

**On Prayers and Praying:
Prayers from some of George MacDonald's Characters**

Some quotes on prayer:

"There are some things for which the very possibility of supposing them are an argument; but I think I can go a little farther here, and imagine at least the 'where' if not the 'how,' the divine conditions in which the help for another in answer to prayer is born, the divine region in which it possibility must dwell.... ..

"One way is clear: the prayer will react upon the mind that prays, its light will grow, will shine the brighter, and draw and enlighten the more. But there must be more in the thing. Prayer in its perfect idea being a rising up into the will of the Eternal, may not the help of the Father become one with the prayer of the child, and for the prayer of him he holds in his arms, go forth for him who will not yet to be lifted to his embrace? To his bosom

God himself cannot bring his children at once, and not at all except through his own suffering and theirs. But will not any good parent find some way of granting the prayer of the child who comes to him ...

"I can only answer with the return question, 'Why should my love be powerless to help another?' But we must not tie God to our measures of time, or think he has forgotten that prayer..."

George MacDonald, 1885
from: 'Man's difficulty concerning prayer'
from Unspoken Sermons, Second Series.

"Never wait for fitter time or place to talk to Him. To wait till you go to church or to your closet is to make Him wait. He will listen as you walk."

George MacDonald, 1889
from: 'Righteousness'
Unspoken Sermons Third Series

" 'If ever I prayed, mother, I certainly have not given it up' --- 'Ever prayed, Ian! When a mere child you prayed like an aged Christian!' ---

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'Ah, mother, that was a sad pity! I asked for things of which I felt no need. I was a hypocrite. I ought to have prayed like a little child.' "

George MacDonald, 1886
from: 'What's Mine's Mine'

"Reader, if you are in any trouble, try whether God will not help you: if you are in no need, why should you ask questions about prayer? True, he knows little of himself who does not know that he is wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; but until he begins at least to suspect a need, how can he pray?"

George MacDonald, 1885
from: 'The Word of Jesus on Prayer'
from *Unspoken Sermons, Second Series.*

'Ah! Lord, I would go through fire and water to sit the last at Thy table in Thy kingdom; but dare I say now I know Thee! -- But Thou art the Gospel, for Thou art the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and I have found Thee the Gospel. For I found as I read, that Thy very presence in my thoughts, not as the theologians show Thee, but as Thou showedst Thyself to them who report Thee to us, smoothed the troubled waters of my spirit, so that, even while the storm lasted, I was able to walk upon them to go to Thee.....'

What I preached' - The parson - in 'Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood' by George MacDonald.

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Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "Thomas Wingfold, Curate"  
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[Setting: Wingfold is speaking with Helen who questions her faith deeply in sight of a family concern for which she is trying to pray:]

"Perhaps Jesus has begun to give you help, though you do not know it yet," he said. "His help may be on the way to you, or even with you, only you do not recognize it for what it is. I have know that kind of thing. Tell me some fact or some feeling I can lay hold of. Possibly there is something you ought to do and are not doing, and that is why you cannot

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rest. I think Jesus would give no rest except in the way of learning of him."

... ..
"I speak from experience," the curate went on, "from what else could I speak? I know that so long as we hang back from doing what conscience urges, there is no peace for us. I will not say our prayers are not heard, for Mr. Polwarth has taught me that the most precious answer prayer can have lies in the growing strength of the impulse towards the dreaded duty, and in the ever sharper stings of conscience. ..."

Excerpt from:

"Thomas Wingfold, Curate."
by George MacDonald, 1876
chap. fifty-two 'Advice in the Dark.'

[Setting: Thomas Wingfold is speaking with his 'spiritual director,' Mr. Polwarth while discussing what genuine, indeed divine, service might be.]

"Can a man reach anything ideal before he has God dwelling in him, filling every cranny of his soul?" asked the curate, with shining eyes.

"Nothing, I do most solemnly believe," answered Powarth. "It weighs on me heavily sometimes," he resumed, after a pause, "to think how far all but a few are from being able even to entertain the idea of the indwelling in them of the original power of their life. True, God is in every man, else how could he live the life he does live? But that life God keeps alive for the hour when he shall inform the will, an aspiration, the imagination of the man. When the man throws wide his door to the Father of his spirit, when his individual being is thus supplemented — to use a poor, miserable word — with the individuality that originated it, then is the man a whole, healthy, complete existence. Then indeed, and then only, will he do no wrong, think no wrong, love perfectly, and be right merry. Then will he scarce think of praying, because God is in every thought and enters anew with every sensation. Then he will forgive and endure, and pour out his soul for the beloved who yet grope their way in doubt and passion. Then every man will be dear and precious to him, even the worst; for in him also lies an unknown yearning adfter the same peace where in he rests and loves."

He sat dow suddenly, and a deep silence filled the room.

Excerpt from: "Thomas Wingfold, Curate."
By George MacDonald, 1876
chap. sixty 'Divine Service.'

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“I am getting so stupid, Mr. Polwarth!” he said once. “It troubles me much. I don’t seem to care for anything now. I don’t want to hear the New Testament: I would rather hear a child’s story – something that did not want thinking about. If I am not coughing, I am content. I could lie for hours and hours and never think more than what goes creeping through my mind no faster than a canal in Holland. When I am coughing – I don’t think about anything then either – only long for the fit to be over and let me back again into Sleepy Hollow. All my past life seems to be gone from me. I don’t care about it. Even my crime looks like something done ages ago. I know it is mine, and I would rather it were not mine, but it is as if a great cloud had come and swept away the world in which it took place, I am afraid sometimes that I am beginning not to care ever about that. I say to myself, I shall be sorry again by and by, but I can’t think about it now. I feel as if I had handed it over to God to lay down where I should find it again when I was able to think and be sorry.”

Leopold to Mr. Polwarth,
Chapter 89 ‘The Bedside’
In “Thomas Wingfold”
by George MacDonald, 1876

... Then the little man (Polwarth) spoke.

“He must give us every sort of opportunity for trusting him,” he said. “The one he now gives you, is this dullness that has come over you. Trust him through it, submitting to it and yet trusting against it, and you get the good of it. In your present state perhaps you cannot even try to bring about by force of will any better state of feeling or higher intellectual condition; but you can say to God something like this:

‘See, Lord, I am dull and stupid, and care for nothing; take thou care of everything for me, heart, and mind, and all. I leave all to thee. Wilt thou not at length draw me out of this my frozen wintry state? Let me not shrink from fresh life and thought and duty, or be unready to come out of the shell of my sickness when thou sendest for me. I wait thy will. I wait even the light that I feel now as if I dared not encounter for weariness of body and faintness of spirit.’ “

“Ah!” Cried Leopold, “there you have touched it! How can you know so well what I feel?”

“Because I have often had to fight hard to keep death to his own province and not let him cross over into my spirit.”

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“Alas! I am not fighting at all; I am only letting things go.”

Leopold talking with Mr. Polwarth,
Chapter 89 ‘The Bedside’
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The little man dropped on his knees by the bedside, and said,
“O Lord Jesus, be near when it seems to us, as it seemed to thee once, that our Father has forsaken us, and gathered back to himself all the gifts he once gave us. Even thou who wast mighty in death, didst, need the presence of thy Father to make thee able to endure: forget not us, the work of thy hands, yea, the labour of thy heart and spirit. Oh remember that we are his offspring, neither accountable for our own being, nor able to comfort or strengthen ourselves. It thou wert to leave us alone, we should cry out upon thee as on the mother who threw her babes to the wolves — and there are no wolves able to terrify thee. Ah Lord! We know thou leavest us not, only in our weakness we would comfort our hearts with the music of the words of faith. Thou canst not do other than care for us, Lord Christ, for whether we be glad or sorry, slow of heart or full of faith, all the same are we the children of thy Father. He sent us here, and never asked us if we would; therefore thou must be with us, and give us repentance and humility and love and faith, that we may indeed be the children of thy Father who is in heaven. Amen.”

Excerpt from: Chapter 89 ‘The Bedside’
In “Thomas Wingfold”
by George MacDonald, 1876

[Setting: Thomas Wingfold sitting with a friend who is dying:]

... Wingfold would hardly ever look at him: he would not disturb him with more of his presence than was unavoidable. For every individuality, he argued, has a peculiar flavour to every other, and only Jesus is the pure simple humanity that every one can love, out and out, at once. In these mental meanderings, he avoided nothing, took notice of every difficulty, whether able to discuss it fully or not, broke out in words of delight when his spirit moved, nor hid his disappointment when he failed in getting at what might seem good enough to be the heart of the thing. It was like hatching a sermon in the sun instead of in the oven.

Excerpt from: "Thomas Wingfold, Curate."
By George MacDonald, 1876

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chapter eighty-two, 'The Lawn.'

[Setting: Mr. Polwarth is sitting with Leopold some time after the above selection. In the open below, Mr. Polwarth is saying:]

"I don't think it is wrong to wish anything you can tell to him about and submit to his will. St. Paul says, 'In every thing let your requests be made known to God.' "

"I sometimes feel as if I would not ask him for anything, but just let him give me what he likes."

"We must not want to be better than is required of us, for that is at once to grow worse."

"I don't understand you."

"Not to ask may seem to you a more submissive way, but I don't think it is so childlike. It seems to me far better to say, 'O Lord, I should like this or that, but I would rather not have it if thou dost not like it also.' Such prayer brings us into conscious and immediate relations with God. Remember, our thoughts are then passing to him, sent by our will into his mind. Our Lord taught us to pray always and not get tired of it. God, however poor creatures we may be, would have us talk to him, for then he can speak to us better than when we turn no face to him."

Excerpt from: "Thomas Wingfold, Curate."
By George MacDonald, 1876
chapter eighty-seven, 'The Blood-Hound.'

"I don't know quite," he had been saying, "what to think about that story of the woman they brought to Jesus in the temple — I mean how it got into that nook of the gospel of St. John, where it has no right place. — They didn't bring her for healing or for the rebuke or her demon, but for condemnation, only they came to the wrong man for that. I did think once, but hastily, that it was our Lord's text for saying '*I am the light of the world,*' but it follows quite as well on his offer of living water. But it doesn't matter much: the tale must be a true one. Only — to think of just this one story, of tenderest righteousness, floating about like a holy waif through the world of letters! — a sweet gray dove of promise that can

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find no rest for the sole of it foot! Just this one story of all stories a kind of outcast! And yet as a wanderer, oh how welcome!"

Excerpt from: "Thomas Wingfold, Curate."

By George MacDonald, 1876

Chapter eighty-two, 'The Lawn.'

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Leopold to Mr. Polwarth,

Chapter 89 'The Bedside'

In "Thomas Wingfold"

by George MacDonald, 1876

"Ah! Lord," I said, in my heart, "Draw near unto Thy people. It is spring-time with Thy world, but yet we have cold winds and bitter hail, and pinched voices forbidding them that follow Thee and follow not with us. Draw nearer, Sun of Righteousness, and make the trees burgeon, and the flowers blossom, and the voices grow mellow and glad, so that all shall join in praising thee, and find thereby that harmony is better than unison. Let it be summer, O Lord, if it ever may be summer in this court of the Gentiles. But Thou hast told us that Thy kingdom cometh within us, and so Thy joy must come within us too. Draw nigh then, Lord, to those to whom Thou wilt draw nigh; and others beholding their welfare will seek to share therein too, and seeing their good works will glorify their Father in heaven."

Sermon on God and Mammon' - The vicar. 'Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood' by George MacDonald

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good of it. In your present state perhaps you cannot even try to bring about by force of will any better state of feeling or higher intellectual condition; but you can say to God something like this:

‘See, Lord, I am dull and stupid, and care for nothing; take thou care of everything for me, heart, and mind, and all. I leave all to thee. Wilt thou not at length draw me out of this my frozen wintry state? Let me not shrink from fresh life and thought and duty, or be unready to come out of the shell of my sickness when thou sendest for me. I wait thy will. I wait even the light that I feel now as if I dared not encounter for weariness of body and faintness of spirit.’ “

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“Because I have often had to fight hard to keep death to his own province and not let him cross over into my spirit.”

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Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "Guild Court"

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From chapter XXXIII of 'Guild Court' by George MacDonald. 'Mr. Fuller in his Church':-

[A]If the church was a reality at all, if it represented a vital body, every portion of it ought to be instinct with life. Yet here was one of its cells, to speak physiologically, all but inactive -- a huge building of no use all the week, and on Sundays filled with organ sounds, a few responses from a sprinkling of most indifferent worshippers, and his own voice reading prayers, and trying -- "with sick assay" sometimes -- to move those few to be better men and women than they were.....

To tell the truth, Mr. Fuller was ashamed of St. Amos's, and was thinking day and night how to retrieve the character of his church.....

"What is Sunday?" he asked; answering himself -- "A quiet hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the week." "Must a man then go for six days shelterless ere he comes to the repose of the seventh? Are there to be no great rocks to shadow him between?-- no hiding-places from the wind to let him take breath and heart for the next struggle? And if there ought to be, where are they to be found if not in our churches? -- scattered like little hollows of sacred silence scooped out of the roar and bustle of our

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cities, dumb to the questions -- what shall we eat? what shall we drink? and wherewithal shall we be clothed? -- but, alas, equally dumb to the question -- Where shall I find rest, for I am weary and heavy-laden? These churches stand absolute caverns of silence amidst the thunder of the busy city -- with a silence which does not remind men of the eternal silence of truth, but of the carelessness of heart wherewith men regard that silence.....They may be caverns of peace, but they are caverns without entrance --- sealed fountains -- a mockery of the thirst and confusion of men." "But men do not want entrance; what is the use of opening the doors of our churches so long as men do not care to go in? times are changed now." "But does not the very word Revelation imply a something coming from heaven -- not certainly before men were ready for it, for God cannot be precipitate -- but before they had begun to pray for it!....."

[B] to follow.....

[B]Mr. Fuller is still reasoning with himself 'in the way mostly of question and answer' -

....."What is the priest[minister]?" he asked....."Just a man to be among men what the Sunday is among the work days of the week - a man to remind you that there is a life within this life, or beyond and about it.....that care is not of God, that faith and confidence are truer, simpler, more of common sense than balances at bankers or preference shares. He is a protest against the money-heaping tendencies of men.....against any kind of social distinction.....Rank ceases[at the threshold of the Church].....overpowered by the presence of the Son of Mary, who was married to a carpenter.....overpowered by the presence of the God of the whole earth, who wrote the music for the great organ of the spheres, after He had created them to play the same.".....

If the clergyman[minister] cannot rouse men to seek his God and their God.....if he has no message from the infinite to quicken the thoughts that cleave to the dust, the sooner he takes to grave-digging or any other honest labour, the sooner he will get into the kingdom of heaven, and the higher will he stand in it.....

....."What is a parson?"....."A man to keep the windows of heaven clean, that its light might shine upon men below....."

(C) "Why should the church be for Sundays only? And of all places in the world, what place wanted a week-day reminder of truth, of honesty, of the kingdom of heaven more than London? why should the churches be closed all the week to the exclusion of the passers by, and open on the Sunday to the weariness of those who entered? Might there not be too

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much of a good thing on the Sunday, and too little of it on a week-day?.....Men needed religious help a great deal more on the week-day than on the Sunday. On the Sunday, surrounded by his family, his flowers, his tame animals, his friends, a man necessarily, to say the least of it, thinks less of making great gains, is more inclined to the family view of things generally; whereas on the week-day, he is in the midst of the struggle and the fight; it is catch who can, then, through all the holes and corners, highways and lanes of the busy city; what would it not be then if he could strike a five minutes' - yes, even a one minute's - silence into the heart of the uproar? if he could entice one vessel to sail into the quiet haven of the church, the doors of whose harbour stood ever open? There the wind of the world would be quiet behind them. His heart swelled within him as he thought of sitting there keeping open door of refuge for the storm-tossed, the noise-deafened, the crushed, the hopeless. He would not trouble them with many words. There should be no long prayers. "But," thought he, "as often as one came in, I would read the collect for the day; I would soothe him with comfort out of Handel or Mendelssohn, I would speak words of healing for the space of three minutes.....but to get them out of the hold of the devil, to lead them into the presence of Him who is the Truth, and so can make them free."

from Chapter XXIII 'Mr. Fuller in his church' -
from 'Guild Court'.
George MacDonald.

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[Lucy went in to Mr. Fuller's church with a troubled heart.]

"Mr. Fuller is glad in God - not because he thinks himself a favourite with God, but because God is what He is, a faithful God. He is not one thing to Mr. Fuller and another to me. He is the same, though I am sorrowful. I will praise him too. He will help me to be and do right, and that can never be anything unworthy of me....." So, with a trembling voice, Lucy joined in the end of the song of praise. And when Mr. Fuller's voice arose in the prayer --

"O God, whose nature and property is ever to have mercy and to forgive, receive our humble petitions; and though we be tied and bound with the chain of our sins, yet let the pitifulness of thy great mercy loose us: for the honour of Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Advocate. Amen" ... she joined in it with all her heart.'

'Lucy's New Trouble' -Mr. Fuller  
Guild Court

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George MacDonald.

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[Poppie is speaking to Mr. Spelt]..!....."I thought Jesus Christ would help me. He did."

What was Mr. Spelt to say? He did not know; and therefore, unlike some, who would teach others even when they have nothing to impart, he held his peace.....

Mr. Spelt resolved at last to consult Mr. Fuller about the child. He went to see him, and told him all he knew concerning her. To his surprise, however, when he came to her onset with the broom, Mr. Fuller burst into a fit of the heartiest laughter. Spelt stood with his mouth open.....Mr. Fuller saw his amazement.

"You don't think it was very wicked of your poor child to pray to God and shoulder her broom, do you?" he said, still laughing.

"We're told to forgive our enemies, sir. And Poppie prayed against hers."

"Yes, yes. You and I have heard that, and, I hope, learned it. But Poppie, if she has heard it, certainly does not understand it yet. Do you ever read the Psalms?"

"Yes, sometimes. Some of them pretty often, sir."

"You will remember, then, how David prays against his enemies."

"Yes, sir. It's rather awful sometimes."

"What do you make of it? Was it wicked in David to do so?"

"I daren't say that, sir."

"Then why should you think it was in Poppie?"

"I think perhaps David didn't know better."

"And you think Poppie ought to know better than David?"

"Why, you see, sir, if I'm right, as I fancy, David lived before our Saviour came into the world to teach us better."

"And so you think Poppie more responsible than a man like David who loved God as not one Christian in a million, notwithstanding that the Saviour has come, has learned to love him yet? A man may love God, and pray against his enemies. Mind you, I'm not sure that David hated them. And I'm sure Poppie did not hate hers, for she gave the little rascal her coppers, you know."

"Thankyou, sir" said Spelt, grateful to the heart's core that Mr. Fuller stood up for Poppie.

"Do you think God heard David's prayer against his enemies?" resumed Mr. Fuller.

"He gave him victory over them, anyhow."

"And God gave Poppie the victory, too. I think God heard Poppie's prayer. And Poppie will be the better for it. She'll pray for a different sort of thing before she has done praying. It is a good thing to pray to God for anything. It is a grand thing to begin to pray."

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"I wish you would try and teach her something, sir. I've tried and tried, and I don't know what to do more. I don't seem to get anything into her."

"You're quite wrong, Mr. Spelt. You have taught her. She prayed to God before she fell upon her enemies with her broom."

[from:- 'Poppie chooses a profession' - Guild Court - by George MacDonald.]

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[In the night Ethelwyn and Harry Walton have found an abandoned baby girl and taken her into their home and family]. 'Ethelwyn fell a-crying. "Pray for the poor thing, Harry," she sobbed, "before you come to bed."

I knelt down and said --

"O Lord our Father, this is as much thy child and as certainly sent to us as if she had been born of us. Help us to keep the child for thee. Take thou care of thy own, and teach us what to do with her, and how to order our ways towards her." '

'A Sunday Evening' - Harry Walton - 'The Seaboard Parish - George MacDonald.

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Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "*Wilfrid Cumbermede*"  
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'All places were alike to me now -- for the universe was but one dreary chasm whence I could not escape. One evening I sat by the open window.....my suffering had now grown dull by its own excess.....It was a fair evening of early summer - but I was utterly careless of nature as of all beyond it. The sky was nothing to me - and the earth was all unlovely.....I was roused by the tiniest breath of wind on my cheek, as if the passing wing of some butterfly had fanned me; and on that faintest motion came a scent as from long-forgotten fields, a scent like as of sweet-peas or wild roses, but of neither.....I started with a cry.....Whence that wind had borne it, who could tell? but in the husk that had overgrown my being it had found a cranny, and through that cranny, with the scent, Nature entered. I looked up to the blue sky, wept, and for the first time fell on my knees.

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"O God!" I cried, and that was all.

But what are the prayers of the whole universe more than expansions of that one cry? It is not what God can give us, but God that we want.....

'The Dawn' - Wilfrid - 'Wilfrid Cumbermede' - George MacDonald

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[Wilfrid has reached the end of his story.....and is thinking over the past/writing and praying his thoughts with His always present Lord.].....'whatever has been His will is well -- grandly well -- well even for that in me which feared, and in those very respects in which it feared that it might not be well. The whole being of me past and present shall say: It is infinitely well, and I would not have it otherwise.....

Lord of me, Father of Jesus Christ, will this suffice? Is my faith enough yet?.....I have passed already through so many valleys of death itself.....that I cannot greatly fear that which holds but the shadow of death.....

for what men call death, is but its shadow. Death never comes near us; it lies behind the back of God; he is between it and us.....When it comes, death will prove as natural as birth.....

Bethink thee, Lord -- nay, thou never forgettest. It is because thou thinkest and feelest that I think and feel.....thou knowest my frame, and rememberest that I am dust: do with me as thou wilt.....Only if an hour should come when thou must seem to forsake me, watch me all the time, lest self-pity should awake, and I should cry that thou wast dealing hardly with me.....

'Conclusion' - Wilfrid - 'Wilfrid Cumbermede' - George MacDonald.

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"Father, fold me in thyself. The storm, so long still, awakes; once more it flutters its fierce pinions. Let it not swing itself aloft in the air of my spirit. I dare not think, not merely lest thought should kindle itself into agony, but lest I should fail to rejoice over the lost and found. But my heart is in thy hand. Need I school myself to bow to an imagined decree of thine? Is it not enough that, when I shall know a thing for thy will, I shall then be able to say: Thy will be done? It is not enough; I need more. School thou

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my heart so to love thy will that in all calmness I leave to think what may or may not be its choice, and rest in thy holy self.
.....Thy pure will be done!"

'Conclusion' - Wilfrid - 'Wilfrid Cumbermede' - George MacDonald.



"It's a fine, soft-sleekit win', laird," said Malcolm...I think it maun come frae the blue there, ayont the stars.."[Malcolm is walking with him they call the 'mad' laird.] "There's a heap o' wonderfu' things there, they tell me; an' whiles a strokin win' an' whiles a rosy smell, an' whiles a bright light, an' whiles they say, an' auld yearnin' sang, 'ill brak oot, an' wanner awa doon, an' gang flittin' an' fleein' among the sair herts o' the men an' women fowk 'at canna get things putten richt"

"I dinna ken whaur I come frae," burst from the laird, the whaur drawn out and emphasized almost to a howl.....They walked a little way side by side in silence, the laird every now and then heaving his head like a fretted horse towards the sky, as if he sought to shake the heavy burden from his back, straighten out his poor twisted spine, and stand erect like his companion.

