

**THE DARJEELING  
DISASTER**

**ITS BRIGHT SIDE**

**THE TRIUMPH  
OF THE  
SIX LEE CHILDREN**



BV  
3705  
.L4  
L4  
1912

BY  
**ADA LEE**

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With love from

The Lees

Isa 54-10

#13. Wellington Sq

Calcutta

Pray for us - we do for

You too # Theo 1 11 13



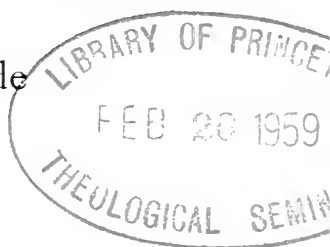




MR. AND MRS. D. H. LEE WITH THEIR CHILDREN FOUR YEARS BEFORE.

# The Darjeeling Disaster

Its Bright Side



## THE TRIUMPH of the SIX LEE CHILDREN

BY  
ADA LEE

1912  
FRED KELKER  
HARRISBURG, PA., U. S. A.

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BY

FRED KELKER

HARRISBURG, PA., U. S. A.



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## INTRODUCTORY.

I esteem it a personal privilege to call the attention of the reading public to "The Darjeeling Disaster—Its bright side" a book telling the story of the greatest tragedy in the life of any missionary family in all the history of missions. This book has passed through several editions and now a new edition is being published. I desire to express my abiding conviction that it would be of great benefit to have this book placed in the Sunday School libraries of the Christian world. It contains a story more thrilling than fiction, but it is not fiction. It is the story of the Christian living and marvelous triumphant translation of real children, I knew them well and loved them dearly. It sets forth an ideal Christian home, in which there were active, vigorous boys and girls, and earnest Christian parents. The story of this family presents a standard of Christian living for both parents and children. I have known lively boys and girls to read and re-read this book until the pages were worn and soiled, and in so doing their lives were transformed.

The book will tell its own story, but I wish in this introductory note to tell a comforting part of the story not contained in the book and not generally known. As the book will tell, I went with the Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Lee and their baby, Frank, from Calcutta to Darjeeling as soon as it

## INTRODUCTION

was possible after the terrible disaster. After much walking and many difficulties in getting over the parts of the mountains where the railroad had been washed away, we reached Darjeeling early on Friday morning. Wilbur, the one boy of the family who had been picked up alive after the disaster, was in the hospital and there was some hope for recovery. Almost immediately after his mother's arrival he begged the privilege of telling the story of the disaster, the mother urging him to wait until he was feeling better, but he insisted on telling it at once. Shortly after the story was told he was taken with tetanus. If he had not told it that day, to the great loss of the Christian world, it never would have been told. His sufferings all day Saturday, Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night were heartrending for those who waited by him with the helpless parents. On toward midnight Sunday, J. Campbell White, and myself were waiting with the distressed parents. Mrs. Lee had not slept since her arrival on Friday morning, and was almost exhausted. After all hope of Wilbur's recovery was gone we persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Lee to go into an adjoining room and rest, with the promise that we would call them when the end came. A more crushed and heart-broken couple could not easily be imagined than those bereaved parents were as we saw them go out of that room for rest. This was about midnight, about half-past two in the morning the end was drawing near, and I went to call them, but when

## INTRODUCTION

Sister Lee reentered the dying-room the very form of her visage was changed. Her face was radiant with a light from another world, and she told us that while lying in the room there came to her a heavenly vision. She saw heaven's glories and the heavenly throne, and the other five children come out in glorified glory to meet, greet and embrace Wilbur and escort him into the heavenly home. With the vision there was given her a spiritual illumination that seemed to lift her so far above her unspeakable sorrow that she was really in spirit dwelling with her children in heavenly palaces. I look back to that awful night and that manifestation of abundant grace as the greatest fulfillment of the promise "My grace is sufficient" that I have ever been privileged to witness. The losing of Wilbur, the last of the six children who went down in that disaster, was a sorrow calling for superhuman comfort, and the grace manifested was sufficient for the almost incomparable emergency. My faith was marvelously strengthened as I witnessed the consoling power of grace sufficient.

I most sincerely believe that the reading of the story of the translated Lee children—will be very helpful to the family life of the Christian world, and I heartily commend the reading of this book to parents and children throughout the nations.

FRANK W. WARNE.

*Bishop, Methodist Episcopal Church in India.*



“God holds the key of all unknown,  
And I am glad;  
If other hands should hold the key,  
Or if He trusted it to me,  
I might be sad.

