were withdrawn from sale in 1878 with the view that they might, in conjunction with lands which might be given by the general government, insure permanent water flow. This was true statesmanship.

FORESTS AND FRESHETS.

We are also dependent on the forests to preserve the equilibrium of the spring and summer flow of our rivers. We have heard much of building reservoirs in the uplands to gather and hold the superabundant waters of the spring, and so prevent the freshets of the earlier and droughts of the later year. The forests, in the deep beds of their leaves, are prepared for this very purpose and are the best of reservoirs. Besides being conduits, by their roots, through the undersoil, of supplies to the springs in winter, they gather in their deep porous soil the rains and snows of spring and pour them gently and deliberately in balanced measure down the slopes, so that they find their way equably amid our farms and villages. I have testimony of many lumbermen that, in consequence of the removal of the timber, not only has the flow of springs been reduced and in many cases dried up, as I have said, but that the rivers have become more irregular in their volume, giving us the alternating inundations of spring and the shallow supply of summer and autumn. In so marked degree has this been the result of denudation in the Alpine regions and in parts of France, that the replanting of forests, resorted to for
protection through large areas which have been subject to enormous freshets, has now resulted in uniformity of river flow and immunity from the trouble.

**Laws Inexorable, and Results Sure Though Processes Slow.**

The processes of nature go on so quietly that in our preoccupation of mind we take little note of their methods; but reflection makes us well aware how steadily and without interruption they continue. They do not sleep as we do, for they are never weary. When we are waking, alike as when we sleep, the elements with their attrition pursue their wear, and, though by infinitesimal measures, they, never growing old with the flight of years, take all time for their working, and the victory is always with them. The hills go into the valleys, and the valleys go toward the sea. Man's life seems to be the only thing that changes; but, unless held back in their orbits by the subtle orderings of nature, the everlasting hills are less abiding than man. In the forests has been contrived a wise precaution, whereby the instability of the uplands has been obviated. The broad ridge of the northern central plateau of Wisconsin, where has been growing our magnificent but dishonored and deflowered gift of forest, beneath whose shadows are ever filling the silver goblets of the rivers which run north to lake Superior and west to the Mississippi and east to lake Michigan, is a soil which,