"Ay!" Malcolm began again....."didna ye hear the minister read frae the buik 'at hoo ilka guid an' ilka perfit gift was frae abune, an' came frae the Father o' lichts?"

"Father o' lichts!" repeated the laird, and looked up at the stars. "I dinna ken whaur I cam frae. I hae nae father....."

"The Father o' lichts is your father an' mine -- The Father o' a' o' 's," said Malcolm.....

"Eh! gien that war true!" said the laird..... They walked on in silence for a minute. All at once the laird threw up his hands, and fell flat on his face on the sand.....he was praying.....mumuring over and over, all but inaudibly

"Father o' lichts ! Father o' lichts !"

It seemed as if no other word dared mingle itself with that cry..... It was a solemn time -- the full tide lapping up on the long yellow sand from the wide sea darkening out to the dim horizon; the gentle wind blowing through the molten darkness; overhead, the great vault without arch or keystone, of dim liquid blue, and sown with worlds so far removed they could only shine; and on the shore, the centre of all the cosmic order, a

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misshapen heap of man, a tumulus in which lay buried a live and lovely soul!

'Whence and Whither?' - The laird - 'Malcolm' - George MacDonald

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"Phemy, I dinna ken whaur I cam frae."

"Hoot, laird! ye ken weel eneuch ye cam frae Go-od," answered Phemy, lingering out the word with solemn utterance.

The laird did not reply, and again the night closed around them, and the sea hushed at their hearts.....

"Gien he wad but come out an' shaw himsel!" he said. "What for disna he come oot?.....They say he's a'gait at ance.....The lown win' maun be his breath -- sae quaiet!.....Eh, Phemy! I jist thought he was gauin' to speyk!".....Gien ye see ony thing, Phemy, cry oot."

"What will I cry?" asked Phemy.

"Cry 'Father o' lichts !'" answered the laird....."Eh! I wuss he wad come oot when I was by! I micht get a glimp o' 'm. Maybe he wad tak the hump aff o' me, an' set things in order i' my heid, an' mak me like ither folk....."

Eh, Michty! come oot! Father o' lichts ! Father o' lichts !"

.....At length he rose and wandered away from the shore.....Phemy followed him in silence.....The child had little of the poetic element in her nature, but she had much of that from which everything else has to be developed -- heart.

'The Laird's Quest' - The laird - Malcolm' - George MacDonald.

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GMD characters praying from: St. George & St. Michael
[Richard Heywood is talking with Sir Rowland Scudamore]

Rowland has said - of Dorothy Vaughan - "She is a woman, and it is easy for women to say prayers."

"I never rode into a fight but I said my prayer," returned Richard....Prithee, what sort of prayer thinkest thou I pray ere I ride into the battle?"

"....How should I know?.....I say it is a cowardly thing to go praying into the battle, and not take thy fair chance as other men do."

"Then I will tell thee to what purpose I pray. But, first of all, I must confess to thee that I have had my doubts.....still when that doubt

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cometh, ever it taketh from my arm the strength....moreover I am no saint, and therefore cannot pray like a saint, but only like Richard Heywood, who hath got to do his duty, and is something puzzled. Therefore I pray thus, or to this effect:

"O God of battles! who, Thyself dwelling in peace, beholdest the strife, and workest Thy will thereby, what that good and perfect will of Thine is I know not clearly, but Thou hast sent us to be doing, and Thou hatest cowardice. Thou knowest I have sought to choose the best, so far as goeth my poor ken, and to this battle I am pledged. Give me grace to fight like a soldier of Thine, without wrath and without fear. Give me to do my duty, but give the victory where Thou pleasest. Let me live if so Thou wilt; let me die if so Thou wilt -- only let me die in honour with Thee. Let the truth be victioius, if not now, yet when it shall please Thee; and oh! I pray, let no deed of mine delay its coming. Let my work fail, if it be unto evil, but save my soul in truth."

"And in truth, Sir Rowland, it seemeth to me then as if the God of truth heard me.....so ride we to the battle, merry and strong, and calm, as if we were but riding to the rampart of the celestial city."

Sally' - Richard Heywood - 'St. George and St. Michael - George MacDonald.

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'A"tell me, gentlemen, ye who understand sacred things," he resumed, "can a man be far out of the way so long as, with full heart and no withholding, he saith, Fiat voluntas tua -- and that after no private interpretation, but Sicut in coelo?"

"That, my lord, I also strive to say with all my heart," said Dr. Bayly.

"Mayhap. doctor," returned the Marquis, "when thou art as old as I, and hast learned to see how good it is, how all-good, thou wilt be able to say it without any striving. There was a time in my life when I too had to strive, for the thought that He was a hard master would come, and come again. But now that I have learned a little more of what He meaneth with me, what He would have of me and do for me, how He would make me pure of sin, clean from the very bottom of my heart to the crest of my soul, from spur to plume a stainless knight, verily I am no more content to submit to His will: I cry in the night time,

'Thy will be done: Lord, let it be done, I entreat Thee;' and in the daytime I cry,  
Thy kingdom come: Lord, let it come, I pray Thee.'"

'R. I. P.' 'The Marquis of Worcester' - St. George and St. Michael' - George MacDonald.

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'When the last rites, wherein the Church yields all hold save that of prayer, had been administered, and his daughters with Dorothy and Lord Charles stood around his bed, "Now have I taken my staff to be gone," he said cheerfully, "like a peasant who hath visited his friends, and will now return, and they will see him as far on the road as they may, I tremble a little, but I bethink me of Him that made me and died for me, and now calleth me, and my heart revives within me." .....

After a pause he went on --....."O Lord, what shall I do, for I am heavy, and my body keepeth down my soul. Hark! Who calleth me? It is Molly! No, no! It is the Master.

Lord, I cannot rise and come to Thee. Here have I lain for ages, and my spirit groaneth. Reach forth Thy hand, Lord, and raise me. Thanks, Lord, thanks!"

And with the word he was neither old man nor Marquis any more.

'R. I. P' - The Marquis of Worcester - 'St. George and St. Michael' - George MacDonald.



[The curate, Thomas Wingfold, is speaking with Helen Lingard]

....I speak from experience," the curate went on, "from what else could I speak? I know that so long as we hang back from doing what conscience urges, there is no peace for us. I will not say our prayers are not heard, for Mr. Polwarth has taught me that the most precious answer prayer can have lies in the growing strength of the impulse towards the dreaded duty, and in the ever sharper stings of the conscience....."

'A stifled cry had interrupted him.....She rose and ran from him.....dropped senseless on the grass.....Wingfold ran to the house for water. Rachel.....and Polwarth followed.....When at length the colour began to return a little to her cheek, Polwarth dropped on his knees at her feet. Wingfold.....was already kneeling on one side of her, and Rachel now kneeled on the other. Then Polwarth said.....

"Life eternal, this lady of thine hath a sore heart and we cannot help her. Thou art Help, O mighty love. They who know thee best rejoice in thee most. As thy sun that shines over our heads, as thy air that flows into our bodies, thou art above, around, and in us; thou art in her heart; oh, speak to her there; let her know thy will, and give her strength to do it, O Father of Jesus Christ! Amen."

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'Advice in the Dark' and 'Intercession' - Joseph Polwarth - 'Thomas Wingfold, Curate'  
- George MacDonald

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[As Helen Lingard is in deep anguish]....'again the words sounded in the ear of her heart: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Whence came the voice? From her memory, or from that inner chamber of the spirit which the one spirit-bearing Spirit keeps for his own in every house that he builds -- alas so long in most human houses shut away from the rest of the rooms and forgotten, or recollected with uneasiness, as a lumber-closet in which lie too many things that had better not be looked into? But what matter where the voice that said them, so long as the words were true, and she might believe them! -- whatever is true can be believed of the true heart.

Ere she knew, Helen was on her knees, with her head on the chair, yet once more crying to the hearer of cries -- possible or impossible being she knew not in the least, but words reported of him had given birth to the cry -- to help her in her dire need..'

'Helen Alone' - Helen Lingard - 'Thomas Wingfold, Curate' - George MacDonald

[Joseph Polwarth had become to the dying Leopold] '..like a father in Christ. He came every day, and every day, almost till that of his departure, Leopold had something to ask him about or something to tell him. Leopold is saying....."All my past life seems to be gone from me.....I feel as if I had handed it over to God to lay down where I should find it again when I was able to think and be sorry."he had spoken slowly and with frequent pauses. Polwarth did not speak once, feeling that a dying man must be allowed to ease his mind after his own fashion, and take as much time to it as he pleased.....The dying should never have their utterances checked, or the feeling of not having finished forced upon them.....

.....then [Polwarth] spoke. "He must give us every sort of opportunity for trusting him," he said. "The one he now gives you, is this dulness that has come over you. Trust him through it.....you can say to God something like this:

'See, Lord, I am dull and stupid, and care for nothing: take thou care of everything for me, heart, and mind, and all, I leave all to thee. Wilt thou not at length draw me out of my sickness when thou sendest for me. I wait thy will. I wait even the light that I feel now as I dared not encounter for weariness of body and faintness of spirit.'"

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Ah!" cried Leopold, "there you have touched it! How can you know so well what I feel?"

'The Bedside' - Joseph Polwarth with Leopold - 'Thomas Wingfold, Curate' - George MacDonald

All this time he had had no return of the sickness, but, although thus actively occupied, had felt greatly depressed.

One main cause of this was, however, that he had not found his religion stand him in such stead as he might have hoped. It was not yet what it must be to prove its reality. And now his eyes were afresh opened to see that in his nature and thoughts lay large spaces where God ruled not supreme -- desert places, where who could tell what might appear?.....If in very deed he lived and moved and had his being in God, then assuredly there ought not to be one cranny in his nature, one realm of his consciousness, one well-spring of thought, where the will of God was a stranger.....

"In that agony o' sickness, as I sat upo' the stair," he said to himself....."whaur was my God in a' my thouchts? I did cry till 'im, I min' weel, but it was my reelin' brain an' no my trustin' hert 'at cried.....Gien that sickness come again, I maun see, noo 'at I'm forewarned o' my ain wakeness, what I can du..... It maun be something better nor last time, or I'll tine hert a'thegither. Weel, maybe I need to be heumblet.

The Lord help me!"

'Torture' - Malcolm - 'The Marquis of Lossie' - George MacDonald

"Eh, Peter man ! I'm blythe to see ye," cried Malcolm. "Gie's a grup o' yer honest han!"

More than even the sight of his face beaming with pleasure, more than that grasp of the hand that would have squeezed the life out of a pole-cat, was the sound of the mother-tongue from his lips. The cloud of Peter's long distrust broke and vanished, and the sky of his soul was straightway a celestial blue. He snatched his hand from Malcolm's, walked back into the empty house, ran into the little closet off the kitchen, bolted the door, fell on his knees in the void little sanctuary that had of late been the scene of so many a foiled attempts to lift up his heart, and poured out speechless thanksgiving to the God of all grace and consolation, who had given him back his friend, and that in the time of his sore need.

.....he rose from his knees, and went out again, his face shining and his eyes misty.....

'The Trench' - Blue Peter - 'The Marquis of Lossie' - George MacDonald

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"The bonnie Annie bore a picked crew; for Peter's boat was to him a sort of church, in which he would not with his will carry any Jonah fleeing from the will of the lord of the sea. And that boat's crew did not look the less merrily out of their blue eyes, or carry themselves the less manfully in danger, that they believed a lord of the earth and the sea and the fountains of water cared for his children and would have them honest and fearless....."

It was a custom in Peter's boat never to draw the nets without a prayer, uttered now by one and now by another of the crew.....out of the bows of the boat came now the solemn voice of its master, bearing only this one sentence:

"Oh Thoo, wha didst tell thy dissiples to cast the net upo' the side whaur swam the fish, gien it be thy wull 'at we catch the nicht, lat 's catch; gien it binna thy wull, lat 's no catch.

--Haul away', my laads." "

'Sea' - Peter - 'The Marquis of Lossie' - George MacDonald

"My lady," he said, with intense quiet, "My lady, I would put your feet on my head.....only then what should I do when I see my Lord, and cast myself before him?".....

Then slowly, gently Clementina knelt before him. He was bewildered, and thought she was going to pray.....

Now Malcolm saw that he had no right to raise a kneeling lady; all he could do was to kneel beside her.

When people kneel, they lift up their hearts; and the creating heart of their joy was forgotten of neither.

And well for them, for the love where God is not, be the lady lovely as Cordelia, the man gentle as Philip Sidney, will fare as the overkept manna.

'Shore' Malcolm and the Lady Clementina 'The Marquis of Lossie' George MacDonald

'.....on the threshold of Peter's cottage sat his little Phemy, trying to polish a bit of serpentine marble upon the doorstep, with the help of water, which stood by her side in a broken tea-cup.

She lifted her sweet gray eyes, and smiled him a welcome.

"Are ye up a'ready, Phemy?" he said.

"I ha'ena been doon yet," she answered. "My mither was oot last nicht wi' the boat, an' Auntie Jinse was wi' the bairn, an' sae I cud do as I likit."

"An' what did ye like, Phemy?"

"A'body kens what I like," answered the child: "I was oot an' about a' nicht. An' eh, Ma'colm! I hed a veesion."

"What was that Phemy?"

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"I was upo' the tap o' the Nose, jist as the sun rase, luikin' aboot me, an' awa' upo' the Boar's Tail I saw twa angels sayin' their prayers. Nae doobt they war prayin' for the haill war!', i' the quaiet o' the mornin' afore the din begud. Maybe ane o' them was that auld priest wi' the lang name i' the buik o' Genesis, 'at hed naither father nor mither -- puir man! - him 'at gaed aboot blissin' fowk."

Malcolm thought he might take his own time to set the child right, and asked her to go and tell her father that he wanted to see him..... '

[from 'The Marquis of Lossie', chapter LXVIII - 'The Crew of the Bonnie Annie']

'For more than two years {Malcolm} had provided training for the fittest youths he could find amongst the fishers, and now he had a pretty good band playing on wind instruments, able to give back to God a shadow of His own music. The same formed the Clemency's crew. And every Sunday evening the great fishing boat.....led out from the harbour such of the boats as were going to spend the night on the water.

When they reached the ground, all the other boats gathered about the great boat, and the chief men came on board, and Malcolm stood up betwixt the wheel and the binnacle, and read -- always from the gospel, and generally words of Jesus, and talked to them, striving earnestly to get the truth alive into their hearts.

Then he would pray aloud to the Living God, as one so living that they could not see him, so one with them that they could not behold him.

When they arose from their knees, man after man dropped into his boat, and the fleet scattered wide over the waters to search them for their treasure.....

In the morning, when a few of the boats had gathered, they would make for the harbour again, but now with full blast of praising trumpets and horns, the waves seeming to dance to the well-ordered noise divine.....

For such Monday mornings,[Malcolm] wrote a little song.....here is the last stanza of it:- "Like the fish that brought the coin,

We in ministry will join --

Bring what pleases thee the best;

Help from each to all the rest."

'Knotted Strands' - Malcolm - 'The Marquis of Lossie' - George MacDonald

"I dinna ken whaur I cam frae! ---I dinna ken whaur I'm gaein' till. Eh, gien he wad but come oot an' shaw himsel'! --

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Oh Lord! tak the deevil aff o' my puir back. -- O father o' lights! gar him tak the hump wi' him. I hae nae fawvour for't, though it's been my constant companion this mony a lang."

....after.....[he] lay silent and nearly still for an hour. All the waning afternoon Malcolm sat by his side.....

□As it grew dark, the air turned very chill, and snow began to fall thick and fast.....suddenly the sticks caught fire and blazed up. The laird turned his face towards the flame; a smile came over it; his eyes opened wide, and with such an expression of seeing gazed beyond Malcolm, that he turned his in the same direction.

"Eh, the bonny man! The bonny man!" murmured the laird.

But Malcolm saw nothing, and turned again to the laird.....the light was fading out of his face like the last of a sunset. He was dead.

'The Laird's Vision' - The laird - 'Malcolm' - George MacDonald

[The marquis is dying.].....'He lifted his hand with effort, laid feeble hold on Malcolm's jacket, and drawing him down, kissed him on the forehead. Malcolm burst into tears, and sank weeping by the bedside. Mr. Graham entering a little after, and seeing Malcolm on his knees, knelt also, and broke into a prayer.

"Oh, blessed Father!" he said, "who knowest this thing, so strange to us, which we call death, breathe more life into the heart of thy dying son, that in the power of life he may front death. O Lord Christ, who diedest thyself, and in thyself knowest it all, heal this man in his sore need -- heal him with strength to die."

Came a faint "Amen" from the marquis.

"Thou didst send him into the world: help him out of it. O God, we belong to thee utterly. We dying men are thy children, O Living Father! Thou art such a father, that thou takest our sins from us and throwest them behind thy back. Thou cleanest our souls, as thy Son did wash our feet. We hold our hearts up to thee: make them what they must be, O Love, O Life of men, O Heart of hearts! Give thy dying child courage, and hope, and peace -- the peace of him who overcame all the terrors of humanity, even death itself, and liveth for evermore, sitting at thy right hand, our God-brother, blessed to all ages -- amen."

"Amen!" murmured the marquis, and slowly lifting his hand from the coverlet, he laid it on the head of Malcolm, who did not know it was the hand of his father, blessing him ere he died.

'End or Beginning?' - Mr. Graham with the Marquis of Lossie - 'Malcolm' - George MacDonald

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sair trowth, but I cudna hae prayt a word to yer lordship gien I hadna a jooggy or twa first. O Lord, deliver me frae the pooer o' Sawtan. O Lord! O Lord! I canna help mysel'. dinna sen' me to the ill place. Ye loot the deils gang intil the swine, lat me tee."

With this frightful petition, his utterance began to grow indistinct. Then he fell forward upon the bed groaning, and his voice died gradually away. Gibbie had listened to all he said, but the awe of hearing his father talk to one unseen, made his soul very still, and when he ceased, he fell asleep.'

'A Sunday at Home' - Sir George Galbraith - 'Sir Gibbie' - George MacDonald

[Gibbie is now an orphan, and roaming the streets - 'the town sparrow']

'Positively or negatively, then, everybody was good to him, and Gibbie felt it; but what could make up for the loss of his Paradise, the bosom of a father? Drunken father as he was, I know of nothing that can or ought to make up for such a loss, except that which can restore it -- the bosom of the Father of fathers.....!'

.....One night in the spring,...[Gibbie] saw for the first time a negro sailor whom the rest called Sambo.....To Gibbie Sambo speedily became absolutely loving and tender, and Gibbie made full return of devotion.....

...In the middle of [one] night, Gibbie half woke.....groping, he pushed a door.....rose softly and peeped out.....there stood several men and a struggle was going on.....

Suddenly there came the sound of a great gush, and the group parted from the bed and vanished. Gibbie darted towards it.

The words, "O Lord Jesus !" came to his ears, and he heard no more: they were poor Sambo's last in this world.

.....[to Gibbie was now] revealed something unknown before. It was as if the darkness had been cloven, and through the cleft he saw into hell.....

.....his first vague perception of evil and wrong in the world began to dawn.'

Excerpt from: 'Sir Gibbie'
Chapter 8, 'Sambo'
by George MacDonald 1879

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'Janet's main care was her old man, and Robert turned to Janet as the one stay of his life, next to the God in whom he trusted. He did not think so much about God as she; he was not able; nor did he read so much of his Bible; but she often read to him; and when any of his children were there of an evening he always "took the book". While Janet prayed at home, his closet was the mountain-side, where he would kneel in the heather, and pray to Him who saw unseen, the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God.

.....All day, from the mountain and sky and preaching burns, from the sheep and his dog, from winter storms, spring sun and winds, or summer warmth and glow, but more than all, when he went home, from the presence of his wife, came to him somehow -- who can explain how! -- spiritual nourishment and vital growth.'

Excerpt from: 'Sir Gibbie'
Chapter 22, 'Refuge' Robert Grant praying
By George MacDonald, 1879

A weave of quotes from "Sir Gibbie" (continued)

[Setting in Chap. 23, Janet has begun reading from the end of John's Gospel with Gibbie]

'..... when Janet looked up, she saw the tears rolling down the child's face. At the same time, from the expression of his countenance, she judged that his understanding had grasped nothing. She turned therefore to the parable of the prodigal son, and read it. Even that had not a few words and phrases unknown to Gibbie, but he did not fail to catch the drift of the perfect story. For had not Gibbie himself had a father, to whose bosom he went home every night? Let but love be the interpreter, and what most wretched type will not serve the turn for the carriage of profoundest truth! The prodigal's lowest degradation, Gibbie did not understand; but Janet saw the expression of the boy's face alter with every tone of the tale, through all the gamut between the swine's trough and the arms of the father. Then at last he burst -- not into tears -- Gibbie was not much acquainted with weeping -- but into a laugh of loud triumph. He clapped his hands, and in a shiver of ecstasy, stood like a stork upon one leg, as if so much of him was all that could be spared for this lower world, and screwed himself together.

Janet was well satisfied with her experiment. Most Scotch women, and more than most Scotch men, would have rebuked him for laughing, but Janet knew in herself a certain tension of delight which nothing served to relieve but a wild laughter of holiest gladness; and never in tears of deepest emotion did her heart appeal more directly to its God. It is the heart that is not yet sure of its God, that is afraid to laugh in his presence.

Thus had Gibbie his first lesson in the only thing worth learning, in that which, to be learned at all, demands the united energy of heart and soul and strength and mind; and from that day he went on learning it. I cannot tell how, or what

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were the slow stages by which his mind budded and swelled until it burst into the flower of humanity, the knowledge of God. I cannot tell the shape of the door by which the Lord entered into that house, and took everlasting possession of it. I cannot even tell in what shape he appeared himself in Gibbie's thoughts -- for the Lord can take any shape that is human. I only know it was not any unhuman shape of earthly theology that he bore to Gibbie, when he saw him with "that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude." For happily Janet never suspected how utter was Gibbie's ignorance. She never dreamed that he did not know what was generally said about Jesus Christ. She thought he must know as well as she the outlines of his story, and the purpose of his life and death, as commonly taught, and therefore never attempted explanations for the sake of which she would probably have found herself driven to use terms and phrases which merely substitute that which is intelligible because it appeals to what in us is low, and is itself both low and false, for that which, if unintelligible, is so because of its grandeur and truth. Gibbie's ideas of God he got all from the mouth of Theology himself, the Word of God; and to the theologian who will not be content with his teaching, the disciple of Jesus must just turn his back, that his face may be to his Master.

So, teaching him only that which she loved, not that which she had been taught, Janet read to Gibbie of Jesus, talked to him of Jesus, dreamed to him about Jesus; until at length -- Gibbie did not think to watch, and knew nothing of the process by which it came about -- his whole soul was full of the man, of his doings, of his words, of his thoughts, of his life. Jesus Christ was in him -- he was possessed by him. Almost before he knew, he was trying to fashion his life after that of his Master.