“I cannot read His future plans;  
But this I know:  
I have the smiling of His face,  
And all the refuge of His grace,  
While here below.” —*J. P.*





# The Darjeeling Disaster.

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## CHAPTER I.

On September 24, 1899, in the landslide at Darjeeling, God called upon us to return to Him the jewels He had loaned us; and took away that which was dearer to us than all the world besides—our six precious children.

The motive which prompts the sending out of this little volume is the same that led us to write a sketch of their lives in the first place, viz., a desire to extend, as long as possible, the influence of their lives in the earth, hoping that other young people through reading of them, may be led to “seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;” and that other parents may, with God’s blessing, be helped to realize their wondrous privileges and awful responsibilities before the golden days of opportunity are gone forever.

We also desire, through this little book, to be used, if possible, in comforting those who, like us, have had the heart-breaking sorrow of giving up their little ones, by the comfort wherewith God in His mercy has, and continues to comfort us. We are encouraged to publish this, because several thousand of the first edition, edited by Bishop Warne, under the title “The Darjeeling Disaster—Its Bright Side,” have gone out

into the world; also another edition, entitled "Seven Heroic Children," gotten out by Morgan & Scott, of London, is nearly exhausted, and during the years we have had and continue to have letters telling of the help these sketches, under God's blessing, have been to others—leading some to conversion, strengthening others in their Christian life, and comforting many a sorrowing mother.

The editor of the London edition asked us why, in writing the sketch of Vida's life, we had included her conflicts and sometime failures? My answer was, I must write of them as they really were—a true story, or not at all. These sketches were written just after they left us, when the life of each was intensely vivid, when their sayings and actions and affectionate caresses were so a part of my life, that I felt often, I could not live without them.

I have been thankful for having done as I was prompted, I believe, by God's Spirit. As Vida's struggles and victories have encouraged and helped many another who found it difficult to live the Christ-life, and like her, has been led to triumph by faith in Jesus to save and keep. I wish here to testify to the never-failing grace of God, which is sufficient for any sorrow and has sustained me during the years.

He, in mercy, spared to me my husband and "Baby Frank," who helped us to live and who seemed to think it his mission in life to cheer and comfort us. During that terrible march to





BABY FRANK.

Darjeeling, to reach Wilbur, he was our companion. Bishop Warne wrote of him at the time in the following words: "We came to a break in the railway line over which the ponies could not pass. We scrambled up the mountain side on our hands and feet and then picked our way over boulders and through slush down to the road again. When we began to travel thus, a novel and interesting method was devised for carrying 'Baby Frank.' A little coolie girl who carries bundles on her back up the mountains, was secured, who had an inverted cone-shaped basket, which we cushioned with an overcoat, and 'Baby Frank' sat in this, with his laughing face above the brim. Throughout the journey this little man proved himself an excellent traveller, and soothed his parents with his smiles and baby talk. At this stage he appeared to the best advantage; for notwithstanding his new surroundings and mode of conveyance, he was full of fun, screaming with laughter, and kept one of us busy watching, that, in his dancing, baby glee, he did not jump out of his basket." Two years later, in the same dark month of September, God gave us another bright, laughing baby boy—"Albert the good," as a friend called him. He has also greatly cheered and helped us. God has also given us numbers of forsaken and famine-stricken children to care for, and a great work to do for Jesus, which has given us no time to waste in thinking of ourselves and brooding over our own sorrow.

God has raised up innumerable friends, the salt of the earth, who have faithfully stood by us and aided us in the work we love. We wish also to praise Him for the commodious mission building he has given us—large enough to house three hundred children, and which furnishes a comfortable home for us and a half dozen other missionaries. This building is called “The Lee Memorial,” being dedicated to the memory of those dear children who expected to work with us for the salvation of India. They *are* working with us and seem very near to us, and maybe have accomplished more for Christ on the earth, in the higher service, than if their lives had been spared.

God has also given us those who faithfully work with us for the salvation of the people of India, and who have done much to comfort us in our home life. So we can say from our hearts: there has not failed one word of His good promises. We still go forward, our faces toward the “Morning Land,” knowing that “there we will understand,” and will prove that it was for some great purpose that He took our darlings and that it was best. “I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.”

“God knows the way He holds the key,  
He guides us with unerring hand;  
Sometimes with tearless eyes we’ll see;  
Yes, there, up there, we’ll understand.”

