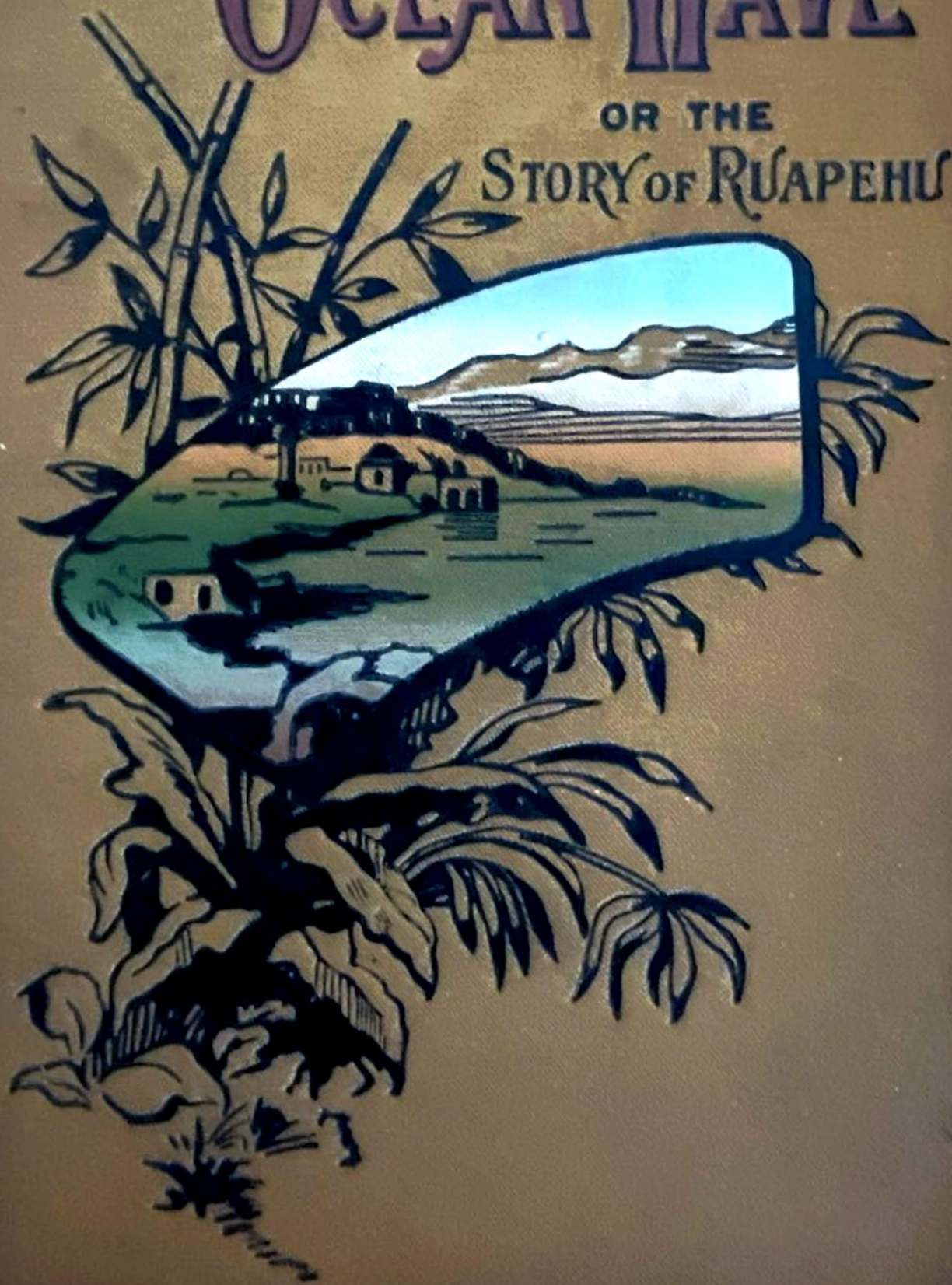


# BORN ON THE OCEAN WAVE

OR THE  
STORY OF RUAPEHU





BORN ON THE OCEAN WAVE.





AMIDST THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE. Pp. 36

Born on the Ocean Wave;

OR,

THE STORY OF RUAPEHU.

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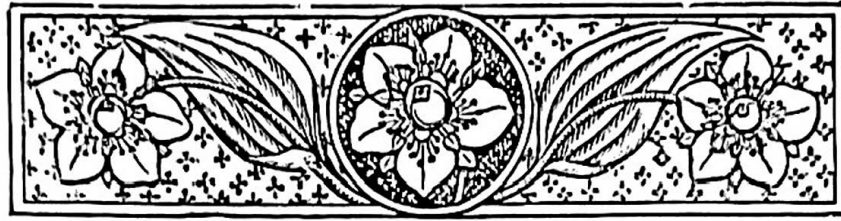
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# Born on the Ocean Wave ;

OR,

## THE STORY OF RUAPEHU.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### BIRTH OF RUAPEHU.



THAT a grand and noble sight was that, when the steamer, in which Edward, his wife, and Emmie, had set sail, steamed out of the London Docks that lovely autumn evening, bound for the Southern Seas.