A weave of quotes from "Sir Gibbie" (continued)

[Continuing in Chap. 23: Janet and Gibbie are still talking:]

Between the two, it was a sweet teaching, a sweet learning. Under Janet, Gibbie was saved the thousand agonies that befall the conscientious disciple, from the forcing upon him, as the thoughts and will of the eternal Father of our spirits, of the ill expressed and worse understood experiences, the crude conjectures, the vulgar imaginations of would-be teachers of the multitude. Containing truth enough to save those of sufficiently low development to receive such teaching without disgust, it contains falsehood enough, but for the Spirit of God, to ruin all nobler -- I mean all childlike natures, utterly; and many such it has gone far to ruin, driving them even to a madness in which they have died. Jesus alone knows the Father, and can reveal him. Janet studied only Jesus, and as a man knows his friend, so she, only infinitely better, knew her more than friend -- her Lord and her God. Do I speak of a poor Scotch peasant woman too largely for the reader whose test of truth is the notion of probability he draws from his own experience? Let me put one question to make the real probability clearer. Should it be any wonder, if Christ be indeed the natural Lord of every man, woman, and child, that a simple, capable nature, laying itself entirely open to him and his influences, should understand him? How should he be the Lord of that nature if such a thing were not possible, or were at all improbable -- nay, if such a thing

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did not necessarily follow? Among women, was it not always to peasant women that heavenly messages came? See revelation culminate in Elizabeth and Mary, the mothers of John the Baptist and Jesus. Think how much fitter that it should be so; -- that they to whom the word of God comes should be women bred in the dignity of a natural life, and familiarity with the large ways of the earth; women of simple and few wants, without distraction, and with time for reflection -- compelled to reflection, indeed, from the enduring presence of an unsullied consciousness: for wherever there is a humble, thoughtful nature, into that nature the divine consciousness, that is, the Spirit of God, presses as into its own place. Holy women are to be found everywhere, but the prophetess is not so likely to be found in the city as in the hill-country.

Whatever Janet, then, might, perhaps -- I do not know -- have imagined it her duty to say to Gibbie had she surmised his ignorance, having long ceased to trouble her own head, she had now no inclination to trouble Gibbie's heart with what men call the plan of salvation. It was enough to her to find that he followed her Master. Being in the light she understood the light, and had no need of system, either true or false, to explain it to her. She lived by the word proceeding out of the mouth of God. When life begins to speculate upon itself, I suspect it has begun to die. And seldom has there been a fitter soul, one clearer from evil, from folly, from human device -- a purer cistern for such water of life as rose in the heart of Janet Grant to pour itself into, than the soul of Sir Gibbie. But I must not call any true soul a cistern: wherever the water of life is received, it sinks and softens and hollows, until it reaches, far down, the springs of life there also, that come straight from the eternal hills, and thenceforth there is in that soul a well of water springing up into everlasting life.'

Excerpt from "Sir Gibbie"
Chapter 23, 'More Schooling'
By George MacDonald, 1879

A weave of quotes from "Sir Gibbie" (continued)

'When at last [Janet] had done, and put the things away, and swept up the hearth, she milked the ewe, sent her out to nibble, took her Bible, and sat down once more to read. The lamb lay at her feet,.....and every time her eye fell from the book upon the lamb, she felt as if somehow the lamb was the boy that had eaten of her bread and drunk of her milk. After she had read a while, there came a change, and the lamb seemed the Lord himself, both lamb and shepherd, who had come to claim her hospitality. Then divinely invaded with the dread that in the fancy she should forget the reality,

...she kneeled down and prayed to the friend of Martha and Mary and Lazarus, to come as he had said, and sup with her indeed.

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.....her faith was simple, strong, real, all-pervading. Day by day she pored over the great gospel -- I mean just the good news according to Matthew and Mark and Luke and John -- until she had grown to be one of his noble ladies of the kingdom of heaven -- one of those who inherit the earth, and are ripening to see God. For the Master, and his mind in hers, was her teacher. She had little or no theology save what he taught her, or rather, what he is. And of any other than that, the less the better.....

He only who obeys him, does or can know him; he who obeys him cannot fail to know him. To Janet, Jesus Christ was no object of so-called theological speculation, but a living man, who somehow or other heard her when she called to him, and sent her the help she needed.

Excerpt from: "Sir Gibbie"
'Chapter 11, 'Janet'
by George MacDonald, 1879

'....Then Donal, as the youngest, got down the big Bible, and having laid it before his father, lighted the rush-pith-wick projecting from the beak of the little iron lamp.....The old man put on his spectacles, took the book, and found the passage that fell, in continuous process, to that evening. Now he was not a very good reader, and, what with blindness and spectacles, and poor light, would sometimes lose his place. But it never troubled him, for he always knew the sense of what was coming, and being no idolater of the letter, used the word that first suggested itself...On this occasion he was reading of our Lord's cure of the leper; and having read, "put forth his hand," lost his place, and went straight on without it, from his memory of the facts.

"He put forth His han' -- an' grippit him, and said, Aw wull -- be clean."

After the reading followed a prayer, very solemn and devout.

It was then only, when before God, with his wife by his side, and his family around him, that the old man became articulate.....By the time the prayer was over, Gibbie was fast asleep again.

'Refuge' 'Sir Gibbie' - George MacDonald

'.....Not only did Janet often pray with Gibbie, but sometimes as she read, her heart would grow so full, her soul be so pervaded with the conviction, perhaps the consciousness, of the presence of the man who had said he would be always with his friends, that, sitting there on her stool, she would begin talking to him out of the very depth of her life, just as if she saw him in Robert's chair in the ingle-neuk, at home in her cottage as in the house where Mary sat at his feet and heard his word. Then would Gibbie listen indeed, awed by very gladness.

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He never doubted that Jesus was there, or that Janet saw him all the time although he could not.

This custom of praying aloud, she had grown into so long before Gibbie came to her, and he was so much and such a child, that his presence was no check upon the habit. It came in part from the intense reality of her belief, and was in part a willed fostering of its intensity. She never imagined that words were necessary; she believed that God knew her every thought, and that the moment she lifted up her heart, it entered into communion with him; but the very sound of the words she spoke seemed to make her feel nearer to the man who, being the eternal Son of the Father, yet had ears to hear and lips to speak, like herself. To talk to him aloud, also kept her thoughts together, helped her to feel the fact of the things she contemplated, as well as the reality of his presence.....'

Excerpt from: "Sir Gibbie"
Chapter 26 'The Gamekeeper'
By George MacDonald, 1879

[Gibbie] found [the door [of the cow byre] wide open, and peeping in, saw Crummie chewing away, and Janet on her knees with her forehead leaning against the cow and her hands thrown up over her shoulder. She spoke in such a voice of troubled entreaty as he had never heard from her before.....What she said was nearly this:

"O Lord, gin ye wad but say what ye wad hae deen! Whan a body disna ken yer wull, she's jist driven to distraction. Thoo knows, my Maister, as weel's I can tell ye, 'at gien ye said till me, 'That man's gauin' to cut yer thro't: tak the tows frae him, an' lat him up,' I wad rin to dee't. It's no revenge, Lord; it's jist 'at I dinna ken. The man's dune me no ill, 'cep' as he's sair hurtit yer bonnie Gibbie. It's Gibbie 'at has to forgie 'im an' syne me. But my man tellt me no to lat him up, an' hoo am I to be a wife sic as ye wad hae, O Lord, gien I dinna dee as my man tellt me! It wad ill befit me to lat my auld Robert gang sae far wantin' his denner, a' for naething. What wad he think whan he cam hame! Of coorse, Lord, gien ye tellt me, that wad mak a' the differ, for ye're Robert's maister as weel's mine, an' your wull wad saitisfee him jist as weel's me. I wad fain lat him gang, puir chiel! but I daurna. Lord, convert him to the trowth. Lord, lat him ken what hate is.-- But eh, Lord! I wuss ye wad tell me what to du. Thy wull's the beginnin' an' mids an' en' o' a' thing to me. I'm wullin' eneuch to lat him gang, but he's Robert's pris'ner an' Gibbie's enemy; he's no my pris'ner an' no my enemy, an' I dinna think I hae the richt. An' wha kens but he micht gang shottin' mair fowk yet, 'cause I loot him gang!--But he canna shot a hare wantin' thy wull, O Jesus, the Saviour o' man an' beast; an' ill wad I like to hae a han' i' the hangin' o' 'm. He may deserve 't, Lord, I dinna ken; but I'm thinkin' ye made him no sae weel tempered--as my Robert, for enstance."

Here her voice ceased, and she fell a moaning.

Excerpt from: "Sir Gibbie"
Chapter 26 'The Gamekeeper'
By George MacDonald, 1879

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Ginny is lost on the mountainside - [She] 'was not in the way of thinking much about God. Little had been taught her concerning him, and nothing almost that was pleasant to meditate upon --nothing that she could hide in her heart.....but there was in her soul a large wilderness ready for the voice that should come crying to prepare the way of the king.....

Never in her life before had she felt she was alone. She had often felt lonely, but she had always known where to find the bodily presence of somebody.....

She sat down on a stone.....At last she began to cry.....many more [tears] followed.....when all at once a verse she had heard the Sunday before at church seemed to come into her hear: "Call upon me in the time of trouble and I will answer thee." It must mean that she was to ask God to help her: was that the same as saying prayers?. She had better try; it could not do much harm.....she began to pray to what dim distorted reflection of God there was in her mind.

They alone pray to the real God, the maker of the heart that prays, who know his son Jesus.....but every honest cry..... passes on to the ears of the unknown God, the heart of the unknown Father.

"O God, help me home again," cried Ginevra, and stood up in her great loneliness to return.....

Excerpt from: "Sir Gibbie"
'Chapter 29 The Beast-Boy'
by George MacDonald

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'The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and seemed rushing together to drown the world. And still the wind was raging, and the rain tumbling to the earth, rather in sheets than in streams.

Gibbie[out on the mountain] .....soon reached the point whence first, returning in that direction, he always looked to see the cottage. For a moment he was utterly bewildered: no cottage was to be seen. From the top of the rock against which it was built, shot the whole mass of the water he had been pursuing, now dark with stones and gravel, now grey with foam, or glassy in the lurid light.

"O Jesus Christ !" he cried, and darted to the place.

When he came near, to his amazement there stood the little house unharmed, the very centre of the cataract !.....'

'Prologue' Gibbie 'Sir Gibbie' - George MacDonald

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from chapter 32 of 'Sir Gibbie'.....

'[Gibbie] could not see far on any side, for the rain that fell, and the mist and steam that rose, upon which the wind seemed to have no power; but wherever he did see, there water was running down. Up the mountain he went--he could hardly have told why. Once, for a moment, as he ascended, the veil of the vapour either rose, or was torn asunder, and he saw the great wet gleam of the world below. By the time he reached the top, it was as light as it was all the day; but it was with a dull yellow glare, as if the sun were obscured by the smoke and vaporous fumes of a burning world which the rain had been sent to quench. It was a wild, hopeless scene--as if God had turned his face away from the world, and all Nature was therefore drowned in tears--no Rachel weeping for her children, but the whole creation crying for the Father, and refusing to be comforted. Gibbie stood gazing and thinking. Did God like to look at the storm he made? If Jesus did, would he have left it all and gone to sleep, when the wind and waves were howling, and flinging the boat about like a toy between them? He must have been tired, surely! With what? Then first Gibbie saw that perhaps it tired Jesus to heal people; that every time what cured man or woman was life that went out of him, and that he missed it, perhaps--not from his heart, but from his body; and if it were so, then it was no wonder if he slept in the midst of a right splendid storm. And upon that Gibbie remembered what St. Matthew says just before he tells about the storm--that "he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses." That moment it seemed as if he must be himself in some wave-tossed boat, and not upon a mountain of stone, for Glashgar gave a great heave under him, then rocked and shook from side to side a little, and settled down so still and steady, that motion and the mountain seemed again two ideas that never could be present together in any mind. The next instant came an explosion, followed by a frightful roaring and hurling, as of mingled water and stones; and on the side of the mountain beneath him he saw what, through the mist, looked like a cloud of smoke or dust rising to a height. He darted towards it. As he drew nearer, the cloud seemed to condense, and presently he saw plainly enough that it was a great column of water shooting up and out from the face of the mountain. It sank and rose again, with the alternation of a huge pulse: the mountain was cracked, and through the crack, with every throb of its heart, the life-blood of the great hull of the world seemed beating out. Already it had scattered masses of gravel on all sides, and down the hill a river was shooting in sheer cataract, raving and tearing, and carrying stones and rocks with it like foam. Still and still it pulsed and rushed and ran, born, like another Xanthus, a river full-grown, from the heart of the mountain. Suddenly Gibbie, in the midst of his astonishment and awful delight, noted the path of the new stream, and from his knowledge of the face of the mountain, perceived that its course was direct for the cottage. Down the hill he shot after it, as if it were a wild beast that his fault had freed from its cage. He was not terrified. One believing like him in the perfect Love and perfect Will of a Father of men, as the fact of facts, fears nothing. Fear is faithlessness. But there is so little that is worthy the name of faith, that such a confidence will appear to most not merely incredible but heartless. The Lord himself seems not to have been very hopeful about us, for he said, When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth? A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear. It is in the cracks,

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crannies, and gulfy faults of our belief, the gaps that are not faith, that the snow of apprehension settles, and the ice of unkindness forms. The torrent had already worn for itself a channel: what earth there was, it had swept clean away to the rock, and the loose stones it had thrown up aside, or hurled with it in its headlong course. But as Gibbie bounded along, following it with a speed almost equal to its own, he was checked in the midst of his hearty haste by the sight, a few yards away, of another like terror--another torrent issuing from the side of the hill, and rushing to swell the valley stream. Another and another he saw, with growing wonder, as he ran; before he reached home he passed some six or eight, and had begun to think whether a second deluge of the whole world might not be at hand, commencing this time with Scotland. Two of them joined the one he was following, and he had to cross them as he could; the others he saw near and farther off--one foaming deliverance after another, issuing from the entrails of the mountain, like imprisoned demons, that, broken from their bonds, ran to ravage the world with the accumulated hate of dreariest centuries. Now and then a huge boulder, loosened from its bed by the trail of this or that watery serpent, would go rolling, leaping, bounding down the hill before him, and just in time he escaped one that came springing after him as if it were a living thing that wanted to devour him. Nor was Glashgar the only torrent-bearing mountain of Gormgarnet that day, though the rain prevented Gibbie from seeing anything of what the rest of them were doing. The fountains of the great deep were broken up, and seemed rushing together to drown the world. And still the wind was raging, and the rain tumbling to the earth, rather in sheets than in streams.....'

from chapter 32 of 'Sir Gibbie'.....

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'It was a heavy undertaking for the two old folk to walk all the way[through the storm] to the Mains, and in such a state of the elements.....Janet was half troubled that her mountain, and her foundation on the rock, should have failed her; but consoled herself that they were shadows of heavenly things and figures of the true;.....

'The Lord preserve 's' cried Janet Mavor, with uplifted hands, when she saw them enter the kitchen. "He'll dee that, mem, returned Janet, with a smile.

Janet did not sleep a wink that night: she had so many to pray for. Not Gibbie only, but every one of her family was in perils of waters.....It was not, she said, confessing to her husband her sleeplessness, that she was afraid. She was only "keepin' them company, an' haudin' the yett open." she said. The latter phrase was her picture-periphrase for praying.

She never said she prayed; she held the gate open. The wonder is but small that Donal should have turned out a poet.

'The Mains' - Janet Grant - 'Sir Gibbie' - George MacDonald

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.....That day, however, Gibbie had proved that a man may well afford, both to have nothing, and to take no care of himself, seeing he had, since he rose in the morning, rescued a friend, a foe, and a beast of the

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become strength, help us -- be our Father. We ask for nothing beyond what Thy Son has told us to ask. We beg for no signs or wonders, but for thy breath upon our souls, thy spirit in our hearts. We pray for no cloven tongues of fire -- for no mighty rousing of brain or imagination; but we do with all our power of prayer, pray for thy spirit; we do not even pray to know that it is given to us; let us, if so it pleases thee, remain in doubt of the gift for years to come -- but lead us thereby. Knowing ourselves only as poor and feeble, aware only of ordinary and common movements of mind and soul, may we yet be possessed by the spirit of God, led by his will in ours. For all things in a man, even those that seem to him the commonest and least uplifted, are the creation of thy heart, and by the lowly doors of our wavering judgment, dull imagination, lukewarm love, and palsied will, thou canst enter and glorify all. Give us patience because our hope is in thee, not in ourselves. Work thy will in us, and our prayers are ended. Amen."

They rose. The curate said he would call again in the evening, bade them goodbye, and went. Mr. Drake turned to his daughter and said --

" Dorothy, that's not the way I have been used to pray or hear people pray; nevertheless the young man seemed to speak very straight up to God. It appears to me there was another spirit there with his. I will humble myself before the Lord. Who knows but he may lift me up?"

'The Pastor's Study' - Thomas Wingfold - 'Paul Faber, Surgeon' - George MacDonald

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*'...It was not yet church-time by hours, but [Thomas Wingfold] had a custom of going every Sunday morning, in the fine weather quite early, to sit for an hour or two alone in the pulpit, amidst the absolute solitude and silence of the great church. It was a door, he said, through which a man who could not go to Horeb, might enter and find the power that dwells on mountain-tops and in desert places.....'*

*While he sat thus in the pulpit, his wife was praying for him ere she rose.*

*.....the wife walked beside the husband in the strength of a common faith in absolute Good..... '*

*Excerpt from: "Paul Faber, Surgeon" By George MacDonald*

*Thomas Wingfol prays in 'The Pulpit'*

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"Ah, you little know my loss!"...Indeed it is great! It seems to include God! If you knew what He knows about death you would clap your listless hands. But why should I seek in vain to comfort you? You must be made miserable that you make wake from your sleep to know that you need God. If you do not find Him, endless life with the living with whom you bemoan would become and remain unendurable. The knowledge of your own heart will teach you this; -- not the knowledge you have, but the knowledge that is on its way to you through suffering.

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Then you will feel that existence itself is the prime of evils without the righteousness that is of God by faith."

Excerpt from: 'The Displeasure of Jesus' "Unspoken Sermons III" by George MacDonald

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' "To hold fast upon God with one hand, and open wide the other to your neighbour -- that is religion; that is the law and the prophets, and the true way to all better things that are yet to come.

Lord, defend us from Mammon. Hold thy temple against his foul invasion. Purify our money with thy air and thy sun, that it may be our slave, and thou our master. Amen."

Excerpt from: "Paul Faber, Surgeon" By George MacDonald  
Thomas Wingfold prays in 'The Pulpit' -

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[Mr. Drake's money-troubles which had so burdened him, are suddenly over. He is talking to Thomas Wingfold.....]

".....Alas, Mr. Wingfold..... by the time I came to kneel at my bedside, God was away. I could not speak a word to him! I had lost the trouble that kept me crying after him like a little child at his mother's heels, the bond was broken, and he was out of sight. I tried to be thankful, but my heart was so full of the money, it lay like a stuffed bag....."

O my God! how shall I live in the world with a hundred thousand pounds instead of my Father in heaven! If it were only that he had hidden his face, I should be able to pray somehow! He has given me over to the Mammon I was worshipping!.....

.....if only he would give me [just] enough to pay my debts and not have to beg of other people." Then,.....

"No, no, Lord ! Forgive me. I will not think of conditions. Thy will be done! Take the money, and let me be a debtor and a beggar if thou wilt, only let me pray to thee; and do thou make it up to my creditors."

Excerpt from: "Paul Faber, Surgeon"
'The Minister's Bedroom' George MacDonald

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Wingfold's spirit was greatly moved. Here was victory! .....He thanked God and took courage.....

He read[the letter].....folded it softly, gave it back to [Dorothy], and rising, knelt down by the bedside, near the foot, and said, --

"Father, whose is the fulness of the earth, I thank thee that thou hast set my brother's heel on the neck of his enemy. But the suddenness of thy relief from holy poverty and evil care, has so shaken his heart and brain, or rather, perhaps, has made him think so keenly of his lack of faith in his Father in heaven, that he fears thou hast thrown him the gift in disdain, as to a dog under the table, though never didst thou disdain a dog, and not given it as to a child, from thy hand into his. Father, let thy spirit come



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with the gift, or take it again, and make him poor and able to pray." -- Here came an amen, groaned out as from the bottom of a dungeon.

--"Pardon him, father," the curate prayed on, "All his past discontent and the smallness of his faith. Thou art our father, and thou knowest us tenfold better than we know ourselves; we pray thee not only to pardon us, but to make all righteous excuse for us, when we dare not make any for ourselves, for thou art the truth. We will try to be better children. We will go on climbing the mount of God through all the cloudy darkness that swathes it, yea, even in the face of the worst of terrors -- that, when we reach the top, we shall find no one there." -..... "Father ..... take pity on thy children. Thou wilt not give them a piece of bread, in place of a stone -- to poison them ! The egg thou givest will not be a serpent's. We are thine, and thou art ours: in us be thy will done ! Amen."

'The Minister's Bedroom' - Thomas Wingfold - 'Paul Faber, Surgeon' - George MacDonald

"I can't feel that anybody is poor," said Dorothy, after a pause, "Except those that can't be sure of God. -- they are so poor !" she added.

"You are right, my child," returned her father. "It was not my poverty -- it was not being sure of God that crushed me....."

...."How vile of me to want the money in my own hand, and not be content it should be in God's pocket to come out just as it was wanted ! Alas! I have more faith in my uncle's leavings than in my Father's generosity ! But I must not forget gratitude in shame. Come.....let us kneel down here on the grass, and pray to God who is in yon star just twinkling through the gray, and in my heart and in yours, my child."

I will not give the words of the minister's prayer. The words are not the prayer.....the prayer itself was in the heart, not on the lips, and was far better than the words.

'Osterfield Park' - Mr. Drake - 'Paul Faber, Surgeon' - George MacDonald

".....The Master's own strength was thus perfected, and so must be that of his brothers and sisters. Ah, what a strength must be his ! -- how patient in endurance -- how gentle in exercise -- how mighty in devotion -- how fine in its issues, perfected by such suffering ! Ah, my child, you suffer sorely sometimes -- I know it well ! but shall we not let patience have her perfect work, that we may -- one day, Ruth, one day, my child -- be perfect and entire, wanting nothing? "

Led by the climax in his tone, Ruth slipped from her stool on her knees. Polwarth knelt beside her, and said:

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"O Father of life, we praise thee that one day thou wilt take thy poor crooked creatures, and give them bodies like Christ's, perfect as his, and full of thy light. Help us to grow faster -- as fast as thou canst help us to grow. Help us to keep our eyes on the opening of thy hand, that we may know the manna when it comes. O Lord, we rejoice that we are thy making, though thy handiwork is not very clear in our outer man as yet. We bless thee that we feel thy hand making us. What if it be in pain! Evermore we hear the voice of the potter above the hum and grind of his wheel. Father, thou only knowest how we love thee. Fashion the clay to thy beautiful will. To the eyes of men we are the vessels of dishonour, but we know that thou dost not despise us, for thou hast made us, and thou dwellest with us. Thou has made us love thee, and hope in thee, and in thy love we will be brave and endure. All in good time, O Lord. Amen."

