,” and spend the summer months in the luxury of the country.

About a mile below the village is “the Cove.” Mount Murray, a promontory so called, extends some distance into the river, and forms a delightful bosom of waters. The visiter at the village soon finds and loves this quiet spot, and a ramble on the beach or a walk through “Fairy Glen” is among the chief attractions of this neighbourhood. No one, with a soul to love the wild, the beautiful, and sublime, ever visited the Cove without being delighted with its charms.

An old fashioned mansion stands on the

high but gently declining bank of the river, at the point in the Cove most favourable for an extended view. The attention of the passer-by might not be arrested by the style of its architecture, but its elegant situation, and the peculiar neatness and taste with which the grounds are arranged by the hand of nature and adorned by art, would immediately fix the eye. The vines wandering over the piazzas, the dense shrubbery climbing the windows, the shade and fruit-trees forming a forest, define this spot as the abode of ease and happiness. This was the home of Elizabeth's childhood.

A knowledge of the scenery that her eyes first saw may account for some traits of character which her life developed. In childhood and youth the shore of the Hudson was the home she loved. Its waters she almost idolized. For hours together, when a mere child, would she wander alone upon the beach, or muse on the rocks, while the waters broke gently over her tiny feet, or rock on the waves in a little skiff, guided by a brother's hand. She was truly and emphatically nature's child. If ever one grew up in the midst of society uncontam-