As the vessel was lost to sight, how many of those friends, who had just

bidden farewell to loved ones, returned to their homes some to mourn their loss, and others to plead for the dear ones at the heavenly mercy-seat ! In a few hours they would be sundered far ; but by faith they could meet before that mercy-seat. The same watchful eye was on the living freight on the mighty deep, as on those at home.

As the steamer was borne by the breeze past England's southern shores, Edward and his wife were on deck, both with mingled feelings, thinking of days for ever gone, when a mother's love had watched over them—when a father “had joined in their innocent glee,” and when in those loved homes, they had first heard the story of a Saviour's love. And as the vessel sped on her course, with her sails set to catch the breeze, they were to experience the love of the tender Shepherd and their heavenly Father's care.

As they left Plymouth Harbour that

bright autumnal morning, the father and mother felt, indeed, that they had bidden farewell to England. But whether on the deep or dwelling on English shores, they knew the same God was with them, and He imparted a rest and peace that could only have been borne from Himself.

After the terrible effects of the tornado off the west coast of Africa, the vessel steered her course through calmer waters. But once again the faith of His children had to be tested : a terrific storm arose. The blackened heavens and the thunder peals told of something that man could witness, but could only stand aside and watch with awe and reverence ; for these wonders of the deep spoke of an unseen power, before which we must bow in wonder and in adoration.

The vessel reeled to and fro, battling with gigantic waves, that washed over the deck, carrying everything before them. Every place of admittance was

closed ; but the surging billows, nothing daunted, swept on, and, with a terrible rush, found their way into the cabins situated at the sides of the ship.

When Elizabeth first saw her cabin, she was disappointed, as it was situated in the middle of the vessel with only a borrowed light admitted ; but here her Father's care was manifested, for she was warm and comfortable, free from the inconvenience of her more unfortunate companions. Her cabin was near the engine-room, and now again she was disappointed. But when the cold south winds blew, how warm and comfortable was she.

Blankets ready to be packed for the hold, had been left out by mistake, and had to be stowed away in the cabin, and here again was a Father's care.

The last night of the storm, when about six hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope, the waves again came

with a mighty thud, just overhead, and with difficulty could she lay hold of the side of her berth to prevent herself from being pitched out. Crockery and furniture were smashed, the vessel almost on her side, righting herself again and again. Elizabeth said, "Edward, ought we not to ask the Lord to take away this storm?"

"No, that would not be faith," said he. "I am asking for grace to bear it." "My grace is sufficient for thee," these two voyagers experienced in a wonderful way.

The next day the storm abated, but in the midst of the storm, in all its fury, a little babe was sleeping in its mother's arms. Another life was given on the ocean wave. How calmly did the little one rest in its mother's arms, a lesson to Elizabeth to trust her Father as little Ruapehu was trusting her.

What sorrow and anxiety should we save ourselves, if we would rest in child-



like faith in the arms of "Him who doeth all things well."

Previous to the birth of Elizabeth's little son, there had been four deaths in the steamer.

At the breakfast hour, when the passengers were below, the bell tolled, the burial service was read, and the dead were committed to the mighty deep.

An old sailor passed away ; also a young lady and gentleman : both in consumption, endeavouring to find health on distant shores ; also a poor, little motherless babe.

What a time will that be, when the sea will give up her dead ! Many a heart has felt a pang when watching the silent *wave* roll over its loved ones. But many a one has been able to look above the ocean wave, to that bright home, where dwell the spirits of those made perfect :

“ We speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair ;  
And oft are its glories confest :  
But what must it be to be there.”

We know the dear little one, taken from its father's fond embrace, is there : for of such is the kingdom of heaven, through the sacrifice of the great Redeemer.

The sailors, often superstitious, hailed with joy the birth of the little Ruapehu. The captain named him thus. Edward and Elizabeth had much to thank him for, and strange as the name may seem, the parents gave it to their little one—the name of the vessel that had borne them from old England's shores to a home in the southern seas.

Little Ruapehu, thy Saviour has purchased a home for thee, where storms can never come, where He will steer thy course into the calm waters of that blissful harbour, where thou wilt again see thy dear father, who so early bade

farewell to earthly scenes and left thee  
in faith in the hands of thy heavenly  
Father, who will be faithful to His  
promise to be a Father to his fatherless  
boy. May you early learn a Saviour's  
love, and early learn to serve Him who  
has been to thee such a Friend.

“There is no Friend like Jesus,  
There is no place like home.”





## CHAPTER II.

### HIS SOUTHERN HOME.



HE vessel anchored in Table Bay for twenty-four hours. Elizabeth was near enough to hear the clock of Cape Town strike the midnight hour.

Here the news was sent that told of a little grandson to the old folks at home. Had the vessel passed the Cape ere this event the news would have been delayed for six weeks. Thus was there a care over all.

