

1: Wise and Otherwise by Isabella Alden | LibraryThing

*Wise and Otherwise (Grace Livingston Hill #7) [Isabella Alden] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Life in turn-of-the-century Newton seemed sweet and simple, especially for young Abbie Sayles and her dear friend.*

Lothrop Company in This book was "compiled and arranged with an appropriate text for each day" by young Grace Livingston who would become Grace Livingston Hill in , the niece of Isabella Macdonald Alden. Instead, this daily devotional is filled with quotes from the Pansy Books. Grace selected a quote for each day from one of the "Pansy Books" and paired it with a Scripture or a bit of verse. It was a joy for "Auntie Belle" as Grace called her to watch her niece in action. I have followed with absorbing interest the compilation of this volume. As I have watched the fair young head bent from day to day over "The Deathless Book," making quotations from its inspired pages that should repeat and emphasize my own thoughts, there has been a grateful, uplifting, humbling realization of the fact that I was being linked with immortality! For certainly the words that accompany my simple ones make each page glow with a light that shall have power to shine even to the very gates of the eternal city. Moreover, as I have watched the thoughtful face of the compiler brighten and flush, and her eyes grow earnest while her heart took in some solemn charge of the Master, I have felt that, as she transmitted it to paper, there went with it a prayer that the Holy Spirit who had guided her choice, would use these pages in a way to lead some souls daily higher, even into the "shining light" of the "perfect day. It arrived unobtrusively in a manila envelope, snuggled in cardboard and newspaper, little touched by the one-hundred-plus years since it had come off the printing press to delight its first owner. I could hardly believe that it finally belonged to me! It was published in both paperback and hardback editions. Ten years later, it was reissued in a smaller size paperback with a different cover under the same title. So, as soon as I returned from the post office I opened both books and as I suspected, the quotes matched exactlyâ€”page for page and date for date. But the books were NOT the same! Much to my surprise, the original edition included the titles of the Pansy books that the quotes are taken from, and NOT the scripture reference. The modern editions included the Scripture reference but the titles had been removed! My edition of the book is gold-colored cloth embossed with gold gilt on the front and spine. The pages have gold gilt on their edges, making this a lovely golden volume. Blue and white cloth editions were also produced. If you have a different edition, This email address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it.! I encourage you to seek them out and make them a part of your life, too. Ester Reid and The Chautauqua Girls were known the world over and readers could hardly wait for the next book to find out what happened next. The books listed in a particular series often varied in promotional literature and advertisements over the years, but here are a few of the well-known series and pairs: Asleep and Awake Julia Ried:

