

on an accordion: "There's a home for little children, above the bright blue sky," when a muffled shot rang out on the night.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when the back of his chimney was blown out with a crash, and Jim was landed in a big milk-pan of flour newly-set for bread. It was just like a royal salute—guns were going off in all directions. One or two jumped to the cause, but were afraid to remove the logs—it was too much like picking up lighted bombs.

Next day the township looked a wreck, and poor sympathetic Mrs O'Reilly, who had asked Bill over to tea, was disconsolately bemoaning the unfairness of Providence that her poor little slab *whare*

should have been the only place burned down, when, as she explained in a pathetic voice to a group of condolers, she had "only borrowed" the back-log, and intended to return it in the morning.

Bill's bullock-dray came crawling up the street about three o'clock. "Gee off, Ginger! Woah, Dandy!"

Everyone was carefully out of sight. Not a solitary lounge, not even the trail of tobacco smoke.

Bill, as he surveyed the wrecked chimneys and the burned-down *whare*, and marked the absence of his load of black logs, murmured softly to himself:

"Blest if it ain't like a bloomin' siege of Mafekin!"

## . Lilium . Auratum .

SWEET exile from the morning land,  
In vesture pure and pearly,  
Slashed here and there with sunny band,  
O'er-patterned like a tiny pea,  
Plush flecks of brown are clotted free;  
From calyx to petal's outmost span  
Runs faintly fine a vernal plea,  
Golden rayed Lily of Japan.

To Fujiyama's crimson land,  
The snowy-blossoming plum tree,  
The deft, demure musume band,  
The fragrant-scented kiosk tea,  
The magic-mirror inland sea,  
The flutter of a geisha's fan—  
Thou art an open sesame,  
Golden rayed Lily of Japan.

When Progress lifts her sceptred hand,  
Thy country bends the willing knee;  
Sure never since the world was planned  
Could any fairer envoy be  
To that unrivalled Arcady,  
For beauty-questing amorous man,  
Who seeks the Rising Sun with thee,  
Golden rayed Lily of Japan.

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### ENVOY.

Witch! spread white wings, more swift  
we'll flee  
Than ever Phœbus coursers ran,  
To all the bliss thou hold'st in fee,  
Golden rayen Lily of Japan.