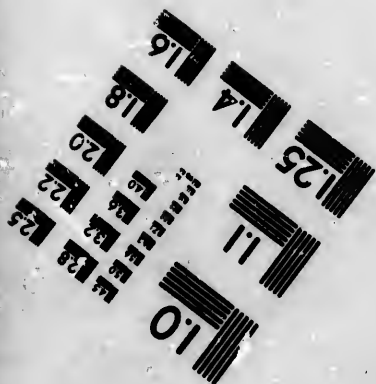
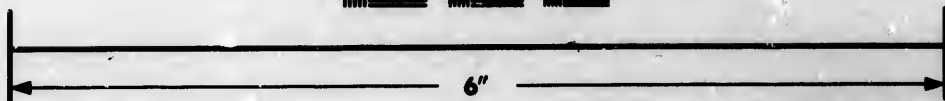
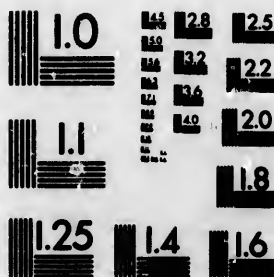


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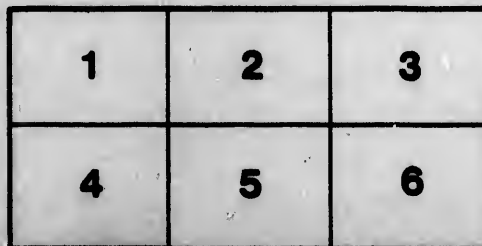
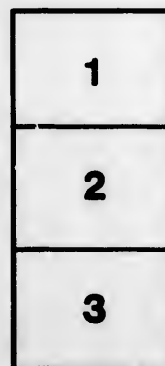
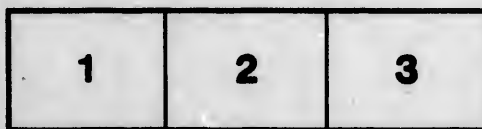
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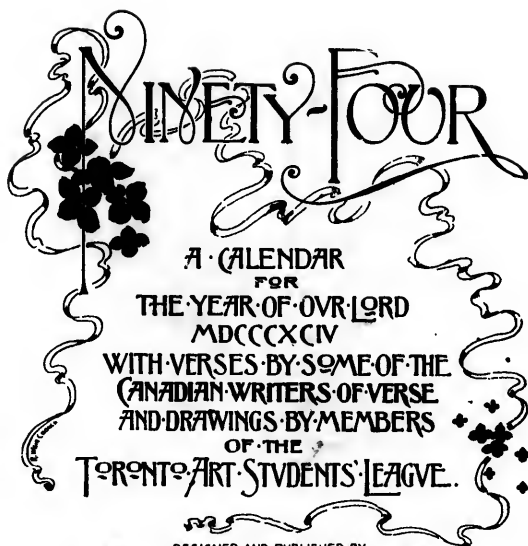
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# NINETY-FOUR

A CALENDAR  
FOR

THE YEAR OF OUR LORD  
MDCCCXCIV

WITH VERSES BY SOME OF THE  
CANADIAN WRITERS OF VERSE  
AND DRAWINGS BY MEMBERS  
OF THE

TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE.



DESIGNED AND PUBLISHED BY  
THE TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE  
IMPERIAL BANK BUILDING,  
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D. F. Thompson

WINTER

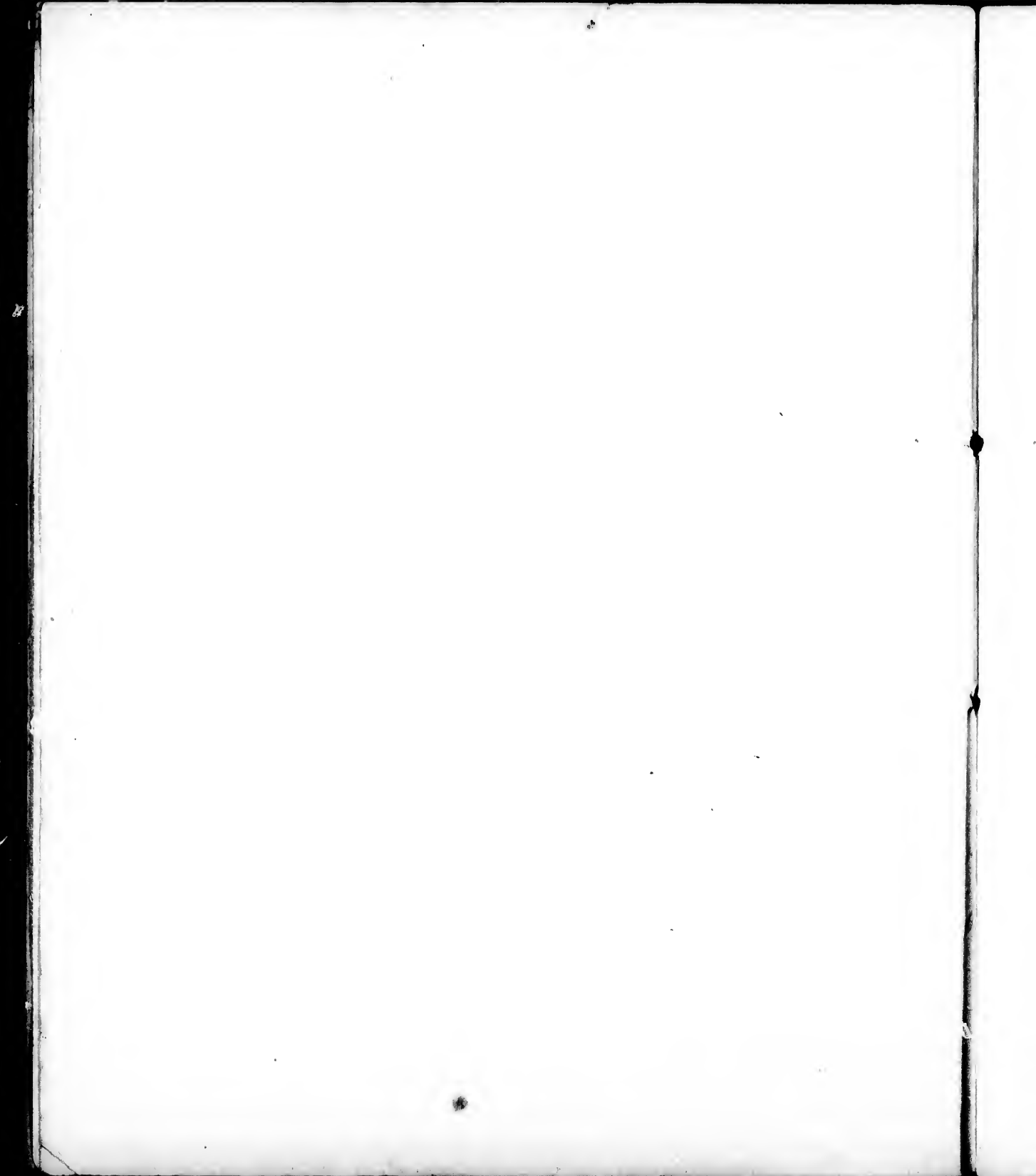
1289





This is the reign of winter — waning day  
Dies down the gloom that shrouds the western sky,  
And calling to his tempest broods on high  
The frozen north resumes triumphant sway  
Hear how the fierce winds howl along their way  
More dread than muttered thunders, — like the cry  
Of tortured souls shrieking in agony,  
Or Nature startled at her own wild play,  
Make me thine own, thou wild tempestuous night!  
Breathe on my soul the terrors that are thine!  
Inspire my spirit with thy fierce glad might!  
For stars on fairer ether brows may shine  
And flowers fill summer's lap with tender light —  
The wrath of God shall be thy stormier sign.