2: Grace Livingston Hill Library | Awards | LibraryThing

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THE CITY OF FIRE I Sabbath Valley lay like a green jewel cupped in the hand of the surrounding mountains with the morning sun serene upon it picking out the clean smooth streets, the white houses with their green blinds, the maples with their clear cut leaves, the cosy brick school house wide winged and friendly, the vine clad stone church, and the little stone bungalow with low spreading roof that was the parsonage. The word manse had not yet reached the atmosphere. There were no affectations in Sabbath Valley. Billy Gaston, two miles away and a few degrees up the mountain side, standing on the little station platform at Pleasant View, waiting for the morning train looked down upon the beauty at his feet and felt its loveliness blindly. A passing thrill of wonder and devotion fled through his fourteen-year-old soul as he regarded it idly. Down there was home and all his interests and loyalty. His eyes dwelt affectionately on the pointing spire and bell tower. He loved those bells, and the one who played them, and under their swelling tones had been awakened new thoughts and lofty purposes. He knew they were lofty. He was not yet altogether sure that they were his, but they were there in his mind for him to think about, and there was a strange awesome lure about their contemplation. Down the platform was the new freight agent, a thickset, rubber-shod individual with a projecting lower jaw and a lowering countenance. He had lately arrived to assist the regular station agent, who lived in a bit of a shack up the mountain and was a thin sallow creature with sad eyes and no muscles. Pleasant View was absolutely what it stated, a pleasant view and nothing else. The station was a well weathered box that blended into the mountain side unnoticeably, and did not spoil the view. But Pleasant View was important as a station because it stood at the intersection of two lines of thread like tracks that slipped among the mountains in different directions; one winding among the trees and about a clear mountain lake, carried guests for the summer to and fro, and great quantities of baggage and freight from afar; the other travelled through long tunnels to the world beyond and linked great cities like jewels on a chain. There were heavy bales and boxes and many trunks to be shifted and it was obvious that the sallow station agent could not do it all. The heavy one had been sent to help him through the rush season. In five minutes more the train would come from around the mountain and bring a swarm of ladies and children for the Hotel at the Lake. They would have to be helped off with all their luggage, and on again to the Lake train, which would back up two minutes later. He could sometimes make as much as fifty cents or even seventy-five if he struck a generous party, just being generally useful, carrying bags and marshalling babies. It was important that Billy should earn something for it was Saturday and the biggest ball game of the season came off at Monopoly that afternoon. Billy could manage the getting there, it was only ten miles away, but money to spend when he arrived was more than a necessity. Saturday was always a good day at the station. Billy had slipped into the landscape unseen. His rusty, trusty old bicycle was parked in a thick huckleberry growth just below the grade of the tracks, and Billy himself stood in the shelter of several immense packing boxes piled close to the station. It was a niche just big enough for his wiry young length with the open station window close at his ear. From either end of the platform he was hidden, which was as it should be until he got ready to arrive with the incoming train. The regular station agent was busy checking a high pile of trunks that had come down on the early Lake train from the Hotel and had to be transferred to the New York train. He was on the other side of the station and some distance down the platform. Beyond the packing boxes the heavy one worked with brush and paint marking some barrels. If Billy applied an eye to a crack in his hiding place he could watch every stroke of the fat black brush, and see the muscles in the swarthy cheeks move as the man mouthed a big black cigar. But Billy was not interested in the new freight agent, and remained in his retreat, watching the brilliant sunshine shimmer over the blue-green haze of spruce and pine that furred the way down to the valley. He basked in it like a cat blinking its content. The rails were beginning to hum softly, and it would not be long till the train arrived. Suddenly Billy was aware of a shadow looming. The heavy one had laid down his brush and was stealing swiftly, furtively to the door of the station with a weather eye to the agent on his knees beside a big trunk