## CHAPTER II.

### VIDA MAUD.

In the clear morning of that other country  
    In paradise  
With the same face that we have loved and cherished  
    She shall arise.

Let us be patient we who mourn, with weeping,  
    Her vanished face.  
The Lord has taken but to add more beauty  
    And a diviner grace.

And we shall find once more beyond earth's sorrows  
    Beyond those skies,  
In the fair city of the sure foundation  
    These heavenly eyes.

The name of our first born, Vida Maud, would have been David had she been a boy. A friend suggested the feminine of David, which is Vida, so her name is that of her father's, and the pronunciation suggests the country of her birth—the Land of the Vedas. She opened her eyes first in a little mud cottage in the beautiful city of Bangalore, July 26, 1882. She was dedicated to God at her birth, and again publicly in baptism, September 10, the Rev. Ira A. Richards officiating.

She went to America with her parents,—her father being very ill,—starting when only seven

months old, by sailing vessel. The moon and the stars and the sea-birds were her first friends, in all of which she took a lively interest. After nearly four months on board she landed in the noisy bustle of New York City, which so frightened and bewildered her that she never was happy while there excepting the day we returned to the ship where she saw her friends, the sailors, and the only home she knew—the dear old vessel which had brought her safely through many a storm.

She began her missionary work in travelling from place to place with her father and mother while they were speaking on India. After a few months she settled down as a preacher's baby, who is usually the centre of much loving attention and kind thought.

When only three years old her grandfather, who lived with us, and of whom she was very fond, died. As the funeral passed out of the church and she saw her grandma leaning on her father's arm weeping, she ran up to her, and catching her by the dress, called out, "Don't cry, grandma, Vida will take care of you now." Her little heart was almost broken to see her grandma's grief.

From infancy she was a child very difficult to control. One of strong passion, with a temper beyond any power to subdue, and yet a child with a most affectionate nature and of sterling honesty. She hated falsehood and deception with all the powers of her being.



Many times we knew not what to do, and confessed our inability to guide and control this strange child, and earnestly prayed for the day when Vida should find Jesus and the new nature He alone could impart. This was constantly kept before her, and she, too, became desperate about herself, and often sought earnestly. That blessed day came, and she was converted at a camp meeting held at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, July 2, 1893, when eleven years old.

She and her sister Lois, two years younger, at an invitation for seekers, knelt at the altar together. The first meeting closed without her getting into the light. She came home deeply convicted of sin, and after prayer together and a bit of instruction she returned to the afternoon service and again went to the altar. She was brightly converted, and testified before a large audience to Jesus' saving power. Her face beamed with joy, and many hearts were moved by her sweet, childish testimony. She was a changed girl from that time, although she had much to contend with, and it was no easy thing for her to live out her high ideal of what a Christian life should be.

Shortly after this, in a holiness meeting, she sought definitely for the blessing of sanctification, and no one who knew her ever doubted her receiving it. Her joyous, childish simplicity in it only made her a greater blessing to others. She did not always retain this blessed experience, but she was never satisfied without it.

A young man, a backslider, came to that convention so dejected that he was almost in despair and ready to take his own life. He was a perfect stranger, but the child noticed his sad, hopeless face, and went to him with so much joy that the man was overpowered by her influence.

"You look so sad," she said; "it's because you want Jesus. Come along with me and find Him."

He went forward as a seeker, and never left the place of prayer until he too was happy in Jesus. He wrote of this to us after our return to India, saying he could not resist her, and that he felt she had been the means of his salvation.

She went to school but little in America, and found it difficult to get along with her studies, but being desirous of having a good education, she became a persevering student. She was specially fond of history and mathematics. She was also a great lover of the beautiful in nature as well as in character. Flowers and ferns were her delight; buttercups, daisies and wild flowers being special favorites. She had a passion for music and motion, and had she been thrown into such surroundings in her younger years she might have been led away by gaiety, dancing and dress.

She was a splendid letter writer for one of her age, and could write most interesting letters.

At twelve years of age she returned to India with her parents and soon entered on her school duties with a persistency which showed that she would win in the end. She had dedicated herself

to God for mission work, so took up the study of the Bengali language, and living with the Bengali girls in our school she soon understood and spoke it very well. She was also able to read and write it. For a year she had been helping in mission work.

She had been conducting a native Sunday-school, taking two of our Bengali girls with her to help in teaching the children. After the Sunday-school she would go into the homes among the women and talk and sing with them. Her Sunday-school numbered seventy-five children. She loved the children and women very much. They afterward gathered around and asked for her, and wondered why she did not come to them. She also helped me in the prayer-meetings among the girls, and we had looked forward to her help in after years. She, at her own request, had been appointed the Sabbath-school superintendent for the next year. How can we do without her!

