

But to resume the course of events. His five years stay at Plattsburg was marked by the erection of the convent schools there and by many improvements added to the church. From Plattsburg, he was sent to Buffalo, and three years later (1868) was removed to Lowell, Mass., to take charge of the French Canadian population of that large and thriving manufacturing centre. On his arrival in Lowell, he immediately began negotiations to secure an old Protestant church then used by the Spiritualists. The price demanded was \$11,500. Father Garin had only \$2 in his pocket, but in his "sublime audacity of faith" he agreed to pay \$3,000 as soon as the deeds would be transferred, and to give a note for \$500, payable in three months. In one week he had collected the \$3,000, and on the following Sunday, Mass was celebrated for the first time in the church. The pulpit pushed against the wall served as an altar. The people were obliged to kneel with their backs to priest, for there was a board in the pews that prevented them from kneeling as it is customary in the Catholic Churches. In later years, Father Garin was twice obliged to enlarge this Church and finally to undertake the erection of the Church of St. John the Baptist, for during the twenty-seven years of his pastorate, the French Canadian population in the city had increased from 1200 to 20,000 souls. To him, likewise, the Irish Catholics owe their beautiful Church of the Immaculate Conception, which is said to be one of the finest houses of religious worship in the United States. Other monuments to Father Garin's marvellous energy are the three large separate schools of the city, the College of St. Joseph, two houses of his order in Lowell, and the Oblate Novitiate at Tewksbury.

On the first day of November, 1892, the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession was celebrated by his brother Oblates and by the Catholic population of Lowell, with an enthusiasm that did violence to the humility of the venerable Septuagenarian. But he made the best of the inevitable, and, standing on the extreme limit of the psalmist's three score years and ten, he spent perhaps the happiest day of his life.

Father Garin had never suffered from any organic disease, and almost up to the

end of 1894, had enjoyed robust health. When, therefore, it was heard that, owing to his excessive weakness he had been removed to the hospital on December 26th, every one knew it was the beginning of the end. He gradually sank lower and lower, until on Saturday, February 16th, the end peacefully came. "I am going home" he said, and a moment later his noble soul had quitted its tenement of clay and sped to meet the loving Master it had served so faithfully and so well.

In honoring, as they did, the remains of the venerable priest, the citizens of Lowell honored themselves and their city. Nothing could prove more conclusively that the old-time bigotry and fanaticism in the once Puritan State of Massachusetts, is rapidly declining. The whole city was in mourning. On the morning of the funeral there was a very general suspension of business, and the streets through which the sad cortege passed were hung on both sides with funeral drapings. The Protestant press of the city was remarkably eulogistic of the humble Oblate and his deeds, one journal even proposing the immediate erection of a statue to his memory.

Father Garin was of a retiring disposition. He was gentle, affable and obliging, yet strong-willed withal, and in a question of right as firm as adamant. He was popular with all classes, and while he was idolized by the Catholics of Lowell, both Irish and French, he was enshrined in the hearts of thousands of Irishmen who never knew him accept in name, because of his generous, self-sacrificing devotion to the fever-stricken emigrants of 1846. His humility we have seen, was profound and sincere, but charity, universal and indiscriminating, was his cardinal virtue, and it was the predominant trait of his character that inspired the muse of a local poet, whose concluding verses might serve as an appropriate epitaph for this model son of De Mazenod:

"Great is the lesson of his life
Many the noble deed;
Charity and love for all
Was the essence of his creed.

Rest, great soul; it is but few
That die so nobly great,
Honored and loved by all true men
Of every creed and state."

E. J. C., '96.