While they thus prayed, kneeling on the stone floor of the little kitchen, dark under the universal canopy of cloud, the rain went on clashing and murmuring all around, rushing from the eaves, and exploding with sharp hisses in the fire.....'

'The Gate-Lodge' - Mr. Polwarth - 'Paul Faber, Surgeon' - George MacDonald

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"I am sorry to see you so uncomfortable," said Mr. Drew.

"On the contrary, I feel uncommonly well, " replied the pastor.[Mr. Drake] "I always measure my health by my power of thinking; and tonight my thoughts are like birds -- or big bees rather, that keep flying in delight from one lovely blossom to another. Only the fear keeps intruding that an hour may be at hand, when my soul will be dark, and it will seem as if the Lord had forsaken me."

"But does not our daily bread mean our spiritual as well as our bodily bread?" said the draper. "Is it not just as wrong in respect of the one as the other to distrust God for to-morrow when you have enough for today? Is he a God of times and seasons, of this and that, or is he the All in all?"

"You are right, old friend," said the minister, and ceasing his walk, he sat down by the fire opposite him. "I am faithless still, --

O Father in heaven, give us this day our daily bread. --

'The Border Land' - Mr. Drake - 'Paul Faber, Surgeon' - George MacDonald

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[Juliet is staying with the Polwarths]

.....'At first, when she found they had no set prayers in the house, she concluded that, for all the talk of the old gnome in the garden, they

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were not very religious. But by and by she began to discover that no one could tell when they might not be praying. At the most unexpected times she would hear her host's voice somewhere uttering tones of glad beseeching, of out-poured adoration. One day, when she had a bad headache, the little man came into her room, and, without a word to her, kneeled by her bedside, and said,

"Father, who through thy Son knowest pain, and who dost even now in thyself feel the pain of this thy child, help her to endure until thou shalt say it is enough, and send it from her. Let it not overmaster her patience; let it not be too much for her. What good it shall work in her, thou, Lord, needest not that we should instruct thee."

Therewith he rose, and left the room.

'Fallow Fields' - Joseph Polwarth - 'Paul Faber, Surgeon' - George MacDonald

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[Juliet is coming back to consciousness from near death...]

Towards morning, Juliet awoke from her long sleep, but she had the vessels of her brain too empty of the life of this world to recognize barely that which was presented to her bodily vision..... [Dr. Faber] sat sunk in dim thought.....in the utter stillness of the room, of the sleeping house, of the dark embracing night, he lay in famished wait for every word.

"O Jesus," said the voice.....a gentle, tired voice :-- "O Jesus ! after all, thou art there ! They told me thou wast dead and gone nowhere ! They said there never was such a one ! Art thou going to do anything with me? -- I wish I were a leper, or anything thou wouldst make clean ! But how couldst thou, for I never quite believed in thee, and never loved thee before? And there was my Paul ! oh, how I loved my Paul ! and he wouldn't do it. I begged and begged him, for he was my husband when I was alive -- I begged him to take me and make me clean, but he wouldn't: he was too pure to pardon me. He let me lie in the dirt ! It was all right of him, but surely, Lord, thou couldst afford to pity a poor girl that hardly knew what she was doing. My heart is very sore, and my whole body is ashamed, and I feel so stupid ! Do help me if thou canst. I denied thee, I know; but then I cared for nothing but my husband; and the denial of a silly girl could not hurt thee; if indeed thou art Lord of all worlds! -- I know thou wilt forgive me for that. But, O Christ, please if thou canst any way do it, make me fit for Paul. Tell him to beat me and forgive me. -- O my Saviour, do not look at me so, or I shall forget Paul himself, and die weeping for joy. Oh, my Lord!

Oh, my Paul!" For Paul had gently risen from his chair, and come one step nearer -- where he stood looking on her with such a smile as

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seldom has been on human face -- a smile of unutterable sorrow, love, repentance, hope.....

'My Lady's Chamber' - Juliet - 'Paul Faber, Surgeon' - George MacDonald

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.....'Then at length[Paul Faber] approached on tiptoe. For a few moments he stood and gazed on the sleeping countenance -- then dropped on his knees, and cried,

"God, if thou be anywhere, I thank thee."

Reader, who knowest better, do not mock him. Gently excuse him.....Another's battle is easy. God only knows with what earthquakes and thunders, that hour, on its way to find thee, may level the mountains and valleys between.....'

My Lady's Chamber'..... Dr. Paul Faber - 'Paul Faber, Surgeon' - George MacDonald

~~~~~ Thus ends praying quotes from "Paul Farber, Surgeon ~~~~~

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Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "Mary Marston"

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[Mary's father has died in his sleep].

'He was gone, and she was alone. She tried to pray, but her heart seemed dead in her bosom, and no prayer would rise from it. It was the time of all times when, if ever, prayer must be the one reasonable thing -- and pray she could not.' [As she entered her room] 'her eye fell upon her watch -- where it lay, silent and disfigured, on her dressing-table; and with the sight, the last words of her father came back to her. She fell again on her knees with a fresh burst of weeping, and.....cried, with a strange mixture of agony and comfort

"Oh my Father in heaven, give me back William Marston."

Never in his life had she thought of her father by his name: but death, while it made him dearer than ever, set him away from her so, that she began to see him in his larger individuality, as a man before the God of men,, a son before the Father of many sons. Death turns a man's sons and daughters into his brothers and sisters.

And while she kneeled.....came a dreamy vision of her Saviour with his disciples about him, reasoning with them that they should not give way to grief. "Let not your heart be troubled," he seemed to be saying, "although I die, and go out of your sight. It is all well. Take my word for it."

She rose, wiped her eyes, looked up, said,

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"I will try, Lord"

'William Marston' - Mary - 'Mary Marston' - George MacDonald

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[Mary has arrived in London to live as companion-help to Hester Redmain].

.....'the house was scarcely more of a home than one of the huge hotels characteristic of the age.

In the hall of it sat Mary, for the space of an hour.....I cannot say she was comfortable, for she was both cold and hungry; but she was far from miserable. She had no small gift of patience, and had taught herself to look upon the less troubles of life as on a bad dream. There are children, though not many, capable, through faith in their parents, of learning not a little by their experience, and Mary was one of such: from the first she received her father's lessons like one whose business it was to learn them, and had thereby come to learn where he had himself learned.

Hence she was not one to say \*our Father in heaven,\* and act as if there was no such Father, or as if he cared but little for his children.

She was even foolish enough to believe that that Father both knew and cared that she was hungry and cold and wearily uncomfortable; and thence she was weak enough to take the hunger and cold and discomfort as mere passing trifles, which could not last a moment longer than they ought. From her sore-tried endeavours after patience, had grown the power of active waiting -- and a genuinely waiting child is one of the loveliest sights the earth has to show.'

'Mary's Reception' - Mary - 'Mary Marston' - George MacDonald

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'The morning after her arrival, Hesper happening to find herself in want of Mary's immediate help, instead of calling her as she generally did, opened the door between their rooms, and saw Mary on her knees by her bedside. Now Hesper had heard of saying prayers -- night and morning both, and, when a child, had been expected, and indeed compelled to say her prayers: but to be found on one's knees in the middle of the day, looked to her a thing exceedingly odd. Mary, in truth, was not much in the way of kneeling at such a time: she had to pray much too often to kneel always, and God was too near her, wherever she happened to be, for the fancy that she must seek him in any particular place; but so it happened now

"I am sorry to have disturbed you, Mary," said Hesper....."but people do not generally say their prayers in the middle of the day."

"I say mine when I need to say them," answered Mary.....'

'Godfrey and Sepia' - Mary - 'Mary Marston' - George MacDonald

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'It was dark, utterly dark, when[Letty] woke. For a minute she could not remember where she was. The candle had burned out: it must be late. The baby as on her lap-- still, very still. One faint gleam of saitsfaction crossed her "during dark" at the thought that he slept so peacefully, hidden from the gloom which somehow appeared to be all the same gloom outside and inside of her. In that gloom she sat alone.

□Suddenly a prayer was in her heart. It was moving there as of itself. It had come there by no calling of it thither, by no conscious will of hers:

O God," she cried, "I am desolate! -- Is there no help for me?"

And therewith she knew she had prayed, and knew that never in her life had she prayed before.

'Relief' - Letty Helmer - 'Mary Marston' - George MacDonald



'It was so unlike [Mary] to be seriously discomposed, that Letty began to be frightened. She sat silent and looked at her. Then spoke the spirit of truth in the scholar, for the teacher was too troubled to hear. She rose, and going up to Mary from behind, put her arm round her, and whispered in her ear, --

"Mary, why don't you ask Jesus?"

Mary stopped short, and looked at Letty. But she was not thinking about her; she was questioning herself; why had she not done as Letty said? Something was wrong with her: that was clear, if nothing else was! She threw herself again on the couch, and Letty saw her body heaving with her sobs.....

A few minutes, and Mary rose. Her face was wet and white, but perplexity had vanished from it, and resolution had taken its place.....

"I have found out, Letty, dear" she said. "Thank you, thank you, Letty ! You are a true sister." .....

....."I have found out why I did not go at once to ask Him what I ought to do. It was just because I was afraid of what he would tell me to do."

William and Mary Marston' - Mary - 'Mary Marston' - George MacDonald



' "There is none but your own Father can do anything for you," said Mary. "My father is gone home to him, but if he were here he would only tell you about \*him\*."

There was a moment's silence.

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"Why don't you talk," said Mr. Redmain crossly, "What's the good of sitting there saying nothing! How am I to forget that the pain will be here again, if you don't say a word to help me?"

Mary lifted up her heart, and prayed for something to say to the sad human soul that had never known the Father.....

[Mr. Redmain] "...What I want is to be free from pain, and have some pleasure in life -- not to be told about a father."

[Mary] "But what if the father you don't want, is determined you shall not have what you do want? What if your desire is not worth keeping you alive for? And what if he is ready to help your smallest effort to be the thing he wants you to be -- and in the end give you your heart's desire?"

'The Next Night' - Mary - 'Mary Marston' - George MacDonald

~~~ Thus ends praying quotes from "Mary Marston" ~~~

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**Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "Castle Warlock"**  
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"You remember your mother, Cosmo?"

"Yes, father I do."

The laird always spoke Scotch to his mother and Grizzie; the latter would have thought him seriously offended had he addressed her in book-English; but to his Marion's son he always spoke in the best English he had, and Cosmo did what he could with it in return.

"Tell me what you remember of her," said the old man....."She would have died for you, my boy. We must be very good, that we may see her again some day."

"I will try. I do try -- father."

"You see, Cosmo, when a woman like that condescends to be wife to one of us and mother to the other, the least we can do when she is taken from us, is to give her the same love and the same obedience as when she was with us.

.....For you must remember that it is not enough to be a good boy, as I shall tell her you have always been; you've got to be a good man, and that is a rather different, and sometimes a harder thing. For, as soon as a man goes amongst other men, he finds they expect him to do things they ought to be ashamed of doing themselves; and then he has got to stand on his own honest legs, and not move an inch for all their pushing and pulling; and where a man loves his fellow-man, and likes to be on good terms with him, that is not easy. The thing is just this, Cosmo: when you are a full-grown man, you must be a good boy still -- and there lies the difficulty. For a man to be a boy still, and a good boy, he must be a

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thorough man. The man that's not manly can never continue a good boy to his mother. And no man can be right manly, no man can keep true to his mother, except he remember him who is father and mother both to all men. I wish my Marion were here to teach you as she taught me. She taught me the reasonable way of prayer, Cosmo, as I have tried to teach you: when I was in any trouble, just to go into my closet, and shut to the door, and tell my secret Father -- that same Father who loved you so much as to give you my Marion for a mother. But I am getting old and tired, and must soon go where I hope to learn faster. Oh, my boy! hear your father who loves you, and never do the thing you would be ashamed for your mother or me to know. Remember, nothing drops out; everything hid shall be revealed. But of all things, if ever you should fail or fall, don't lie because you are down; for God's sake, for your mother's sake, for my sake, get up and try again....." '

[from 'Castle Warlock' - chapter III - 'The Drawing Room']

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'Old servants of the true sort have, I fancy, a kind of family instinct..... Grizzie was capable also of reasoning from what she saw.....to come to the resolution of offering.....a suggestion.....

.....[The laird] sat in his great chair, with his book open upon his knees. His mother and Cosmo were gone to bed, and Grizzie was preparing to follow them: he was generally the last to go.....

"Laird," she said, "ye're in trouble, for ye're sittin' double, an' castna a leuk upo' yer buik! Gien ye wad lat a body speyk....."

"Say awa', Grizzie," he answered; "I'm hearin' ye. There's nane has a better richt to say her say i' this hoose".....

"Say on, Grizzie,"..... for again she had paused.."It sud surprise nane to get a message frae the Lord by the moo' o' ane o' his handmaidens.".....

The moment she was gone, the laird fell on his knees, and gave God thanks for the word received by his messenger -- if indeed Grizzie should prove such to be.

"O Lord," he said, "with thee the future is as the present, and the past as the future. In the long past it may be thou didst provide this supply for my present need -- even then preparing the answer to the prayers with which thou knewest I should assail thine ear. Never in all my need have I so much desired money as now for the good of my boy. but if this be but one of my hopes, not one of thy intents, give me the patience of a son, O Father."

With these words he rose, and taking his book, sat down, and read and enjoyed into the dead of the night. '

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'An Interlunar Cave' The laird of Glenwarlock - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald.



[Sudden help has come for immediate needs] 'Father and son stopped, and looked at each other for a moment. Then the laird walked slowly on. After a minute or two Cosmo glanced up in his face, but the laird did not return the glance, and

the boy saw that he was talking to another. By and by he heard him murmur to himself,

"The gifts of God are without repentance!".....

[Afterwards] the laird called Cosmo, and they went for a stroll in the fields, to commune in quiet.....Cosmo never forgot that walk in the fields with his father.....The joy.....had drawn their hearts yet closer to each other, for one of the lovelinesses of true love is that it may and must always be more.....

They knelt together on the thin grass, among the ox-eyes,[daisies] - and gave God thanks.....

After praying, they sat a long time talking .....

All these years then the [provision] had been lying in the house, ready for their great need.....

When Grizzie learned the result of her advice, she said only,

"Praise be thankit!" and turned away....

The Watchmaker' - The laird; - and Cosmo; - Grizzie . - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald



'That night Cosmo could not sleep..He dressed himself and went out...He wandered on till he came to the field where he had so lately been with his father...He came to the spot where his father and he had prayed together, and there kneeling lifted up his face to the stars. Cosmo, I say, knelt and looked up.

Then awoke his will, and he lifted up his heart - sent his spirit aloft upon every upward sail it could spread, on every wing it could put forth, as if, through the visible, he would force his way to the unseen.....

[Peter Simon, his teacher, comes, and speaks with him] ..... "the only thing worth a man's care is the will of God, and that will is the same in this world as in the next.....let us make the best we can of this life, that we may become able to make the best of the next also."

"And how make the best of this?" asked Cosmo.

"By walking in the fore-front with the will of God -- not letting yourself be but dragged behind him in the sweep of his garment that makes the storm. To walk with God is to go hand in hand with him, like a

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boy with his father, desiring and doing his pleasure -- falling in with his design in the making of you, a design that cannot be effected without you. As to other worlds, present sorrows, vanished joys, coming fears, all is well; for the design of the making, loving, pitiful, glorious God is ever moving towards divine completion, that is, a never ending end. Yea, even if his infinite be awful to me, yet will I face it, for it is his. Let your prayer, my son, be like this:

'Maker of me, go on making me, and let me help thee. Come, O Father! here I am; let us go on. I know that my words are those of a child, but it is thy child who prays to thee. It is thy dark I walk in; it is thy hand I hold.' "

'The Luminous Night' - Cosmo - Mr. Simon - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald

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[Cosmo has been able to come home again]

'The laird drew back his head and looked his son in the face. A heavenly smile crossed the sadness of his countenance, and his wrinkled old hand closed tremulous on Cosmo's shoulder.

"They canna tak frae me my son!" he murmured - and from that moment rarely spoke to him save in the mother-tongue....."Are ye the same, Cosmo?" he asked. "Are ye my ain bairn?".....

".....Ay, I may weel say I'm the same, only mair o' 't."

"The Lord's name be praisht!" murmured the laird. "--But du ye loe *him* the same as ever, Cosmo?" he asked.

"Father, I dinna loe him the same -- I loe him a heap better. He kens noo 'at he may tak his wull o' me. Nothing 'at I ken o' comes 'atween him an' me."

The old man raised his arm, and put it round his boy's shoulders: he was not one of the many Scotch fathers who make their children fear more than love them!

"Noo, Lord, lat me depairt in peace," he said, "for mine eyes hae seen thy salvation! --"

The Shadow of Death' - The Laird - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald

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[Cosmo] "I \*am\* some tired, an' unco dry. I wad fain hae a drink o' milk."

The old man's head dropped on his bosom, and so for the space of about a minute he sat. Then he lifted it up, and said, looking with calm clear eyes in those of his son,

"I winna greit, Cosmo; I'll say \*yet\*, the will o' the Lord be done, though it be sair upo' me the noo, whan I haena a drap o' milk about the place to set afore my only-begotten son, whan he comes hame to me frae a far country! 'Though the flock be cut off from the fold, and there be no

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herd in the stalls, yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of my salvation.' --

"Eh, Lord! whan yer ain son came hame frae his sair warstle an' lang sojourn amo' them 'at kenned na him nor thee, it wasna til an auld shabby man he cam hame, but til the Lord o' glory an' o' micht! An' or lang we'll a' win hame til the Father o' a' -- the leevin' stren'th o' the universe.--"

"Cosmo, the han' o' man 's been that heavy upo' me 'at coo efter coo 's gane frae me; the last o' them, Bonny Yally, she left thestreen. -- Ye'll hae to drink cauld watter, my bairn!"

Again the old man's heart overcame him; his lip quivered, he covered his face with his hands, his head sank, and he murmured,

"Lord, I haena a drap o' milk to gie my bairn -- me 'at wad gie 'im my hert's bluid! But, Lord, wha am I to speyk sae to thee, who lootest thine ain poor oot his verra sowl for him an' me!"

"Father," said Cosmo, "I can du wi' watter as weel's onybody.....!"

'The Shadow of Death' - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald

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[The laird's mother has died. The laird and Cosmo speaking and praying]

"Mother! mother!" cried the laird, and kneeled by the bedside. Cosmo kneeled also, but no word of the prayers that ascended was audible.

The laird was giving thanks that another was gone home, and Cosmo was praying for help to be to his father a true son, such as the Son of Man was to the Father of Man.

They rose from their knees, and went quietly down the stair. As they left the room they heard Grizzie say to herself --

"She's gane whaur there's mair -- eneuch and to spare!"

'The Shadow of Death' - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald

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'When the laird heard that his son, the heir of Glenwarlock, had hired himself for the harvest to a neighbouring farmer, he was dumb for a season. It was heavy both on his love and his pride, which here were one, to know his son a hired servant -- and that of a rough, swearing man.....

But the season of the laird's dumbness, measured by the clock at least, was but a few minutes; for presently he was on his knees thanking God for a son who would be an honour to any family out of heaven: in there, of course, every one is an honour to every other.'

'The Labourer' - The laird - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald

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'Soon it became evident that the natural powers of the laird were failing more rapidly. But sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and that in the matter of death as well as of life; if we are not to forestall the difficulties of living, surely we are not to forestall the sorrows of dying. So said Mr. Simon, and in like spirit Cosmo heard him. But there was one thing that did trouble him. The good old man's appetite was nearly gone, and how was he to get for him what might tempt him to eat?

This was what brought him to his knees oftener of all -- oftener even than his own spiritual necessities.'

'The Schoolmaster' - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald



[The laird - with Cosmo]

'To trust in spite of the look of being forgotten; to keep crying out into the vast whence comes no voice, and where seems no hearing; to struggle after light, where is no glimmer to guide in the direction of it; at every turn to find a doorless wall, yet ever seek a door; to stare at the machinery of the world pauseless grinding on as if self-moved, caring for no life, shifting no hair's breadth for all the entreaty, and yet believe that God is awake and utterly loving; to desire nothing but what comes meant for us from his hand; to wait patiently, willing to die of hunger, fearing only lest faith should fail -- such is the victory that overcomes the world; such is very faith.

For such victory Cosmo strove and prayed hard -- sometimes deep sunk in the wave while his father floated calm on the crest.

The old man's discipline had been longer; a continuous communion had for many years been growing closer between him and the heart whence he came.

"As I lie here, warm and free of pain," he said once to his son, "expecting the redemption of my body, I cannot tell you how happy I am. I cannot think how ever in my life I feared anything. God knows it was my obligation to others that oppressed me, but now in my utter incapacity, I am able to trust him with my honour and my duty as well as my sin....."

"O my Father," cried the old man, here breaking out suddenly in prayer, "my soul is a flickering flame of which thou art the eternal, inextinguishable, self-burning fire. I am blessed because thou art. Because thou art life, I live. Nothing can hurt me, because nothing can hurt thee. To thy care I leave my son, for thou lovest him as thou hast loved me. Deal with him as thou hast dealt with me. Set him free as thou hast set me free. I ask for nothing, care for nothing but thy will. Strength is gone from me, but my life is hid in thee. I am a feeble old man -- the old

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feeble child of a Father everlastingly young and strong; but I am dying into the eternal day of thy youth and thy strength."

Cosmo stood and listened with holy awe and growing faith. For what can help our faith like the faith of the one we most love, when, sorely tried, it yet shows sound and strong!.....'

'The Final Conflict' - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald



'I would not have it supposed that, although the crisis was past, there came no more stormy weather. Often it blew a gale; often a blast would steal upon him from behind the skirts of the hope that God would not require the sacrifice of him; but he never again found he could not pray. Recalling this conflict and the great ensuing peace, he always made haste to his master, compelling the refractory slave in his heart to be free, and say

"Thy will, not mine!"

Then would the enemy withdraw, and again he breathed the air of the eternal.'

'The Final Conflict' - Cosmo - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald

As he lay in the night, in the heart of the old pile, and heard the wind raving athwart the stone-mailed roofs, the thought of losing it would sting him almost to madness, hurling him from his bed to the floor, to pace up and down the room, burning in the coldest midnight of winter, like one of the children in the fiery furnace, only his furnace was of worse fire, the wrath, namely, which worketh not the righteousness of God.

Suddenly one such night he became aware that he could not pray -- that in this mood he never prayed. In every other trouble he prayed -- felt it the one natural thing to pray! Why not in this trouble? Something must be wrong -- terribly wrong!

It was a stormy night; the snow-burdened wind was raging; and Cosmo would have been striding about the room but that that night he was in his father's, who was not quite so well. He lay still-- now with a stone in his heart, for he was at length awake to the fact that he could not in this matter say, "Thy will be done." He tried sore to lift up his heart, but could not. Something rose ever between him and his God. A thick fog was about him -- no air wherewith to make a cry! In his heart not one prayer would come to life; it was like an old nest without bird or egg in it.