The following is an extract from an unfinished letter written to a friend in America which we found in her writing desk:

“I am vice-president of our Epworth League and head of the Spiritual Department and working for the conversion of the young people.

“I know I am right with God myself, and do want others to feel the sweet peace I have in following Christ. There are very few young people who profess the baptism of the Holy Ghost. There are a good many converted, but

they don't know that there is a higher life for them.

"I was talking of our English girls, but there are several of the girls in mamma's school (native girls) who have found that place in Jesus.

"I do want to tell you about a little Sunday-school which mamma opened away out in a village where the people are very poor. I call this my Sunday-school. I go there now on Sundays. First, we open with a hymn; and you should hear those dear children try to join us, one making awful faces, another holding the notes too long in one place and racing in another place, while most all are flat; but it is so touching. They are all little boys and girls, some with only a little cloth tied about their waists. We then have prayer, and it is pretty hard to keep their little tongues quiet and their eyes shut. I take two Bengali girls with me; then two boys from the boys' school come and help us.

"After the prayers we have the lesson; then the children receive a picture card. We use hundreds of picture cards every year—what a pity so many are lying unused in people's drawers at home.

"While Sunday-school is going on I take one of the girls and go to visit the zenanas where we meet such nice *bos* (young wives), and we sing and give them the lesson also. It is so nice, but I feel very sorry for the poor people, and wish that I could help them."

Vida was an earnest Bible student,—read her

Bible from real enjoyment of it. She often read it as some girls read novels,—sitting down and finishing a whole book without putting it aside.

She at other times carried out prescribed plans for Bible study; was always anxious to attend Bible readings, working out subjects suggested, and had many verses memorized and their places fixed. The most enjoyable hour of the day of late years has been the evening hour, spent with the other members of the family in music, and in calling up old texts and learning new ones. Vida played the violin, but her special instrument was the guitar. She played sweetly, often accompanying with her voice, which was so adapted to its soft music.

Her sister Lois was the organist; and the two boys with their violins, together with Vida and Lois with their instruments, often formed a quartette whose home concerts made the evenings a delight. Now there is a blank in our home which can never again be filled. How perfectly they must play and sing together now! The piece which Vida and Lois often sang together, Lois singing the alto, was:

“In our Father’s blessed keeping  
I am happy, safe and free:  
While His eye is on the sparrow  
I shall not forgotten be.”

Vida’s plaintive soprano rings in our ears yet. They all sang together so often, “Behold the Bridegroom comes, be ready,” “When the Roll

is called up yonder I'll be there," these being the favorites of the boys. A favorite, and one sung so much during the past year, was, "Peace, Perfect Peace," and "There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes," and "We'll never say good-by in Heaven."

Oh, those darling children! How can we ever do without them! Some days the dreadful silence seems unbearable; but in *the morning* we will have them all again, praise His name.

For the encouragement of others trying to overcome evil dispositions and to live a true Christian life, there are many things in Vida's diary which should be known. In her diary for 1896; three years before she left us, she had written:

April 1st. "Had a nice talk with mamma. I am going to try to be a better girl and let my light shine.—'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works.'"

May 5. "I solemnly promise, with God's help, to never speak another unkind word as long as I live. People may think it impossible, but I do believe with all my heart what God says: 'Things which are impossible with man are possible with God,' so I go to Him. . . . God helping me I try. V. Lee."

Underneath we find the word "Broken" underscored.

July 2nd, this year, 1896, we find the words, "Three years ago to-day I was converted." Another entry on July 4th, shows her playfulness:

“I received such a nice little dolly, only two inches long. I don’t know what to name her. Lois is her godmother.”

I find in the back of her diary a little play for the youngest children, Ada and Esther. She evidently said to them sometime.

Ada is—My honey,—violet-bud,—rosie-bud

Ink-pot,—duck-pie,—curly-burly,—Pearly,—Pussy-cat :

Esther is,—Vida’s Dumpling—Daisy-bud

Honey-suckle,—lily-bud,—chika-biddy,

Ranee,—darling,—lovie-dovie,—pigeon-pie,—meti.

So often she speaks of having been naughty during the day, and being so troubled about it. She comes away and seeks pardon, and can not rest until she has obtained peace.

