

doned their building on the northeast corner of Adams and Conant streets. They sold the old church lot, but the remains of Pierre Paquette are still where they were. The old building has been removed, and no one can tell exactly where the grave is, except that it is in a dingy alleyway, over which teams travel daily. Two years ago, the church people made a meagre attempt to find the bones, but the workmen never went low enough or far enough, and the search has not been pushed.

I submit that this treatment of Pierre Paquette's bones by the successors of those for whom he erected the first mission chapel at the Portage is ungenerous.¹

¹ In March, 1887, I visited the site of Pierre Paquette's grave, in company with the narrator. An old settler, who was present, agreed with the narrator as to the general location, both estimating that they could fix the locality within a radius of a dozen feet. In regard to the merit of the narrator's protest, I know nothing.—ED.