

In School,
 ESQUIMAUX RIVER, February 20th, 1865. }

DEAR MISS CYNTHIA ADAMS,

My teacher has given me opportunity to write a few lines to you. She tells me that you love Jesus, and I love Jesus too. Your friend Miss Macfarlane is very kind to us, and I love her very much. We have a Sunday School, and Miss Macfarlane reads to us after she comes in with her class. Every morning after prayer is done we read in the Testament, and after we are done reading she talks to us about what we read. I think you kind to let her come down here to teach us. We have got a good big school, but not so big as where you live I don't suppose. I am sorry to say that I have not been as good a boy as I could, but I'll try to be as good a boy as I can now. I think it was very hard for you to let her come so far from you to teach us. I cannot say how much I love my teacher, and I am going to do everything I can do to please her. I will be twelve years of age the 22nd of May, I have got three brothers, their names are Louis, Sandy, and Joseph, the two youngest stops to my Grandparents. Miss Brodie used to teach us before Miss Macfarlane came down. Miss Macfarlane talks to me about Jesus sometimes and I'd like her to talk to me more, but I have not got time to stop long in the evening for her to talk to me. In summer we go out to Bonne Esperance to our summer house to catch codfish. There were not many codfish last summer. We lost our Nova Scotia boat last summer. There were a good many herring last summer. We have had a long winter this winter, but I think that you had a shorter winter than we had. I did not come to school this fall till the snow was come because I had to stop home for to cut some wood for our winter, and after the snow was come we had to haul the wood, because we had no komatick and dogs, and we had to haul it on our backs. I suppose you have never seen a komatick. Some of them are about eight feet long and about two feet wide, but the big komaticks are about twelve feet long and about three feet wide. We use them to go about with in the winter to haul wood, and to bring out the deer out of the country when the men kills them, and to haul houses across the bay. In eighteen sixty-one the men brought Mrs. Chatkers house across. I have got no mother she has been dead nine years this summer. I like to think about Jesus more and more every day. I hope every boy and girl in this school loves Jesus more than anything else, because Miss Macfarlane talks enough to us about Jesus. It was a very little book my teacher lent to me that made me think that I ought to be a Christian, it is called the "Babe of Heaven," or "Does you Love God," that is a very good little book, and I tried to do everything to please Jesus, and I prayed to him to make me a Christian. Nothing makes my teacher happier than to hear that we love Christ. I hope there is more than me that loves Christ. I am happier now than I was when I didn't think about religion, but now I thinks about religion and I am happier now. Perhaps you will think about your friend Alfred and pray for him that he may always love and follow Jesus; and perhaps you will write a letter to him.

From your friend,

ALFRED J. GOULETTE.