Will Shakepeare lies by Avon's side ;  
 Old Will, — I should not call him old,  
 Ovr years of difference were not wide.  
 Bvt from his earliest days I'm told,  
 The Prince of friends in joy or tear,  
 He seemed to have lived thro' all the years.

Here in the Mermaid oft we sat,  
 Jonson and Burbadge, all the crew  
 Of actors. — ere I grew so fat,  
 My youth, you may not think it true,  
 As *Rolind* once I won all hearts,  
 Now *Quidly* and *Fat Jack* my parts.

Who actor I False, tho some say such ;  
 No wondrous geniys trvth to tell,  
 As *grey Mercurio* who could touch  
 The People's fickle heart so well ?  
 And since *Will* acted *Jacquis* one night  
 I've loved the melancholy wight.

Will's dead, he near much loved the earth  
 Tho happy, with of *DEATH* no fear,  
 He'd sometimes dream, then with bright mirth  
 Say *Ariel* had been singing near ;  
 Tho scant the favors *FORVNE* sends,  
 We will grow famous as his friends.

*H.W. Charlesworth.*

*C.W. Jefferys*


GOOD READ FOR EYES AND FORGIVENESS  
 TO ENJOY THE DANCE ENGLANDS HEARD  
 PLEASE BEYOND THE STONES  
 AND COME TO THE NOVEL BY BONES

MAY

Breathed in soft wisp and halbed in dewy sheen,  
Smiling through tears, with brooding, tender face,  
Our May, month comes, and straight, with airy grace,  
Each bush unfurls its glistening tuff of green.  
Soft clouds of verdure break the sky serene;  
Vague, wandering fragrance fills each bowery place  
From snowy, clustering blossoms that embrace  
The half-fledged bough that grey and bare had been.  
Till May so softly kissed them into bloom;  
And dewy violets and pure lilies wake  
In soft shadow of the forest-brake  
White lily cups pour forth their rich perfume  
And sweet bird-earrings stir the odorous air,  
And light and joy and hope are everywhere.

Anna M. Kauffman  
[Fidelis]

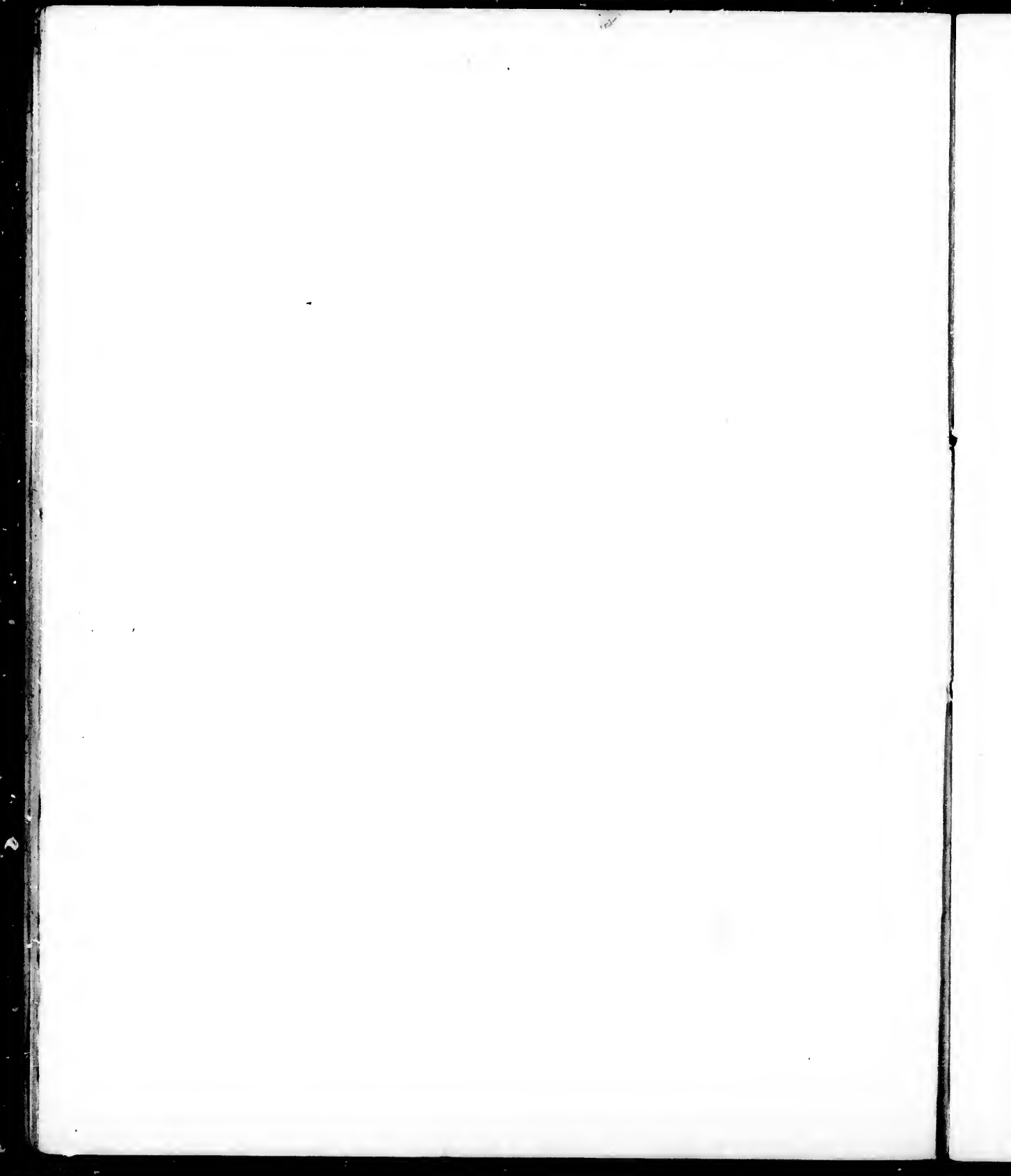
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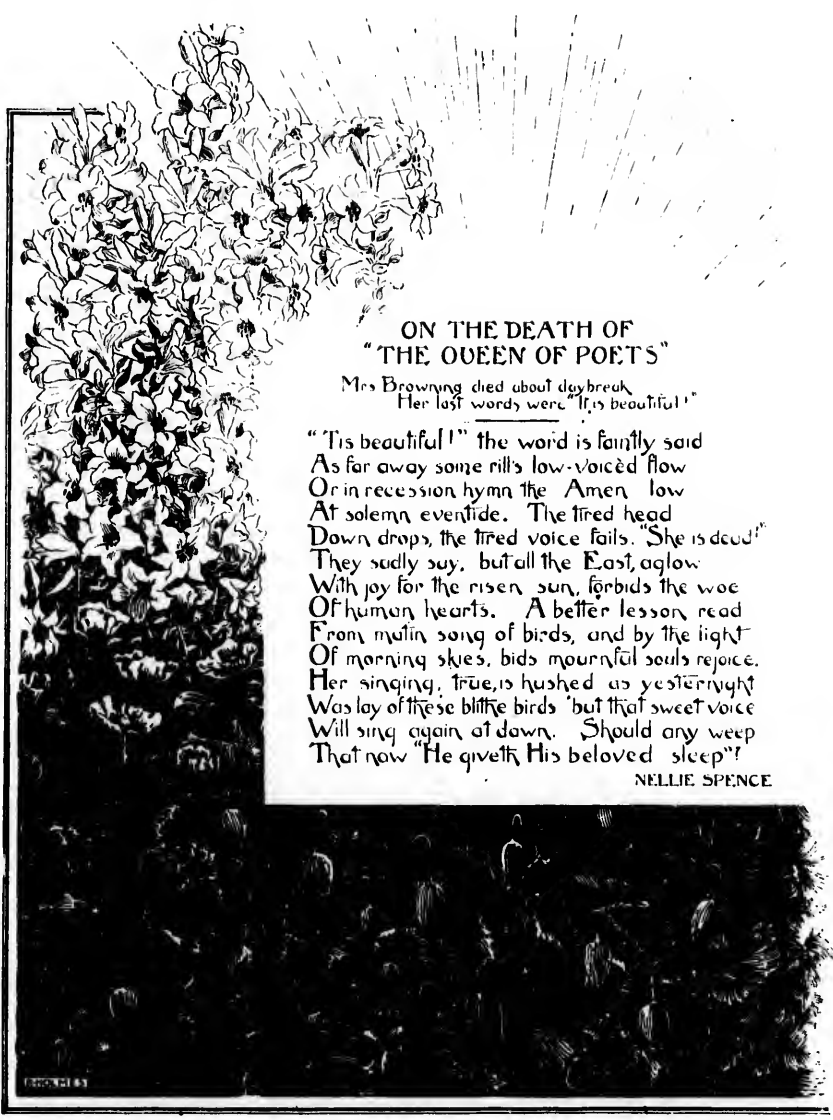


Leaves dropping on the winds and flowers,  
Those lovers of all time,  
Many a tender whisper catch  
So weave in idle rhyme;  
But words and music are at war,  
And ere I soothe their strife  
The rapture of the tender theme  
Has vanished from my life.

