

 Hepatica

THE children have gone to the woods to-day,
For robins and blue-jays are here,
And each one looks for the April fay,
The flower that we all hold dear,
With her satin hood of silvery blue,
'Neath the old brown leaves she hides from view.

And one calls, "Hepsie, where are you now?"
Another, with restless feet,
Is pushing away both leaf and bough,
Where the budding maples meet,
Till comes a happy shout of glee
Canada's April flower to see.