

Church of St. Peter, on Visitation Street, but the spring of 1852 saw him again among his cherished children of the forest. His mission now extended as far as Albany on the Hudson Bay, and stretched across the coast of Labrador. He remained in charge of this mission until 1856, when he accompanied Bishop Taché to France, in quality of Vicar General to his Lordship. During their stay in France, the missionaries were engaged for three months lecturing on the Indian missions, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. On his return to Canada, in 1857, Father Garin hastened back to his work among the Indians, but was recalled in the following year and sent to Plattsburg, N. Y. He obeyed cheerfully the command of his Superiors yet he was loath to leave his mission for he loved the missionary life with his whole heart and soul. The spiritual destitution of the Indians, the eagerness with which they flocked to hear the Divine Word, and their docility to the teachings of faith appealed with irresistible force to the apostolic zeal. The poetic and picturesque aspect of his nomadic life, likewise pleased him, though true it is, that poetry and picturesqueness often paled in the presence of danger, hardships and privations. The poor tribes he was called upon to evangelize could in return but allow him to share in their misery and poverty. Sometimes, too, in the depth of winter, he was obliged to march weary miles over trackless wastes of snow when the mercury refused to mount above the bulb of the thermometer. Cold and hunger then and privations of every sort were familiar to him but of these his deep sense of humility forbade him to speak, and consequently we have but meagre details, at the best, of what would otherwise be perhaps the most interesting chapter of his life. Even the annals of the religious congregation to which he belonged furnish no accounts of his labors and sufferings during these years, for his Superiors had no other sources from which to draw information about them except himself, and from him they received nothing. In his later years he would sometimes, upon the solicitation of intimate friends, consent to break through his scrupulous reticence in this regard, and would relate adventures and episodes of

the past with a vividness of word-painting and a quaintness of expression that would fairly charm his listeners. One thrilling experience, especially, he loved to recall. It was the spring of 1847, Father Garin and Father Derocher were stationed at a Montagnais settlement on the St. Lawrence about 200 miles below Quebec. One March morning, and the two missionaries accompanied by several Indians, embarked in their frail bark canoes for the City of Champlain. They hugged the shore closely, for the weather was boisterous and the river at this point was rendered dangerous by fierce currents and eddies; but, late in the afternoon, when they had reached a bay several miles wide, they determined to save time even at the risk of peril, by crossing from point to point. Soon they were struggling against wind and tide, amidst whirling eddies and crashing ice. It was difficult work and night found them still far from shore. The Indians, however, paddled along bravely in the darkness until sheer exhaustion compelled them to yield, and, recognizing the danger of floating about helplessly in their canoes, they all landed upon a large mass of floating ice. Towards morning the wind increased its violence and the waves beat fiercely against the floe which threatened to break asunder at every instant. Death stared them in the face. Then they fell upon their knees and implored the protection of good St. Anne, the friend of mariners. Almost immediately the wind ceased, the raging waters grew calm, and the little party re-embarked in safety; by noon they reached the shore, but they were too exhausted to proceed farther on their journey, so, making a shelter for themselves in the snow, they huddled together in their wet clothes, to await the following day. The next day they put on their snowshoes and hauled their canoes nine miles over the snow to the nearest post of the Hudson Bay Company. After a rest of several days, they were conveyed to Quebec by the barges of the company. When asked if he believed that the prayer to St. Anne had been instrumental in saving them, Father Garin would answer in his simple, quiet way: "Ah! I know that we prayed to St. Anne and that we were saved, is not that enough?"