Sunday, August 16. “I got a blessing this evening; I had a great treat—a nice talk with mamma, which I hardly ever get. I am going to be a better girl.”

If mothers only took more time for confidential talks with their boys and girls, how much trouble it would save. Some of us would give worlds for the blessed opportunity again. We would make more use of it than ever before.

Her diary for the year 1897 could not be found.

Her text for the year 1898 was, “He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city,” and all throughout the year her struggle to live out that text was most heroic, as many entries show.

February 18. "I am afraid I am not getting along as nicely as before. I am naughty again . . . .I feel very bad because I have not read my Bible. I believe that I can not be good without my 'morning watch.' "

Sunday, April 10. "I did something against my conscience; I read some in the book, 'Out to the Wilds.' I felt bad, but had a real nice talk with mamma on 2 Thess. 3: 3: 'The Lord is faithful who shall stablish you and keep you from evil.' 1 John 1: 9: 'If we confess,—He is just to forgive. . . .and cleanses me from all unrighteousness.' "

April 11. "God has kept me to-day, except once I scolded mamma about giving Esther rhubarb."

April 14. "Had my 'morning watch,' and was the only girl in the class who had her physiology lesson. Mamma is *so sweet*. Read to-day Josh. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 chapters."

April 15. "I am longing for a talk with mamma. I was helped by reading about His care for his people, Luke 14th chapter."

April 21. "Lots of lessons. I did not go for a drive, but stayed at home to pray and talk with Jesus. I got a blessing. I had spoken cross to mamma about my dress. I read three chapters of Peter, and nine chapters of Joshua."

April 29. "Miss C——, my teacher, is very nice. I played my guitar at literary society."

May 1. "The last Sunday before going to the



hills. Mr. Warne preached a nice sermon, and I said good-by to friends."

May 2. "Started for Sonada to-day. Miss Gardner gave us a nice box of sweets, cake, etc."

May 3. "Very sick while in the sleeper and coming up the hills; but our verse which we took for the journey, was, 'In everything give thanks.' It did not rain, and Mrs. B—— had a nice dinner for us."

The following shows her taste for reading:

"Started to read 'Quixote.' I would rather have a history book; but shall read my Bible first always."

Sunday, May 15. "I wished to read all of Second Samuel to-day, but read from the first chapter to the twentieth. Oh, I do want to be God's child!"

May 19. "Had a long walk of about two and a half miles. Dr. Mulford sent word to us to keep on pads\* (spiritual pads) and 'keep hips back' (physically). I read First Kings from the seventh to the seventeenth chapters. I feel Jesus' presence."

May 20. "I was not very happy to-day because I did not read God's Word and did not talk to God. In the evening I practiced my guitar."

Sunday night, May 22. "I read Second Kings, the first fourteen chapters. I do want to be a good girl to-morrow. I do not feel at all good or comfortable and peaceful, but all bad and

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\* Referring to pads used in cricket.

mean and unhappy without Jesus. I won't go to sleep before I get blessed."

May 25. "Read eight chapters in Second Kings. Mamma sang, 'Oh my Redeemer,' while I played the accompaniment on the guitar. We are reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

May 27. "I wrote to Grandma Jones and Cousin Eddie. I am not very happy; did not do just right. Oh! that I were in the 'secret place.'" She speaks of this so often.

Again, on Sunday, May 29: "I do want to get into the 'secret place.' Read Psalms 18th to 36th and First Corinthians 18th to 29th chapters [19 Psalms and 12 chapters in one day]. I did not go to sleep in the afternoon, but read instead."

Sunday, June 5. "We had a nice little meeting (at home). I do wish I was in the 'secret place' and had a real strong Christian character. Went for a long walk in the morning, and read the Songs of Solomon and five chapters in John."

Tuesday, June 7. "I did not have a nice day. Mamma feels heartbroken about Lois and I disagreeing. I am sick of myself. Read six Psalms, from the thirty-eighth to the forty-third."

June 8. "Lois taken ill. She was caught in the rain. Mamma is *so* sweet. She says that she believes God will answer her prayer and *save me*."

June 12. "I started a few days ago the study of the Kings. It's very interesting. I have lost Mr. Campbell White's Bible reading on 'Personal

Work.' I do feel so badly about it. I do hope that Jesus will show it to me. (I found it.)"

This last entry shows her habit of taking everything to God in prayer and expecting an answer. Prayer during that terrible night of the landslip, was not just forced by the fearful occasion; it was the habit of her life. She knew what it was to turn to God about everything.