Such a state was too terrible! Here was schism at the very root of his being! Things were closer to him than God! Between him and God rose the rude bulk of a castle of stone! He crept out of bed, laid himself on his face on the floor, and prayed in an agony. The wind roared and

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howled, but the desolation in his heart made of the storm a mere play of the elements.....'

"God," he cried, "I thought I knew thee, and loved thy will; and I have loved thy will in greater things than this wherein I now lie ashamed before thee. I cannot even pray to thee. But hear thou the deepest will in me, which, thou knowest, must bow before thine when once thou hast uttered it. It is rather that I am not willing that this thing should be thy will, than that I am not willing thy will should be done. Hear the prayer I cannot offer. Be my perfect Father to fulfil the imperfection of thy child. Be God after thy own nature, beyond my feeling, beyond my prayer -- according to that will in me which now, for all my trying, refuses to awake and arise from the dead. O Christ, who knowest me better a thousand times than I know myself, whose I am, divinely beyond my notions of thee and me, listen and hear, and save me eternally, out of thy eternal might whereby thou didst make me and give thyself to me. Hear me in thy own primal will, which hangs nowise upon my mushroom prayer. Make me strong to yield all to thee. I have no way of confessing thee before men, but in the depth of my soul I would confess thee, hating myself for thee, yielding everything but the truth, which is thyself; and therefore, even while my heart hangs back, I force my mouth to say the words -- *Take from me what thou wilt, only make me divine, the child of thy Father and my Father.* I yield the house and all it holds. It is thine, not mine. Give it to whom thou wilt. I would have nothing but what thou chooseth shall be mine. I have thee, and all things are mine."

Thus he prayed, thus he wrestled with his reluctant heart, forcing its will by the might of a deeper will, that *would* be for God and freedom in spite of the cleaving of his soul to the dust.'

The Final Conflict' - Cosmo - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald



'For he was alarmed at the turmoil these signs caused in him. He dreaded possession by any spirit but the one. Whatever he did he must do calmly. To bed he went, and having prayed God to watch him, lest in the giddiness of hope some earthly fume should rise between him and the light eternal, gave himself up to sleep. For the man in whom any hope dims the heavenly presence and weakens his mastery of himself, is on the bypath across the meadow to the castle of Giant Despair.....

In the morning.....[he] described to [his father] the discovery he had made. The laird listened with the light of a smile rather than the smile itself, and when he had ended made him no answer: Cosmo saw by the scarce perceptible motion of his lips that he was praying.

"I wuss I cud help ye, laddie," he said at length.

".....Ye can be Moses prayin', and I'll be Joshua fechtin'!"

"Prayin' again' waur enemies nor ever Joshua warstled wi'." returned his father; for even in this my auld age, the mere thought of the aff-liftin' o' the gravestane o' my debt fleys(frightens) me.....I thank my God for the weichts he has laid upo' me up to the noo.

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May he protec' us baith frae his ain gifts!
But I'll pray, Cosmo; I'll pray."

'A Greater Discovery' - Cosmo and his father - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald

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'Cosmo rose, and, returning to his father, sat down beside him. For a few seconds they regarded in silence the stony mound, smoking, like an altar of sacrifice, with light and colour. The eyes of the old man seemed at once to sparkle with pleasure and quail with some shadowy fear.....

"they'll be eneuch to pey oor debts, ye think, Cosmo?"

"Ay, mony a hun'er times ower. They're maistly a guid size, an' no a feow o' them lairge."

"Cosmo, we're ower lang ohn thankit! Come, my son; gang doon upo' yer knees, an' lat's tell the Lord what he kens a'ready."

Cosmo obeyed, and knelt at his father's knee. His father laid his hand on his head, that so they might the better pray in one, and said,

"Lord, although there's naething a man can tak intil his han' can ever be his ain, no bein' o' his natur made i' thy image, yet, O Lord, the thing at's thine, made by thee efter thy holy wull an' pleesur, man may touch an' no be defiled. Yea, he may tak pleesur i' the same, an' it no hurt 'im, sae lang as he han'les 't whaur it lies, i' the how o' thy han', no grippin' at it, no ca'in' 't his ain, an' like a rouch bairn seekin' to snap it awa' to hae his fule wull o' 't. They're bonny stanes, O Lord, an' fu' o' licht: forbid at their beauty an' licht sud breed oogliness an' darkness i' the hert o' Cosmo an' me. O God, raither nor it sud raise in us ae thought or ae feelin' thoo wadna wullin'ly see, we pray thee tak again the gift. An' gien i' thy mercy, for it's a' mercy wi' thee, it turn oot efter a' 'at they're no stanes o' thy makin', but the produc' o' airt an' man's device, we'll lay them a' thegither, an' haud them safe, an' luik upo' them frae time to time as a token o' what thoo wadst glaidly hae dune for 's gien we had been to be trustit wi' sae muckle for the safity an' clean-throuwness o' oor sowls; -- ay, an' a better token o' what ae day thoo wilt du for us, whan we're we're ayont drawin' ill oot o' thy guid -- whan for brass thoo wilt bring gowd, an' for iron silver. O my God, latna the sunshiny Mammon creep intil my Cosmo's hert an' mak a' mirk; latna the licht that is in him turn to darkness. God hae mercy on his bairns, an' no lat the playocks tak their e'en frae the han' 'at gies them. May the licht noo streamin' frae the hert o' thae bonny stanes be the bodily presence o' thy speerit, as ance was the doo descendin' upo' the maister, an' the buss 'at burned wi' fire an' wasna conshumet. Thoo art the father o' lichts, an' a' licht is thine: gar oor herts burn like thae stanes -- a' licht an' nae reek! An' gien ony o' them in auld time cam in by a wrang door, grant ilk ane to gang oot by a richt ane. Thy wull be dune, which is the purifyin' fire o' a' thing, an' a' sow! Amen."

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He ceased and was silent., praying still. Nor did Cosmo yet rise from his knees. The new room about his heart was filled with fear, lest, no longer spurred by equal sense of need, he should lose his hold on the garment of the guiding God.....'