Passengers were kind. Some went ashore and brought back wild flowers for Elizabeth ; so lovely they were, like those in our hot-houses at home.

Many delicacies were provided by the ship's company for the mother.

How many little things one can think of shewing our Father's care. Once in the tropics Elizabeth suffered very much from thirst. She was too ill to go on deck. All were there but herself and a Scotch passenger, who seldom spoke to others, a most reserved person. Elizabeth was sitting with her back towards this woman's cabin door. She was suffering intensely from thirst, and prayed for something to be sent to her. Almost immediately the cabin door in question opened, and a voice in a strong Scotch accent said, "Would you like an orange?" and on turning her head, Elizabeth beheld the hand extended with the coveted fruit

At some of the places of call, the natives would come on board with baskets of lovely fruit, eager to take in exchange some article of clothing. In a tropical clime, to see a basket filled with



clusters of purple grapes, immense ripe green oranges (which do not keep long enough to transmit to our shores), bananas, cocoa nuts, &c., is no mean sight to a tired and a thirsty voyager. How good is God in providing for His creatures. "His tender mercies are over all his works."

The cold was not so intensely felt as when sailing through the southern seas homeward bound. The vessel steered far enough south to see mount Erebus.

Elizabeth's illness had caused the voyagers to land almost penniless. A few coins that would have served for a time in the land of their adoption had to be left behind in the vessel.

At last the emigrants anchored in the chief port of the island.

An infidel on board, who scoffed at the little Christian band, who nightly read the scriptures, and prayed together, said he would not mind if the ship went to the bottom. He believed

in no God and no hereafter. Still when the gun of the vessel was fired as she entered the harbour, the man jumped from seat to seat, tumbling over tables and chairs, for he thought something in the ship had exploded.

The fear he displayed was something really ludicrous. What is the boast of man? Truly hath "the fool said in his heart there is no God."

It was about 9 o'clock p.m. on a summer evening that the steamer steered into the harbour, and at the firing of the gun, a tug was soon alongside of the ship, and 900 mail bags were hauled over. This was in a southern isle, where only about a half-century before, scarcely a settlement of twenty English could be found. Wherever the Englishman goes, his perseverance and footprints are seen.

Here now are beautiful towns, with well-built houses, macadamised roads, broad and straight, beautiful trees

gracing many of the streets, and thrift and energy everywhere apparent.

The following morning the vessel steamed up to the quay, and here had Edward and his little family to embark on a coasting steamer for another voyage of 150 miles. Edward looked very wan. The voyage from England to recruit his health had been taken too late for him. Just before leaving the ship he had broken a blood-vessel.

Little Emmie and Ruapehu looked bright and well, each unconscious of any sorrow as they were carried by their parents to the shore.

Edward had written to a relative, telling him he was coming; but the steamer that bore the missive was in quarantine, owing to small pox, so the lonely emigrants arrived three days before the letter.

Alone they landed—not a living creature to meet them. But God was above all, for on arriving at the station of

the chief town of the island there was this relative standing, and with utter astonishment gazed on the sickly emigrant and his little family.

When on English shores Edward had known him as not far from the kingdom ; but colonial life and temptations had led him much astray. That very morning at 4 a.m. he had been aroused by his ungodly companions to go to some races many miles distant, near the town where Edward met him. He took his horse and rode twenty miles to catch the train at the nearest station. At a village on the way he met a friend, who, on taking his seat in the railway carriage, said : " Are you going to meet Edward R. ? " He said, " No ; I did not know he was coming." The stranger said, " A friend, who had been on board, told me he had arrived ! "

Instead of this relative going to the races, he went to the station to see if he could see anything of Edward, and as

the train from the docks slowly steamed in, he beheld the pale, wan look of the friend of his boyhood. Many prayers from English hearths had ascended for this relative in the southern seas, and in God's own time, may his parents' hearts be gladdened with the news of the lost one found.

“Where is my wandering boy to-night,  
The boy of my tenderest care?  
Go, search him and find him where'er you will,  
And tell him I love him still.”

He soon brought the tired voyagers to a homely resting-place, and the next day left them there to see them again at some future time. The following day Betsey Cranstone's husband heard of their arrival, and came to see them, and invited them to his house for two or three days.

One evening in the twilight, as Edward and his family emerged from the station, the everlasting hills appeared in view



—no foliage to relieve their barrenness —extinct craters here and there ; and underneath one of the hills was situated Joe Cranstone's farm. Elizabeth, as she neared this place, seemed to have a foreboding of evil. The Spirit of God was not here. In a day or two, little Emmie was taken seriously ill, and Elizabeth felt the hand of God was on her, because they were in a wrong place. Surely He would not have His children the guests of a blasphemer of His holy name.

Morally they were prisoners, they were far away from the nearest town, without means to obtain a vehicle, and almost penniless. Fortunately their boxes were still at the docks.

Elizabeth's spirit had been somewhat inured to rise above difficulties. She felt that if she could only get away from this place, the boxes could be emptied of some of their contents and disposed of, to maintain the little family.

