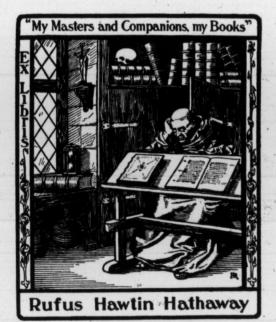


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With Christmas wishes from 6. J.a.

## MINETYFINE

A CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR MDCCCXCV WITH SOME CANADIAN WRITERS AND DRAWINGS BY MEMBERS OF THE TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE.

DESIGNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TORONTO ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE 75 ADEL AIDE STREET E. TORONTO CANADA

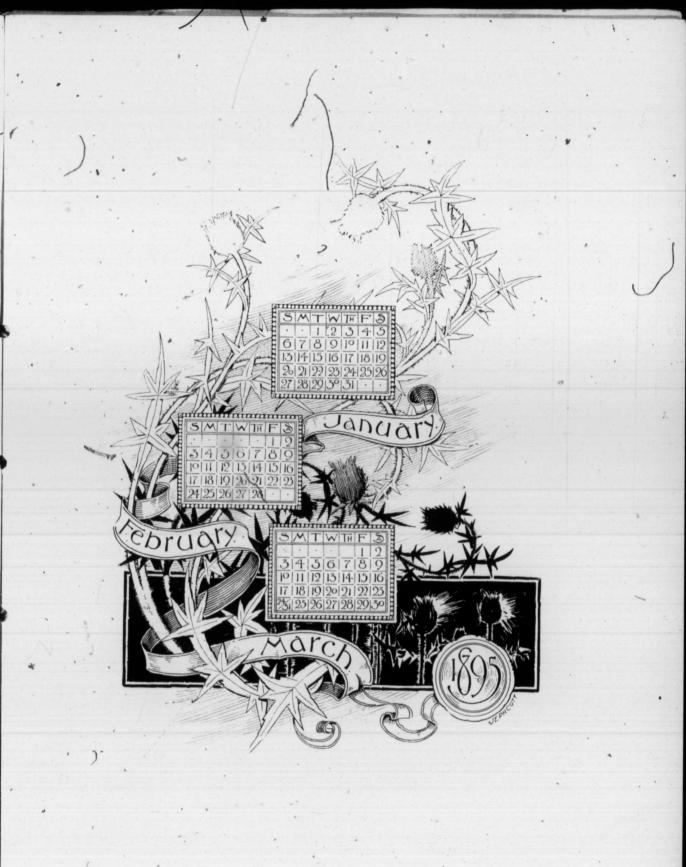


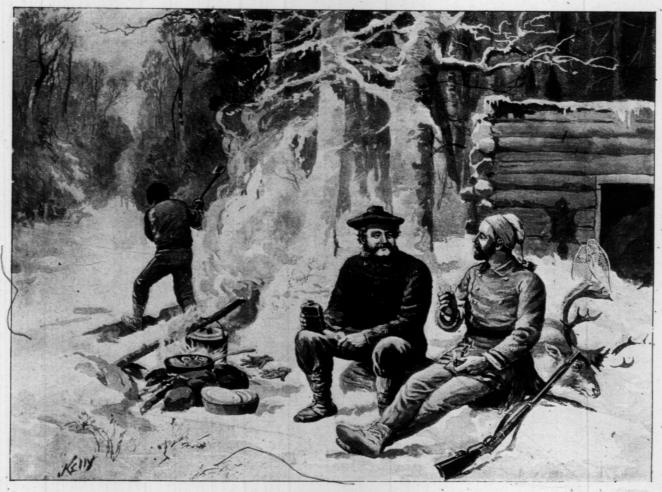
THE dry
dead leaves
flit by
with their
weird tunes,
Like
failing
murmurs
of some
conquered creed,

Graven
in
mystic markings
with
strange runes,

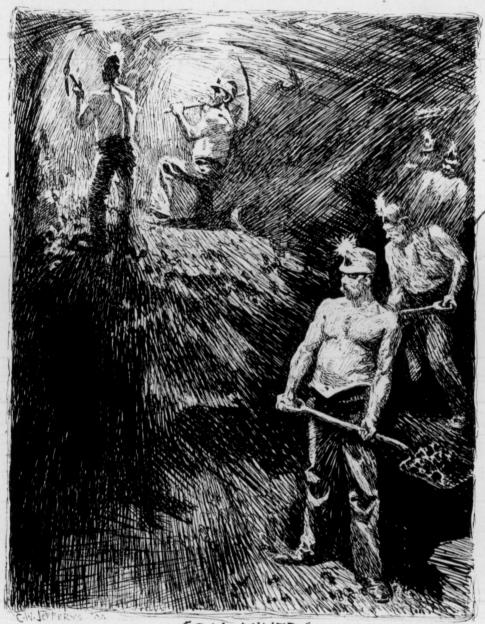
That none but stars
and
biting winds
may read.