During this month of June, 1898, she seemed to have one of the greatest conflicts of her life. Satan seemed to beset her on every side. I, in trying to bring it to a crisis, told her that her spiritual condition was alarming, as the following entry shows: "Mamma said if I died to-night she did not think I would go to heaven. I am feeling badly. Read *Ezra* from chapter second to the end of the book. I will try again with God's help."

The next day she writes, "I made a spiritual pad for myself. I was a much better girl to-day, through Jesus only. Mamma said so, too."

June 18. "Mamma is so sweet to-day. I played my guitar. Papa still very sick. I do hope he will get well very soon."

Sunday, June 19. "Papa is better. Started Christian's journey in 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Had a great victory to-day. I feel so happy to-night. I am reading *Job*."

June 21. "We had a 'state dinner' for mamma and papa (play), and a home entertainment afterwards. Had my geography lesson, but I did not have my 'watch and pray' to-day, so I do not

feel so happy. Read Proverbs, first five chapters."

June 22. "I went to see the Bengali women. We are reading 'James Garfield.' We are trying how many new words we can get from this new book. Read to-day eighth chapter of Proverbs."

June 26. "I wish I had not played train to-day with the boys. I did not get a real blessing, so am not happy. Mamma promises me a gold mohur when I can play my guitar book through."

The above shows how tender her conscience was, and how she looked daily for special blessings. This she felt she missed by taking part in some game she felt not suited for Sunday. How many of us are content to miss the blessing which comes from communion with God and spend our time on Sunday in a trifling way, if not in out-and-out worldly amusements, or in otherwise violating the day.

June 27, Monday. "I wish I was hid in the 'secret place.' I do not feel safe out of it."

June 30. "Mamma went to Calcutta to-day. I fixed all the children's clothes. I feel happy to-night. I want to do right."

July 1. "I bathed the children and looked after home. Papa said, mamma would be delighted."

Sunday, July 3. "I did not take time to read my Bible during the day, but to-night read the twelfth chapter of Isaiah. I never saw the second verse as I do now: 'Behold God is my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid. Jehovah

is my strength and my song.' 'My Song'—so I can be happy if I have *Him*."

Oh! if we could all learn this secret which our dear girl had learned; *i. e.*, that our happiness is in Him, not in the world, nor in worldly things.

July 8. "Mamma wrote that she laughed over my letter as much as she did about Wilbur's slipping over the pony's head the day we went to C——. I played 'Blue Bells of Scotland' perfectly, and walked nearly three miles."

July 12. "I am not very happy because the house is not very tidy, and I know papa does not like it. I am a real naughty girl."

July 21. "I weigh 130 pounds."

July 31, Sunday. "We are back in Calcutta. Mr. Campbell White preached one of his beautiful sermons in the morning. He said, "We each have 499 souls to save in India alone."

Sept. 18, Sunday. "Mr. Warne preached a sermon on Holiness. I do not feel as if I was holy enough by far. Mr. B—— died, and I spent the day and night with his daughter A."

Sept. 26. "Test examination again to-day. My verse 'He will bring all things to your remembrance.' I do hope I will pass."

She did pass; also passed her eighth standard in the final examination, to her great delight. This year she was taking the two years' course of high school examination in the one, and had set her heart on passing the "high school" in November, 1899, and the Entrance Examination of the Calcutta University the following March.

Vida from her childhood always had special love for old people. She liked to be with them, and in nearly every place we have had a home, she has had some old, blind or helpless person whom she visited regularly. When only five years old there was a crippled saint of His, to whom she and Lois used to carry their little basket of fruit, or flowers, or some other dainty, regularly. When only ten years old she used to take her Testament every Sunday afternoon and go over and read to an old blind lady.

Many of these old friends, we believe, gave them a warm welcome that night when the angels carried them through the gates of heaven. She was anxious that her old friend in Calcutta might be visited while she was away.

We all went to Darjeeling together, May 1st, this year (1899), after much prayer about the selection of the house, and when we saw the beautiful two-storied building covered with ivy and surrounded with lovely flowers, we thanked God for selecting us such a beautiful place.

As we rejoiced over it, how little we thought it was to be our darlings' tomb, and that with this beautiful spot should perish our happy earthly home with so many of its delights.

During the two months we remained Vida seemed to grow more affectionate and cling to her mother, and so much of the time wished to be with me.

About two weeks before I returned to Calcutta she seemed so disturbed about herself, be-

cause she sometimes spoke impatiently and unkindly to the others.

