

Lime Grove View,
 Oxford Road,
 Manchester, Decr 6. 1868.

My dear Miss Tubor,

I have just finished reading
 'Natura's Nobleman'. Need I say that
 you have therefore been much in my
 thoughts lately, and I cannot but
 write you if only a brief note.
 I will thank you for the enjoyment &
 profit the book has given me probably.
 Let me tie the present to the past - the
 life of this Wakefulborough to the life
 of dear old Elmborough. You
 had left long before it came to our
 turn to say good-bye to the City and
 the Minster and the Rooks, so that
 you were not so prominently before
 us at the time of our leaving as you
 would have been had the order
 of our turn been reversed.

The loss of the quiet Saturday Evening
in Penllyn had been felt and
endured before we had to suffer the
loss of all. You can believe it was
no small trial to break up house
and home and get on the wheels again
for a new house which could not
for a long time be a new home.

We have never felt a removal
so much as that one. For a long
time we seemed quite unwilling
to be comfortable or friendly or
happy here. But the plastic human
nature happily got the better of these
unnatural resolves. Gradually
we have become adjusted, at least
to a considerable extent.

There are warm, kind loving hearts

here; and perhaps, more cultured
heads than we left behind us. Every
thing here is one the more, and we
are compelled to be a little more
wakeful than in the old city,
with its one busy day in each
week. My work has failed as yet
thoroughly to progress my heart and
thought. This I regret; and I can
hardly excuse myself from blame
on account of it. I do not yet suf-
ficiently know the people and their
needs to be able to work with
definiteness of aim. I am not
a little drawn aside by some inquiries
which I wish I could satisfactorily
respond to. Great and holy ques-
tions ~~which~~ are ~~not~~ disturbed by

by the present testing which, some-
times, with almost wild licence,
puts every thing to the proof. There
is a spirit of searching which arises
from the waste outside of Christian-
ity. This is often rude and defiant,
but it awakes spirits within
the sphere of Christian thought and
Christian life. Now there are two
ways of allaying or casting out
such spirits. One by the strong voice
of authority, which only 'The Master
and a few to whom He had appear-
ed' could utter. The other
method, the only one open to us of
feebler power, is by the patience of
diligent inquiry to work off the
line which separates the truth
from the error; sometimes to
trace the possible form of words

which seems incompatible with present views, though that form has the hoar of antiquity about it to recommend it to our regard.

The harmonizing the old and the new is often impossible, at least apparently; to disengage from each its modicum of truth and to find a harmony in these separated portions is a problem of the day. But then the main difficulty is to say how much of either is authoritative and what is the independent test of truth for them both. But this is rambling.

Thanks for your Book. It is a gift to the world of Novel-Readers: and a valuable gift. A very great army of writers wage war against error, wrong and imperfections. All enlisted in this army strive in fellow-

ship with the world's great Redeemer.
I'm more & more impressed with
the great power of such writings
when conducted & I'm able to say
'Nature's Nobleman' is.


Now capitally you have exposed
the false, low, unworthy self-suck-
ing and double-dealing so com-
mon amongst us; of which Mrs.
Sydenham is only a typical example
for many other houses than the
'Mansion House'. Now exquisite
to put the hard logical thrusts at-
-what is not mere literary error
into the lips of simple folk whose
logic is the logic of life, a sharp
weapon is concealed under those
rugged home-spun words of the

Redeemer people. Nobleness
and heroism, patient heroic
endurance and flippancy folly
run side by side each to illustrate
the other. There is no lack of deep
piercing to the hidden recesses
of the common heart where
lurk vanity, pride, hate, wrongs;
and where are buried love,
grief, trust & hope.

It is not and ~~not~~ my part to com-
mend the paintings of it; scenes
we have seen the sunlight & the leaves,
the flame of flickering lamps, have
heard the whistling of the wind & the
murmur of the brook. We have
traced the form of figures, and
except the expression of faces, for

You have made us do so. I could not
omit the dramatic power which rises
to such a point of interest that
it seemed unwise to venture a
second attempt, but that venture
by its execution justified itself.

Running through all is a great
lesson; though many are scat-
tered along the way. And they are
all given without ostentation and
without bias. This is one valuable
power of such writings; wrong
may be tracked & exposed wherever
it is hidden. Then all is Christianly
and without cant. I thank you
much for the Book, both for what it
has taught me & for what it will teach
others. Will you pardon my
free criticisms?


 Mrs. Green & my Sister have join-
 ed me in the delight of reading
 your work and now unite in
 many affectionate remembrances.

How are you all? How we
 should like to see you all and
 have a good long talk. At present
 we can only talk of you. But we
 have the most pleasing recollections
 of past days & keep to this our
 sincere attachments to you.

With renewed expressions of affec-
 tion & regard for you all.

I am, my dear Miss Fbor,
 Ever your friend,
 Rich Green

P.S. I have omitted what I thought of
saying of the inevitable Nemesis,
which you so effectively illustrate
in the ultimate consequences of
actions; that Nemesis, of which
Bunseln has tried to show the
universal conscience bears testimony.

To some there might appear an
extraneousness in one or two of
the coincidences. But such
departure from the actual is
always permissible in
works of art which do not
pretend to be histories but
the setting forth of eternal
an idealism in the most sublime
quite allowable when the in-

dividual elements are reflections
of the possible or actual realities.

Richard Green 1868
to D.C.

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