A. IMPMAN





TAKING A NIP



COAL MINERS NOVA SCOTIA

N reawakened courses

The brooks rejoiced the land;

We dreamed the Spring's shy forces

Were gathering close at hand.

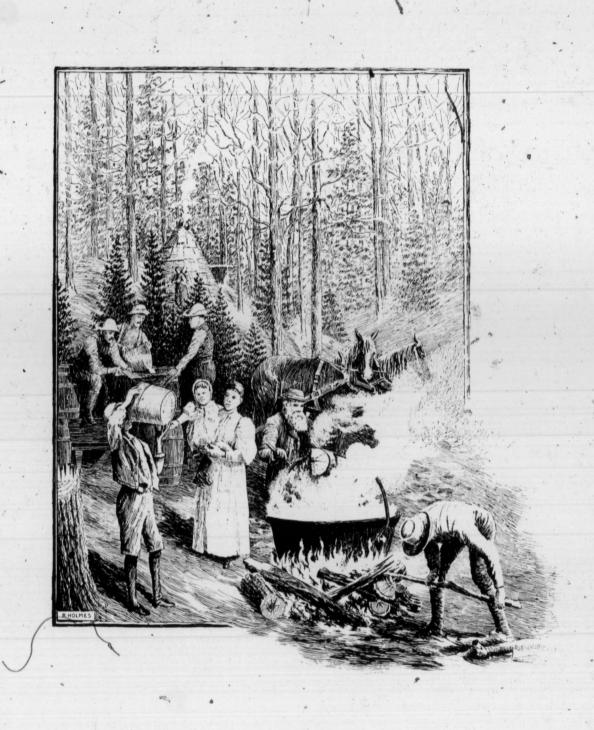
The dripping buds were stirred,

As if the sap had heard

The long desired persuasion

Of April's soft command.

CHAS. G. D. ROBERTS



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:30



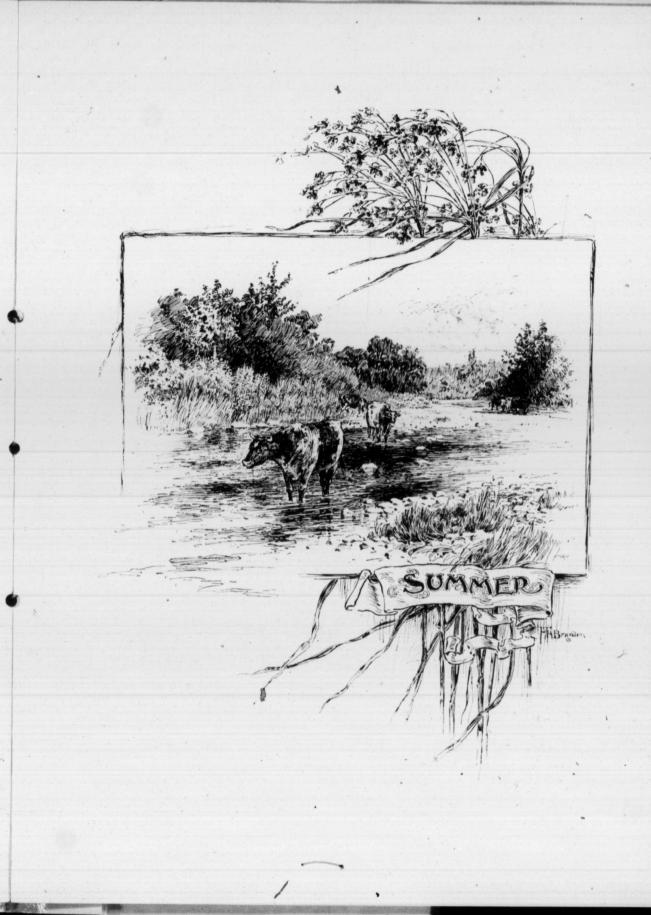
To-night
the west o'erbrims
with warmest dyes,
Its chalice overflows
with pools

of purple
coloring the skies,
Aflood with gold and rose,
And some hot soul
seems throbbing
close to mine,
As sinks the sun
within
that world of wine.