She went to her room feeling somewhat like Peter, a prisoner. There on her knees she cried to God for deliverance ; not for a more comfortable home ; six weeks' voyage had made her even thankful for Joe Cranstone's shelter.

That evening, in one of his fits of intoxication, he remonstrated with Elizabeth for nursing her child. She said, "If I have left England's shores, I will not lose my authority over my child." He ordered her out of the house that night ; but on second thought he bade her stay till the next morning.

When Elizabeth saw the intoxicating cup lifted to the lips of her darling child it stirred all her maternal instincts to their very depths.

On this night did Elizabeth lift her heart to her Father and God to deliver her ; and ere she rose from her knees she heard her husband's footsteps, and there by her side did he pour out the same prayer.

The next morning Betsey offered to drive them to the nearest railway station, which was twelve miles off, evidently, as after events proved, glad to get the sick man and his little family off her hands.

They journeyed till drenching rain came on, and there were no means of shelter. To shield the sick child was as much as Elizabeth could do. Edward did his best with the infant. At one o'clock they were driven to the village, when Betsey informed them that the train did not start till five o'clock. She could not drive them, she said, at a more convenient time. However, the hearts of all are in God's hands.

The landlord of the village inn quickly conducted the travellers to his private sitting-room, where a blazing fire was burning. Little Ruapehu was comfortably fixed in a cradle, and warm, dry clothing given to Elizabeth to put on.

The smell of dinner was very accept-

able, but more so was the ample repast spread. After a good tea, the travellers set out for the city. Their pockets were not quite empty, as the good people at the inn charged but little for refreshment compared with our English inns. A sheep for five shillings can be cut up to satisfy many a hungry traveller without impoverishing the landlord.

Edward and his family soon arrived at the terminus and put up at a second-rate boarding-house. That same evening, Edward, somewhat brighter, being free from Betsey Cranstone and all her surroundings, went into the next street, and on hearing singing issuing forth from an unpretentious building, he entered. His heart was cheered to find those of the same mind as himself. After the meeting, friendly faces were around him and kind greetings. Hearty grasps of the hand were extended to the new comer from the "old country."

Edward returned greatly cheered, but poor little Emmie was dangerously ill, and the last coin was spent in medicine for the little one.

At the end of a long corridor was Elizabeth with her little ones, and one of them seemed passing away. There were no means of communication, not a bell in the place.

The next morning, Edward went out to seek for a cottage, and Elizabeth watched by her child. She knelt down and prayed for her restoration. She could get no peace till, after an agony, she was enabled to say, "Thy will be done." Then she felt, Oh! if I only could get womanly aid!

She prayed earnestly that she might be sent to some kind-hearted woman, who could help her: she felt so sure the prayer would be answered, that she packed her few things together that there might be no delay when the answer came; so that when Edward arrived and told her



a cottage was taken, and that the landlady, an experienced nurse, had invited him and his little family to her house till his own could be made somewhat comfortable, she was not surprised.

Soon they were at this good woman's home. She lit a fire in her own room, put little Emmie into a warm bath, took charge of Ruapehu, and nursed his mother for four days. Only ten days had elapsed since Elizabeth had landed; and now, here in a strange land, in a christian home, were Elizabeth and her children nursed by one who acted like a mother.

The following day, after reaching this friendly shelter, Elizabeth was told that Edward had arrived with all the boxes. He had been compelled to return to the boarding-house to stay till he could turn something into money to defray the expenses. But on arriving at this boarding-house, a note was awaiting him from a young tutor like himself,

whom he had met among the little christian band the preceding evening.

It ran thus: "Enclosed £3--which please use till you are better off; and if you or yours I can help at any time in any way, only command me."

Imagine Edward's joy. He was thus enabled to leave, obtain his boxes from the docks, and still have a surplus.

In a few days he and his family entered the little dwelling they were to call home, with hearts full of gratitude to Him, "whose love is as great as His power, and knows neither measure nor end."

God had implanted the simple faith, and now He was going to honour it. What matchless grace! The same evening a box was brought to Elizabeth from another of that little christian band; and on opening it, to her wondering gaze she beheld every kind of grocer she needed, to store her cupboards for many a day.

The same kind friend sent a cot for Emmie. The landlord got up early in the morning and made a cradle and gave it to little Ruapehu, and an easy chair for poor Edward. In a day or two a christian lady called and put a sovereign in each of the little ones' hands.

One day a christian gentleman came, and, on Edward wishing him good-bye, he put a piece of paper into Edward's hand, and Elizabeth never saw such astonishment depicted on her husband's face as when he found the piece of paper to be a £5 note.

Beef-tea, wine, and puddings were constantly supplied to the invalid ; but the source was never known—God alone knew. May He bless the unknown giver !

Elizabeth, always of an independent spirit, would have thought in former years it impossible that these things could have happened to her ; but with a sick husband, two children, and herself in a

weak state of health, she was placed in the blessed position to experience a Father's care and a Father's love.