*P. M. Arthur*

D. F. Thomas





ON THE DEATH OF  
"THE QUEEN OF POETS"

Mrs Browning died about daybreak  
Her last words were "It is beautiful!"

"'Tis beautiful!" the word is faintly said  
As far away some rills low-voiced flow  
Or in recession hymn the Amen low  
At solemn eventide. The tired head  
Down drops, the tired voice fails. "She is dead!"  
They sadly say, but all the East, aglow  
With joy for the risen sun, forbids the woe  
Of human hearts. A better lesson read  
From matin song of birds, and by the light  
Of morning skies, bids mournful souls rejoice.  
Her singing, true, is hushed as yesternight  
Was lay of these blithe birds 'but that sweet voice  
Will sing again at dawn. Should any weep  
That now "He giveth His beloved sleep!"

NELLIE SPENCE

# Cherèse



1  
 The candles were just lighted,  
 whitish fair;  
 They shone down on your hands,  
 and on your hair;  
 They gleamed and cast a long, long  
 streak of light  
 That shone like gold—so wonderfully  
 bright—  
 And the white throat seemed marble  
 cold and pure  
 And the small hands so strong and swift  
 and sure,  
 Covered the keys and touched them  
 tenderly  
 Plying some tones, quaint, sweet,  
 melody.  
 The little ruffle in about your throat,  
 Seemed made of dew, so shadowy  
 and so white.  
 The small hand touched a sweet, sweet  
 single note  
 And held it as an outcast angel might  
 A glimpse of heaven—When the low sounds  
 cease,  
 The hands fall in the lap, and silently  
 You watch the candle! gleaming  
 on the wood,  
 And mistfully the room is still, listening to hear  
 you play—  
 Hush!—Hush!—The sounds begin  
 heart-dream!

Cherèse! Cherèse!

2  
 Sit me! the old piano stands there still;  
 The unlit candles on its polished wood  
 Are still reflected—they have not been lit  
 Since you went, dear, for what would be the good  
 Of lighting them, with none to come and sit  
 And play, as you have played so long ago  
 No one cares now to see the small flames glad—  
 Light up the keys—Oh little while, white hands!  
 Oh slight young form! The old piano stands  
 Just as you left it—All your music piled  
 Here on the table—This is some you wrote—  
 Hush! Yes, I hear that low, sweet, single note,  
 And now the room is full of sounds, all out  
 They rush and throb and whisper all about—  
 And in my heart they never, never cease—  
 For my heart loves them, loves and understands;  
 The music of the little white, white hands;  
 (So far away.)  
 It seems as if I saw them, heard them play  
 Cherèse! Cherèse!



3  
 They grow more loud, some anger in their  
 sound—  
 Like some spoiled being who at last  
 has found  
 A grievance, and clings to it, there is  
 under  
 The deepest notes, a plaintive, peevish  
 air  
 That seems to vex the louder notes to  
 thunder  
 And while they gasp for breath amidst  
 their rage,  
 The other changes to reproachful  
 wonder  
 More trying even than the peevishness  
 The one grows shrill—The angry sounds  
 increase—  
 The white hands fairly flash along  
 the keys—  
 Why should you choose this, so unlike  
 yourself  
 and brilliantly  
 Bring from these keys anger you  
 do not know?  
 Hush! now it grows less noisy  
 and more slow.

Cherèse! Cherèse!

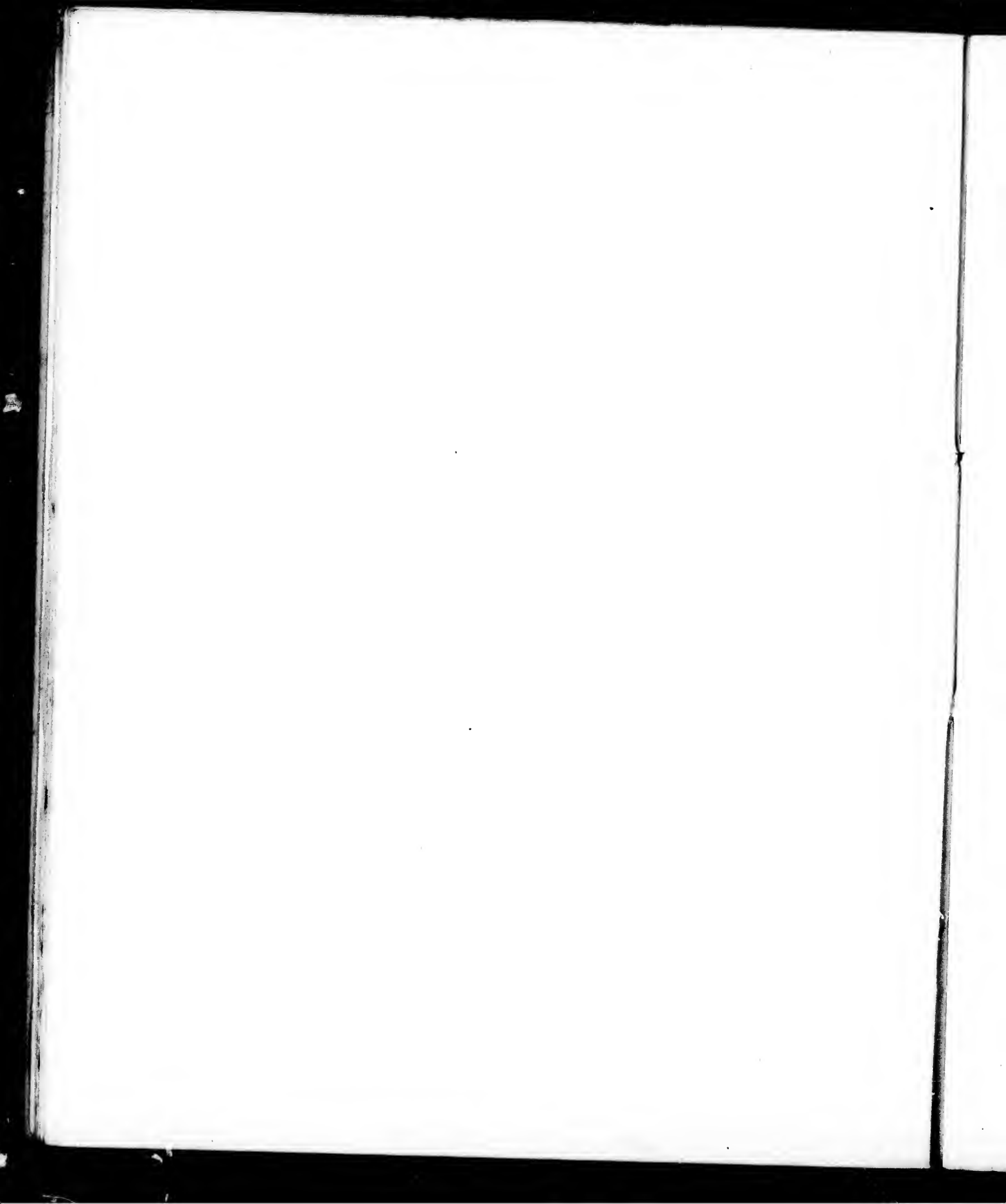
Eleanor Coppell Adams.