'A Great Discovery' - The laird - 'Castle Warlock' - George MacDonald

~~~~~ Thus ends quotes from Castle Warlock ~~~~~

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**Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "Weighed and Wanting"**  
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[Hester Raymount has gone from the family's country home back to London, because of trouble concerning the elder of her two brothers.]

'She had not yet cast herself for defence on the care of her Father in heaven, who is jealous for the righteousness of those who love righteousness. But he was not far from her.....

.....The Lord Christ could get nearer to the publican than the Pharisee, to the woman who was a sinner than the self-righteous honest woman! The Pharisee was a good man, but he thought it such a fine thing to be good that God did not like him nearly so well as the other who thought it a sad thing to be bad!.....

[Hester] dropped upon her knees, and cried to her Father in heaven to make her heart clean altogether, and deliver from everything mean and faithless, to make her turn from any shadow of ill as thoroughly as she would have her brother repent of the stealing that made them all so ashamed.

Like a woman in the wrong she drew nigh the feet of her master; she too was a sinner; her heart needed his cleansing as much as any !'

'In London' - Hester Raymount - "Weighed and Wanting" - George MacDonald.

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'.....and in the meantime she must get the beam out of her own eye, that she might see to take the mote or the beam, whichever it might be, out of Corney's!

Again she fell on her knees, and prayed God to enable her.

Corney was her brother, and must for ever be her brother, were he the worst thief under the sun! God would see to their honour or disgrace; what she had to do was to be a sister! She rose determined that she would not go home till she had done all she could to find him; that the judgment of God should henceforth alone be hers, and the judgment of the world nothing to her for evermore.'

'In London' - Hester Raymount - 'Weighed and Wanting' - George MacDonal

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[Margaret Franks, the mother of the family Hester had previously helped, is desperate - her little son Moxy is dying, and they are destitute]

.....[she] 'felt as if there was no heaven at all, only a sky.

But a strange necessity was at hand to compel the mother to rouse afresh all the latent hope and faith and prayer that were in her.....[Moxy's] words went like a knife to the heart of the mother. She sat silent, neither able to speak, not knowing what to answer.....a third time came the cry, this time in despairing though suppressed agony.....the mother gave a cry like the child's and her heart within her became like water.

"Oh, God !" she gasped, and could say no more.

But with the prayer -- for what is prayer but a calling on the name of the Lord? -- came to her a little calm, and she was able to speak..... ' 'Deep calleth unto Deep' - Margaret Franks - 'Weighed and Wanting' - George MacDonald

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'.....[Hester]...felt more than ever, if not that she could not reach her people, yet how little she was able to touch them, and there came upon her a hopelessness that was heavy, sinking into the very roots of her life, and making existence itself appear a dull and undesirable thing.....now she had to learn to take life itself from the hand of God as his will, in faith that he would prove it a good gift. She had to learn that in \*all\* drearinesses, of the flesh or spirit.....the refuge is the same -- he who is the root and crown of life.....

She tried her New Testament; but Jesus too seemed far away -- nothing left but the story about him -- as if he had forgotten his promise, and was no longer in the world. She tried some of her favourite poems.....they seemed all made up -- words! words! words! Nothing was left her in the valley but the shadow, and the last weapon, All-prayer.

She fell upon her knees and cried to God for life. "My heart is dead within me," she said, and poured out her lack into the hearing of him from whom she had come that she might have himself, and so be. She did not dwell upon her sorrows; even they had sunk and all but vanished in the gray mass of lost interest.

.....Even in her prayers Hester could not get near him. It seemed as if his ear were turned away from her cry. She sank into a kind of lethargic stupor.....She rose from her knees, in a kind of despair, almost ready to think that either there was no God, or he would not hear her. Am inaccessible God was worse than no God at all! In either case she would rather cease.....'

'Deliverance' - Hester - 'Weighed and Wanting' - George MacDonald

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[Hester, hearing cries from somewhere near at hand..] '.....caught up her light, and went in. It was a large, dark, empty place. For a few minutes she could see nothing. But presently she spied, somewhere in the dark, a group of faces, looking white through the circumfluent blackness.....

.....Franks burst out crying like the veriest child. All at once in the depths of hell the wings of a great angel were spread out over him and his!.....Surely the God his wife talked about must have sent her to them! Did he think they had borne enough now? Only he had borne it so ill! Thus thought Franks, in dislocated fashion, and remained kneeling.

Hester was now kneeling also, with her arms round[the mother]....She did not speak to her, did not attempt a word of comfort, but wept with her.....In the midst of her [own] loneliness and seeming desertion, God had these people already in the house for her help! The back-door of every tomb opens on a hill-top.'

'Deliverance' - Mr. Franks; Hester Rayment; - 'Weighed and Wanting' - George MacDonald

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[Hester, visiting, hears moaning from the open door of a room she passes on her way]....

' ..... a man knelt by her bedside....."You feel lonely?" said the voice of the man, low, and broken with sympathy.

"All, all alone," sighed the woman.

"I can do nothing for you. I can only love you."

"Yes, yes," said the woman hopelessly.

"You are slipping away from me, but my master is stronger than me, and can help you yet. He is not far from you though you can't see him. He loves you too, and only wants you to ask him to help you. He can cure death as easy as any other disease."

No reply came for a moment. Then, moulded of all-but dying breath, came the cry,

"O Christ, save me!"

Then Hester was seized with a sudden impulse; she thought afterwards the feeling of it might be like what men and women of old had when the Spirit of God came upon them; it seemed she had not intended song when the sounds issuing from her mouth entered her ears.. the words she uttered were those and no more, over and over again, which the poor dying woman had just spoken:

"O Christ, save me!"

But the song-sounds in which they were lapt and with which they came winged from her lips, seemed the veriest outpouring of her whole soul. They seemed to rise from some eternal deep within her, yet not to be of her making. She was as in the immediate presence of Christ, pleading

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with him for the consolation and strength which his poor dying creature so sorely needed.....

..... " -- Oh living brother, save our dying sister!" [said Christopher]

"O Christ save me!" she murmured again, and they were her last words.'

'Mr. Christopher' - A woman; Hester: Christopher; - 'Weighed and Wanting' - George MacDonald

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'The true teacher brings from his treasure things old and things new; at one time tells, at another explains; and ever and anon lets his own well of water flow to everlasting life.

But as she thought, Hester, like the true soul she was, turned from ways and means to the questioning of herself: what of the faculty was awake in her? Had she been obedient only to that she had been taught, or obedient to the very God? This questioning again she left for better labour: she turned her whole soul towards God in prayer unutterable.

Of one thing she could be sure -- that she had but the faintest knowledge of him whom to know is life eternal.'

'Mr. Christopher' - Hester Raymount - 'Weighed and Wanting' - George MacDonald

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....That the speaker was in earnest there could be no manner of question. His eyes were glowing, his face was gleaming with a light of its own; his hands were often clenched hard and his motions broken by very earnestness: it was the bearing of one that pleaded with men, saying, "Why will ye die?" .....

.....It was something in this simple way, but more earnestly yet, and occasionally with an energy that rose to eloquence, that the man freed his soul of the things he had to give. After about twenty minutes, he ceased, saying, "We will now sing a hymn." Then he read a short hymn, repeating each verse before they sang it, for there was no other hymn-book than his own. It was the simplest hymn, Hester thought, she had ever heard.....

When it was ended, he prayed for two or three minutes, not more, and sent them away.'

'Mr. Christopher' - Christopher - 'Weighed and Wanting' - George MacDonald

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'.....as the major sat thinking and thinking, the story came back to him which his mother had so often told him and his brothers.....about the boy that was tired of being at home, and asked his father for money to go away.....

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..It all came back to his mind just as his mother used to tell it -- how the poor prodigal, ragged and dirty and hungry, set out for home, and how his father spied him coming a great way off, and knew him at once,, and fell on his neck and kissed him!

[This father would not even look at the son that had just but escaped the jaws of death!]

True, the prodigal came home repentant; but the father did not wait to know that, but ran to meet him and fell on his neck and kissed him.

As the major thus reflected, he kept coming nearer and nearer to the individual I lurking at the keyhole of every story. Only he had to go home, else how was his father to receive him.....

The end of it was that the maajor, there in the middle of the night, went down on his knees, and, as he had not done since the eve of his last battle, tried to say the prayers his mother had taught him.

Presently he found himself saying things she had not taught him -- speaking from his heart as if one was listening, one who in the dead of the night did not sleep, but kept wide awake les one of his children should cry.

"It is time," said the major to himself the next day, "that I began to think about going home. I will try again tonight !"

'A Heavenly Vision' - Major Marvel - 'Weighed and Wanting' - George MacDonald

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[Mark Raymount, walking in his sleep, has come into his father's study]

.....'Suddenly the child stretched out his hands to him, and with upcast, beseeching face, and eyes that seemed to be seeing far off, came close to his knee.....the father.....lifted him to his knees, and held him gently to his bosom. An expression of supreme delight came over the boy's face-- a look of absolute contentment, mingled with hope.....and now his lips began to move, and a murmur came from them.....he was praying to his father, but a father closer to him than the one upon whose knees he sat.

"Dear God," said the child ---I don't know what to do, for papa and Corney, I am afraid, are both naughty. I would not say so to anybody but you, God, for papa is your little boy as I am his little boy, and you know all about it. I don't know what it is, and I hink Corney must be more to blame than my dear papa, but when he came home tonight he did not go to papa, and papa did not go to him. They never said How do you do, or Good-night -- and Corney very ill too! and I am always wanting to come to you God, to see you. O God, you are our big papa! please put it all right. I don't know how, or I would tell you: but it doesn't matter -- you would only smile at my way, and take a much better one of your own.



But please, dear God, make papa and Corney good, and never mind their naughtiness, only make it just nothing at all. You know they must love one another. I will not pray a word more, for I know you will do just what I want. Good-by, God; I'm going to bed now -- down there. I'll come again soon."

With that he slipped from his father's knee.....and walked from the room.....'

By this time the heart of the strong hard man was swelling with the love which, in it all along, was now awake. He could not weep, but sobbed dry, torturing sobs, that seemed as if they would kill him. But he must see that the boy was safe in bed, and rising he left the room.

.....Through an old window[in the corridor], the bright moon, shining in peace with nobody to see, threw partly on the wall and partly on the floor, a shadow-cross.....

.....Gerald Raymount....found himself on his knees in the passage before the shadow -- not praying, not doing anything he knew, but under some spiritual influence known only to God.....

[Back in his own room.....] with a sense of loneliness deeper than he had ever before felt, he went down on his knees to beg the company of the great being whose existence he had so often defended as if it were in danger from his creatures, but whom he had so little regarded as actually existent that he had not yet sought refuge with him. All the house was asleep.....when Raymount knelt before the living love, the source of his life, and of all the love that makes life a good thing, and rose from his knees a humbler man.'

'A Heavenly Vision' - Mark Raymount; Gerald Raymount - 'Weighed and Wanting' - George MacDonald

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Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "Donal Grant"
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[Donal'] had not gone far when he came to a dip in the moorland--a round hollow, with a cottage of turf in the middle of it, from whose chimney came a little smoke: there too the day was begun! He was glad he had not seen it before, for then he might have missed the repose of the open night. At the door stood a little girl in a blue frock. She saw him, and ran in. He went down and drew near to the door. It stood wide open, and he could not help seeing in.

A man sat at the table in the middle of the floor, his forehead on his hand. Donal did not see his face. He seemed waiting, like his father for the Book, while his mother got it from the top of the wall. He stepped over the threshold, and in the simplicity of his heart, said:--

"Ye'll be gaein' to hae worship!"

"Na, na!" returned the man, raising his head, and taking a brief, hard stare at his visitor; "we dinna set up for prayin' fowk i' this hoose." We ley that to them 'at kens what they hae to be thankfu' for".....



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.....But the gudewife was a religions woman after her fashion--who can be after any one else's? She came with a bible in her hand, and silently laid it on the table. Donal had never yet prayed aloud except in a murmur by himself on the hill, but, thus invited, could not refuse. He read a psalm of trouble, breaking into hope at the close, then spoke as follows:--

"Freens, I'm but yoong, as ye see, an' never afore daured open my moo i' sic fashion, but it comes to me to speyk, an' wi' yer leave speyk I wull. I canna help thinkin' the gudeman 's i' some trible--siclike, maybe, as King Dawvid whan he made the psalm I hae been readin' i' yer hearin'. Ye observt hoo it began like a stormy mornin', but ye h'ard hoo it changed or a' was dune. The sun comes oot bonny i' the en', an' ye hear the birds beginnin' to sing, tellin' Natur' to gie ower her greitin'. An' what brings the guid man til's senses, div ye think? What but jist the thought o' him 'at made him, him 'at cares aboot him, him 'at maun come to ill himsel' 'afore he lat onything he made come to ill. Sir, lat's gang doon upo' oor knees, an' commit the keepin' o' oor sowls to him as til a faithfu' creator, wha winna miss his pairt 'atween him an' hiz."

They went down on their knees, and Donal said,

"O Lord, oor ain father an' saviour, the day ye hae sent 's has arrived bonny an' gran', an' we bless ye for sen'in' 't; but eh, oor father, we need mair the licht that shines i' the darker place. We need the dawn o' a spiritual day inside 's, or the bonny day ootside winna gang for muckle. Lord, oor micht, speyk a word o' peacefu' recall to ony dog o' thine 'at may be worryin' at the hert o' ony sheep o' thine 'at's run awa; but dinna ca' him back sae as to lea' the puir sheep 'ahint him; fess back dog an' lamb thegither, O Lord. Haud 's a' frae ill, an' guide 's a' to guid, an' oor mornin' prayer 's ower. Amen."

They rose from their knees, and sat silent for a moment. Then the guidwife put the pot on the fire with the water for the porridge. But Donal rose, and walked out of the cottage, half wondering at himself that he had dared as he had, yet feeling he had done but the most natural thing in the world.

"Hoo a body 's to win throuw the day wantin' the lord o' the day an' the hoor an' the minute, 's 'ayont me!" he said to himself, and hastened away.

'The Moor' - Donal' Grant - 'Donal' Grant' - George MacDonald

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Following the old woman, Donal ascended a steep and narrow stair, which soon brought him to a landing where was light, coming mainly through green leaves, for the window in the little passage was filled with plants. His guide led him into what seemed to him an enchanting room--homely enough it was, but luxurious compared to what he had been

accustomed to. He saw white walls and a brown-hued but clean-swept wooden floor, on which shone a keen-eyed little fire from a low grate. Two easy chairs, covered with some party-coloured striped stuff, stood one on each side of the fire. A kettle was singing on the hob. The white deal-table was set for tea--with a fat brown teapot, and cups of a gorgeous pattern in bronze, that shone in the firelight like red gold. In one of the walls was a box-bed.....

....."Come to the table, Anerew," said the old woman, "gien sae be ye can pairt wi' that buik o' yours, an' lat yer sowl gie place to yer boady's richts.--I doobt, sir, gien he wad ait or drink gien I wasna at his elbuck."

"Doory," returned her husband, "ye canna deny I gie ye a bit noo an' than, specially whan I come upo' onything by ord'nar' tasty!"..... But I s' come to the table.--Wud ye alloo me to speir efter yer name, sir?"

"My name 's Donal Grant," replied Donal.

"I thank ye, sir, an' I'll haud it in respec'," returned the cobbler. "Maister Grant, wull ye ask a blessin'?"

"I wad raither j'in i' your askin'," replied Donal.

The cobbler said a little prayer, and then they began to eat -- first of oat-cakes, baked by the old woman, then of loaf-breid, as they called it.

"I'm sorry I hae nae jeally or jam to set afore ye, sir," said Doory, "we're but semple fowk, ye see--content to haud oor earthly taibernacles in a haibitable condition till we hae notice to quit."

['Doory' - Andrew the cobbler - 'Donal' Grant' - George MacDonald]

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'Donal sat down, and took his Greek Testament from his pocket. But all at once, brilliant as was the sun, the light of his life went out, and the vision rose of the gray quarry, and the girl turning from him in the wan moonlight. Then swift as thought followed the vision of the women weeping about the forsaken tomb; and with his risen Lord he rose also--into a region far "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot," a region where life is good even with its sorrow. The man who sees his disappointment beneath him, is more blessed than he who rejoices in fruition.

Then prayer awoke, and in the light of that morning of peace he drew nigh the living one, and knew him as the source of his being. Weary with blessedness he leaned against the shadowing honeysuckle, gave a great sigh of content, smiled, wiped his eyes, and was ready for the day and what it should bring. '

'A Sunday' - Donal - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald

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[Donal, at the beginning of his engagement to tutor the Earl's son, is in his room in the castle's lofty tower]

'The night descended, and when he came to himself, its silences were deep around him. It was not dark: there was no moon, but the twilight was clear. He could read the face of his watch: it was twelve o'clock! No one had missed him! He was very hungry! But he had been hungrier before and survived it! In his wallet were still some remnants of oat-cake! He took it in his hand, and stepping out on the bartizan, crept with careful steps round to the watch-tower. There he seated himself in the stone chair, and ate his dry morsels in the starry presences. Sleep had refreshed him, and he was wide awake, yet there was on him the sense of a strange existence. Never before had he so known himself! Often had he passed the night in the open air, but never before had his night-consciousness been such! Never had he felt the same way alone. He was parted from the whole earth, like the ship-boy on the giddy mast! Nothing was below but a dimness; the earth and all that was in it was massed into a vague shadow. It was as if he had died and gone where existence was independent of solidity and sense. Above him was domed the vast of the starry heavens; he could neither flee from it nor ascend to it! For a moment he felt it the symbol of life, yet an unattainable hopeless thing. He hung suspended between heaven and earth, an outcast of both, a denizen of neither! The true life seemed ever to retreat, never to await his grasp. Nothing but the beholding of the face of the Son of Man could set him at rest as to its reality; nothing less than the assurance from his own mouth could satisfy him that all was true, all well: life was a thing so essentially divine, that he could not know it in itself till his own essence was pure! But alas, how dream-like was the old story! Was God indeed to be reached by the prayers, affected by the needs of men? How was he to feel sure of it? Once more, as often heretofore, he found himself crying into the great world to know whether there was an ear to hear. What if there should come to him no answer? How frightful then would be his loneliness! But to seem not to be heard might be part of the discipline of his darkness! It might be for the perfecting of his faith that he must not yet know how near God was to him!

"Lord," he cried, "eternal life is to know thee and thy Father; I do not know thee and thy Father; I have not eternal life; I have but life enough to hunger for more: show me plainly of the Father whom thou alone knowest."

And as he prayed, something like a touch of God seemed to begin and grow in him till it was more than his heart could hold, and the universe about him was not large enough to hold in its hollow the heart that swelled with it.

"God is enough," he said, and sat in peace. '

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'The Castle' - Donal - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald



[Andrew Comin is ill] 'All done that could be done, Donal sat down to watch beside him.]

He lay still, with closed eyes and white face. So patient was he that his very pain found utterance in a sort of blind smile. Donal did not know much about pain: he could read in Andrew's look his devotion to the will of him whose being was his peace, but he did not know above what suffering his faith lifted him, and held him hovering yet safe. His faith made him one with life, the eternal Life--and that is salvation.....

The old woman was very calm, only every now and then she would lift her hands and shake her head, and look as if the universe were going to pieces, because her husband lay there by the stroke of the ungodly. And if he had lain there forgotten, then indeed the universe would have been going to pieces! When he coughed, every pang seemed to go through her body to her heart. Love is as lovely in the old as in the young--lovelier when in them, as often, it is more sympathetic and unselfish--that is, more true.....

.....The hours glided quietly over. Andrew slept a good deal, and seemed to have pleasant visions. He was finding yet more saving. Now and then his lips would move as if he were holding talk with some friendly soul.

Once Donal heard the murmured words, "Lord, I'm a' yer ain;" and noted that his sleep grew deeper thereafter. He did not wake till the day began to dawn.'

'A Night Watch' - Andrew Comin - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald



'But for Lady Arctura a great hope had begun to dawn -- the hope, namely, that the world was in the hand, yea in the heart of One whom she herself might one day see, in her inmost soul, and with clearest eyes, to be Love itself -- not a love she could not care for, but the very heart, generating centre, embracing circumference, and crown of all loves.

Donal prayed to God for lady Arctura, and waited. Her hour was not yet come, but was coming!

Everyone that is ready the Father brings to Jesus: the disciple is not greater than his master, and must not think to hasten the hour, or lead one who is not yet taught of God; he must not be miserable about another as if God had forgotten him. Strange helpers of God we shall be, if, thinking to do his work, we act as if he were neglecting it!....'

'Arctura and Sophia' - Donal - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald



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'Andrew Comin staid yet a week -- slowly, gently fading out into life -- darkening into eternal day -- forgetting into knowledge itself. Donal was by his side when he went, but little was done or said; he crept into the open air in his sleep, to wake from the dreams of life and the dreams of death and the dreams of sleep all at once, and see them mingling together behind him like a broken wave -- blending into one vanishing dream of a troubled, yet, oh, how precious night past and gone !

Once, about an hour before he went, Donal heard him murmur,
"When I wake I am still with thee !"

Doory was perfectly calm. When he gave his last sigh, she sighed too, said, "I winna be lang, Anerew!" and said no more.'

'Filiat Response' - Andrew Comin - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald

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' "Oh, I do hope what you say is true!" panted Arctura. "I think I shall die if I find it is not!"

"If you find what I tell you untrue, it will only be that it is not grand and free and bounteous enough. To think anything too good to be true, is to deny God--to say the untrue may be better than the true--that there might be a greater God than he. Remember, Christ is in the world still, and within our call."

"I will think of what you tell me," said Arctura, holding out her hand.

"If anything in particular troubles you," said Donal, "I shall be most glad to help you if I can; but it is better there should not be much talking. The thing lies between you and your Father."

With these words he left her. Arctura followed slowly to the house, and went straight to her room, her mind filling as she went with slow-reviving strength and a great hope. No doubt some of her relief came from the departure of her incubus friend; but that must soon have vanished in fresh sorrow, save for the hope and strength to which this departure yielded the room. She trusted that by the time she saw her again she would be more firmly grounded concerning many things, and able to set them forth aright. She was not yet free of the notion that you must be able to defend your convictions; she scarce felt at liberty to say she believed a thing, so long as she knew an argument against it which she could not show to be false. Alas for our beliefs if they go no farther than the poor horizon of our experience or our logic, or any possible wording of the beliefs themselves! Alas for ourselves if our beliefs are not what we shape our lives, our actions, our aspirations, our hopes, our repentances by!

Donal was glad indeed to hope that now at length an open door stood before the poor girl. He had been growing much interested in her, as one on whom life lay heavy, one who seemed ripe for the kingdom of heaven,

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yet in whose way stood one who would neither enter herself, nor allow her to enter that would. She was indeed fit for nothing but the kingdom of heaven, so much was she already the child of him whom, longing after him, she had not yet dared to call her father. His regard for her was that of the gentle strong towards the weak he would help; and now that she seemed fairly started on the path of life, the path, namely, to the knowledge of him who is the life, his care over her grew the more tender. It is the part of the strong to serve the weak, to minister that whereby they too may grow strong. But he rather than otherwise avoided meeting her, and for a good many days they did not so much as see each other.'

from Chapter XLV - 'A Last Encounter' - of - 'Donal Grant' - by George MacDonald]

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[the lady Arctura] 'was again much in the company of Miss Carmichael, and Donal had good cause to fear that the pharisaism of her would-be directress was coming down upon her spirit, not like rain on the mown grass, but like frost on the spring flowers.....

.....It had come to be known that Donal frequented the old avenue, and it was with intent, in the pride of her acquaintance with scripture, and her power to use it, that Miss Carmichael one afternoon led her unwilling, rather recusant, and very unhappy disciple thither:.....

.....Donal was sauntering along, his book in his hand, now and then reading a little, now and then looking up to the half-bared branches, now and then, like Davie, sweeping a cloud of the fallen multitude before him. He was in this childish act when, looking up, he saw the two ladies approaching; he did not see the peculiar glance Miss Carmichael threw her companion: "Behold your prophet!" it said. He would have passed with lifted bonnet, but Miss Carmichael stopped, smiling: her smile was bright because it showed her good teeth, but was not pleasant because it showed nothing else.....

[Sophia Carmichael engages Donal in conversation] - [SC] - "I care nothing for such finite reasoning. I take the word of inspiration, and go by that!"

"Let me hear then," said Donal, with an uplifting of his heart in prayer; for it seemed no light thing for Arctura which of them should show the better reason.

□[Miss Carmichael's] heart was nowise touched. She had never had that longing after closest relation with God which sends us feeling after the father.

....."If it were but true!" [Arctura] moaned. "It would set right everything on the face of the earth!"

"You mean far more than that, my lady!" said Donal. "You mean everything in the human heart, which will to all eternity keep moaning and crying out for the Father of it, until it is one with its one relation!".....

.....

"I will think of what you tell me," said Arctura, holding out her hand.

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"If anything in particular troubles you," said Donal, "I shall be most glad to help you if I can; but it is better there should not be much talking. The thing lies between you and your Father."

'A Last Encounter' - Donal - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald

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'.....yielding to a sudden impulse, [Donal] turned away, and went farther up the stair, and out upon the bartizan.

It was a frosty night, and the stars were brilliant. He looked up and said,

"Oh Saviour of men, thy house is vaulted with light; thy secret places are secret from excess of light; in thee is no darkness at all; thou hast no terrible crypts and built-up places; thy light is the terror of those who love the darkness! Fill my heart with thy light; let me never hunger or thirst after anything but thy will--that I may walk in the light, and light not darkness may go forth from me."

As he turned to go in, came a faint chord from the aeolian harp.

'The Bureau' - Donal - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald

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[Arctura has come back to consciousness to find herself chained, in the darkness, of the hidden chapel of the castle.]

'Her being recoiled so wildly from the horror, that for a moment she seemed on the edge of madness. But madness is not the sole refuge from terror! Where the door of the spirit has once been opened wide to God, there is he, the present help in time of trouble! With him in the house, it is not only that we need fear nothing, but that is there which in its own being and nature casts out fear. God and fear cannot be together. It is a God far off that causes fear. "In thy presence is fulness of joy."

Such a sense of absolute helplessness overwhelmed Arctura that she felt awake in her an endless claim upon the protection of her original, the source of her being. And what sooner would any father have of his children than action on such claim! God is always calling us as his children, and when we call him as our father, then, and not till then, does he begin to be satisfied.

'The Porch of Hades' - Arctura - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald

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[Donal has come back in haste to the castle, and is trying desperately to reach lady Arctura, who has been imprisoned, alone, in the hidden chapel]

'He tried and tried until he was worn out and almost in despair. She might be dying! he was close to her! he could not reach her! He stood still



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for a moment to think. To his mind came the word, "He that believeth shall not make haste." He thought with himself, "God cannot help men with wisdom when their minds are in too great a tumult to hear what he says!"

He tried to lift up his heart and make a silence in his soul.

'In the Night' - Donal - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald

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[Arctura is imprisoned and chained, in the darkness of the hidden chapel]

'.....It was fear, the most terrible of all terrors, that she feared. Then again awoke her faith: if the night hideth not from him, neither does the darkness of fear !

It began to thunder.....Arctura had the child's feeling that it was God that thundered: it comforted her as with the assurance that God was near. As she lay and heard the great organ of the heavens, its voice seemed to grow articulate;

God was calling to her, and saying, "Here I am, my child ! Be not afraid ! "

.....

the father had come to his child ! The cry had gone from her heart to his!

'The Porch of Hades' - Arctura - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald

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The wretched man burst into tears, and the heart of Donal gave a leap for joy. Common as tears are, fall as they may for the foolishness of things, they may yet be such as to cause joy in paradise. The man himself may not know why he weeps, and his tears yet indicate his turning on his road.....

Donal dropped on his knees and prayed:-

"O Father of us all !" he said, "in whose hands are these unruly hearts of ours, we cannot manage ourselves; we ruin our own selves; but in thee is our help found !"

Prayer went from him; he rose from his knees.

"Go on; go on; don't stop !" cried the earl. "He may hear you -- who can tell !"

Donal went down on his knees again.

"O God !" he said, "thou knowest us, whether we speak to thee or not; take from this man his hardness of heart. Make him love thee."

There he stopped again. He could say no more.

"I can't pray, my lord," he said, rising. "I don't know why. It seems as if nothing I said meant anything. I will pray for you when I am alone."

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"Are there so many devils about me that an honest fellow can't pray in my company?" cried the earl. "I will pray myself, in spite of the whole swarm of them, big and little ! --

