



Miranda

Grace Livingston Hill

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The story of a beloved character rounds out the Miranda trilogy. Five separate times Miranda Griscom has rejected wealthy Mr. Whitney's proposal of marriage, content in her role as housekeeper and nanny for the Spaffords. The community thinks her daft to refuse such a man, but they don't know that her heart belongs to the town's black sheep--who, when accused of murder twelve years ago, she helped to escape. When she learns he has been living in Oregon Territory, can she hope to get word to him that his name has been cleared and his siblings need him?

Miranda Details

Date : Published May 1st 2005 by Barbour Publishing (first published 1915)

ISBN : 9781593106782

Author : Grace Livingston Hill

Format : Paperback 224 pages

Genre : Romance, Fiction, Christian, Christian Fiction, Christian Romance, Classics

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From Reader Review Miranda for online ebook

Carly McEathron says

I'm such a sap for Grace Livingston Hill books, and this is one of her best; the whole trilogy is fantastic. It doesn't get overly preachy like some of her other books, it is just about really vivid characters dealing with everyday life in the 1800s. I love how she ties in current events such as the coming of the telegraph, and the annexation of Oregon.

Franny says

This book is available on Kindle, as are many of Grace's masterpieces. This story is the third book in a trilogy, although each can stand alone. The three books are set in a time before even Grace's time, spanning from about 1831 to 1849. The first book is Marcia Schuyler, published in 1908. The second book is Phoebe Deane, published in 1909. The third book is Miranda (this book, published in 1915), but the mischievous and indomitable red-headed Miranda plays a major role in all three books.

Miranda is **my all-time favorite female character** in Grace's repertoire, perhaps partly because I got to know her across all three books of the *Miranda Trilogy*. She is witty, courageous, uncouth, and true-hearted to her long lost love. She must have grown up with a unique dialect, because some of her words and phrases are pretty funny. It sounded Scottish, almost.

All three books are set in Fundy, New York, but also in New York City. The setting for book 3 (Miranda) begins in Fundy, but also includes many scenes in NYC and in Oregon.

In the first book of the trilogy (Marcia Schuyler), Miranda is unwanted and mistreated, living with her ill-tempered grandparents, doing all their work. At about age 17, she befriends her new neighbor, the young newlywed Marcia (Schuyler) Spafford, protecting her from an evil plot. Miranda wins the trust and affection of Marcia and David Spafford.

In the second book, Phoebe Deane, Miranda is a few years older, and working for the kind Spaffords. She befriends an overworked Cinderella type of girl named Phoebe. As with the first book, Miranda saves the day, foiling a vile plot against the poor harassed young lady, allowing Phoebe to marry her Prince Charming, Nathaniel.

At the beginning of the third book (this one), Miranda is 22 years old and still serving as housekeeper to her beloved Marcia and David Spafford (and their beautiful toddler Rose). She has just turned down an offer of marriage from the fine, upstanding, mean-spirited, wealthy man across the street, even though she does pity his seven children. Early in the book, she remembers something that happened when she was a young teenager. She had cleverly outwitted the vigilant eye of the grandparents and helped her hero Alan Whitney escape from the smokehouse, where he was being confined until the judge comes, having been charged with murder. Miranda knew he was innocent. She still loves Alan in her heart but hasn't seen him since that night some years ago when she helped him escape. This is their story. It is also the story of little Rose Spafford, growing up, and misjudged 10-year-old, Nathan Whitney, becoming a man.

There is a lot of kindness in this book, coming from Miranda and the Spafford family. It feels heartwarming. Conversations, prayers, songs, hymns and talks with God.

There is also a lot about inventions of that era (about 1830-1845), like the telegraph and Dr. Morse, the steam-powered railroad, and mesmerism. What a funny scene that was, with Miranda and the hypnotist!

There is also history in this book, the story of one of the first large-scale Westward Migrations along the Oregon Trail, and one of the worst tragedies. In about 1936, Dr. Marcus Whitman and his wife set up a mission to the Cayuse Indians at Wailatpu in the Walla Walla Valley, in Oregon. Through the characters in this novel, we learn what happens at the mission in 1847.

The funny sayings that Miranda has, as well as the outrageous way that she helps those that she loves, all brought an outright laugh to my lips as well as a smile to my soul. If you like humor, you will surely like this one.

Sad to say, but in book 3, we never find out how married life is going for Phoebe and her husband Nathaniel, the couple from book 2. They do not show up in book 3 at all.

Berrywhite8gmai.Com says

A true friend a person could ever desire...

Heather says

This is a connector book to the Marcia Schuler story which was fun for me because I really enjoy the characters. Not quite as good as the first, but definitely as many twist.

Wendy S. Delmater says

This is a fun book. Miranda, whom we met as a secondary character in the books Marcia Schuyler and Phoebe Deane, gets her own romance.

