

**FACES IN THE FIRE,  
AND  
OTHER FANCIES**

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Faces in the Fire, and Other Fancies by F. W. Boreham

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**F. W. BOREHAM**

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**OTHER FANCIES**

BY  
**F. W. BOREHAM**

AUTHOR OF

'THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL,' 'THE SILVER SHADOW,' 'MUSHROOMS ON THE  
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ETC., ETC.



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## BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

It was a chilling experience, that first glimpse of New Zealand! Hour after hour the great ship held on her way up the Cook Straits amidst scenery that made me shudder and that scowled me out of countenance. Rugged, massive, inhospitable, and bare, how sternly those wild and mountainous landscapes contrasted with the quiet beauty that I had surveyed from the same decks as the ship had dropped down Channel! I shaded my eyes with my hands and swept the strange horizon at every point, but nowhere could I see a sign of habitation—no man; no beast; no sheltering roof; no winding road; no welcoming column of smoke! And when, in the twilight of that still autumn evening, I at length descended the gangway, and set foot for the first time on the land of my adoption, I found myself—twelve thousand miles from home—in a country in which not a soul knew me, and in which I knew no single soul. It was not an exhilarating sensation.

That was on March 11, 1895—twenty-one years ago to-night. Those one-and-twenty years have been almost evenly divided between the old manse at Mosgiel, in New Zealand, and my present Tasmanian

home. As I sit here, and let my memory play among the years, I smile at the odd way in which these southern lands have belied that first austere impression. In my fire to-night I see such crowds of faces—the faces of those with whom I have laughed and cried, and camped and played, and worked and worshipped in the course of these one-and-twenty years. There are fancy-faces, too; the folk of other latitudes; the faces I have never seen; the friends my pen has brought me. I cannot write to all to-night; so I set aside this book as a memento of the times we have spent together. If, by good hap, it reaches any of them, let them regard it as a shake of the hand for the sake of auld lang syne. And if, in addition to cementing old friendships, it creates new ones, how doubly happy I shall be!

FRANK W. BOREHAM.

HOBART, TASMANIA.

**PART I**