I seem to hear a bar of music float, And swoon into the west,

My ear can scarcely catch the whispered note,
But something in my breast
Blends with that strain, till both accord in one,
As cloud and color blend at set of sun.

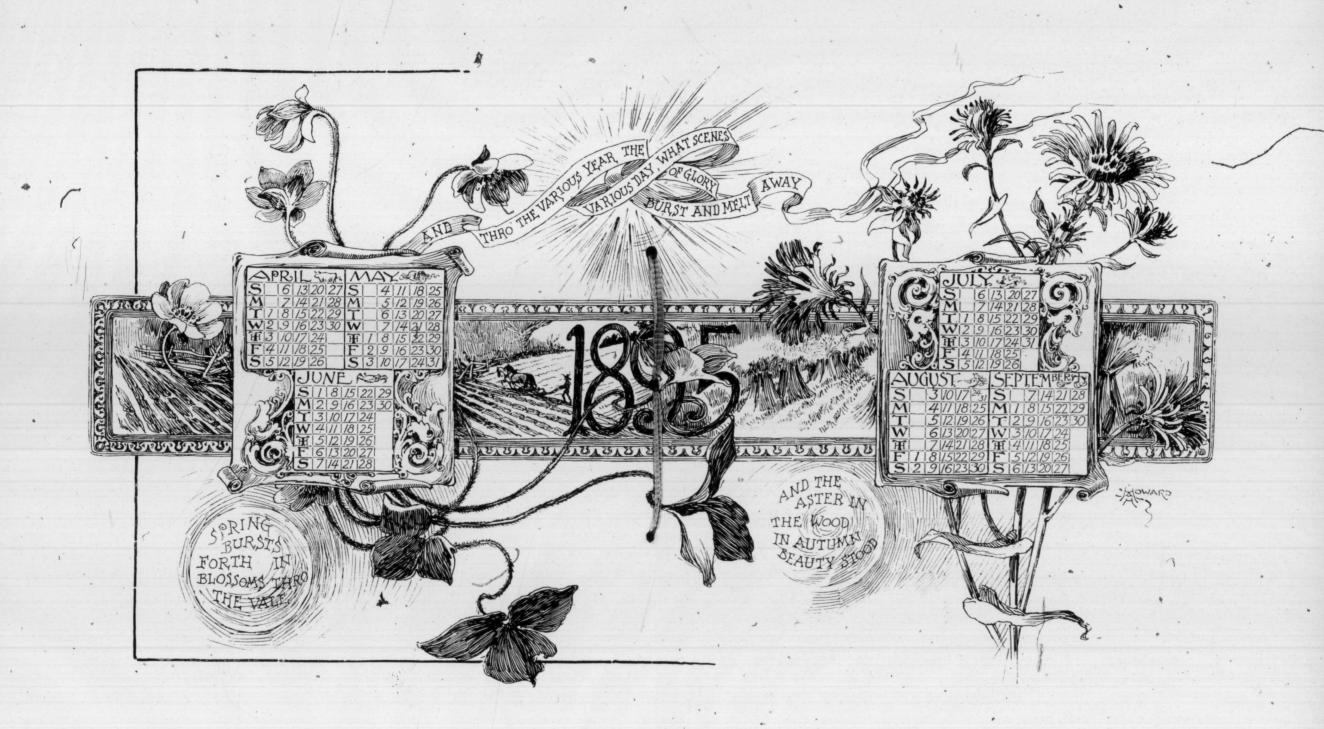
E. PAULINE JOHNSON



Quebec! how regally it crowns the height Like a tanned giant on a solid throne.

CHARLES SANGSTER.





Sing me a song of the toiling bees,
Of the long flight and the honey won,
Of the white hives under the apple trees
In the hazy sun.

