

in its pursuit, even when some one besides themselves has a share in it.

Space would not permit a detailed account of the reasons why some permanent organization is a necessity. One need only run over mentally the recent athletic history of the University and forecast its immediate future to see their number and force. Such permanent organization would, of course, take the form of an athletic association; and we add a few words as to what we think should be the basis of membership and representation. In the first place, it should be thoroughly democratic in spirit, and representative of no interest but the general athletic interest of Toronto University. To carry out this idea will necessitate the adoption of enrolment in the University as the basis of membership, and the selection of officers who are above the petty interests of their own particular game, or their own particular clique of partisans and friends. Every student whose name appears on the registrar's roll should *ipso facto* be a member of the association, and have an equal voice in the determination of its officers. No fee should be imposed, except within the association, and for specified privileges. We trust that this view of the matter will commend itself to all concerned, and that steps will be taken before long to carry the matter to completion.

We are of opinion that the Library regulation, prohibiting the taking of books home, is an ill-advised one, although the extension of the reading hours is certainly a benefit. Is it the opinion of the Board that the two are incompatible? Why should a library containing in reality 43,000, and in prospective double or triple this number, not contain in duplicate or triplicate the books that are commonly read, reserving some for the reading-room and allowing the others out for a reasonable time? Would it be too much to ask for information as to how many of the 43,000 volumes are asked for oftener than once in fifteen years? and, if this number should exceed 40,000, why they are in the library at all, when the books we require are not to be had? Is it advisable that the students should have to do part of their reading in the University library, part in Osgoode and part in the Parliamentary library? Would it not be a better arrangement to have the aforesaid 40,000 books put in the cellar, and part of the space occupied with a possible 500 volumes that would be useful? We understand that the books required in the Natural Science course are lying unpacked because the librarian considers that the expenditure of two or three dollars in searching out the boxes in which they are packed would be an injudicious outlay.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—A most enjoyable evening was given by the College on Thursday, Nov. 17, by members of the faculty—Mr. Paul Morgan, Mr. Harry Field, Mrs. Adamson, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Sullivan ably assisting with her piano accompaniments. Mr. Morgan is a 'cello virtuoso lately arrived from Berlin, where he has studied in the famous Joachim School for some years. His playing of the 'cello is pure in style, and he produces a beautiful tone, winning from his audience a sympathetic hearing. Mr. Field and Mrs. Adamson were as usual greeted most warmly. Mr. Field played with the Seidl orchestra, on Wednesday evening last in Toronto; in Ottawa on Thursday and in Montreal on Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening.

HOW I WROTE MY FIRST GREAT POEM.

Perceiving that several successful prose writers of the day are publishing the experiences they had in the writing of their first work, I have kindly consented, in order to encourage my brother poets in THE VARSITY who have not yet climbed the lofty heights of fame whereunto I have attained, to give a short account of how I came to write the poem, "Star Thoughts," which first brought me before the notice of the public.

In my youth I was very ambitious, and when I attended Varsity and saw the number there who were devoted to the Muse, I was filled with a desire to strike up an acquaintance with her also. But how was I to do it? There was the rub. I had read that poets were born, not made to order, and even at the time I read that line I was profoundly filled with the conviction that I had been born to greatness. But the conviction had lain dormant for some time. Now at last, however, my soul was fired with the zeal for poesy: my conviction returned with redoubled strength. That resolute genius, which my admirers of to-day declare to be my chief characteristic, gave me then no rest day nor night in my ascent toward Helicon.

The first hint I got was from Aristophanes. I remember well how the thought thrilled me to the very heart when I first read his description of Euripides writing tragedy with his feet on the table. Here was the secret I had been looking for. Several times ere that I had clarified my thoughts by assuming that attitude; and now I saw that here lay the secret of my success. The instinctive genius within me told me so. Thus would I learn to write *κομψευρητικως*. Filled with this new idea I hurried to my sanctum, and, drawing up an easy chair, sat down with my feet on the table in the full assurance that presently the "divine afflatus" of poesy would come.

And lo! she came. Like the oratory of Ulysses on his hearers, "soft as the fleeces of descending snow," a strange and new ecstasy settled down on my rapt soul. Keeping my eye, which I now felt sure was beginning to roll in fine frenzy, steadily fixed on my boot-toes, I waited, hushed and breathless as wave on wave surging through me the wondrous emotion thrilled my soul. It lifted me above the things of time and sense into the realm of pure nothingness, until I feared that, like Horace, I would "strike the stars with uplifted head!" I was careful to avoid this disaster, however, as I had struck one or two the previous May, and remembered how the effect had been anything but agreeable. So strong was that common-sense for which I am noted, that even into the empyrean it came with me. At last the active phase of the sensation passed away; it was succeeded by a state of extraordinary activity of mind. Now, I knew, was the time for composition, so fixing my eye intently on the star of Hercules, I thus began:—

O thou that thro' the pathless realms of space
Brilliantly shinest,
Thou that from yonder distant dwelling-place
My thoughts divinest,

Be present, ye Hercules, I pray
Within my breast here,
O let thy magic influence for aye
Abide and rest here.

So unto men thy lofty thoughts I'll teach
To light their blindness,
And everlasting fame myself shalt reach,
Thanks to thy kindness.

My friends, you know the rest of my history. I awoke like Lord Byron, and found myself famous. It were needless for me to narrate my triumphs since then—you know them all. But I trace their origin to the hint which Aristophanes gave me as to the proper attitude to assume for the reception of the divine afflatus.

THE POET OF THE UNIVERSITY.