

To quote from an old Illinois historian: "Marquette entered the little river in the State of Michigan called by his name (on his way to St. Ignace), and erected on its banks a rude altar, said mass after the rites of the Catholic Church, and being left alone at his own request, he kneeled down by its side, and offering up to the Mightiest solemn thanks and applications, fell asleep to wake no more. The light breeze from the lake sighed his requiem, and the Algonquin nation became his mourners."

There in that wild, lone place, on the banks of the Père Marquette River the body of the Jesuit explorer would have remained had it not been for some of the Indians who belonged to the old mission in the Straits. It appears that some of those Indians were out in hunting parties one spring, a year or two after, in Lower Michigan, and while there made a pilgrimage to the grave where Marquette was buried. The place was easily found, and it was suggested that the remains be taken to the old mission in the Straits of Mackinac. When the red man had smoked and talked about the subject, the remains were taken up, the bones disjoined and dried, and placed in a birch-bark box, which was put in a canoe, and in which it was transported to the mission at St. Ignace. The Ottawas conveyed their precious burden to the Straits, and on the way thither were joined by some friendly Iroquois, who united to form the fleet of canoes which escorted all that was mortal of Père Marquette to the mission. The body lay in the old chapel for a day; then it was interred under the altar in the same birch-bark box in which it had been brought from Père Marquette River by the Indians.

Once more the rapid changes of the then changing North-West came over the region, and with the new state of things there were altered mission stations and trading posts and frontier forts. The old mission at St. Ignace was abandoned