"O God, save me ! I don't want to be damned. I will be good if thou wilt make me. I don't care about it myself, but thou canst do as thou pleasest. It would be a fine thing if a rascal like me were to escape the devil through thy goodness after all. I'm worth nothing, but there's my wife ! Pray, pray, Lord God, let me one day see my wife again ! -- For Christ's sake -- ain't that the way, Grant? --Amen."

Donal had dropped to his knees once more when the earl began to pray. He uttered a hearty " Amen"

The earl turned sharply towards him, and saw he was weeping. He put out his hand to him, and said,

"You'll stand my friend, Grant?"

'A Slow Transition' - Donal Grant; Lord Morven; - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald.

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'.....Donal began to understand. In some things he went on so fast that he could not hear the cry behind him.....

"I love you," he said[to Arctura], "and love you to all eternity ! I have love enough now to live upon, if you should die to-night, and I should tarry till he come.

"O God, thou art too good to me ! It is more than my heart can bear ! To make men and women, and give them to each other, and not be one moment jealous of the love wherewith they love one another, is to be a God indeed !"

So said Donal -- and spoke the high truth. But alas for the love wherewith men and women love each other ! There were small room for God to be jealous of *that* ! It is the little love with which they love each other, the great love with which they love themselves, that hurts the heart of their father.....'

'Away-faring' - Donal - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald

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'All through the terrible time, the sense of help and comfort and protection in the presence of the young tutor, went on growing in the mind of Arctura. It was nothing to her--what could it be--that he was the son of a very humble pair; that he had been a shepherd, and a cow-herd, and a farm labourer--less than nothing. She never thought of the facts of his life except sympathetically, seeking to enter into the feelings of his memorial childhood and youth; she would never have known anything of those facts but for their lovely intimacies of all sorts with Nature--nature divine,

human, animal, cosmical. By sharing with her his emotional history, Donal had made its facts precious to her; through them he had gathered his best--by home and by prayer, by mother and father, by sheep and mountains and wind and sky. And now he was to her a tower of strength, a refuge, a strong city, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. She trusted him the more that he never invited her trust--never put himself before her; for always before her he set Life, the perfect heart-origin of her and his yet unperfected humanity, teaching her to hunger and thirst after being righteous like God, with the assurance of being filled.'

[from - Chapter LXIV. 'The Garland-Room' - 'Donal Grant' - George MacDonald]

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Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "What's Mine's Mine "

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'No one could have perceived from the way in which the old woman accepted his service, and the tone in which she spoke to him while he bent under her burden, that she no less than loved her chief; but everybody only smiled at mistress Conal's rough speech.

That night, ere she went to bed, she prayed for the Macruadh as she never prayed for one of her immediate family.

And if there was a good deal of superstition mingled with her prayer, the main thing in it was genuine, that is, the love that prompted it; and if God heard only perfect prayers, how could he be the prayer-hearing God?'

'Work and Wage' - mistress Conal - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald

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'.....The vague awe ready to assail every soul that has not found rest in its source, readier the more honest the soul, had for the first time laid hold of Mercy. The earnest face of the speaker had most to do with it. She had never heard anybody talk like that !.....

.....But some sort of impression remained from the words of Ian on the mind of Mercy, for the next morning she read a chapter in the book of Genesis, and said a prayer her mother had taught her.'

The Fir-Grove' - Mercy - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald

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'.....Such was the hold, such the authority of traditional human dogma on her soul --..... that, instead of glorifying God that she had given birth to such a man, she wept bitterly because he was on the broad road to eternal condemnation.

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But as she lay, now weeping, now still and cold with despair, she found that for some time she had not been thinking. But she had not been asleep! Whence then was this quiet that was upon her? Something had happened, though she knew of nothing! There was in her as it were a moonlight of peace!

"Can it be God?" she said to herself.

No more than Ian could she tell whether it was God or not: but from that night she had an idea in her soul by which to reach after "the peace of God."

She lifted up her heart in such prayer as she had never prayed before; and slowly, imperceptibly awoke in her the feeling that, if she was not believing aright, God would not therefore cast her off, but would help her to believe as she ought to believe: was she not willing?.....'

'The Gulf that Divided' - Isobel Macruadh - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald

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"O God, let my mother see that thou art indeed true-hearted; that thou dost not give us life by parings and subterfuges, but abundantly; that thou dost not make men in order to assert thy dominion over them, but that they may partake of thy life. O God, have pity when I cannot understand, and teach me as thou wouldst the little one whom, if thou wert an earthly father amongst us as thy son was an earthly son, thou wouldst carry about in thy arms. When pride rises in me, and I feel as if I ought to be free and walk without thy hand; when it looks as if a man should be great in himself, nor need help from God; then think thou of me, and I shall know that I cannot live or think without the self-willing life; that thou art because thou art, I am because thou art; that I am deeper in thee than my life, thou more to my being than that being to itself. Was not that Satan's temptation, Father? Did he not take self for the root of self in him, when God only is the root of all self? And he has not repented yet! Is it his thought coming up in me, flung from the hollow darkness of his soul into mine? Thou knowest, when it comes I am wretched. I love it not. I would have thee lord and love over all. But I cannot understand: how comes it to look sometimes as if independence must be the greater? A lie cannot be greater than the truth! I do not understand, but thou dost. I cannot see my foundations; I cannot dig up the roots of my being: that would be to understand creation! Will the Adversary ever come to see that thou only art grand and beautiful? How came he to think to be greater by setting up for himself? How was it that it looked so to him? How is it that, not being true, it should ever look so? There must be an independence that thou lovest, of which this temptation is the shadow! That must be how Satan fell! - for the sake of not being a slave! -- that he might be a free being! Ah, Lord, I see how it all comes! It is because we

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are not near enough to thee to partake of thy liberty that we want a liberty of our own different from thine! We do not see that we are one with thee, that thy glory is our glory, that we can have none but in thee! that we are of thy family, thy home, thy heart, and what is great for thee is great for us! that man's meanness is to want to be great out of his Father! Without thy eternity in us we are so small that we think ourselves great, and are thus miserably abject and contemptible. Thou only art true! thou only art noble! thou wantest no glory for selfishness! thou doest, thou art, what thou requirest of thy children! I know it, for I see it in Jesus, who casts the contempt of obedience upon the baseness of pride, who cares only for thee and for us, never thinking of himself save as a gift to give us! O lovely, perfect Christ! with my very life I worship thee! Oh, pray, Christ! make me and my brother strong to be the very thing thou wouldst have us, as thy brothers, the children of thy Father. Thou art our perfect brother -- perfect in love, in courage, in tenderness! Amen, Lord! Good-night! I am thine."

'The Gulf that Divided' - Ian - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald



[Ian] was silent for a few moments, then resumed:

"Lord, thou knowest whither my thoughts turn the moment I cease praying to thee. I dared not think of her, but that I know thee. But for thee, my heart would be as water within me! Oh, take care of her, come near to her! Thou didst send her where she could not learn fast -- but she did learn. And now, God, I do not know where she is! Thou only of all this world knowest, for to thee she lives though gone from my sight and knowledge -- in the dark to me. Pray, Father, let her know that thou art near her, and that I love her. Thou hast made me love her by taking her from me: thou wilt give her to me again! In this hope I will live all my days, until thou takest me also; for to hope mightily is to believe well in thee. I will hope in thee infinitely. Amen, Father!"

'The Gulf that Divided' - Ian - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald



[Alister and Ian have stayed the night in their hillside cave]

'In the morning they fell asleep, and it was daylight, late in the winter, when Alister rose. He roused the fire, asleep through the night, and prepared their breakfast of porridge and butter, tea, oat-cake, and mutton-ham. When it was nearly ready, he woke Ian, and when they had eaten, they read together a portion of the Bible, that they might not forget, and start the life of the day without trust in the life-causing God.

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"All that is not rooted in him," Ian would say, "all hope or joy that does not turn its face upward, is an idolatry. Our prayers must rise that our thoughts may follow them."

'The Princess' - Ian and Alister - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald

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[Mercy is, for the first time in her life alone, utterly alone..... out on the hillside]

'She began to grow uncomfortable -- to feel as if she had done something wrong -- as if she was a child put into a corner -- a corner of the great universe, to learn to be sorry for something. Certainly something was wrong with her -but what? Why did she feel so uncomfortable?

.....There was nothing in these mountains that would hurt her! .....Yet something like fear was growing in her! Why should she be afraid?.....

The world was staring at her! She was the centre of a fixed, stony regard from all sides! The earth, and the sea, and the sky, were watching her! She did not like it!.....The terrible, persistent silence! -- would nothing break it!.....There must be some refuge, some impregnable hiding=place, for the thing was a necessity, and she ought to know of it!.....

But things were not as they should be! Something was required of her! Was it God wanting her to do something? She had never thought whether he required anything of her!.....

And all the time it was God near her that was making her unhappy. For, as the Son of Man came not to send peace on the earth but a sword, so the first visit of God to the human soul is generally in a cloud of fear and doubt, rising from the soul itself at his approach.....

She tried to pray. She said, "O God! forgive me, and make me good. I want to be good!"

Then she rose.'

'Mercy Calls on Grannie' - Mercy - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald

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'.....I don't understand you, Ian!" returned the chief, bewildered.

"Oh, well, never mind!" said Ian. "You will think of it presently!"

And therewith he turned his face to the wall, as if he would go to sleep.

It had been a thing understood betwixt the brothers, and that from so far back in the golden haze of childhood that the beginning of it was out of sight, that, the moment one of them turned his back, not a word more was to be said, until he who thus dropped the subject, chose to resume it: to break this unspoken compact would have been to break one of the

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strands in the ancient bond of their most fast brotherhood. Alister therefore went to his room, leaving Ian loving him hard, and praying for him with his face to the wall.

[Alister] went as one knowing well the storm he was about to encounter, but never before had he had such a storm to meet.'

'The Stag's Head' - Ian - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald



".....I say there must be a better way of loving the ground on which we were born, than that whence the loss of it would cause us torture."

Alister listened as to a prophecy of evil.

"Rather than that cottage and those fields should pass into the hands of others," he said, almost fiercely, "I would see them sunk in a roaring tide!"

Ian rose, and walked slowly away.

Alister lay clutching the ground with his hands. For a passing moment Ian felt as if he had lost him.

"Lord, save him from this demon-love," he said, and sat down among the pines.

In a few minutes, Alister came to him.

"You cannot mean, Ian," he said -- and his face was white through all its brown, "That I am to think no more of the fields of my fathers than of any other ground on the face of the earth!"

"Think of them as the ground God gave to our fathers, which God may see fit to take from us again, and I shall be content -- for the present," answered Ian.....'

Love Allodial' - Ian - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald



'.....On and on she walked, climbing the one hillside and descending the other, going she knew not whither, hardly hoping she drew one step nearer home. All at once her strength went from her. She sat down and cried. But with her tears came the thought how the chief and his brother talked of God. She remembered she had heard in church that men ought to cry to God in their troubles. Broken verses of certain psalms came to her, saying God delivered those who cried to him even from things they had brought on themselves, and she had been doing nothing wrong! She tried to trust in him, but could not: he was as far from her as the blue heavens.....If there was nobody where seemed to be nothing, how fearfully empty was the universe! ah, if she had God for her friend! What if he was her friend, and she had not known it because she never spoke to him, never asked him to do anything for her? It was horrible to think it

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could be a mere chance whether she got home, or died there! She would pray to God! She would ask him to take her home!

A wintery blast came from the north. The black cloud had risen, and was now spreading over the zenith. Again the wind came with an angry burst and snarl. Snow came swept upon it in hard sharp little pellets.

She started up, and forgot to pray.'

'Mercy Calls on Grannie' - Mercy - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald

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[Alister and Ian, from their mountain cave in the hills, heard a cry and found Mercy lying senseless; they rescued and cared for her.]

'When Mercy came to herself.....they brought her a cup of tea and some pieces of oatcake; then, having lighted her a candle, they left her, and closed the door.....

She kneeled by the bedside, and tried to thank God...

'In the Tomb' - Mercy - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald

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[Ian has left Scotland for Canada.....]

[Christina]!Questions like these kept coming and going throughout the night. Hither and thither went her thoughts, refusing to be controlled. The morning came, the sun rose, and she could not find rest. She had come to see how ideally delightful it was just to wait God's will of love, yet, in this her first trouble, she actually *forgot* to think of God, never asked him to look after the thing for her, never said, "Thy will be done!" and when at length weariness overpowered her, fell asleep like a heathen, without a word from her heart to *the* heart.'

... ..

[Alister].....!Alister missed Ian sorely. He prayed to God, but was too troubled to feel him near.

Trouble imagined may seem easy to meet; trouble actual is quite another thing!

'Love Gloomng' - Christina - Alister - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald

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'.....When she lay down she became a mere prey to her own thoughts, and was pulled, and torn, and hurt by them for hours ere she set herself to rule them.....

.....She said to herself afterwards, that the enemy of her soul must have been lying in wait for her that night; she almost believed in some bodily presence of him in her room: how otherwise could she account for her fall! he must have been permitted to tempt her, because, in condemning evil, she had given way to contempt and worldly pride.....

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.....She grew cold as the dead, and shuddered and shivered. She looked over the edge into the heart of a black gulf, into which she had been on the point of casting herself -- say, rather, down whose side, searching for an easy descent, she had already slid a long way, when the voice from above recalled her!

She covered her face with her hands and wept -- ashamed before God, ashamed before her husband. It was a shame unutterable that the thing should ever have looked tempting!

She cried for forgiveness, rose and sought Alister's room.

'A Generous Dowry' - Isobel Macruadh - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald



[Mercy] 'left the room too angry to cry, and went to her own. Her fear of her father had vanished. With Alister on her side she could stand against the world! She went to her window. She could not see the cottage from it, but she could see the ruin, and the hill of the crescent fire, on which she had passed through the shadow of death. Gazing on the hill she remembered what Alister would have her do, and with her Father in heaven sought shelter from her father on earth.'

A Generous Dowry' - Mercy - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald



'.....Those who think their affairs too insignificant for God's regard, will justify themselves in lying crushed under their seeming ruin. Either we live in the heart of an eternal thought, or we are the product and sport of that which is lower than we.....

.....In God alone can trust repose. [Alister's] heart had been so faithless that he did not know it was! He thought he loved God as the first and last, the beginning, middle, and end of all things, and he had been trusting, not in God, but in uncertain riches, that is in vile Mammon! It was a painful and humiliating discovery. "It was well," he said, "that my false diety should be taken from me! For my idolatry perhaps, a good gift has failed to reach my people! I must be more to them than ever, to make up to them for their loss with better than money!"

He fell on his knees, and thanked God for the wind that had blown cold through his spirit, and slain at least one evil thing; and when he rose, all that was left of his trouble was a lump in his throat, which melted away as he walked home through the morning air on the hills.

'Something Strange' - Alister - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald



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'...For he could not delay; he must let his mother know their trouble, and, as one who had already received help from on high, help her to bear it! If the messenger of Satan had buffeted him, he had but broken a way for strength!

But at first he could not enjoy as he was wont the glory of the morning. It troubled him. Would a single note in the song of the sons of the morning fail because God did or would not do a thing? Could God deserve less than thanks perfect from any one of his creatures? That man could not know God who thanked him but for what men call good things, nor took the evil as from the same love!

He scorned himself, and lifted up his heart.

As he reached the brow of his last descent, the sun rose, and with it his soul arose and shone, for its light was come, and the glory of the Lord was risen upon it.

"Let God," he said, "take from us what he will: himself he can only give!" Joyful he went down the hill. God was, and all was well!

'Something Strange' - Alister - 'What's Mine's Mine' - George MacDonald

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[Walter has come 'home again' - he is speaking with his cousin Molly about his past unhappy relationship with Lufa]

....."What then made you doubt her worth?"

"That you cared less for your father."

"I am a brute, Molly! -- Did he feel it very much?"

"He always spoke to God about it, not to me. He never finds it easy to talk to his fellow-man; but I always know when he is talking to God!"

'Home Again' - Walter's father, Richard Colman - 'Home Again' - George MacDonald

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**Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from *"The Elect Lady"***

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[Andrew Ingram is ten years old, and his brother Sandy, nine.]

....They began to read the story of Jesus as told by His friend Matthew, and when they had ended it, went on to the gospel according to Mark. But they had not read far when Sandy cried out,

"Eh, Andrew, it's a' the same thing ower again!"

"No a'thegither," answered Andrew, "We'll gang on, and see!"

Andrew came to the conclusion that it was so far the same that he would rather go back and read the other again, for the sake of some particular things he wanted to make sure about. So the second time they read St. Matthew, and came to these words:

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"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

"There's twa o's here!" cried Andrew, laying down the book. "Lat's try 't!"

"Try what?" said Sandy. His brother read the passage again.

"Lat the twa o's speir him for something!" concluded Andrew. "What wull't be?"

"I won'er if it means only ance, or maybe three times, like the three wishes!" suggested Sandy, who, like most Christians, would rather have a talk about it than do what he was told.

"We **might** ask for what would not be good for us!" returned Andrew.

"And make fools of ourselves!" asserted Sandy, with "The Three Wishes" in his mind.

"Do you think he would give it us then?"

"I don't know."

"But," pursued Andrew, "if we were so foolish as that old man and woman, it would be better to find it out, and begin to grow wise! -- I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll make it our first wish, to know what's best to ask for; and then we can go on asking!"

"Yes, yes; let us!"

I fancy we'll have as many wishes as we like! -- Doon upo' yer knees, Sandy!"

They kneeled together.

I fear there are not a few to say, "How ill-insturrcted the poor children were! -- actually mingling the gospel and the fairy tales!"

"Happy children," say I, "who could blunder into the very heart of the will of God concerning them, and **do** the thing at once that the Lord taught them, using the common sense which God have given and the fairy tale nourished!" The Lord of the promise is the Lord of all true parables and all good fairy tales.

Andrew prayed: "O Lord, tell Sandy and me what to ask for. We're unanimous."

They got up from their knees. They had said what they had to say: why say more?

They felt rather dull. Nothing came to them. The prayer was prayed, and they could not make the answer! There was no use in reading more! They put the bible away in a rough box where they kept it among rose-leaves -- ignorant priests of the lovely mystery of him who was with them always -- and without a word each went his own way, not happy, for were they not leaving him under the elder-tree, lonely and shadowy, where it was their custom to meet! Alas for those who must go to church to find him, or who cannot pray unless in their closet!

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They wandered about disconsolate, at school and at home, the rest of the day -- at least Andrew did; Sandy had Andrew to lean upon!

In the evening, while yet it was light, Andrew went alone to the elder-tree, took the bible from its humble shrine, and began turning over its leaves.

"And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" He read, and sank deep in thought

This is the way his thoughts went:

" What things? What had He been saying? Let me look and see what He says, that I may begin to do it!"

He read all the chapter, and found it full of *tellings*.....'

'Andrew Ingram' - Andrew - 'The Elect Lady' - George MacDonald

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'Bye and bye Andrew and Sandy had a quarrel. Suddenly Andrew came to himself, and cried,

"Sandy! Sandy! He says we're to agree!"

"Does he?"

"He says we're to love one another, and we canna do that if we dinna agree!"

There came a pause.

"Perhaps after all you were in the right, Sandy!" said Andrew.

"I was just going to say that, when I think about it, perhaps I wasn't so much in the right as I thought I was!"

"It can't matter much which was in the right, when we were both in the wrong!" said Andrew.

"Let's ask him to keep us from caring which is in the right, and make us both try to be in the right -- We don't often differ about what we are to ask for, Sandy!"

"No, we don't."

"It's me to take care of you, Sandy!"

"And me to take care of you, Andrew!"

Here was the nucleus of a church! -- two stones laid on the foundation stone.

"Luik here, Sandy!" said Andrew; "we maun hae anither, an' syne there'll be four o' 's!"

"How's that?" asked Sandy.

"I won'er 'at we never noticed it afore! Here's what he says: 'For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' In that way, wharever he micht be walkin' about, we could aye get him! He likes twa, an' his Father 'ill hear the 'greed prayer, but he likes three better -- an' that stan's to rizzon, for three maun be better 'n twa!"

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First ane maun lo'e him; an' syne twa can lo'e him better, because ilk ane is helpit by the ither, an' lo'es him the mair that he lo'es the ither ane! An' syne comes the third, and there's mair an' mair throwin' o' lichts, and there's the Lord himsel' i' the mids' o' them! Three maks a better mids' than twa!"

Sandy could not follow the reasoning quite, but he had his own way of understanding.

"It's jist like the story o' Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego!" he said. "There was three o' them, an' sae he made four! -- Eh, jist think o' him bein' wi's his verra sel' !"

Here now was a church indeed: the idea of a third was the very principle of growth!

They would meet together and say: "O Father of Jesus Christ, help us to be good like Jesus;" and then Jesus himself would make one of them, and worship the Father with them!

The next thing, as a matter of course, was to look about for a third.

"Dawtie!" cried both at once.'

'Andrew Ingram' - Andrew and Sandy - 'The Elect Lady' - George MacDonald

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'Little Dawtie had learned her catechism, but, thank God, had never thought about it or attempted to understand it -- good negative preparation for becoming, in a few years more, able to understand the New Testament with the heart of a babe.

The brothers had not long to search before they came upon her, where she sat on the ground at the door of the turf-built cottage, feeding a chicken with oatmeal paste.....'

[.....]

' "I ken somebody, said Andrew, "that would fain spread oot wings, like a great big hen, ower a' the bairns, you an' me an' a', Dawtie!"

"That's my mither!" cried Dawtie, looking up, and showing her white teeth.

"No, it's a man," said Sandy.

"It's my father, than!"

"Na, it's no. Would ye like to see him?"

"Na, I'm no carin'."

"Sandy and me's gaein' to see him some day."

"I'll gang wi' ye -- But I maun tak my chuckie!"

She looked down where she had set the little bird on the ground; it had hobbled away and she could not see it!

"Eh," she cried, starting up, "ye made me forget my chuckie wi' yer questons! Its mither will peck it!"

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She darted off, and forsook the tale of the Son of Man to look after his chicken. But presently she returned with it in her hands.

"Tell awa'," she said, resuming her seat. "What do they ca' him?"

"They ca' him the Father o' Jesus Christ."

"I'll gang wi' ye," she answered.

So the church was increased by a whole half, and the fraction of a chicken -- type of the groaning creation waiting for the sonship.

The three gathered to read and pray. And almost always there was some creature with them in the arms or hands of Dawtie.....'

'Andrew Ingram' - Andrew, Sandy and Dawtie - 'The Elect Lady' - George MacDonald

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'It was long before they came to have any regular time of meeting. Andrew always took the initiative in assembling the church. When he called they came together. Then he would read from the story, and communicate any discovery he had made concerning what Jesus would have them do. Next, they would consult and settle what they should ask for, and one of them, generally Andrew, but sometimes Sandy, would pray. They made no formal utterance, but simply asked for what they needed. Here are some specimens of their petitions:

"O Lord, Sandy canna for the life o' 'im un'erstan' the rule o' three; please, Lord, help him."

"O Lord, I dinna ken onything I want the day: please gi'e us what we need, an' what ye want us to hae, wi'oot our askin' it."

"Lord, help us: we're ill-natur'd (\*bad-tempered\*) the day; an' ye wadna hae us that."

"Lord, Dawtie's mither has a sair heid (\*headache\*); mak her better, gien ye please."

When their prayers were ended, Andrew would say, "Sandy, have you found anything he says?" and thereupon, if he had, Sandy would speak. Dawtie never said a word, but sat and listened with her big eyes, generally stroking some creature in her lap.

'Andrew Ingram' - Andrew, Sandy and Dawtie - 'The Elect Lady' - George MacDonald

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[It was necessary to tell so much of the previous history of Andrew, lest what remains to be told should perhaps be unintelligible or seem incredible without it. A character like his cannot be formed in a day; it must early begin to grow.

The bond thus bound between the children, altering in form as they grew, was never severed; nor was the lower creation ever cut off from its

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share in the petitions of any one of them. When they ceased to assemble as a community, they continued to act on the same live principles.' -

Andrew Ingram' - 'The Elect Lady' - GMD]

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'....."what then am I to do, Andrew? You always say we must \*do\* something! You say there is no faith but what \*does\* something!"

"The apostle James said so, a few years before I was born, Dawtie!"

"Don't make fun of me -- please Andrew! I like it, but I can't bear it to-day. my head is so full of the poor old laird!"

"Make fun of you, Dawtie! Never! But I don't know yet how to answer you."

"Well, then, what \*am\* I to do?" persisted Dawtie.

"Wait, of course, till you know what to do. When you don't know what to do, don't do anything -- only keep asking the Thinker for wisdom. --

And until you know, don't let the laird see that you know anything."

With this answer Dawtie was content.'

'Andrew and Dawtie' - Andrew - 'The Elect Lady' - George MacDonald

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'Dawtie cried herself to sleep, and came down in the morning very pale. Her duty had left her exhausted, and with a kind of nausea toward all the ornaments and books in the house. A cock crew loud under the window of the kitchen.

She dropped on her knees, said "Father of lights!" not a word beside, rose and began to rouse the fire.'

Dawtie and the Laird' - Dawtie - 'The Elect Lady' - George MacDonald.

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[Alexa to Andrew]

".....Is it true, then, that you believe that God gives you whatever you ask?"

"I have never asked anything of him that he did not give me."

"Would you mind telling me anything you have asked of him?"

"I have never yet required to ask anything not included in the prayer, "Thy will be done! "

That will be done without your praying for it!"

"Pardon me; I do not believe it will be done, to all eternity, without my praying for it. Where first am I accountable that his will should be done. Is it not in myself? How is his will to be done in me without my willing

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it? Does he not want me to love what he loves? -- to be like himself? -- to do his will with the glad effort of my will? -- in a word, to will what he wills? And when I find I cannot, what am I to do but pray for help? I pray, and he helps me."

"There is nothing strange in that!"

"Surely not! It seems to me the simplest common sense. It is my business, the business of every man, that God's will be done by his obedience to that will, the moment he knows it."

'On the Moor' - Andrew - 'The Elect Lady' - George MacDonald

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'.....His look was so wild, his old blue faded eyes gleamed with such a light of mingled fear and determination, that Dawtie was almost sorry that she had spoken. With trembling hands he drew the cup within the bed-clothes, and lay still.....

Dawtie sat motionless, and the old man fell into another feverish doze. She dared not stir lest he should start awake to defend his idol. She sat like an image, moving only her eyes.

"What are you about, Dawtie?" he said at length. "You are after some mischief, you are so quiet!"

"I was telling God how good you would be if he could get you to give up your odds and ends, and take him instead."

"How dared you say such a thing, sitting there by my side! Are *you* to say to *him* that any sinner would be good, if he would only do so and so with him! Tremble, girl, at the vengeance of the Almighty!!"

"We are told to make prayers and intercessions for all men, and I was saying what I could for you."

The laird was silent, and the rest of the night passed quietly.

'The Heart of the Heart' - Dawtie - 'The Elect Lady' - George MacDonald

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'.....Crawford left the room.

He rode home in a rage.

Dawtie went about her work with a bright spot on each cheek, indignant at the man's rudeness, but praying God to take her heart in his hand, and cool the fever of it.

The words rose in her mind,

"It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto that man by whom they come!"

She was at once filled with pity for the man who could side with the wrong, and want everything his own way; for, sooner or later, confusion

must be his portion: the Lord had said, "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, neither hid that shall not be known!"

"He needs to be shamed," she said, "but he is thy child: care for him too." '

'George and the Golden Goblet' - Dawtie - 'The Elect Lady' - George MacDonald

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Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "A Rough Skating"
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Whence do the thoughts come to us? Of one thing I am sure -- that I do not make or even send for my own thoughts. If some greater one did not think about us, we should not think about anything. Then what a wonder is the night! How it works compelling people to think! Surely somehow God comes nearer in the night! Clare began to think how helpless he was. He was not thinking of food and warmth, but of doing things for the beings he loved. ....

.....Was it possible that he really could do nothing?

