

THE HOME OF THE ECHOES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649606061

The Home of the Echoes by F. W. Boreham

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F. W. BOREHAM

**THE HOME OF
THE ECHOES**

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THE HOME OF THE ECHOES

BY
F. W. BOREHAM



THE ABINGDON PRESS
NEW YORK CINCINNATI

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Printed in the United States of America.

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

RANGITUA, the tawny young son of Tutanekai the brave, and of Hinemoa the fair—both of them renowned in Maori story—stood on a projecting shelf of rock, overlooking one of those wild and desolate ravines that characterize the romantic ranges of Waikato. Hurrying in front of his father, the supple-sinewed stripling had scrambled to the dizzy eminence that he now so proudly occupied, and called back to Tutanekai, who was still engaged on the difficult and painful ascent. To the lad's astonishment, his voice came back to him from a dozen different directions. A moment later father and son were perched together on the overhanging rock, surveying the panorama of rugged grandeur spread out before them.

'And where,' asked Rangitua, 'where is the *home* of the echoes?'

Tutanekai pointed straight at his son's heart.

'There, my son,' he answered slowly, 'is the home of the echoes! No heart, no voice, no echo!'

That Maori philosophy is sound. 'If we meet no gods,' says Emerson, 'it is because we harbor none. If there is grandeur within us, we shall find grandeur in porters and in sweeps.' If any man, projecting his thought into the pleasant themes

that I have here suggested, hears voices calling to him from the printed page, let him be sure that his own heart is the home of the echoes he has started. If the home were not worthy of the echoes, the echoes would never have come to the home.

FRANK W. BOREHAM.

Armada, Melbourne, Australia,
Easter, 1921.