One day she said, "Mamma, I feel I must get the victory over this habit, or I fear I will lose my religion. I must get back that blessing I once had, of full salvation, or I fear I will lose all."

I said, "Yes, Vida, you must get a victory or your life will be ruined. Why not get it to-day?"

It was Sunday, and neither she nor I were very well, so, while the others went to church, we got our Bibles and had a blessed search together.

After selecting a number of His promises on which to lean, we got down before Him and poured out our hearts to Him. We together sought for the fullness of His love.

Oh! that blessed hour together. I fear I did not fully realize all it meant. As we finished, I said, "Vida, dear, do you take your Saviour in all His fullness and trust Him to keep you at all times?"

"Yes, mamma, I do. I trust never to let go of Him again."

She arose so comforted and threw her arms about me, calling me her "sweet little mamma" (for she was so much taller than I and bigger in every way that of late this had become a favorite expression of hers—"my little mamma"), pressing her cheek to mine with a caress I shall never forget.

The next three weeks, which were my last with them, she was gentle and loving, and so helpful in every way that the joy of those days will linger until I clasp that dear, brave girl in my arms again in the Homeland.

After much prayer we decided that it was best to leave the children with Vida while we returned to our work in Calcutta, as we were buying property and altering the house there which would require three or four months.

It was so hard for us to leave them, but the children were so happy going to school together, and Vida was so proud of being trusted in charge of them, and all were so sure they could get on nicely together.

I remember the last night; I could hardly sleep, and kept praying that if it was not the right thing to leave them, the Lord would show us so plainly we could not be mistaken. I decided, should the Lord send us, before the train left that morning, a good cook-woman to stay with them night and day, I would go; if not, I would remain until we could make other arrangements. Next morning a nice hill woman came, and everything was arranged and we came away.

Vida and Lois fixed our tiffin, and then came to the station. I remember how erect and brave Vida looked as she bade us good-by at the station, and how I had to harden my heart and call up all the courage I had, to leave them.

Many regrets have since come, but He whom we have always trusted, Who promises to lead in



the way we shall go and to guide with His eye, must have guided us in leaving them, and it was a part of His great plan to prepare them for the higher work for which He felt He must take them at any cost.

Their papa returned in August and spent three delightful weeks with them, taking Esther back; whom it seemed advisable to leave with her brothers and sisters until we got settled. It was arranged even after her papa's return, to bring her down, but Vida felt it was so much better for her to remain, and we yielded. Sometimes we can hardly bear the regret for this decision, but the Lord had need of this dear child, too, and we believe we will understand why by-and-by.

By-and-by when our work here is finished  
And the gates of the city appear,  
And the beautiful songs of the Angels  
Float out on our listening ear.  
When all that now seems so mysterious,  
Will be bright and as clear as the day,  
Then the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When we get to the end of the way.

## CHAPTER III.

### LOIS GERTRUDE.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.  
Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

—*Longfellow.*

Lois, “Timothy’s Grandmother,” as she called herself—was born in Freeport, Ohio, U. S. A., July 2, 1884, and was baptized by our presiding elder, Dr. E. Hingsley, August 10. After the dear old man had baptized her he put her again in my arms, saying, “As Pharaoh’s daughter said to Moses’ mother, so the Lord says to you: ‘Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.’”

From that moment the care of this child became a sacred trust, a special work for God, and what a sweet, blessed work it has been. How I did enjoy that darling girl. She never gave me one hour of sorrow, not one moment of anxiety, in all the fifteen beautiful years of her life. She was our joy and sunshine, our never-failing comfort. Can it be possible any one so real, so full of life, so a part of *my* life, could be dead? Oh,



VIDA.

LOIS.



I am so thankful she is not dead, only just crossed over ahead of us, and is living, rejoicing, and loving us just the same to-day.

But the greatest wonder of all is that *we* still live and *she* gone. I had for a long time thought I could never part with her, not even for a few years to allow her to finish her education. I said over and over again, "It will kill me to send her home." The Lord knew He could not trust me to tell me beforehand what he intended to do, but did it without our knowledge; for our darlings were nearly twenty-four hours in heaven before we knew they had gone.

How can I portray her sweet, beautiful life! Oh that I could tell the half of what her life was to us!

She was unlike any other child we had. I seldom ever had to reprove her, and when it was necessary, just the mention of her fault was enough, and it nearly broke her heart to think she had done wrong or had in any way displeased us. Her sister Vida used to say, "Oh, it's nothing for Lois to do right; she is naturally good; but it means something when I succeed."