Then came the thought that people used to say prayers in the days when he went with his mother to church. He had been taught to say prayers himself, but had begun to forget them when there was no bed to kneel beside. What did saying prayers mean? In the Bible-stories people prayed when they were in trouble and could not help themselves! Did it matter that he had no church and no bedside? Surely one place must be as good as another, if it was true that God was everywhere! Surely he could hear him wherever he spoke! Then he remembered that God knew the thoughts of his creatures: if so, he might think a prayer to him; there was no need for any words!

From the moment of that conclusion, Clare began to pray to God. And now he prayed the right kind of prayer; that is, his prayers were real prayers; he asked for what he wanted.

To say prayers asking God for things we do not care about, it to mock him. When we ask for something we want, it may be a thing God does not care to give us; but he likes us to speak to him about it. If it is good for us, he will give it us; if it is not good, he will not give it to us, for it would hurt us. ....!'

'Clare seeks help' - Clare - 'A Rough Shaking' - George MacDonald

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'But Clare only asked God to do what he is always doing: his prayer was that God would be good to all his mothers, and to his two fathers, and Mr. Halliwell, and Maly, and Sarah, and his own baby, and Tommy --

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- and poor Pummy[the puma], and would, if Glum Gunn beat him, help him to bear the blows, and not mind them very much. He ended with something like this:

"God, I can't do anything for anybody! I wish I could! You can get near them, God: please do something good to every one of them because I can't. I think I could go to sleep now, if I were sure you had listened!"

Having thus cast all his cares on God, he did go to sleep; and woke in the morning ready for the new day that arrived with his waking.'

'Clare Seeks Help' - Clare - 'A Rough Shaking' - George MacDonald

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'...Walking along a chain of downs he saw suddenly from the top of one of them, for the first time in his memory though not in his life, the sea -- a pale blue cloud, as it appeared, far on the horizon, between two low hills. The sight of it, although he did not at first know what it was, brought with it a strange inexplicable feeling of dolorous pleasure. For this he could not account. It was the faintest revival of an all but obliterated impression of something familiar to his childhood, lying somewhere deeper than the memory, which was a blank in regard to it. But that feeling was not all that the sight awoke in him. The pale blue cloud bore to him such a look of the eternal, that it seemed the very place for God to live in -- the solemn stirless region of calm in which the being to whom now of late he had first begun in reality to pray, kept his abode.

The hungry, worn, tattered boy, with nothing to call his own but a great hope and a little dog, fell down on his bare knees on the hard road, and stretched out his hands in an ecstasy toward the low cloud. '

'Miss Tempest' - Clare - 'A Rough Shaking' - George MacDonald

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.....Fears and anxieties, such as he had never known before, began to crowd upon him -- not for himself; he was not made to think of himself, either first or second. Something dreadful might be going on that he could not prevent! He had never been so miserable. It was high time to do something -- to ask the great one somewhere, he did not know where, who could somehow, he did not know how, hear the thoughts that were not words, to do what ought to be done for little Ann, and Abdiel, and Pummy!

He prayed in his heart, lay still, and fell fast asleep.

The Dome of the Angels' - Clare - 'A Rough Shaking' - George MacDonald

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'.....All through Clare's life, as often as the old, vague, but ever ready vision brought back its old feelings, with them came the old thoughts, the old forms of them, and the old words their attendant shadows; and then Clare talked like a child.

The stern, sorrowful man hid his face in his hands.

"Grace," he murmured -- and Clare knew somehow that he spoke to his wife, "we have him again ! We will never distrust him more !"

His frame heaved with the choking of his sobs.

Then Clare understood that the grand man was his father. The awe of a perfect gladness fell upon him. He knelt before him, and laid his hands together as in prayer.

"Why did you distrust me, father ? " said the half-naked outcast.

"It was not my child, it was my Father I distrusted. I am ashamed," said sir Harry, and clasped him in his arms.

The boy laid his blood-stained face against his father's bosom, and his soul was in a better home than a sky full of angels, a home better than the dome itself of all the angels, for his home was his father's heart.

How long they remained thus I cannot tell. It seemed to both as if so it had been from eternity, and so to eternity it would be. When a thing is as it should be, then we know it is from eternity to eternity. The true is.

'At Home' - 'Clare and his father' - 'A Rough Shaking' - George MacDonald

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'....."mayn't I be your cabin-boy, father ? You will let me be a sailor, won't you, and sail always with you ?"

"You shall be a sailor, my boy," answered sir Harry, "and sail with me as long as God pleases. You know to obey orders !"

"I will obey the cook if you tell me, father. "

"You shall obey nobody but myself, " returned sir Harry; "-- and the lord high admiral," he added, with a glance upward, and a smile like his son's.....'

'At Home' - sir Harry - 'A Rough Shaking' - George MacDonald

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...One night sir Harry, lying awake, heard a movement in the state-room, and got up. It was a still, star-lit night. The frigate was dreaming away northward with all sail set. Through the windows shone the level stars. From a beam above hung a dim lamp. He could see no one. He went to the hammock. There was no boy in it. Then he spied him, kneeling under the stern-windows, with his head down.

"Anything the matter, Clare?" he asked.

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"No, father."

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to say \*Thankyou for my father!\*"

"Oh, thank him, thank him, my boy !" returned sir Harry. "Thank him with all your heart. He will give us \*her\* some day !"

"Yes, father, he will !" responded Clare.

His father knelt beside him, but neither said word that the other heard.

The End of Clare Skymers Boyhood' - Clare and his father - 'A Rough Shaking' - George MacDonald

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Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "There and Back"
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[Thomas Wingfold is visiting Mrs. Wylder, who is consumed with anger...]

'.....She burst into outcry and weeping, mingled with such imprecation, that Wingfold thought it one of those cases of possession in which nothing but prayer is of use. But the soul and the demon were so united, so entirely of one mind, that there was no room for prayer to get between them.

He sat quiet, lifted up his heart, and waited.

By and by there came a lull, and the redeemable woman appeared, emerging from the smoke of the fury..'

'Mrs. Wylder' - Thomas Wingfold - 'There and Back' - George MacDonald

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'.....All of a sudden he was crying, as if with a loud voice from the bottom of his heart, though never a sound rose through his throat,

"O thou who didst make me, if thou art anywhere, if there be such a one as I cry to, unmake me again; undo that which thou hast done; tear asunder and scatter that which thou hast put together ! Be merciful for once, and kill me. Let me cease to exist -- rather let me cease to die. Will not plenty of my kind remain to satisfy thy soul with torment ! "

Up towered a surge of shame at his poltroonery; he prayed for his own solitary release, and abandoned his fellows to the maker of their misery !

"No ! " he cried aloud, "I will not ! I will not pray for that ! I will not fare better than my fellows ! -- Oh God, pity -- if thou hast any pity, or if pity can be born of any prayer -- pity thy creatures ! If thou art anywhere, speak to me, and let me hear thee. If thou art God, if thou livest, and carest that I suffer, and wouldst help me if thou couldst, then I will live,

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and bear, and wait; only let me know that thou art, and art good, and not cruel. If I had but a friend that would stand by me, and talk to me a little, and help me ! I have no one, no one, God, to speak to ! and if thou wilt not hear, then there is nothing ! Oh, be ! be ! God, I pray thee, exist ! Thou knowest my desolation -- for surely thou art desolate, with no honest heart to love thee !"

He thought of Barbara, and ceased: *she* loved God !

A silence came down upon his soul. Ere it passed he was asleep, and knew no more till the morning waked him -- to sorrow indeed, but from a dream of hope.

On a few-keyed finger-board, yet with multitudinous change, life struck every interval betwixt keen sorrow, lethargic gloom, and grayest hope, and the days passed and passed.

Yet a Lower Deep' - Richard - 'There and Back' - George MacDonald.

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'.....Sad at heart Richard set out for Clerkenwell. He was ill able for this journey, but Arthur was dying!.....

.....A pang of fear went through his heart, and an infilial murmur awoke in his brain. Why was he, on whom those poor lives almost depended, made feeble as themselves, and incapable of helping them ? After all his hoping and trusting, \*could\* there be a God in the earth and things go like that ? The look of things seemed the truth of things; the seen denied the unseen. Cold and hunger and desertion; ugly, mocking failure; heartless comfort, and hopeless misery, made up the law of life ! Moody and wretched he went up the stair to the darkened floor.

.....[The door] was opened by Alice.....

.....

.....' "don't say that, Alice ! Never say \*never\* about anything except it be bad. You can't be \*sure\*, you know. You can't be sure of anything that's not in your very mouth -- and then sometimes you can't swallow it ! -- But how's Arthur ?"

"He'll know all about it soon !" she answered, with a touch of bitterness. "If he had been left me, we should have got along somehow. He would have lain in bed, and I would have worked beside him ! How I could have worked for \*him!\* but he's past hope now ! He'll never get up again."

"Oh God," cried Richard in his heart, where an agony of will wrestled with doubt, "if thou art, thou wilt hear me, and take pity on her, and on us all ! I dare not pray, Alice," he went on aloud, "that he may live, but I will pray God to be with him. It would be poor kindness to want him left with us, if he is taking him where he will be well....."



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'Death the Deliverer' - Richard - 'There and Back' - George MacDonald

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[excerpts from Barbara's telling of her dream/vision to Richard] (Full text of this Chapter is found below)

".....[I] felt no trembling fear, no sense of painful awe -- only a deep, deep worshipping, an unutterable love and confidence.

'Oh Father ! ' I said, not aloud, but low into the folds of his garment.

Scarcely had I breathed the words, when 'My child ! ' came whispered.....

.....

[.....my heart] was filled with loving wonder, and an utterly blessed feeling of home, to the very core I was *at home* -- with my Father !

.....

O Father ! Father ! ' I cried, but I saw only his grand gracious form, all blurred and indistinct through the veil of my blinding tears, slowly receding, slowly fading -- and I awoke.

"My tears were flowing now with the old earth-pain in them, with keenest disappointment and longing. *To have been there and to have come back*....."

'Barbara's Dream - Barbara - 'There and Back' George MacDonald

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[full text of this portion chapter is as follows:

[Barbara to Richard]:

"I want to tell you something that came to me one night when we were in London....."

"It was a miserable time that -- ..... I saw so many miserable things ! I seemed always to come upon the miserable things -- bad things and suffering everywhere. The terrible city was full of them..... I was very sad, seeing nothing around me but a waste of dreariness. I kept asking God to give me patience, and not let me fancy myself alone....."

....."One morning, after what seemed a long night's dreamless sleep, I awoke; but it was much too early to rise; so I lay there thinking -- or more truly, I hope, being thought into, as Mr.Wingfold says. Many of the most beautiful things I had read, scenes of our Lord's life on earth, and thoughts of the Father, came and went. I had no desire to sleep again, or any feeling of drowsiness; but in the midst of fully conscious thought, found myself in some other place, of which I only knew that there was firm ground under my feet, and a soft white radiance of light about me.

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The remembrance came to me afterwards, of branches of trees spreading high overhead, through which I saw the sky: but at the time I seemed not to take notice of what was around me. I was leaning against a form tall and grand, clothed from the shoulders to the ground in a black robe, full, and soft, and fine. It lay in thickly gathered folds, touched to whiteness in the radiant light, all along the arms encircling, without at first touching me.

"With sweet content my eyes went in and out of those manifold radiant lines, feeling, though they were but parts of his dress, yet they were of himself; for I knew the form to be that of the heavenly Father, but felt no trembling fear, no sense of painful awe -- only a deep, deep worshipping, an unutterable love and confidence. 'Oh Father ! ' I said, not aloud, but low into the folds of his garment. Scarcely had I breathed the words, when 'My child!' came whispered, and I knew his head was bent toward me, and I felt his arms around my shoulders, and the folds of his garment enwrap me, and with a soft sweep, fall behind me to the ground. Delight held me for a while, and then I looked up to seek his face; but I could not see past his breast. His shoulders rose far above my upreaching hands. I clasped them together, and face and hands rested near his heart, for my head came not much above his waist.

"And now came the most wonderful part of my dream. As I thus rested against his heart, \*I seemed to see into it;\* and mine was filled with loving wonder, and an utterly blessed feeling of home, to the very core. I was \*at home\* -- with my Father ! I looked, as it seemed, into a space illimitable and fathomless, and yet a warm light as from a hearth-fire shone and played in ruddy glow, as upon confining walls. And I saw, there gathered, all human hearts. I saw them -- yet I saw no forms; they \*were\* there -- and yet they \*would be\* there. To my waking reason, the words sound like nonsense, and perplex me, but the thing did not perplex me at all. With light beyond that of faith, for it was of absolute certainty, clear as bodily vision, but of a different nature, I saw them. But this part of my dream, the most lovely of all, I can find no words to describe; nor can I even recall to my own mind the half of what I felt. I only know that something was given me then, some spiritual apprehension, to be again withdrawn, but to be given to us all, I believe, some day, out of his infinite love, and withdrawn no more. Every heart that had ever ached, or longed, or wandered, I knew was there, folded warm and soft, safe and glad. And it seemed in my dream that to know this was the crown of all my bliss. - yes, even more than to be myself in the Father's arms. Awake, the thought of the multitude had always oppressed my mind; it did not then. From the comfort and joy it gave me to see them there, I seemed then first to know how my own heart had ached for them.

"Then tears began to run from my eyes - but easily, with no pain of the world in them. They flowed like a gentle stream -- \*into the heart of God,\* whose depths were open to my gaze. The blessedness of those tears was beyond words. It was all true then ! That heart \*was\* our home !

" Then I felt that I was being gently, oh, so gently ! put away. The folds of his robe which I had held in my hands, were being slowly withdrawn from them; and the gladness of my weeping changed to longing entreaty. 'O Father ! Father ! ' I cried; but I saw only his grand gracious form, all blurred and indistinct through the veil of my blinding tears, slowly receding, slowly fading -- and I awoke.

"My tears were flowing now with the old earth-pain in them, with keenest disappointment and longing. \*To have been there and to have come back\* , was the misery. But it did not last long. The glad thought awoke that I \*had\* the dream -- a precious thing never to be lost while memory lasted; a thing which nothing but its realization could ever equal in preciousness. I rose glad and strong, to serve with newer love, with quicker hand and readier foot, the hearts around me."

'Barbara's Dream' - Barbara - 'There and Back' - George MacDonald

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**Begin GMD Characters Praying: Quotes from "Heather and Snow"**  
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'.....[Steenie] could not be reading: she had tried to teach him to read, but the genuine effort he put forth to learn made his head ache, and his eyes feel wild, he said, and she at once gave up the endeavour. When she reached the door, she could plainly hear him praying.

He had been accustomed to hear his father pray - always extempore. To the Scots mind it is a perplexity how prayer and reading should ever seem one.....

..... Prayer, with Steenie, as well as with Kirsty, was the utterance, audible or silent, in the ever open ear, of what was moving in him at the time. This was what she now heard him say:-

"Bonny man, I ken ye weel: there's naebody in h'aven or earth 'at's like ye! Ye ken yersel I wad jist dee for ye; or gien there be onything waur to bide nor deen, that's what I would du for ye-gien ye wantit it o' me, that is, for I'm houpin sair 'at ye winna want it, I'm that awfu cooardly! Oh bonny man, tak the fear oot o' my hert, and mak me ready just to walk aff o' the face o' the warl', weichty feet and a', to du yer wull, ohn thought twise aboot it! And eh, bonny man, willna ye come doon sometime or lang, and walk the hill here, that I may luik upo' ye ance mair-as i' the days of old, whan the starlicht muntain shook wi' the micht o' the prayer ye heavit up til yer father in h'aven? Eh, gien ye war but ance to luik in at

the door o' this my hoose that ye hae gien me, it wud thenceforth be to me as the gate o' paradise! But, 'deed, it's that onygait, forit's nigh whaur ye tak yer walks abro'd. But gien ye war to luik in at the door, and cry, Steenie! sune wud ye see whether I was in the hoose or no!-I thank ye sair for this hoose: I'm gaein to hae a rich and a happy time upo' this hill o' Zion, whaur the feet o' the ae man gangs walkin!-And eh, bonny man, gie a luik i' the face o' my father and mither i' their bed ower at the Knowe; and I pray ye see 'at Kirsty's gettin a fine sleep, for she has a heap o' tribble wi' me. I'm no worth min'in', yet ye min' me: she is worth min'in'!-and that clever!-as ye ken wha made her! And luik upo' this bit hoosie, 'at I ca' my ain, and they a' helpit me to bigg, but as a lean-to til the hoose at hame, for I'm no awa frae it or them-jist as that hoose and this hoose and a' the hooses are a' jist but bairnies' hooses, biggit by themsels aboot the big flure o' thy kitchie and i' the neuks o' the same-wi' yer ain truffs and stanes and divots, sir."

'Steenie's voice ceased, and Kirsty, thinking his prayer had come to an end, knocked at the door, lest her sudden appearance should startle him. From his knees, as she knew by the sound of his rising, Steenie sprang up, came darting to the door with the cry, 'It's yersel! It's yersel, bonny man!' and seemed to tear it open. Oh, how sorry was Kirsty to stand where the loved of the human was not! She had almost turned and fled.

'It's only me, Steenie!' she faltered, nearly crying.....'

'Steenie's House' - Steenie - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

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'In a minute or so the door opened, and Steenie coming one step into the kitchen, stood and stared with such a face of concern that Kirsty was obliged to speak. I do not believe he had ever before seen a woman weeping. He shivered visibly.

'Phemy's no that weel,' she said. 'Her hert's sae sair it gars her greit. She canna help greitin, puir dauty!'

Phemy lifted her face from Kirsty's bosom, where, like a miserable child, she had been pressing it hard, and, seeming to have lost in the depth of her grief all her natural shyness, looked at Steenie with the most pitiful look ever countenance wore: her rage had turned to self-commiseration.

The cloud of mingled emotion and distress on the visage of Steenie wavered, shifted, changed, and settled into the divinest look of pity and protection. Kirsty said she never saw anything so unmistakably Godlike upon human countenance. Involuntarily she murmured, 'Eh, the bonny man!' He turned away from them, and, his head bent upon his breast, stood for a time utterly motionless. Even Phemy, overpowered and stilled by that last look he cast upon her, gazed at him with involuntary

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reverence. But only Kirsty knew that the half-witted had sought and found audience with the Eternal, and was now in his presence.

He remained in this position, Kirsty thought, about three minutes. Then he lifted his head, and walked straight from the house, nor turned nor spoke. Kirsty did not go after him: she feared to tread on holy ground uninvited. Nor would she leave Phemy until her mother came.....'

'Mutual Ministration' - Steenie - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

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'Ye see, somehoo, no bein made a'thegither like ither fowk, I cudna think about twa things at ance, and I bude to think about the ane that cam o' 'tsel like. But, as I say, it troubled me. Weel, the day, my hert was sair at her gangin awa, for I had been lang used to seein her ilka hoor, maist ilka minute; and the ae wuss i' my hert at the time was to du something worth duin for her, and syne dee and hae dune wi' 't-and there, I doobt, I clean forgot the bonny man! Whan she got intil the doctor's gig and awa they drave, my hert grew cauld; I was like ane deid and beginnin to rot i' the grave.

But that minute I h'ard, or it was jist as gien I h'ard-I dinna mean wi' my lugs, but i' my hert, ye ken-a v'ice cry, "Steenie! Steenie!" and I cried lood oot, "Comin, Lord!" but I kent weel eneuch the v'ice was inside o' me, and no i' my heid, but i' my hert-and nane the less i' me for that! Sae awa at ance I cam to my closet here, and sat doon, and hearkent i' the how o' my hert. Never a word cam, but I grew quaiet-eh, sae quaiet and content like, wi'oot onything to mak me sae, but maybe 'at he was thinkin about me! And I'm quaiet yet.

And as sune 's it's dark, I s' gang oot and see whether the bonny man be onywhaur about. There's naething atween him and me noo; for, the moment I begin to think, it's him 'at comes to be thought about, and no Phemy ony mair!"

'Phemy Yields Place' - Steenie - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

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Above quote into simple English.

'You see, somehow, not being made altogether like other folk, I couldn't think about two things at once, and I had to think about the one that came of its own self. But, as I say, it troubled me. Well, that day, my heart was sore because of her going away, for I had for so long been used to seeing her every hour of the day, almost every minute ; and the one wish in my heart at the time was to do something worth doing for her, and then die and have done with it - and so, I believe, I clean forgot the bonny man! When she got into the doctor's chaise [\*light carriage drawn

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by one horse\*] and away they drove, my heart grew cold; I was like one dead and beginning to rot in the grave.

But that minute I heard, or it was just as if I heard - I don't mean with my ears , but in my heart, you know - a voice cry, "Steenie! Steenie!" and I cried out loud, "Coming, Lord!" but I knew well enough the voice was inside of me, and not in my head, but in my heart - and none the less in me for that! So away at once I came to my closet here, and sat down, and liatened in the depths of my heart. Never a word came, but I grew quiet - oh, so quiet and contented , without anything to make me so, but maybe that he was thinking about me! And I'm quiet still.

And as soon as it's dark, I'll go out and see whether the bonny man is anywhere about. There's nothing between him and me now; for, the moment I begin to think, it's he who comes to be thought about, and not Phemy any more!"

'Phemy Yields Place' - Steenie - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

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'.....A little farther in, stretched on the floor, lay a human form on its face. She knew at once that it was Steenie's. The feet were toward her, and between her and them a pair of shoes: he was dead!-he had got rid of his feet!-he was gone after Phemy-gone to the bonny man! She knelt, and turned the body over. Her heart was like a stone. She raised his head on her arm: it was plain he was dead. A small stream of blood had flowed from his mouth, and made a little pool, not yet quite frozen. Kirsty's heart seemed about to break from her bosom to go after him; then the eternal seemed to descend upon her like a waking sleep, a clear consciousness of peace. It was for a moment as if she saw the Father at the heart of the universe, with all his children about his knees: her pain and sorrow and weakness were gone; she wept glad tears over the brother called so soon from the nursery to the great presence chamber.

'Eh, bonny man!' she cried; 'is 't possible to expec ower muckle frae your father and mine!'

She sat down beside what was left of Steenie, and ate of the oatcake, and drink of the milk she had carried forgotten until now.

'I won'er what God 'll du wi' the twa!' she said to herself. 'Gien I lo'ed them baith as I did, he lo'es them better! I wud hae dee'd for them; he did!'

She rose and went out.....'

'Kirsty's Dream' - Kirsty - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

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'.....Then came the reflection, how little at any time could a father do for the well-being of his children! The fact of their being children implied their need of an all-powerful father: must there not then be such a father? Therewith the truth dawned upon him, that first of truths, which all his church-going and Bible-reading had hitherto failed to disclose, that, for life to be a good thing and worth living, a man must be the child of a perfect father, and know him.

In his terrible perturbation about his children, he lifted up his heart-not to the Governor of the world; not to the God of Abraham or Moses; not in the least to the God of the Kirk; least of all to the God of the Shorter Catechism; but to the faithful creator and Father of David Barclay. The aching soul which none but a perfect father could have created capable of deploring its own fatherly imperfection, cried out to the father of fathers on behalf of his children, and as he cried, a peace came stealing over him such as he had never before felt....'

'How David Fared' - David Barclay - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

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' ".....and we div ken 'at Steenie's no deid! He's maybe walkin about wi the bonny man-or maybe jist ristin himsel a wee efter the uprisin! Jist think o' his heid bein a' richt, and his een as clear as the bonny man's ain! Eh, but Steenie maun be in grit glee! "

Thus talking as they went, they reached and entered the earth-house. They found no angels on guard, for Steenie had not to get up again.

David wept the few tears of an old man over the son who had been of no use in the world but the best use-to love and be loved. Then, one at the head and the other at the feet, they brought the body out, and laid it on the bier.

Kirsty went in again, and took Steenie's shoes, tying them in her apron.

'His feet's no sic a weicht noo!' she said, as together they carried their burden home.

The mother met them at the door.

'Eh!' she cried, 'I thocht the Lord had taen ye baith, and left me my lane 'cause I was sae hard-hertit til him! But noo 'at he 's brought ye back-and Steenie, what there is o' him, puir bairn!-

I s' never say anither word, but jist lat him du as he likes.-

"There, Lord, I hae dune! Pardon thoo me wha canst." '

'David, Marion, Kirsty, Snootie, and what was left of Steenie' - Marion Barclay -
'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald(182)

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(Scots to simple English)



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' .....and we do know Steenie's not dead! He's maybe walking about with the bonny man - or maybe just resting himself a little after his uprising! Just think of his head being alright, and his eyes as clear as the bonny man's own! Oh, but Steenie must be in great glee! "

Thus talking as they went, they reached and entered the earth-house. They found no angels on guard, for Steenie had not to get up again.

David wept the few tears of an old man over the son who had been of no use in the world but the best use - to love and be loved. Then, one at the head and the other at the feet, they brought the body out, and laid it on the bier.

Kirsty went in again, and took Steenie's shoes, tying them in her apron.

'His feet are not such a weight now!' she said, as together they carried their burden home.

The mother met them at the door.

'Oh!' she cried, 'I thought the Lord had taken you both, and left me all alone because I was so hard-hearted to Him! But now that he's brought you back - and Steenie, what there is of him, poor bairn!-

I shall never say another word, but just let him do as He likes.-

"There, Lord, I have done! Pardon me, You who can." '

'David, Marion, Kirsty, Snootie, and what was left of Steenie' - Marion Barclay -  
'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

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'.....[Francis] had no home, no refuge! Then first, not when alone in the beleaguered city, he knew desolation. He had never knocked at the door of heaven, and earth had closed hers! An angel who needed no flaming sword to make her awful, held the gate of his lost paradise against him. None but she could open to him, and he knew that, like God himself, Kirsty was inexorable. Left alone with that last terrible look from the eyes of the one being he loved, he threw himself in despair on the ground. True love is an awful thing, not to the untrue only, but sometimes to the growing-true, for to everything that can be burned it is a consuming fire. Never more, it seemed, would those eyes look in at his soul's window without that sad, indignant repudiation in them! He rose, and crept into the earth-house.

Kirsty lost herself in prayer as she went. 'Lord, I hae dune a' I can!' she said. 'Until thou hast dune something by thysel, I can do naething mair. He's i' thy han's still, I praise thee, though he's oot o' mine! Lord, gien I hae dune him ony ill, forgie me; a puir human body canna ken aye the best! Dinna lat him suffer for my ignorance, whether I be to blame for 't or no. I will try to do whatever thou makest plain to me.'

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By the time she reached home she was calm. Her mother saw and respected her solemn mood, gave her a mother's look, and said nothing: she knew that Kirsty, lost in her own thoughts, was in good company.'

'A Great Gulf' - Kirsty - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

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'.....What was passing in the soul of Francis Gordon, I can only indicate, I cannot show. The most mysterious of all vital movements, a generation, a transition, was there - how initiated, God only knows. Francis knew neither whence it came nor whither it went. He was being re-born from above. The change was in himself; the birth was that of his will. It was his own highest action, therefore all God's. He was passing from death into life, and knew it no more than the babe knows that he is being born. The change was into a new state of being, of the very existence of which most men are incredulous, for it is beyond preconception, capable only of being experienced. Thorough as is the change, the man knows himself the same man, and yet would rather cease to be, than return to what he was. The unknown germ in him, the root of his being, yea, his very being itself, the holy thing which is his intrinsic substance, hitherto unknown to his consciousness, has begun to declare itself, and the worm is passing into the butterfly, the creeping thing into the Psyche. It is a change in which God is the potent presence, but which the man must will, or remain the gaoler who prisons in loathsomeness his own God-born self, and chokes the fountain of his own liberty.

Francis knew nothing of all this; he only felt he must knock at the door behind which Kirsty lived. Kirsty could not open the door to him, but there was one who could, and Francis could knock!

'God help me!' he cried, as he lay on his face to live, where once he had lain on his face to die. For the rising again is the sepulchre. The world itself is one vast sepulchre for the heavenly resurrection. We are all busy within the walls of our tomb burying our dead, that the corruptible may perish, and the incorruptible go free. Francis Gordon came out of that earth-house a risen man: his will was born.

He climbed again to the spot where Kirsty and he had sat together, and there, with the vast clear heaven over his head, threw himself once more on his face, and lifted up his heart to the heart whence he came. '

A Great Gulf' - Francis Gordon - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

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'.....But now that Francis was awake to his duty, the best of his nature awoke to meet its calls, and he drew upon a growing store of love for

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strength to thwart the desires of [his mother] her he loved. 'Entire affection hateth nicer hands,' and Francis learned not to mind looking penurious and tyrannical, selfish, heartless, and unsympathetic, in the endeavour to be truly loving and lovingly true.

He had not Kirsty to support him, but he could now go higher than to Kirsty for the help he needed; he went to the same fountain from which Kirsty herself drew her strength.

At the same time frequent thought of her filled him with glad assurance of her sympathy, which was in itself a wondrous aid. He neither saw nor sought to see her: he would not go near her before at least she already knew from other sources what would give her the hope that he was trying to do right.

The Neighbours' - Francis Gordon - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald



(186) George MacDonald Characters Praying.....

'.....All that David now saw in his intercourse with the young laird, went to convince him that he was at length a man of conscience, cherishing steady purposes. He reported at home what he saw, and said what he believed, and his wife and daughter perceived plainly that his heart was lighter than it had been for many a day.

Kirsty listened, said little, asked a question here and there, and thanked God.

For her father brought her not only the good news that Francis was doing his best for his mother, but that he had begun to open his eyes to the fact that he had his part in the wellbeing of all on his land; that the property was not his for the filling of his pockets, or for the carrying out of schemes of his own, but for the general and individual comfort and progress.....'

'The Neighbours' - Kirsty Barclay - 'Heather and Snow' - George MacDonald

