

**THE SILVER
SHADOW, AND
OTHER DAY DREAMS**

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The silver shadow, and other day dreams by F. W. Boreham

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F. W. BOREHAM

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OTHER DAY DREAMS**

THE SILVER SHADOW
AND
OTHER DAY DREAMS

BY
F. W. BOREHAM

AUTHOR OF

'THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL,' 'FACES IN THE FIRE,' 'MUSHROOMS
ON THE MOOR,' 'THE GOLDEN MILESTONE,' 'MOUNTAINS
IN THE MIST,' 'THE LUGGAGE OF LIFE,'
ETC., ETC.



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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

THESE are only some random reflections. The reflection of a thing is not the thing itself ; but then again, you would sometimes miss the thing itself but for the reflection of the thing. Years ago, in the interior of New Zealand, I was strolling along the green banks of a lovely lake that nestles serenely among the huge snow-capped mountains. Suddenly, on a projecting ledge of rock, almost hidden by the dense forestry, I came upon a little Maori maiden. She was lying at full length, face downwards, peering into the placid sheet of water. Her own comely countenance, the waving grasses that almost buried her, the green boughs and bright blossoms overhead, and the bird that was calling from the branches, were all most exquisitely mirrored in those tranquil and crystalline depths. It had probably never occurred to her to admire, as she looked *about* her and *above* her, the rich foliage of the rata, the tossing plumes of pampas, the sword-like blades of flax, and the shining plumage of the tui. But the *reflections* in the water fascinated

her. 'Look!' she cried excitedly, in her expressive and musical native speech, 'it is *a sea of silver shadows!*' That is precisely what I should like this book to be.

FRANK W. BOREHAM.

ARMADALE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA,

PART I