Sing me a song of the thyme and the sage,

Of sweet marjoram in the garden grey,

Where goes my love Armitage

Pulling the summer savory.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

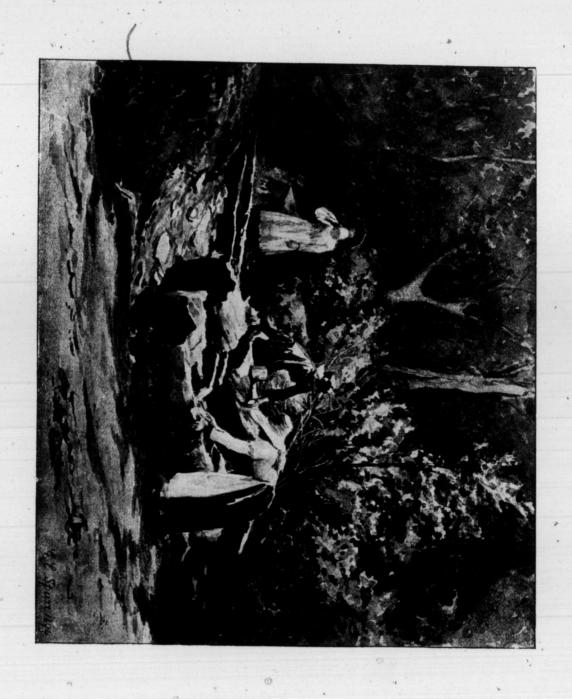
TIRRARY.



ä



Bright were the scenes that fancy drew,
And blithe the hours that gaily flew
In life's gay morn, when all was new.
CHARLES HEAVYSEGE



IS time for vagabonds to make The nearest inn. Far on I hear The voices of the Northern hills Gather the vagrants of the year.

BLISS CARMAN



HEN a light cloud rose up for hardihood,

Trailing a veil of snow that whirled and broke,

Blown softly like a shroud of steam or smoke,

Sallied across a knoll where maples stood,

Charged over broken country for a rood,

Then seeing the night withdrew his force and fled,

Leaving the ground with snowflakes thinly spread,

And traces of the skirmish in the wood.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT





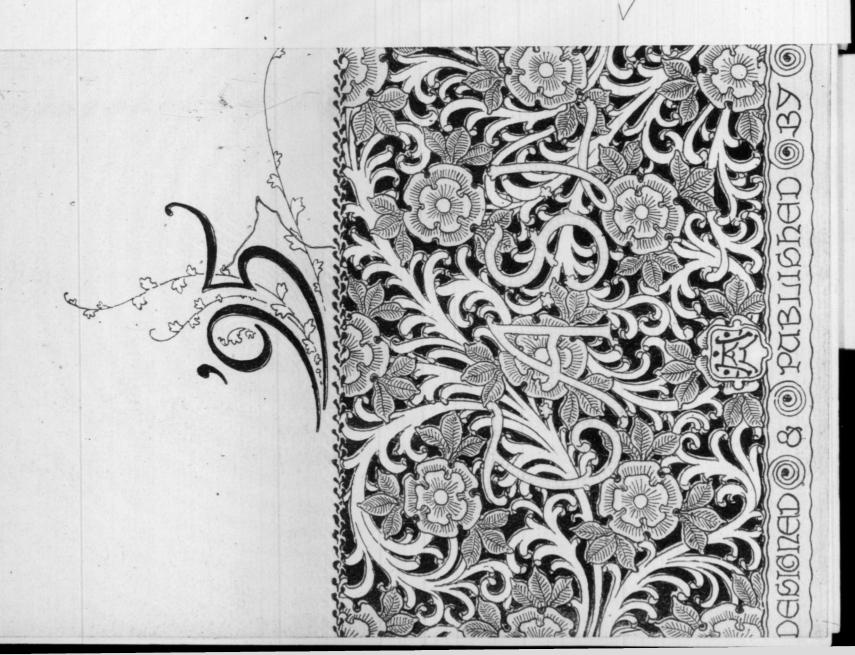
From the far-off mighty rivers, Drifting, shifting, glad-life givers,

Throbbing, pulsing, to the lakes; From the far-off, blue-peaked mountains, From the forest-girdled fountains,

> Where the sunlight leaps and shakes; From the spaces wild and dreary, From the cornlands far and near, Comes the Autumn's miserere, Comes the death-song of the year.

> > W. W. CAMPBELL





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Toronto Art students' league
A calendar for the year...

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