This was little Ruapehu's first southern home, sheltered 'neath His almighty wings, and upheld in His everlasting arms.

“Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.”





## CHAPTER III.

### SEPARATION FROM HIS MOTHER.

**S**OON after the little family got to their colonial home, Edward heard of an uncle up country who had not written to his friends for many years. He was a Christian, and had kept aloof from his ungodly relative, Joe Cranstone.

Edward wrote to this uncle, informing him of the treatment he had received from Joe and Betsy. This the latter was much pained at, that his brother's son should have been so treated ; and he at once set out for the city, and soon Edward beheld his father's youngest brother at his now door, with pro-

visions, such as a farmhouse can provide, to last for many a day. An invitation was also given to spend Christmas at this place.

In a few days they set out for the homestead. On arriving at the terminus, there was a vehicle to meet them and to take them some miles further into the country.

No snow-clad trees did they behold, but abundant vegetation everywhere met their gaze. Golden fields of waving corn, and lovely feathered songsters chirping their sweet notes on every hand.

At last a pretty farmhouse appeared, which had been hidden amidst the tall gum trees. Edward's aunt, a pleasant-looking, comely woman, came down the pathway to meet them, and to give them a welcome.

Christmas day was spent at this house. The heat was so great that every means was resorted to whereby a current of

air might be obtained. Green peas and new potatoes were in abundance. It all seemed very strange to the emigrants.

Many days were spent in the fields of golden grain. A paddock of 1,000 acres was no unusual thing to see in some parts of the country. Thick gorse hedges, neatly trimmed by machines in spring time, were a very pretty sight. The lines of golden gorse, the blue sky and the snow-clad heights were unusual sights to the emigrants. At moonlight the reaping machines are often seen at work, because of the high winds, which are so prevalent in this southern isle, often coming suddenly and carrying off hundreds of acres of the ripened corn.

On returning to their humble cottage, there lay a letter, informing Edward that he was appointed master of a school on the mountains for which he had made application. The little family were soon ensconced there, and, amidst

the beauties of nature, they spent many happy months.

The morning the school was opened, Elizabeth took from the hand of many a little mountaineer a present sent by the parents, to store her cupboards with. No pen can fully portray the grandeur that surrounded that mountain home. It was situated near the bush. The front of the cottage looked out on fifteen square miles of bush.

Elizabeth and Edward did not enter far; for in some places impenetrable darkness prevailed, caused by the overhanging foliage. Trees of every description they beheld in the outskirts (all the native trees were evergreen), with clusters of scarlet berries and garlands of blossoms. Lovely ferns of hundreds of different species at their feet, and most exquisite notes issued forth from beneath the branches of the trees and ascended into the calm, clear evening air.

The snow-fed river swept by, or rather



rushed by their cottage, making its way through natural archways situated terrace upon terrace, over which was hanging foliage of every hue. Oh! that sorrow could ever enter here, and oh! the comfort of knowing that in the land of fadeless bloom, sorrow can never come. Still were it not for the sorrow we should not know a Saviour's solace.

None could behold all this grandeur without being moved with adoration to the Maker of it all.

One lovely morn, with the brilliant sky o'er-  
 head,  
 I wandered forth to seek that peace of mind I  
 longed for ;  
 'Twas not on England's shores the scenes de-  
 picted,  
 But in a foreign land :  
 Still there, as well as here,  
 'The Great Creator has spread His handiwork  
 In bolder grandeur than this loved spot por-  
 trays.  
 'The distant snow-clad hills,  
 'Towering up beneath an azure sky,

And far up the sides luxurious vegetation  
Met my gaze.

Where birds of every hue sent forth their notes,  
I looked on lovely terraces of coral hue,  
Made by the force of glaciers, far down the  
vista of the ages

These mighty tons of ice had done their work  
Slowly but surely.

I heard in the distance the roar of a mighty  
river,

Sweeping down the gorges,  
And the distant splashing of the murmuring  
waves.

I saw and heard all this as in a dream.

The beauty and the music were nought to me,  
For I had built mine own horizon—self—  
That marred this lovely scene.

Indeed, I tried to close my eyes  
To the grandeur of this panorama,  
Not thinking then

How my Creator I was slighting.

I thought the curse was on it,  
So I must therefore shun it.

But at last above the brightness of the noon-day  
sun

I saw the Sun of Righteousness —  
And thus my horizon vanished.  
He shed His glittering beams  
And healed my blindness.

I saw mid earth and heaven  
 My Saviour, hanging on a tree  
 For me, His creature.  
 My sins He bore, and gave me in their place  
 A peace that passeth knowledge.  
 I saw my mighty Saviour there,  
 Not only my Redeemer,  
 But the Creator of all the grandeur  
 Spread around me,  
 In mount and glen,  
 In mighty torrent ;  
 And in the roar of the ocean wave,  
 In the rainbow-tinted sky,  
 In the spangled heavens above me.  
 My heart abounds with joy  
 In contemplating all His works,  
 Both in redemption and creation ;  
 And earth is a nether heaven to me,  
 Where I, by grace, may do His will,  
 Till called above to join the ransomed host  
 To sing the never-ending song,  
 Begun amidst this changing scene  
 Where I have known a Father's and a Saviour's  
 love.

