

**MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH
CHARLOTTE INGERSOLL,
WHO DIED SEPTEMBER
18, 1857, AGED 12 YEARS**

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Memoir of Elizabeth Charlotte Ingersoll, Who Died September 18, 1857, Aged 12 Years by
Ruby Ann Ingersoll

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RUBY ANN INGERSOLL

**MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH
CHARLOTTE INGERSOLL,
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18, 1857, AGED 12 YEARS**



Good affectionate daughter
Libbie G. Pingersoll.

Ingersoll, Ruby Ann S

MEMOIR

OF

ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE INGERSOLL,

WHO DIED

SEPTEMBER 18, 1857,

AGED 12 YEARS.

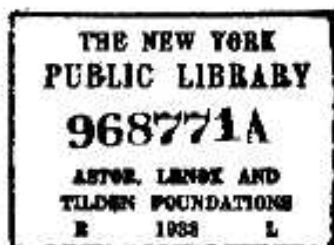
Sweet rose-bud, nipped by early frost,
Though dead, 'tis not forever lost;
'Twill bud and bloom yet, bright and fair—
Fanned by a more congenial air.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.:

A. STRONG & CO., PRINTERS.

1858.

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858,

By Mrs. RUBY ANN INGLETT,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for
the Northern District of New York.

STEREOTYPED
By H. C. WHITE,
ROCHESTER STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

PREFACE.

THIS little work was commenced without the remotest idea in the mind of the author of its ever coming before the public. The scenes and events here described, were put on record by an eye-witness, that they might be associated with the memory of the dear departed one. Upon the brief manuscript being read to an intimate friend of the family, the idea of its being printed was suggested. That suggestion is now complied with, hoping, with the approbation of God, that it may prove a blessing to the world, by inducing Mothers to make that full consecration of their Children to the Lord, in their early infancy; and that children, by its perusal, may be led to seek that Saviour in whom the subject of this Memoir so firmly trusted; that their path to the grave may be made as bright as her's. That this may be the case, is the earnest prayer of the humble individual who penned it.

In preparing it for the press, great care has been taken to preserve the simplicity of the language in which it fell from her lips, in order that her intimate friends, at least, may recognize *LIZARD* in every page, if not in every sentence.

THE AUTHOR.

B1 E8 19 FEB 36

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE readers of this little book may receive its statements with implicit confidence. I knew the subject of the Memoir, from her earliest days, until the Lord took her. I have known the esteemed author for a longer period, and can therefore confidently say, that these pages contain nothing but the truth. May God send His blessing with the book.

Rochester, N. Y.

JAMES B. SHAW,
Pastor Brick Church.

The undersigned concur fully in the above statement.

DAVID DICKEY,
H. C. FENN.

With the subject of this little narrative we have been acquainted from her infancy ; but we wish more particularly to give our testimony to her lovely deportment, as a Sabbath School scholar.

She was always punctual and regular in her attendance. Her natural disposition was gentle and teachable, and her love for the Sabbath School was evinced by the deep and earnest interest with which she received its instructions. The seed sown by a pious mother, was here watered by divine grace ; and, though we knew it not, she was fast ripening for heaven.

Of the book, we would say, its unpretending truthfulness is its best recommendation. If it should be the means of gathering one more lamb into the fold, we have no doubt the author will feel herself abundantly rewarded.

JOHN H. THOMPSON,
LOUIS CHAPIN,
E. T. HUNTINGTON.

LIBBIE C. INGERSOLL.

CHAPTER I.

LIBBIE was a child for whom much prayer was offered. As soon as God gave her to her mother, she was given back to God, with the promise, that while He let the child remain with her, she would train her for Him. Considering herself highly favored of the Lord to be thus entrusted with an immortal being, at the very dawn of its existence in this world, she resolved, with the divine aid, to mould and fashion, to nurture, educate, and rear, in the fear of the Lord; that it might, at last, be a polished jewel in the Saviour's crown. Not in her own strength or wisdom was this resolution formed, but in relying solely upon Him

who hath said, "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

As soon as the infant mind was capable of receiving ideas, no time was lost in turning its thoughts to that Being who is the author of all life; and from whom "cometh every good and perfect gift." The first words her lisping tongue was taught to utter, were, "Our Father, who art in heaven." She was told, too, of the great sacrifice made by Jesus, the Son of His love; that he became a man of sorrow for us, and that our every act of disobedience was a grief to Him.

This mother practiced taking her infant with her to her secret devotions, and the child very early conceived a reverence for prayer. She was never known to cry or be restless. Frequently, when a babe in her mother's arms, at these seasons, would she reach up her little hand, and wipe the tears from her mother's cheek, and then bury her face in her bosom. There she was fully consecrated—never to be