*Therese*

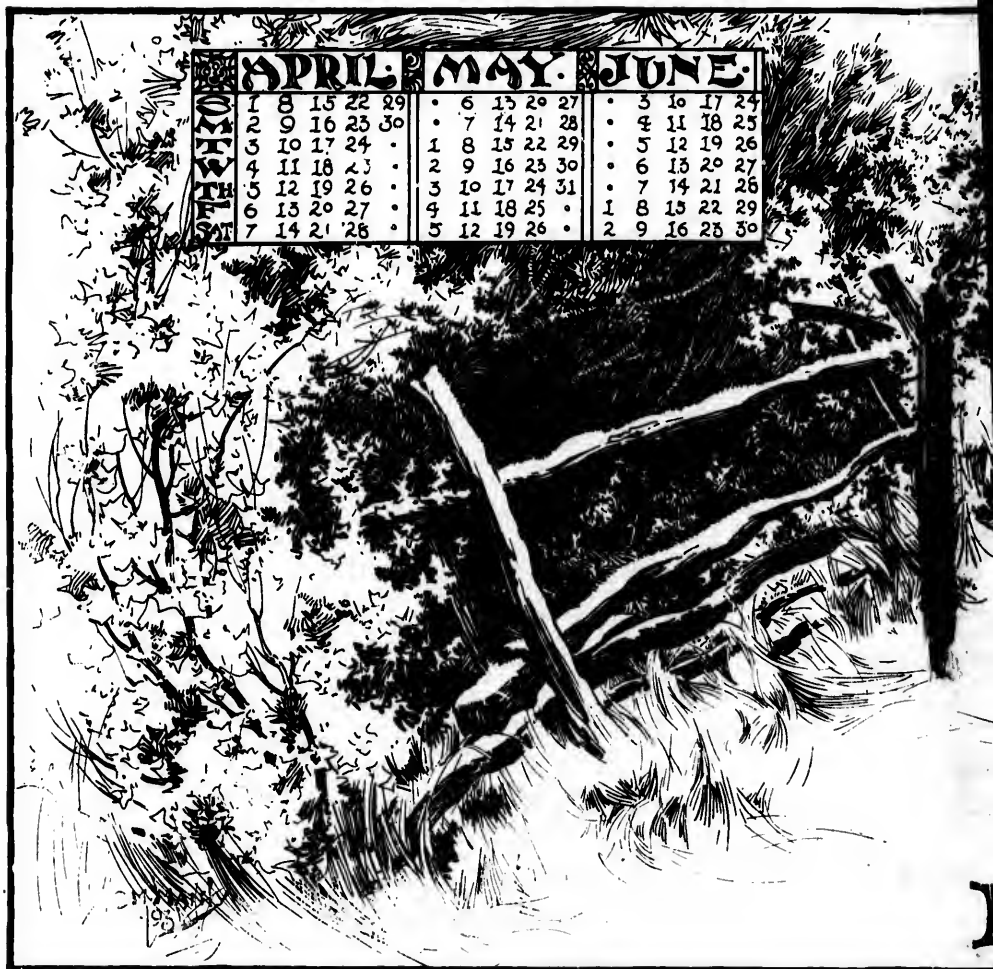
*"This is some you wrote."*



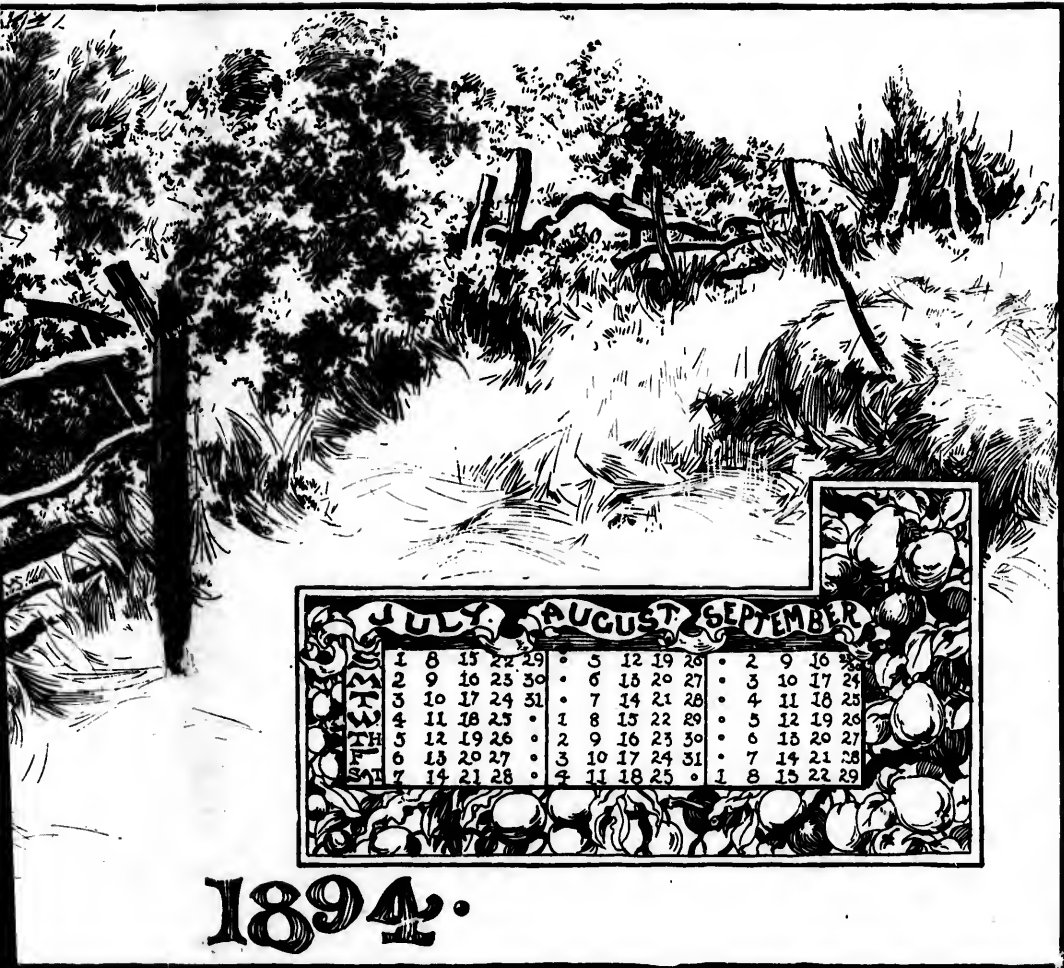


Verdant leaflets  
clothe each  
sprag

W. B. Woodbury  
1873

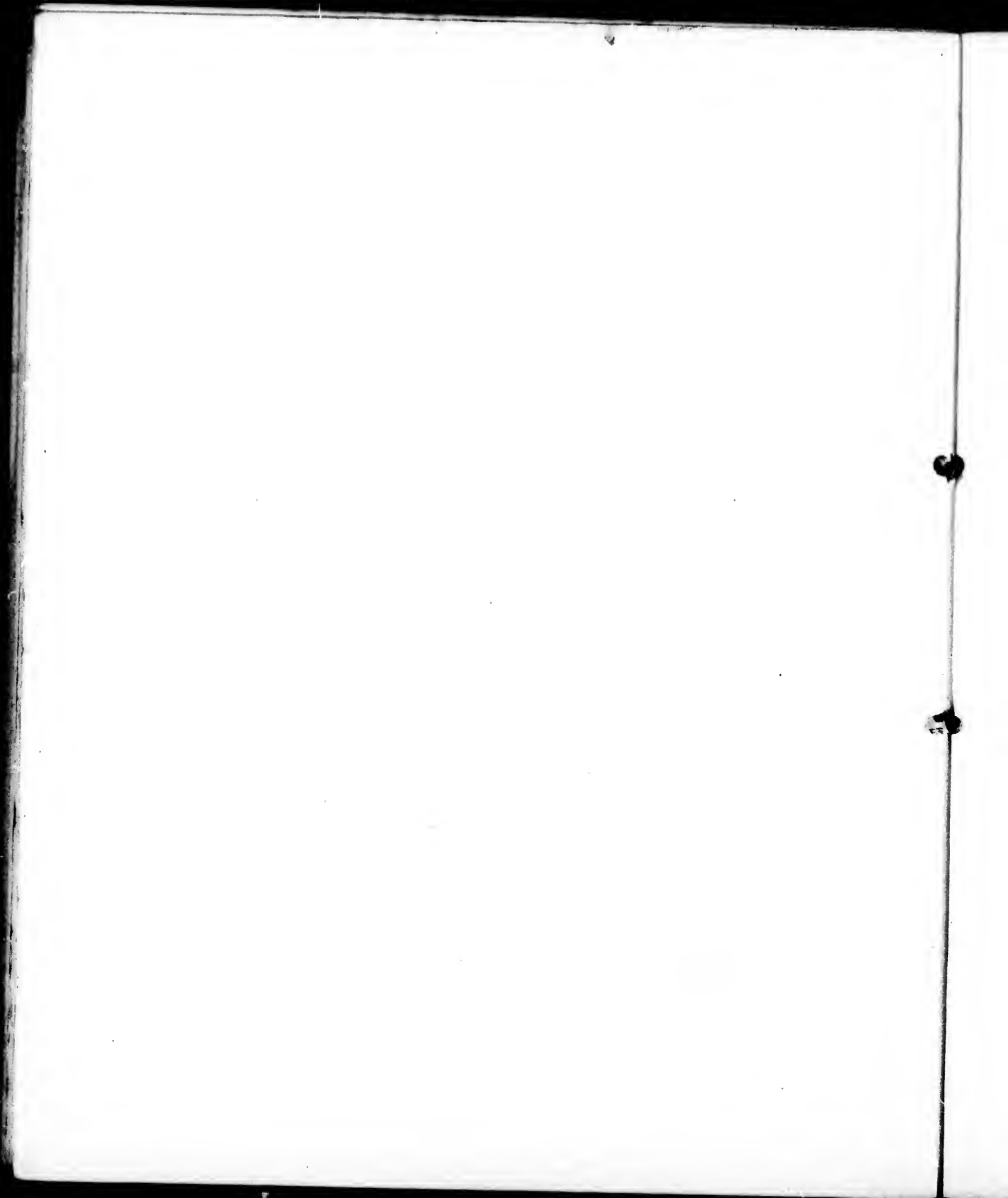


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| SUN | 1     | 8  | 15 | 22 | 29 | •   | 6  | 13 | 20 | 27 | •    | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 |
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| TUE | 3     | 10 | 17 | 24 | •  | 1   | 8  | 15 | 22 | 29 | •    | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 |
| WED | 4     | 11 | 18 | 25 | •  | 2   | 9  | 16 | 23 | 30 | •    | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 |
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| FRI | 6     | 13 | 20 | 27 | •  | 4   | 11 | 18 | 25 | •  | 1    | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |
| SAT | 7     | 14 | 21 | 28 | •  | 5   | 12 | 19 | 26 | •  | 2    | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 |



| JULY |    |    |    |    | AUGUST |    |    |    |    | SEPTEMBER |   |    |    |    |
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1894.





•SUMMER•





THE OLD PIONEER

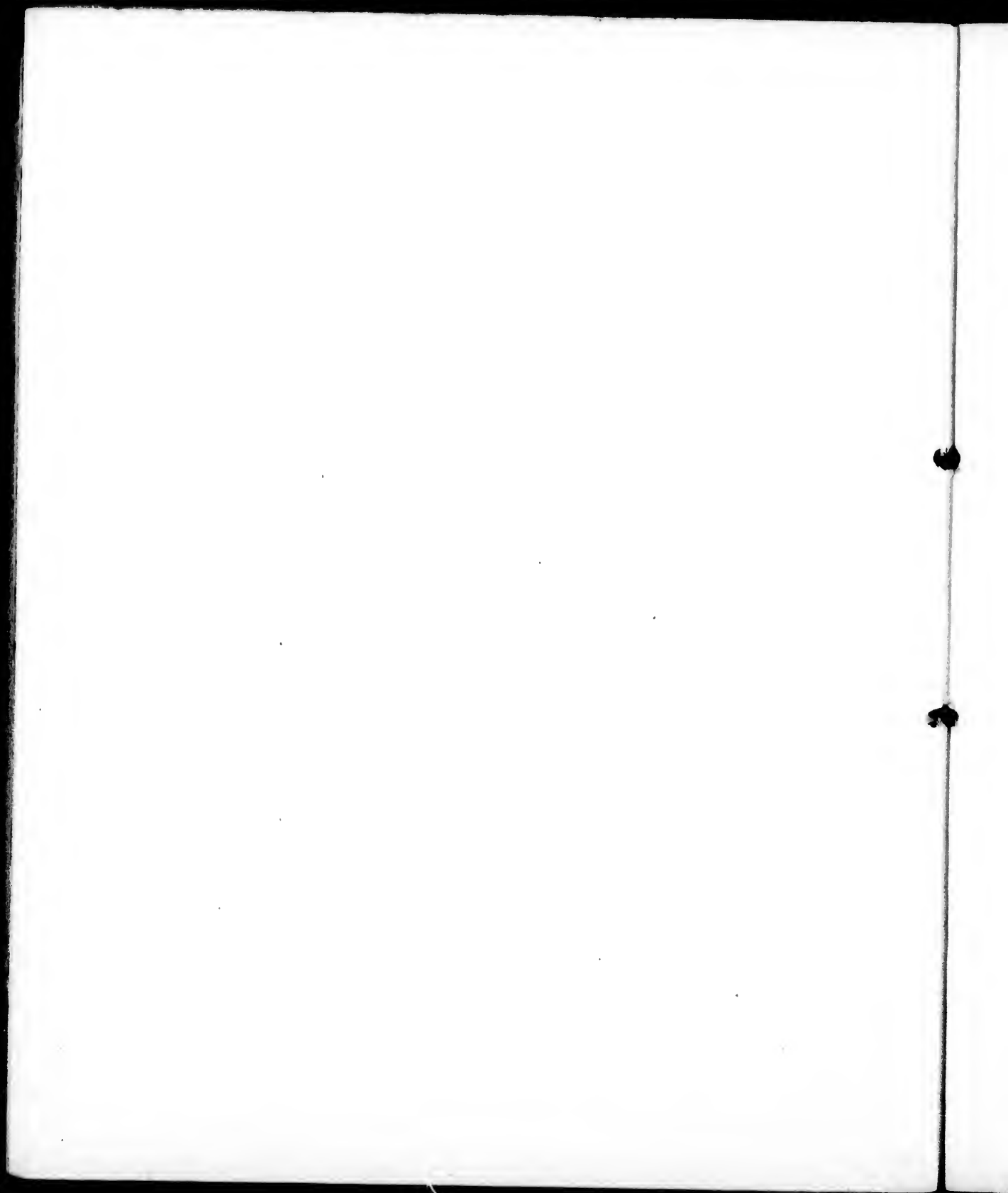
**A**far from the tumult of life  
And its fierce upsurging tide.  
The veteran woodman rests  
In the calm of his ingle-side.  
**N**ot his the alluring strife  
That honor and pleasure yields—  
A hero of untold battles.  
A victor on bloodless fields.  
**T**he hills and the whispering stream  
And the wandering clouds of the sky  
Taught him the lessons of life  
As the years went winnowing by.  
**B**ut the greatlimbed roaring wood  
And the fairspread harvest land  
Forever will voice his triumph  
At a tell of his patient hand.