In the midst of all the grandeur of  
 this loved spot, Edward did not gain  
 strength, but got weaker and weaker  
 every day.

The school was closed for one week to enable him to get advice from the hospital doctors. People who are sick gladly come from the bush to become inmates of the institution, and gladly do they pay the fees, for to be far away up the country from medical aid is not to be desired.

Once little Ruapehu was ill, Elizabeth could only obtain the aid of a doctor by paying a fee of £5 for one visit.

The little fellow was suffering from a large abscess. Elizabeth was looking to the Lord for help, and to see a medical man who lived some miles distant. She looked out one day and saw a vehicle with two occupants. They must have forded the K—— river to get to the bush. They were christian men, and on seeing the little one so ill they volunteered to drive the mother and child to the nearest doctor—the only one for many miles round.

The journey seemed a fruitless one,

for he was from home, and had they waited night would have overtaken them.

One of the friends said, "I can take you to an old Scotch christian woman who can give you advice." To her they drove. She received Elizabeth very kindly, and quietly said, "Take a lump of figs and lay on the boil." Elizabeth was much impressed, and took it as a message from the Lord. The advice was taken, and within three days little Ruapehu was free from his pain. He was naturally a fine healthy child, and the Lord blessed the means used to heal him.

Edward never saw those hills again, nor that dwelling, where some of his happiest days were spent, for he became an inmate of the hospital. Elizabeth not only with Emmie, but with Ruapehu also, started for C.—, where Edward was lying so ill, and to a bright little lodging she soon brought him. The

woman would not have little Ruapehu there, and, as the lodging was suitable, Elizabeth took the little one to the good woman who had so befriended her. The following day she forded the K—— river. The river was so swollen with the melted snow that the water almost caused the horse and vehicle to be carried away. Elizabeth saw once again her bright little home, which she felt Edward would never more behold, set things in order for moving, and then bade farewell to hill and dale. The station-master's good wife at the nearest station, quite a stranger, knew she was returning that evening to catch the early train the following morning, and had a lodging all ready prepared for her, and quite unknown to Elizabeth. The good woman of the house saw that Elizabeth needed rest, so nursed and cared for her for a few hours, and prepared breakfast in the early morning hour. No remuneration would she receive. May

God reward her. Elizabeth returned to her husband, and that night she was taken delirious, and, at the end of twenty-one days, on returning to consciousness, she found herself an inmate of a lunatic asylum, lying on the floor on a bed of straw.

Still God was good to her. When in the convalescent ward, there was an empty bed between herself and a woman who had murdered her child of seven years. At night Elizabeth was locked in with about thirty people.

Before the lights were out those near her would listen to the reading of a chapter, and seemed interested.

In the dark hours of the night, one woman at the far end would swear such dreadful oaths that Elizabeth felt she must be possessed by an evil spirit. Elizabeth, naturally of a nervous temperament, seemed now to be by circumstances placed in a position where fear was of no earthly use. Once she

thought if there were a fire what would she do.

A few weeks after she left this building there was a fire, but all the poor creatures were saved. Elizabeth was placed in a position, too, where earthly comfort failed her. Want of faith had been her besetting sin ; and now God in His love had placed her in this truly blessed position, of being shut up to Himself for sympathy, for comfort, and for all she needed.

She was enabled to look alone to Him now.

A few days after that she knew she was a widow. One night when all were in bed and lights put out, she heard the grating of the key in the door, and a lady about forty years of age entered, followed by an attendant. A new inmate had caused this lady to be removed, and she was placed next to Elizabeth. She had only been in a short time, and was now recovering. She



was a bright Christian woman, and sent, as Elizabeth believed, by that God who comforteth those who are cast down.

They read the scriptures together, and spake often one to another of the Lord. The lady's friends were well off; and the nice things they sent their relative were always shared with Elizabeth. She and this lady left the building on the same day. The matron, an ungodly woman, jeered Elizabeth for speaking of Jehovah.

In her weakness the attendants could get Elizabeth to take nothing until they said "Jehovah sent it."

When Elizabeth was well, in the presence of this matron, she had the strength given her to walk to the piano and play and sing:

"Before Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and He destroy."

Never after did the matron jeer. May God in mercy save her immortal soul!

About three weeks after Elizabeth entered that building, Edward entered the realms of light.

Little Ruapehu was taken in his basinette by his kind-hearted foster-mother to his father's grave on the day of the funeral.

Ah! little Ruapehu, thou hast been left fatherless; but there is One who has been more than a father to thee, and will for ever shield thee till thou art called above:

“There's a home for little children,  
Above the bright blue sky;  
A Friend who never changeth,  
Whose love can never die.”





## CHAPTER IV.

MEETING HIS MOTHER AND SAILING FOR  
ENGLISH SHORES.



