Dear Burke,

Bath - July 22

I have thought over what you have said. Whether it is true - or strangely enough, I cannot tell you -

You will have time day (next year perhaps) I shall

Well, if it is true, why cannot I join the Catholic Church at once? - as the next form of truth. I have known - I am cutting the Gordian knot. I cannot untie. So many of the sects who have gone from among us (especially the female sects) have done this - at least I should have Company. - I appeal to your comprehension of Caesar.
Whether her was not the most sceptical mind you ever knew, he like his brother. The eclectic has been at least as strong an element as any other in filling the streams toward Catholicism. Why cannot I join it? The Catholic Church has remedied this tendency in Newman's in many other lands. But it was that in bearing of it, which brought them there.

You will not, perhaps, believe it, but the search after truth has been to me a martyrdom, tearing up everything I love, forcing me upon conclusions I recoil.
from cutting the don upon what looks some paradise.
this looks i must say as if you were right. for if i
wished faults above all other things, why should it be so?

i cannot thank you for all your kindness. it will
do quite well when you go to dublin. i could not
leave home at present. i am watching what they be
the deathbed of the one i
shall only meet on earth
the hearse a sorrow this
day. i am all her world
i shall be glad when she
is where i can give her the
pain.

the same morning i
received your letter i had
one from an old friend
quite unexpectedly
Asking me to do so I seduce on the boat of Aug. with them. This would be facilitated to me in the eye of my people that I would look upon it as a special thing. Would you therefore kindly fulfill your promise when you go to Dublin? Or if you think it here to write a separate I would take that trouble. But I do not think it necessary.

You accuse me, though mildly, of intellectual dullness. Now there times have been when you say they are honest. I am here pleased. I wish it had pleased God to let me be born a century later. I often tell them that these times are too difficult for me. I lay to them of the shame I know that they not up to them. I find my tasks too hard for me.