

New York Feb 1. 1883

Rec^d 13. 2. 83 Geneva

My dear Father:

There is something else I wanted to say to you that I can only write with my own hand. Don't be disturbed because I am not a Catholic. In some things your Church is very attractive to me; in others it is repellent. But I care nothing for creeds. It seems to me that in any church or out of them one may serve the Master, and this also that faith that is the soul of your Church holds. And in my way, in the line that duty has seemed to call me that I have tried to do. Because you are not only my friend, but a priest and a religious I will say something that I don't like to speak of — that I never before have told to anyone. Once, in daylight, and in a city street there came to me a thought, a vision, a call — give it what name you please. But very nervous. And there and then I made a vow. Through evil and through good, whatever I have done and whatever I have left undone, to that I have been true. It was that that impelled me to write Progress and Poverty, and that sustained me when else I would have failed. And when I ~~was~~ had finished the last page, in the dead of night, when I was sitting alone, I flung myself on my knees and wept like a child. The next, was in the Master's hands. That is a feeling that has never left me; that is constantly with me. Good it has led me up and

up. It has made me a better and a purer man. It has been to
me a religion, strong and deep though vague, a religion ~~that I mean~~
of which I never like to speak, or make any outward manifestation,
but yet that I try to follow. Believe this, my dear Father,
that if it be God's will I should be a Catholic he will call me to
it. But in many different forms and in many different ways
men may serve him.

Please consider this letter to
yourself alone. I have only said this much to you because
you wrote my wife ~~wishing~~ hoping I would become a Catholic.
Do not distrust yourself about that. I do not wish you not
to be a Catholic. Inside of the Catholic Church and out
of it; inside of all denominations and creeds and outside of
them all there is work to do. Each in the station to which
he has been ~~is~~ called, let us do what is set us, and we shall
not clash. From various instruments, set ~~to~~ different keys comes
the grand harmony. And when you remember me in your
prayers, which I trust you sometimes will, do not ask that I shall
be this or that, but only grace and guidance and strength to the end.
And believe me, in spite of all differences to be

Yours fraternally,

Henry George