writing something on a check. Billy drew back like a turtle to his shell and listened. The rail was beginning to sing decidedly now and the telephone inside the grated window suddenly sat up a furious ringing. Get on the other wire and hold it. In a moment all was stir and confusion, seven women wanting attention at once, and imperious men of the world crying out against railroad regulations. Billy hustled everywhere, transferring bags and suit cases with incredible rapidity to the other train, which arrived promptly, securing a double seat for the fat woman with the canary, and the poodle in a big basket, depositing the baggage of a pretty lady on the shady side, making himself generally useful to the opulent looking man with the jewelled rings; and back again for another lot. A whole dollar and fifteen cents jingled in his grimy pocket as the trains finally moved off in their separate directions and the peace of Pleasant View settled down monotonously once more. Billy gave a hurried glance about him. The station agent was busy with another batch of trunks, but the heavy one was nowhere to be seen. He gave a quick glance through the grated window where the telegraph instrument was clicking away sleepily, but no one was there. Then a stir among the pines below the track attracted his attention, and stepping to the edge of the bank he caught a glimpse of a broad dusty back lumbering hurriedly down among the branches. With a flirt of his eye back to the absorbed station agent Billy was off down the mountain after the heavy one, walking stealthily as any cat, pausing in alert attention, listening, peering out eerily whenever he came to a break in the undergrowth. Like a young mole burrowing he wove his way under branches the larger man must have turned aside, and so his going was as silent as the air. Now and then he could hear the crash of a broken branch or the crackle of a twig, or the rolling of a stone set free by a heavy foot, but he went on like a cat, like a little wood shadow, till suddenly he felt he was almost upon his prey. Then he paused and listened. The man was kneeling just below him. He could hear the labored breathing. There was a curious sound of metal and wood, of a key turning in a lock. Billy drew himself softly into a group of cypress and held his breath. Softly he parted the foliage and peered. The man was down upon his knees before a rough box, holding something in his hand which he put to his ear. Billy could not quite see what it was. And now the man began to talk into the box. Billy ducked and listened: Got a bet on to get there by sunrise It sounded shady, but what was the line anyway? Then the man spoke. Wreck it of course, but he might get killed and where would be the reward? Beat him to it by an hour anyway, maybe more. Say, Sammy, who is this guy anyway? Is there enough in it to pay for the risk? That could happen on any lonely mountain road. But this here kidnapping, you never can tell how its going to turn out. Might be murder before you got through, especially if Link is along. The house is all ready—you know where—and never a soul in all the world would suspect. Father just dotes on him. Uncle has a big estate on Long Island, plenty more millions there. Valet gave me the tip you understand, and has to be in on the rake-off. Or have I got to get a new agent down there? I want a message on this wire as soon as the job is completed. Can you pull it off? Then he wriggled around through the undergrowth until he found himself in front of the innocent looking little box covered over with dried grass and branches. He examined it all very carefully, pried underneath with his jack knife, discovered the spot where the wire connected, speculated as to where it tapped the main line, prospected a bit about the place and then on hands and knees wormed himself through the thick growth of the mountain till he came out to the huckleberry clump, and recovering his bicycle walked innocently up to the station as if it were the first time that day and enquired of the surly freight man whether a box had come for his mother. But the burly one did not know that. Just what Billy Gaston did it for, perhaps he did not quite know himself, save that the lure of hanging round a mystery was always great. Moreover it gave him deep joy to know that he knew something about this man that the man did not know he knew. It was always good to know things. It was always wise to keep your mouth shut about them when you knew them. The burly one gave Billy a brief and gruff negative to his query and went on painting barrel labels. He was thinking of other matters, but Billy still hung around. He had a hunch that he might be going to make merchandise in some way of the knowledge that he had gained, so he hung around, silently, observantly, leaning on old rusty-trusty. The man looked up and frowned suspiciously: The third time he rounded the curve by the freight agent the man looked up with a speculative squint and eyed the boy. The fourth time he called out, straightening up and laying down his brush. The keenest searching revealed nothing in the immobile face of the boy. A cunning grew in the eyes of the man. What you want, the earth with a gold fence around it? The thick one stood

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squinting off at the distant mountain thoughtfully, then he turned and eyed Billy again. The kid was sharp. He knew there was no one else. Besides, how much had he overheard? Had he been around when the station telephone rang? Kids like that were deep. You could always count on them to do a thing well if they undertook it.

3: Pansies for Thoughts: A Rare Gem from a Devoted Pen

Title: Wise and Otherwise (Grace Livingston Hill #7) Author: Isabella Alden, I. M. Alden Binding: Paperback ISBN: Publisher: Living Books Published Date: Editorials Product Description The Grace Livingston Hill Library is full of simple, heartwarming stories of faith and love by Grace's aunt and mentor" -- "Isabella Alden.

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7: Isabella Macdonald Alden - Wikipedia

Heartwarming stories of faith and love by Grace Livingston Hill's aunt--Isabella Alden. Each book is similar in style and tone to Hill's and is set in the late s and early s. (retrieved from Amazon Thu, 12 Mar).

8: Wise and Otherwise (Grace Livingston Hill #7) | eBay

Series was designed to cover groups of books generally understood as such (see Wikipedia: Book series). Like many concepts in the book world, "series" is a somewhat fluid and contested notion. Like many concepts in the book world, "series" is a somewhat fluid and contested notion.

9: The City of Fire, by Grace Livingston Hill

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