

THE LUGGAGE OF LIFE

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The luggage of life by F. W. Boreham

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F. W. BOREHAM

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OF LIFE**

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BY
F. W. BOREHAM



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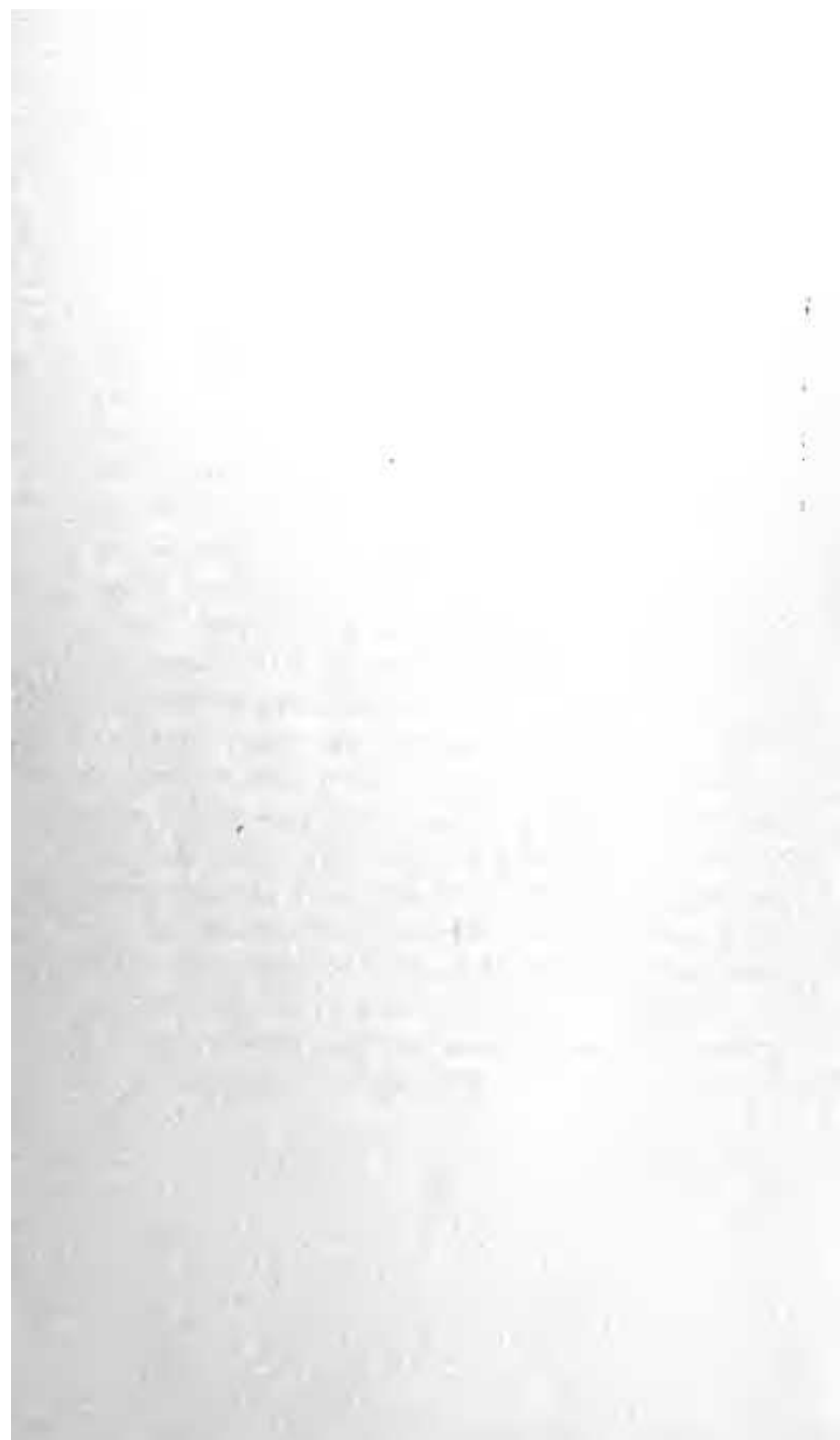
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TO
MY WIFE

1979



BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

THESE leaves are of Australian growth. It is both unnecessary and impossible to disguise it. The breath of the bush is on them. There were, however, so many who found them good, either for food or for medicine, in these Britains of the South, that it was suggested that the plant might survive the ordeal of transplantation to a northern clime. England is a land of noble hospitalities. And, after all, men are built pretty much the same way all the world over. A thing that is true under these soft southern skies is no less true where northern constellations burn. A word that wakens thought beneath the shadow of the wattle may lead a man to rub his eyes under a spreading English oak. A message that brings back the smile of courage to the bronzed face of a disheartened squatter may relieve a bruised spirit in London's central roar. And so I venture! I only hope that I may take the sob from one throat, or make one song more blithe.

FRANK W. BOREHAM.