LIZABETH left the institution, accompanied by her true and tried friends, one lovely spring morning, and wended her way to their humble dwelling.

It was her last resource to ask them to befriend her in her hour of need. She had not seen her darling boy since the day she delivered him up to his kind-hearted foster mother. She would not have him brought to her, for she could not bear the agony of parting with him again.

The good people had sheltered her child ; and Elizabeth did not wish to burden them with herself, until compelled to do so.

When the authorities asked her if she had any friends, she naturally turned to Edward's Christian uncle for succour. She wrote to him, asking him to give her a home until she could obtain a situation. But day after day of anxious watching came and went, but no letter did she receive, nor any relative to befriend her. A lesson Elizabeth had to learn still, for she was looking to man for help instead of God alone. She wanted her own way of deliverance, not His. Edward's uncle did not wish to be burdened with Elizabeth ; but God was going to befriend her.

With what mingled feelings did Elizabeth leave that building. The prospect of once more being able to clasp her darling boy to her breast seemed like a dream scarcely to be realised. Each

step brought her nearer and nearer that precious treasure. On first recovering consciousness, little Ruapehu was the first that she remembered. She at last entered the little dwelling, and there beheld her little Ruapehu. It was the work of a moment for him to be in her arms. But she was only allowed the joy of being with him for a few hours ; for when the authorities heard her late husband had relatives, she was bound within twenty-four hours to go a six hours' voyage by steamer to the relative who first met her and Edward when first coming to the island. She stood a chance, had she not gone, of being taken by a policeman back to the institution she had so recently left.

God gave her the needed strength to meet all these unexpected circumstances, and He was leading her tenderly along the rugged road.

She started at 2 P.M. from the same spot where she and Edward had landed

as lonely emigrants. She was the only passenger. She fainted in her cabin, but the trying circumstances nerved her to fight against her weakness.

At 8 P.M. she came to the landing-stage amidst darkness and drizzling rain, and not a soul to meet her. The steamer arrived a little before the usual hour. Elizabeth, however, found her way to the temporary shelter, which she found to be a home of ungodliness.

What would she have done without her Saviour and her Bible! What comfort did she find in that precious word!

One day she received a letter from a friend telling her to call on a christian lady in the place whose address was given. She went, and a cordial welcome did she find among God's people there!

They gave her a pressing invitation to stay at their house; but God willed otherwise, for in a day or two a letter arrived enclosing £5 of Edward's

salary which enabled her to take the coach and fetch her little Emmie and wend her way once more to the friendly shelter, where she again had Emmie and Ruapehu under her wing.

It was on a Saturday she returned to little Ruapehu, leading little Emmie by her side. That same day the good people's daughter left her situation unexpectedly. On the following Thursday Elizabeth was appointed mistress of Seafield School, and in one week from the time she was homeless, she with Emmie, and the good people's daughter started for A——. On arriving at the station a friendly face appeared asking her if she was Mrs. R——. That morning this christian woman had received a telegram from another Christian, almost a stranger to Elizabeth, asking the friend to meet her and to entertain her for a few hours.

On every hand a Father's care was manifested. She went to this good

woman's house ; and after a substantial repast, and a rest, she left to go to her new home—her home by the ocean wave. Overlooking the snow-clad heights, within sound of the murmuring waters, and of the ocean breeze. with the sweet smell of roses entwined around her dwelling, did Elizabeth find a home.

Surrounded by fresh young hearts, brought up amidst nature, far away from city life, were some of her happiest days spent.

In a very short time, Ruapehu arrived with his foster mother. What a glad day was that when mother and children met once more, all under the same roof. What notes of praise ascended from that widowed heart to the "Giver of every good thing." Amidst the pure sea breeze, and fed with new milk from the neighbouring farm, little Ruapehu thrived.

When Elizabeth's day's work was done, what joy filled the heart of the



mother to see her little ones frolicking on the green sward, and greeting her with sunny smiles.

How sweet it is to see the innocent glee of the little ones. Little Emmie and Ruapehu enjoy thy innocent glee as long as thou canst, for pass through the world as best we may we cannot expect to be free from all sorrow. But in that bright home above "there will be no sorrow there" Elizabeth will never forget "Fair Seafield" and the friends of the friendless there. The last hymn she sang with the Sunday class in that loved spot was :—

"There is life in a look at the crucified One,  
There is life at that moment for thee."

May she meet them, one and all, in the land of fadeless bloom. The town she arrived at on her way to this loved spot was the same that Edward and she had come to on a visit to her husband's uncle. The day Elizabeth arrived at

her new home, Edward's uncle was in the town. She did not see him, but he was informed that his niece. (Elizabeth) had that day gone as mistress of Seafield School. His consternation was very great. He thought she was still a prisoner within barred windows and barred doors ; but God had set the prisoner free, and had led her and her children His own way.

This relative had to own God's wondrous care. Elizabeth does not wish to condemn him for his action towards her. God knows, she might have done as he did if placed in the same circumstances. He is above all. We are to look unto Him, not at second causes.

