

My Dear Brother

Brompton Jan^y 8th 1819

Rev^d Mr Bickersteth Com^r Jan. 11/19

125 ~~116~~

You know how poorly I was time I see you: you come down from London to Brompton to see me. I feel sorry and cry. I want see you once more if please the Lord, suppose you get any time.

I very ill in bed, so many friends pray for me, Jesus looked on me, and made me better.

I very weak yet; and my voice quite weak.

I cannot speak very well, it make me cough.

I no afraid to die. Jesus die for my sins. I feel quite happy. I feel my heart every day wish to be like Mr Bickersteth's heart.

I hope my heart be quite good the time

I get home to New Zealand. I tell my

Countrymen, come Countrymen come into

house and worship God: suppose you no

worship God, you no happy. Jesus Christ

He die on the cross for New Zealand mans
 sins and Englishmans sins. Suppose you believ
 Him He save you, and make you happy,
 as he has made Thomas Faoi happy by his
 Holy Spirit. My very kind love to M^{rs}
 Bickersteth, I very sorry she poorly, I
 pray for her. My very kind love to M^r
 and M^{rs} Pratt and family, and M^{rs} Gann
 the Committee and all Christain friends
 God blefs you Christain friend
 farewell

Your affectionate friend

Thomas Faoi

Faoi's best love to M^r and M^{rs} Cooper.