

Provinces. The rivalry is not great. The case is entirely different however with graduate schools. Those men and women who seek the higher degrees will go from one end of the country to the other, if they are assured that at the other end they will find what they want. The University of Chicago for example, has drawn from many States and Provinces, from Nova Scotia to California, from Ontario to Texas. This fact means that there must be a spirit of rivalry. For all practical purposes Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Cornell, Michigan, the University of Chicago and others, are in as immediate collision as if they were all within the same square mile. For all of them there are not more than 1500 graduate students.

The total number of students must always be small so that the keenest competition will arise. In time a few great Universities will inevitably absorb the most of them, for the equipment of a graduate school that can permanently stand is very expensive, not only does it require the best investigators, but such research as this class of students is supposed to carry on demands an apparatus of books, instruments, and collections, such as only the largest endowment can provide. Of the many graduate schools of the Universities of this continent, only a few shall survive to determine the most advanced education of the country, and from these schools shall go forth to the colleges of the land men and women who will be thoroughly capable to help in the work of elevating the standard of education throughout America. A. L. W.

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### AN OFFSPRING OF THE OCEAN.

It was a wild October night. The rock-breasted shores of the north reverberated with the splash and dash of mighty billows as, urged on by the fury of the storm, they threw themselves upon the rocky fastnesses of the coast. Old ocean stretched out in the gloom a sheet of foam the home of wild and contending spirits. The mountainous waves staggered under the onslaught of the winds. The hurricane with resistless sweep traversed the face of the fickle waters bringing the message of death to many a bold mariner. A party of men stood on the windy bank watching the struggles of a storm tossed bark as she drifted helplessly upon the rocks. A crash—the ship has struck and the tumultuous seas sweep her sides. The men hasten to the shore in the hope of preserving some poor wretch from the wild waters. But the chance is small for anything living to pass through that seething mass of foam. Suddenly one of the watchers makes a sudden dash into the waves and drags from its deadly grasp a dark and dripping form. That was all. The winds howled. The seas