D. A. McKellar









# REFLECTIONS

*If bid me reflect but I cannot obey  
So I fear if forever I tried and a day  
I could never be up to the trick of it  
What use is providing pen, paper and ink  
When it gives me a dull splitting headache to think  
Reflection be blowed - I am sick of it.*

*If I were a pool lying placid and clear  
With nothing to think of from year to year  
I might have the requisite leisure to,*

*Or even a mirror or ornate or plain,  
Did reflecting involve neither effort nor pain  
It would give me unspeakable pleasure to*

*Then if I were pious where sanctity reigns  
A job for reflection I'd find in my sins,  
But that subjects fraught with monotony*

*While as for my blessings, which some folks advise  
Are a subject for fruitful reflection, to prize,  
I really don't see that I've got any.*

*Alas the overdue rent and the water rates themes  
For profound meditation, ennobling dreams,  
To which a good man should address himself*

*To reflect on the price for a moment, of coals,  
Do you think that should soothe imperious souls  
Or cause a poor devil to  
bless himself?*

*Then reflection be blowed -*

*I would fain be a clam,*

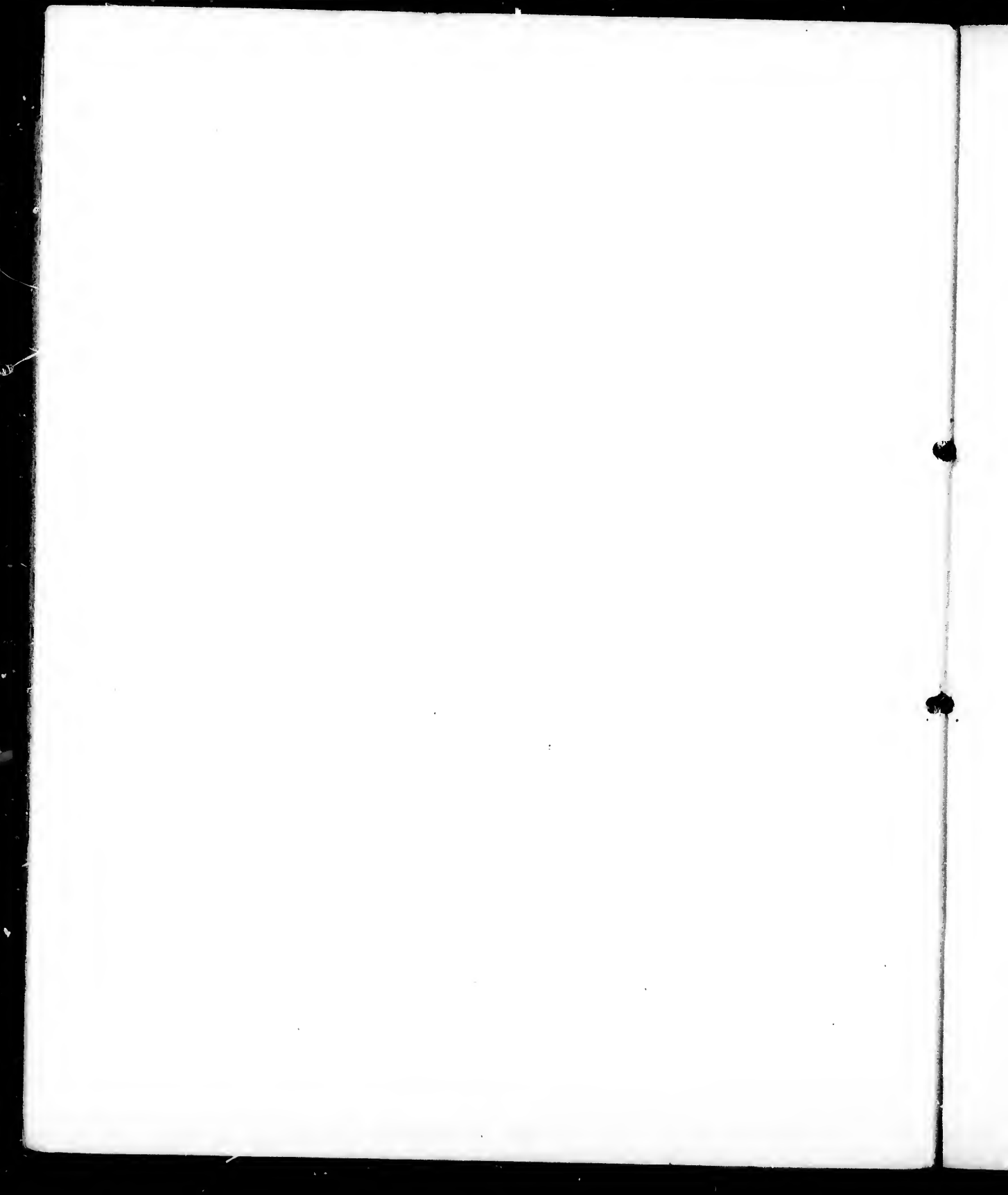
*If that's an ambition, ambitious I am,*

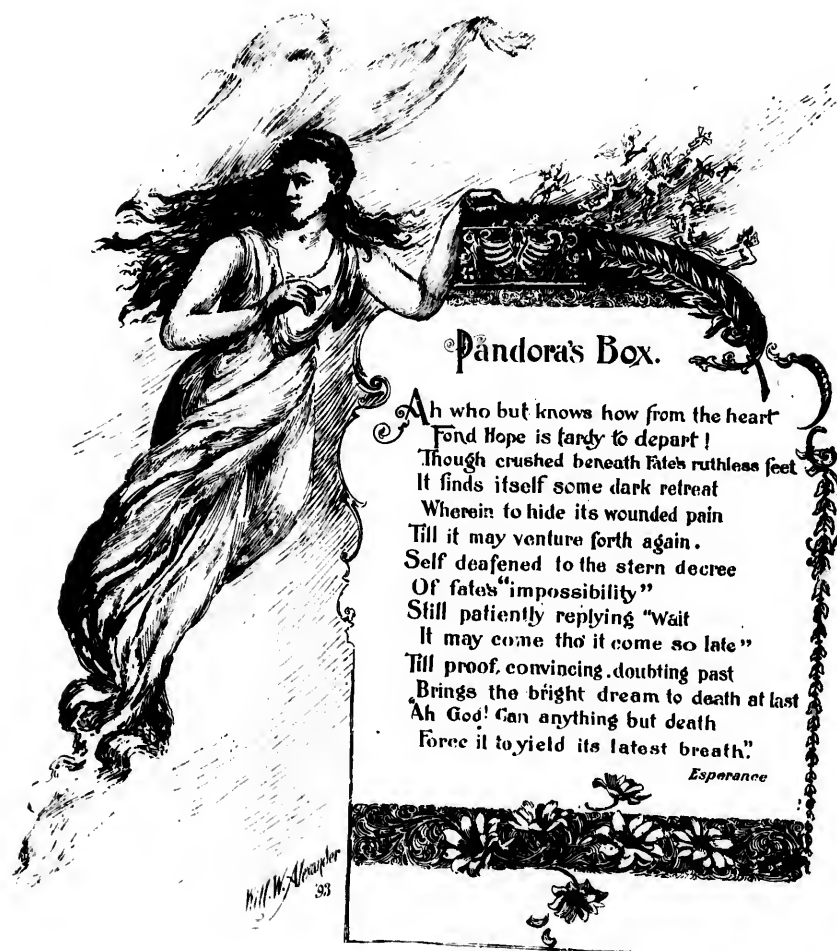
*But stay - while my lines you're dissecting*

