

we live endures. It aims at the impossible, and has for its advocates deluded fanatics, who conspire to overthrow religion, authority, and the State. It hails with delight, panic and popular discontent. Its ranks are filled with some of the most corrupt and degraded creatures known to civilization. And finally, it frustrates the wise designs of our national constitution, which, its framers declared in its preamble was ordained to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." H.

A MEDITATION.

O Lab,
Thou terror to the hearts of all the boys !
Arrayed in thy terrible majesty,
Thou standest firm as yon mountain of Time !
Ne'er doth Spring waft her balmy zephyrs o'er
Thy horrible visage. Fear and Trembling
Are thy awful handmaids. Verdant Freshman ;
Discreet Sophomore ; stately Junior ; prudent Senior ;
All—are encircled by thy woeful arm,
With funeral step we march to thee ;
And like those who preceded us, we sit
With smiting knees and bated breath ; each poor
Soul awaiting its sad fate, whilst gases,
Foul and stifling on every hand arise,
As though premonitory of greater
Ills yet to come.

O, Deliverance, come to us with thy
Full rescuing power ; but if decreed
That we should fill a martyr's sepulchro
O, best the sad tidings to some dear friend
That he upon the place may grave this lay :
Here lies buried beneath the cold Earth,
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Science frowned most darkly on his birth,
And the Lab then marked him for her own.
Great were his prospects and high his aim.
But here with sorrow, he met his doom,
He studied hard and did not complain,
But alas, he was fired from the room.
Ask no more his merits to sing,—
Sad was his life, but sadder his lot ;
And while departing, the last thing
He cried, was "O, State, forget me-not." J. E. S.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM,

Within the past few years undergraduate journalism has grown to become one of the distinctive features of our American college life. Every

school of any pretensions now has its news journal and even its literary magazine. Some of the larger institutions have organized press clubs with lectures and practical journalistic work. Indeed so important has this feature become that chairs of journalism have been contemplated and even endowed.

This new development in our college life is in every way a hopeful one. Young as it is, it has already had a powerful influence on our contemporary literature. Richard Harding Davis, Arlo Bates, "Sydney Duska," Richard Hovey, and scores more of our younger writers received most valuable training while serving as editors on college papers. The *Lits*, published by the leading universities, and even by such secondary colleges as Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams and Vassar, contain much which loses nothing by comparison even with the standard magazines. Several colleges have gleaned from the files of their journals enough to reproduce in book form. These anthologies, notably those of Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth, are in themselves enough to demonstrate the great value of the college journal as a promoter of literary culture.

The college paper covers a peculiar field. It belongs distinctively to the undergraduates. Its aim is not to instruct, to impart dry facts, and disseminate dusty theories. Its duty is to inform and amuse ; to mirror, sometimes a distorting mirror withal, before that little world which we call a college. It should be full of the rosy-colored atmosphere of under-graduate life. All the exuberant life and spirits, the romantic dreams, the high hopes, the absurd vagaries of college-days should find vent here. The college journal should rejuvenate the old alumnus, put him completely in touch with his *alma mater*, and make him live again those happiest days of his life. The undergraduate then, should jealously insist that only at rare intervals, or when necessity compels, should alumni or faculty be invited to contribute to *his* journal.