

The ancient lake must have reached its arms into Iowa, Northern Indiana, and Southwestern Michigan.

While the expanse of lacustrine waters was brooding over the region destined to become a prairie, they busied themselves in strewing over the tombs of pre-glacial germs a bed of mud which should forever prevent a resurrection. Lake sediments themselves inclose no living germs. You will see the seeds of grasses and the fruits of trees, washed in by the recent storm, floating upon the surface, and eventually drifting to the lee-shore. If they ever sink to the bottom, and wrap themselves in the accumulating mud, it is after they have lost their vitality. Sunken and buried, they go to decay. Let a lake be drained, and the bottom remains a naked, barren, parching, shrinking waste. No herbs, or grasses, or trees burst up through the pottery-like surface. But every where, from beds of ancient glacial materials, vegetation is bursting forth and announcing itself. Lo, here I am! speaks the nodding young pine that had been slumbering just beneath the surface through the long and undisputed possession of the deciduous forest which the axe has just mown down. Not so in a lake-bottom. Here are the cements of the dead, not the wrappings of the slumbering.

When, therefore, the ancient lake relinquished dominion over Central Illinois, he left a devastated and desolate country. Around the ancient shores of the abandoned area the emerald forest had stood nodding, and blossoming, and fruiting, while the inundating lake had washed the slopes down which the oaken and beechen roots descended to sip refreshing draughts. Ever since the time when the Atlantic and Pacific last held carnival in the Mississippi Valley, these vigorous trees had stood smiling upon the face of the freshening residuum left in Illinois on the final retreat of the oceans. A resurrected forest had