

in Switzerland many windrows of gathered cobble-stones and pebbles, and sheets of assorted sands and mud, miles in extent, felt that it was scarcely a theoretical view to attribute these larger results of the same kind to a geologic agency of a similar nature, though it had acted unknown ages before human eyes had been created.

Not far from the home of my boyhood was the mill-pond, dear to every school-ward trudging urchin who had to pass it, and a Saturday resort for many others who lived in the adjoining "district." Here we bathed; here we fished; here we risked our lives in shaky skiffs, and astride of unmanageable logs. The water was deep and clear. Last summer I visited the old pond. Like the anxious parents, who shared with mill-pond the affection of which boyish hearts are susceptible, the scene of so much truant enjoyment was changed almost beyond recognition. The deep, clear water was silted up, and flags were thrusting their brown noses up, in the sites where I used to swim in summer and skate in winter. Sedges fringed the borders; bulrushes, to their knees in water, were holding possession of land that was expected to be, and the encroaching marsh threatened to corner the anxious perches and sunfishes in the last lingering bowl of clear water close by the decrepit old dam. This, I thought, is a picture of the history of the world. How long, I queried, before this mill-pond will be a swamp? Is this the impending fate of all our ponds and lakelets? Johnny, do you think your favorite skating place will ever come to this?

The first land-surveyors of the territory of Michigan laid down on their plats an extraordinary number of swamps and bogs. It is true they greatly overdid the swamp-land business; but swamps are there in plentiful abundance; and swamps properly drained and tilled are the richest lands in the state. But the early settlers of Michigan found many of the swamps non-existent; some were grassy plains; some were quaking bogs, and others were part marsh and part lakelet. During sixty years, many of the quaking bogs have become solid meadows; and many of the marsh-side lakelets have totally