*Just hand me your efforts & leave me ambling*

*To examine your drawings & ponder the style*

*And I'll manage, you bet, to reflect on it*



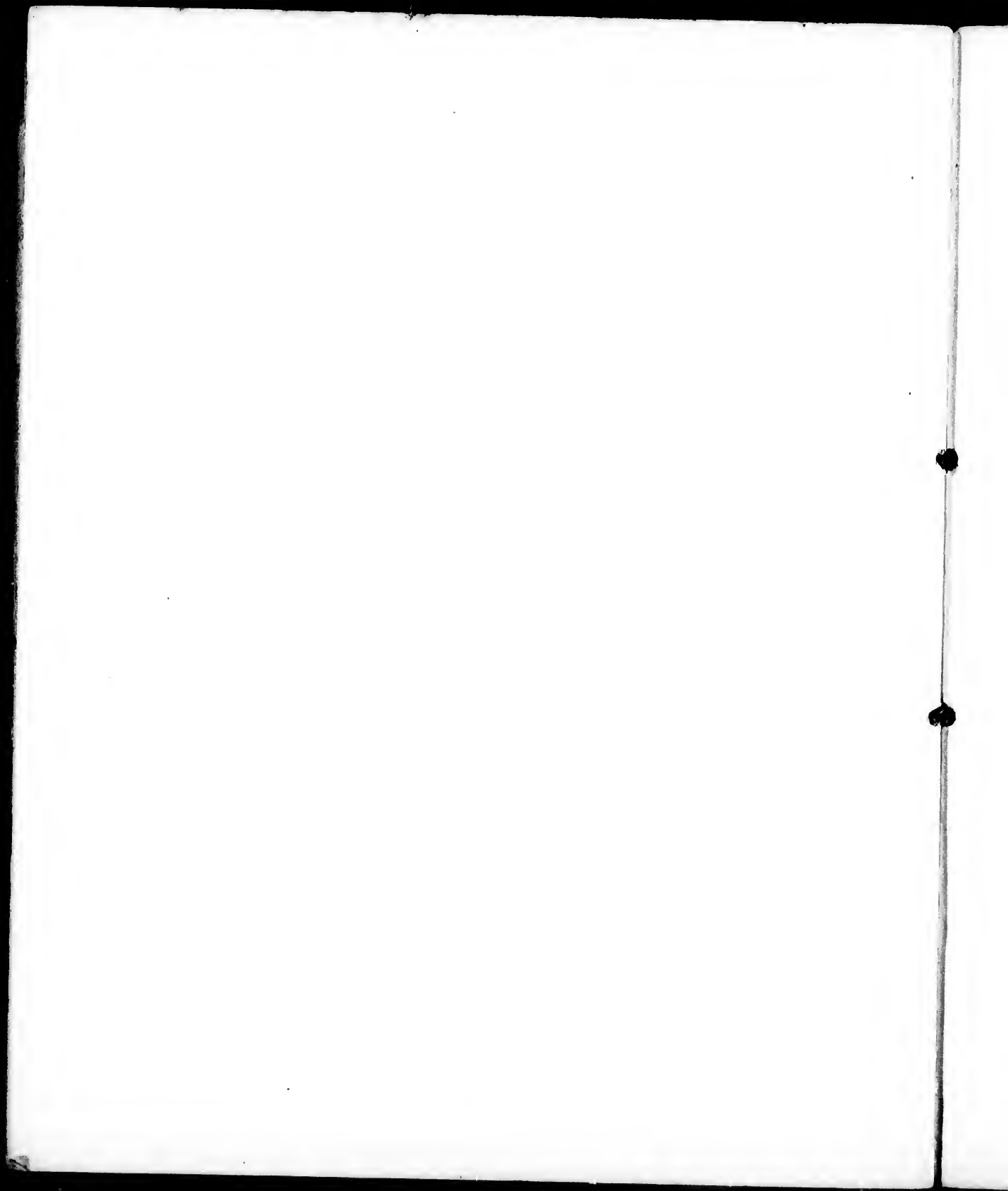


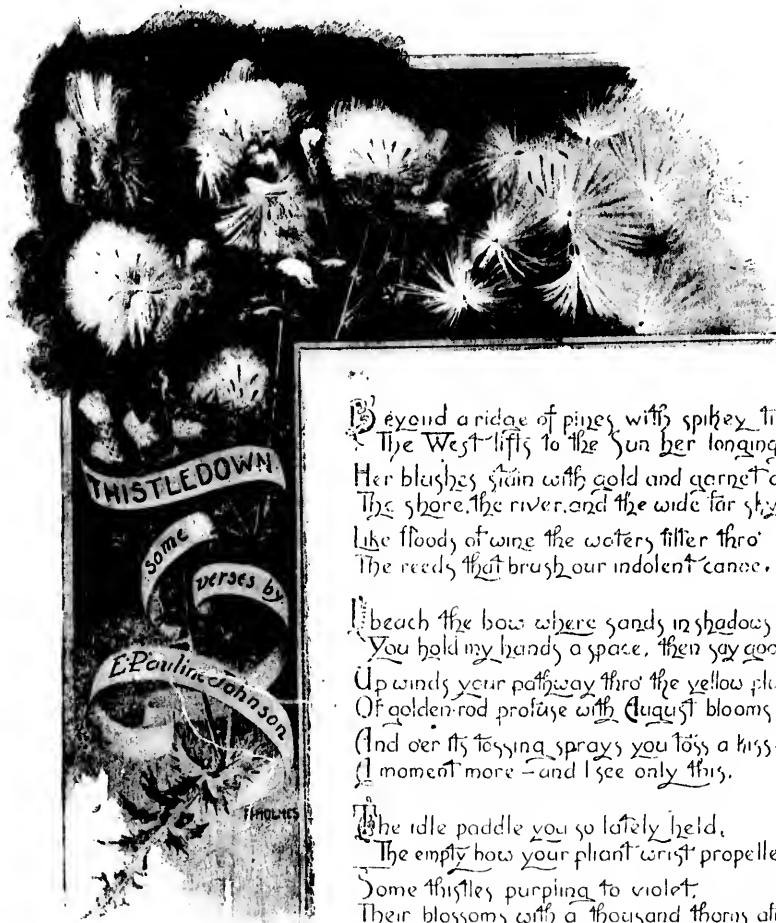
### Pandora's Box.

Ah who but knows how from the heart  
Fond Hope is fardy to depart!  
Though crushed beneath fates ruthless feet  
It finds itself some dark retreat  
Wherein to hide its wounded pain  
Till it may venture forth again.  
Self deafened to the stern decree  
Of fates "impossibility"  
Still patiently replying "Wait  
It may come tho' it come so late"  
Till proof, convincing, doubting past  
Brings the bright dream to death at last  
Ah God! Can anything but death  
Force it to yield its latest breath."