It starts with pert, no nonsense Miranda Griscom looking across the way to the Whitney mansion. When his second wife died, the cold, emotionless owner of that mansion needed a mother for his wild uncontrolled children, especially when his sister who'd been watching them left. Miranda did not just say no--for five years!--because the children (especially the boys) were hellions. She harbored a secret love for the now-absconded oldest Whitney boy, who'd been wrongly accused of murder. When she was 12, Miranda herself let teen Allan Whitney out of his prison in her grandfather's smokehouse, and got her first kiss in the bargain. She never expects to see him again, as he is wanted for murder, yet she carries a quiet hope that he's well and maybe, just maybe, will return for her.

A series of hilarious and touching events not only clear Allan's name and allow him to return, they allow him to get her letter that he's now welcome back in town. This is a romance: of course he comes back. But the manner of his coming and her romance bind them all to the fate of Oregon country, which is about to fall to the British unless the historically important men of the day in Washington DC and Oregon history cross Miranda's and especially Allan's path.

Those who love historical romances will get a kick out of the twists and turns of history as seen through Miranda's eyes.

Bev says

One of my favorite Grace Livingston Hill books. Second only to Crimson Roses. When I was a teenager (that's when I was reading these) I had such a thing for an older boy. I identified with Miranda big time! And I just think she's a great character."

Ahmad Sharabiani says

Miranda (Miranda Trilogy #3), Grace Livingston Hill

Bethany Rivera says

Warning- Spoilers

This final story truly wraps the entire trilogy together- all the pieces finally coming together to complete the story and fulfill the life of sweet Miranda. This story features the Spafford's and Miranda as well as their relationship to the entire town. David owning the local town newspaper, his involvement in politics as well as new scientific inventions (such as the railroad!). The mischief Miranda involves herself into such as the "Hypnotism" and proving the innocence of her true love. She also revealed her true desire in life-to own the house across the street and to be in charge of her own household.

Through trials and chance encounters-the name of her true love, Allan, was cleared and able to return home from the Oregon wilderness. From the moment he came back into her life- their future together was sealed and Miranda lived happily ever after in her house across the street.

This book left me in tears. The pure innocence and love of the book left me speechless. Truly Miranda got everything good she put towards the world right back for her own happy ending. I wish there was more Miranda in the books but I am thrilled at the ending.

Kelsey says

I enjoyed the Miranda trilogy. It's a clean, Christian romance set in the early 1800's. The historical fiction aspects were interesting through the series. Out of the three books I felt more invested in this title learning about the origins of the Oregon Trail since I live in SW Washington and everything in the area is named after early trail blazers. I sincerely wished Miranda's character didn't have the thick accent that made her seem uneducated. It didn't make sense. None of the locals or even her relatives who raised her had that accent.

Sandy says

I probably wouldn't have liked this book as much as I did if it wasn't for the fact that it was so immensely better than the other two books in this trilogy. Miranda actually shows a bit of spine! The terrible quality of the other two makes this slightly better one seem much better than it actually is.

Sheryl Tribble says

The problem with Miranda is there isn't enough Miranda. About the time I started getting annoyed because the story had stuck with the younger brother of Miranda's love for a few chapters, we got a good dose of Miranda at her Mirandiest. So for a moment I thought that was a fluke. But the next chapter we're introduced to Miranda's love as an adult (we hadn't seen him in years) –for a few pages as he tells a minister he (and we) just met that he can't go back to civilization with him.

Then we follow said minister, a guy out of real history named Marcus Whitman, who has nothing at all to do with the story thus far. So more than halfway through the book, we suddenly go off on a tangent for an entire, loooong, chapter. I don't think GLH's intent was that we'd share the minister's pain on his long journey by feeling like we were slogging through the suddenly cold and boring book.

What's even more annoying is that this digression buys into the whole "Marcus Whitman saved Oregon" myth, which had been discredited by then (although GLH likely didn't know it, unless she researched more thoroughly than I've ever suspected). Marcus Whitman was a great man, but he wasn't a politically-motivated great man. As Finn J.D. John puts it, "Marcus Whitman, a man of God who died in an effort to share his faith with others, might not have appreciated having his legend repurposed from Christian martyr to American patriot."

<http://www.thecreswellchronicle.com/n...>

There's no evidence that Whitman lobbied in Washington or convinced people to head into Oregon; rather, on his return trip he joined a group already assembled and planning to go there, and they were happy to have him because of his medical training. It was more God's doing than man's that the Hudson Bay Company's plans were thwarted on the Oregon front; there's no solid evidence that Whitman had a clue what they were up to, and definitely no evidence that the other ministers there were opposed to his trip. On the contrary, he returned in the dead of winter to protest his missionary organization's plans to pull their missionaries out of the region, and he was sent by the other missionaries for that very purpose.

Which would make a great story, IMHO, but it's not the one GLH tells.

Neither, alas, is this the story of the spunky Miranda from the earlier two books. *sigh*

Jerry says

Oh, wait...not **that** Miranda!

