

quite cured, all will go well. Our brother ardently longs for you, but he is not the most to be pitied. One of the raftsmen fell into a fit on sunday, in the Church, while the Father was preaching. The savages Say that it is the demon; he bit his tongue, [*illegible*] and his face frightened me. He was carried outside; and as soon as his teeth were forced apart, and his mouth opened, he recovered.

To your holy sacrifices,

your very humble servant, GARNIER.<sup>17</sup>

July 10, 1721.

[Addressed: " My Reverend Father, The Reverend Father De Lauzon, of the Society Of Jesus, at Montréal."]