*Esperance*

*M. W. Alexander*  
33

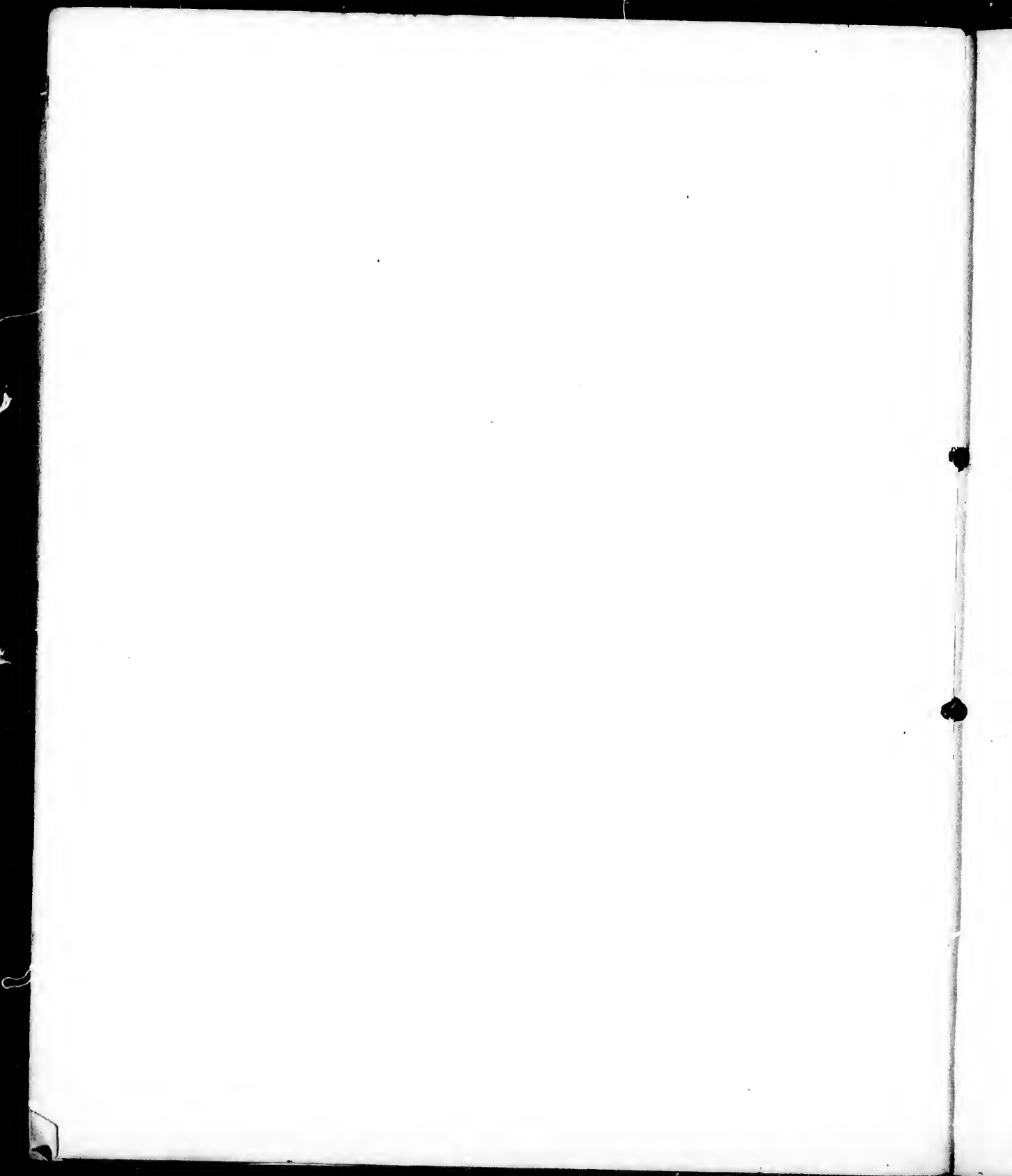




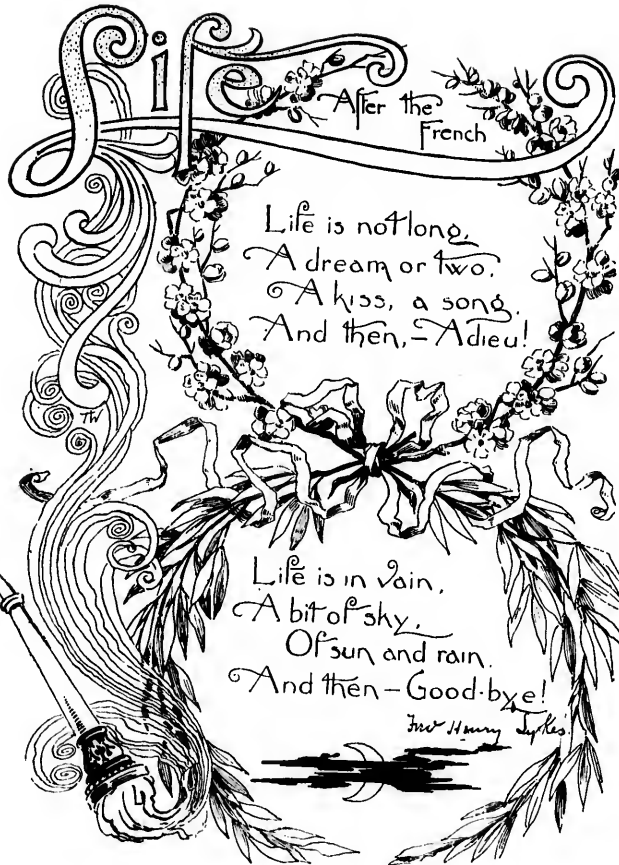
Beyond a ridge of pines with spiky tips,  
The West lifts to the Sun her longing lips.  
Her blushes stain with gold and garnet dye -  
The shore, the river, and the wide far sky  
Like floods of wine the waters filter thro'  
The reeds that brush our indolent canoe.

Beach the bow where sands in shadows lie,  
You hold my hands a space, then say good-by.  
Up winds your pathway thro' the yellow plumes  
Of golden-rod profuse with August blooms  
And o'er its tossing sprays you toss a kiss -  
A moment more - and I see only this.

The idle paddle you so lately held,  
The empty bow your pliant wrist propelled.  
Some thistles purpling to violet,  
Their blossoms with a thousand thorny alet,  
And like a cobweb shadowy and grey  
Far floats the down - far drifts the dream away.







Life

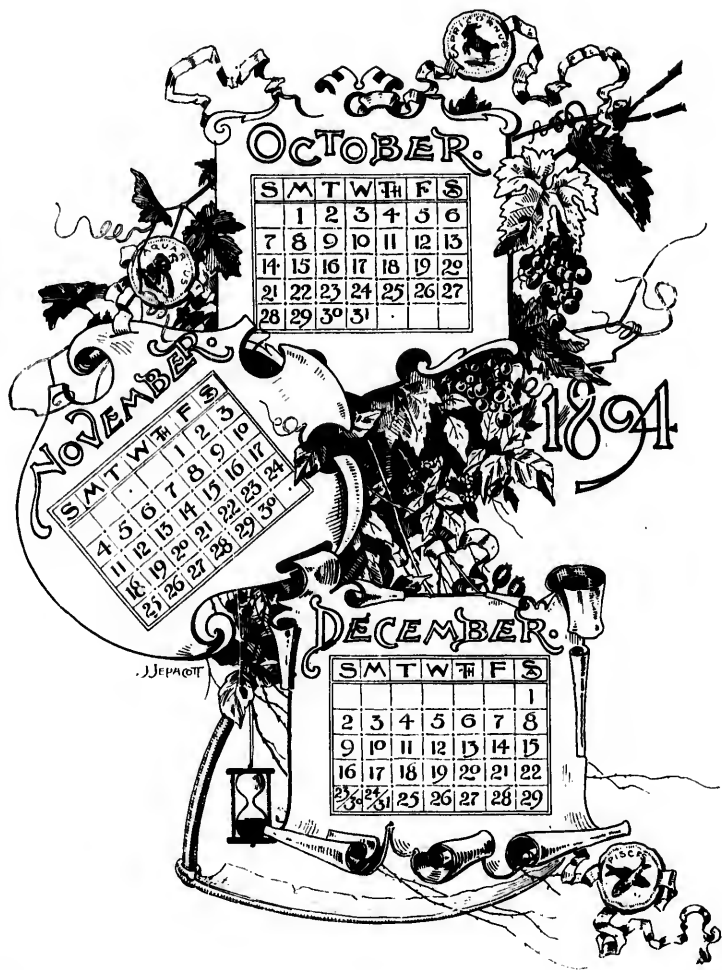
After the  
French

Life is not long,  
A dream or two,  
A kiss, a song,  
And then, - Adieu!

Life is in vain,  
A bit of sky,  
Of sun and rain,  
And then - Good-bye!

For Henry Lykes





OCTOBER.

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NOVEMBER.

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DECEMBER.

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