

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 Bickersteths 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