Another christian man in the same town, had been written to, asking him to join with the little christian band there, in prayer for Elizabeth's recovery. When he heard of a Mrs. R— installed as mistress of Seafield School, he could

not believe she was the subject of his prayers, so made inquiries, and to his wonder and astonishment found out that she was.

We often pray, and when the answer comes, are dumbfounded. A year and a half were spent in this lovely spot ; but owing to Elizabeth's ill-health she and her little ones set out for English shores, and soon were homeward bound.





## CHAPTER V.

RUAPEHU IN THE ARMS OF THE DEAR  
ONES AT HOME.



ONCE again does little Ruapehu sail on the ocean wave, and once again was he to find a home ; but this time on dear old England's shores.

In the steerage, Elizabeth had not only, in her weakness, to attend to Emmie, but to her little brother also. Each day she proved, "My grace is sufficient for thee." But just before the vessel started for English waters, kind christian friends had her and the little ones removed to the saloon. And what a glad day indeed was that

when mother and children left the steerage for the comforts there provided.

No one can fully depict the appreciation of the tired and worn-out mother.

No storms had the vessel to face on the homeward passage. When the little ones were in their berth, Elizabeth, going through the tropics, would sit at the open window, working and listening to the murmuring of the rippling waves.

What kindness did the children receive from all! Each steward was ever ready to minister to the wants of the little ones, each passenger to frolic with them, or to please them with the lovely fruit at the places of call.

As the ship steered her course up the eastern coast of South America it was a grand sight to see the vivid lightning playing on the shore. At Rio the lightning played all night around the mast of the vessel. But the natives take no notice, they are accustomed to this.

Land had not been seen for twenty-one days, when one lovely morning, about six o'clock, the stewardess aroused the passengers by telling them that they were steaming up the River Plate. When all beheld the Fort, they knew they were not far off the city of Rio ; and although the eye still fell on foreign shores, passengers one and all were glad to see houses and people once more.

After twenty-four hours in the harbour, the good ship A. altered her course once again, and was soon out on the ocean wave. For some hours out at sea the effect of the waters of the River Plate is felt, such is their magnitude and force.

All were glad to be out of the tropics. The effect of the cold south winds, icebergs and tropical climes all within a few weeks, is felt more by some than by others. This was so with Elizabeth ; but by the time the vessel was steering her

course into the Bay of Biscay, Elizabeth had almost recovered her wonted health, and the voyage had arrested the disease, consumption. God in His mercy had spared the mother to succour and to care for her children.

Every bit of land was eagerly watched for. Cape Finisterre at last was sighted, and on and on the vessel sped amidst calm waters, until Plymouth Harbour was once more reached.

Oh! what had transpired since last Elizabeth was in that harbour? But goodness and mercy had followed her all the way; and she had been spared to bring her little ones across the ocean wave, to be received with a glad welcome which made amends for many of her bitter experiences. When the vessel anchored how many glad faces came to welcome their dear ones from other shores. Elizabeth's heart was made glad ere she left the vessel by beholding the kind face of Edward's mother, and

great joy was depicted on her countenance on beholding her little grandson and his sister. In London the travellers rested for a few hours at the house of Elizabeth's cousin, and a glad welcome did the returned emigrants receive. Among the rest was an aunt of Elizabeth, who had oft nursed her as a babe, as she was then nursing little Ruapehu.

The voyagers left the great city, and soon met Elizabeth's brother, and what a welcome did he give all !

Little Emmie, as if intuition told her how he loved her, threw her arms around her uncle's neck, an action she was never known to do before, except to her mother, and thus she drew his heart at once to her.

Soon all arrived home, and ere the hall door was opened, the inmates heard the prattle of the little voyagers, as if they had only emerged from the next house, instead of having spent six weeks on board a ship.



Little Emmie did indeed get a welcome ; but be assured, dear reader, that little Ruapehu, toddling behind, got an equally warm one from his maternal grandparent. The child, whose young life had been so full of changes, was now safe with hearts to love him and arms extended wide to receive him.

Within a few weeks Elizabeth and her darling children were safely sheltered with the aged grandmother in a pretty cottage overlooking a field of golden grain ; and the children's prattle and loving ways are indeed cheering the aged pilgrim's days, and in a measure making up for all the sorrows she has undergone. She, however, knew well the One who had and could sustain her and on Him she leaned.

In secret she could leave her sorrows with Him, who had, all her journey through, befriended her ; and thus to the inmates of that little cottage the aged pilgrim could show a bright and

a sunny face. Oft did Ruapehu's grandmother rest her hand on his sunny curls, and it was an interesting sight to see little Emmie and Ruapehu gazing up into the grandmother's face, eagerly listening to the story, from her lips, of a Saviour's love, and of that bright land where Jesus dwells.

Often does the little one ask for that hymn to be read :

“ I hear thee speak of a better Land,”

he is never weary of it.

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy ;  
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;  
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,  
 Sorrow and death cannot enter there ;  
 Time does not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;  
 Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb—  
 It is there, it is there, my child ! ”



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