Seriously, though, I enjoyed this one.

Maire Slater says

Still whiteness all about, thick whiteness in the air, shut in from the world, they sat and waited. Dr. Whitman's strong, patient face showed no sign of what might be going on inside his eager, impatient soul. In one direction through the whiteness lay Oregon, beloved Oregon, his wife, his home, his mission - all in peril. In the other direction, miles and miles more away, was a government unawares, toying with a possibility of possession and not knowing the treasure they were so lightly considering. Here he sat, willing and eager with the message, held by the storm in this vast mountain whiteness, while the nation perchance sold its rich birthright for a mess of pottage. What did it mean? No man's hand had been able to stay him thus. But God's hand was holding him now - God's soft white, strong hand. He sat patient, submissive, not understanding, but waiting and looking up for the reason. (161)

"I mostly waited till I got a glimpse of the stars when I got discombobulated," declared Miranda. "Bein' up so high an' so sot an' shiny, they seemt t' steady me. They kinda seemt t' say, 'M'randy, M'randy! You jest never you mind. We been up here hunderds an' hunderds o' years jest doin' our duty shinin' where we was put. An' we hed to shine jest th' same when 'twas stormin' an' no folks down thar could see us an' appreciate us. When 'twas the darkest night we did our best shinin' 'cause folks could see us better then. An' the things what makes you feel bad down thar ain't much more'n little thin storm clouds passin' over yer head and pourin' down a few drops o' rain an' a stab er two o' lightnin' jest to kinda give yeh sompin' to think 'bout. So, M'randy, don't you mind, you jest keep a-shinin' an' they'll all pass by, an' some o' these days thar won't be no more storms 'tall. An' you jest look out when thet time comes t' it finds you shinin'!"

"So I get kinda set up agin an' come downstairs next mornin' tryin' to shine my very shiniest. Only my way o' shinin' was bakin' buckwheats an' sweepin' and puttin' up pickles and jells an' that kinda thing - an' when I'd go back agin at night, hevin' shun my best, them stars would always kinda wink at me an' say sompin'. Wanta know what they'd say? They'd say, 'M'randy, you're a little brick!"

"Member how you wrote that oncet fer me? Well - that's what they'd say. An' then nights when I hadn't done so good, they'd jest put on a faraway, ain't-to-hum look, like they'd pulled their curtins down an' didn't want 'em pulled up that night." (230)

Allan sat tall and proud beside her. Just when the strain of the silence in the church was at its peak, he looked down at Miranda and smiled tenderly. And she was drawn to look up with starry eyes and mile back the loveliest smile woman's face could wear, full of adoring trust and selflessness but with a kind of self-reliance and strength to suffer, too, if need be, yet be glad.

As their eyes met, a glory came into their faces, and all the members of the congregation looking on saw and were profoundly moved, even in the midst of the astonishment and disapproval.

It was only a flash in an instant of time, and neither of the actors in the little scene was aware they had plighted their troth in the eyes of the world and given a sacred vision of their love that had stirred hearts to their depths. Such brief, fleeting visions of what life and love may be are little glimpses into what heaven is and earth might become, if only hearts were pure and purged from selfishness. (245)

Across the street Rose stepped out on the front stoop with a broom wafting a tiny cobweb dreamily from the railing and waving a graceful hand to Miranda. Nathan dropped his scythe and walked over to her. Miranda watched them, a gentle look glorifying her face, and remembered how she used to come out on that stoop over there and look across, thinking she might have ben the mistress of this house but wasn't. How odd it all was! She was here with Allan, having the life of all the others she would have chosen if she had had the choice. Would it be that way when she got to heaven? Would she look back and see where she sued to be and look at her old self and wonder? How little the trials and crosses looked, now that they were past! She did get

things on this earth, too - stars and mountains and heroes - and happiness

In the gladness of her heart, Miranda lifted her sweet blue eyes, with the merry twinkles sparkling with earnestness, to the blue of the deep summer sky above the waving treetops and murmured softly under her breath, "Thanks be! Thanks be! Then she took her broom and went to work. (266)

Julia says

After having finished "Miranda," the 3rd in the "Miranda" trilogy, I went back and upped my star rating for book #2 ("Phoebe Deane,") because the three novels together just round out the beauty of Miranda's character (Book #1 is "Marcia Schuyler"). I LOVE this story, because Miranda is an absolutely amazing, funny, brave, and loving young woman, in spite of being relatively unloved and the butt of many jokes much of her early life. And I adore that this story does not stop, as many novels do, at (view spoiler) but goes on to detail many more events in her life (view spoiler)

Beka says

My best friend just reminded me of this book that we read as kids. It was one of her mother's many books, and we devoured any of them that had the slightest bit of merit. This was one of the good ones, and my friend is rereading it. She says that it holds up remarkably well. Now I'm feeling nostalgic and wondering where I can find a copy for myself.