When our Lois was a baby, even then she was no trouble, and was so quiet and gentle. The winter she was a year and a half old I taught a Sunday-school class. Every Sabbath morning I would go into the Sunday-school room and find the seats arranged for the class, with two chairs side by side facing it—one for myself and one for Baby Lois. Placing her in one she would sit

quietly without a word for an hour, until I had finished my work; and yet she was anything but pokey. At other times she would run and romp and play equal to any of them.

She was very bright and quick in her lessons as a little girl, and began the study of music when but seven years old. She used to play the organ for family prayers when her little feet could hardly reach the pedals. Her music was more the result of every-day home practice rather than constant work under a professor. She had about three terms of lessons at different times with the best professors to be had, but it was the every-day practice, and her playing for prayers, and our times of singing in the evening in our home, that made music such an easy thing for her. There were many girls who had taken more lessons, and upon whom more had been spent, who could not begin to play as well,—in fact, who seemed unable to play much sacred music; but it was in this that Lois felt at home. I say this to encourage some parents who may regret not having the money to give their children a musical education. It is surprising what can be done by oneself in the home to stimulate in the children a taste for music, even though not a professional musician.

I believe we as parents are more responsible for our children's so-called talents than we think, and our children are much more what we make them than any of us has any idea. I loved music so much, though I had no special musical educa-

tion, and I so longed for our children to be musicians. I used to sing a great deal myself, and each baby that came was sung to sleep night after night. But we were disappointed to find that Vida and Lois seemed to have no gift in that direction. I tried to teach them the simple child-song,

"Jesus loves me,"

singing it to them daily, and having them repeat strains with me, but they were neither of them ever able to carry a tune until Vida was about nine years old. At last they began to sing, and to play, and how rejoiced we were.

We had a desire that each should choose and learn to play a different instrument, and after the two girls could read notes they made their choice, Vida taking the guitar as hers, and Lois the piano and organ. We afterwards gave our boys each a violin, and by keeping them all at it a little each day they had become able to play a number of pieces together in such a way as to be a great joy to us. The evening hour of music was my rest hour, and their papa's interest in their music had much to do with cheering them on over the hard places.

It is wonderful what an effect even a child's toys will have in moulding the child, and the bent in life is often had from some familiar object seen daily or used in childhood. I have known instances where a desire to go to sea had been kindled in a boy's heart by the picture of a

ship which hung on a wall in the home; also, a thirst for war and to be a soldier, by pictures of battles. If so, how careful we should be in choosing even our pictures and picture books for the home.

We found that our children got a love for the Bible in the same way. Illuminated wall-texts—very beautiful ones—were hung in the family room for this purpose, and those special texts they learned before they could speak plainly, and to the last they could tell where each text hung, and seemed to learn to love it, as it was associated with their daily lives.

So, too, I believe many children who may not have inherited any special talent, would become beautiful musicians if before they knew even how to use them they were given musical instruments to play with. The same might be said about drawing and painting; also a love for reading might be induced in the same way.

The Bible story was the charm of our children's lives and next to it was our music, and the helpful books read to them before they were able to read for themselves. What a responsibility rests upon us parents. We make or ruin our children by the use of the God-given power we have over them. Oh, that we all felt more awake to this and taught our children the Word of God more like the people of Israel were commanded to do—writing it on the posts of the house; "And these words shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy



children, and shalt talk of them as thou sitteth in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou riseth up." How much more conformed to God's will would their lives be, and mothers would have less cause for heartache.

I prefer this way, to that of giving them an education in worldly things (such as teaching them to dance, that they might shine in society, and all the other paraphernalia to prepare them for this style of life.) This latter way I consider most dangerous, and while some children may be able to withstand the influence and yet become spiritual Christians, I believe the majority will choose the world instead of Christ, and by these very things we teach them, they will be weakened for life's duties and totally unprepared for eternity. My one regret is that I was not more alive to all these things while the blessed day of opportunity was mine. If these words might only be used to stir up other mothers to realize more fully their responsibility and privilege, I shall be thankful.

Lois, like the rest, was passionately fond of flowers. When a wee child she used to watch for the first dandelions and white clover. With the latter they used to weave great wreaths and play with them every day. Buttercups and daisies were her delight, and many were the offerings brought home to me, and a bouquet I must always wear, pinned on with her own hands. Pansies and chrysanthemums were other favor-

ites of hers. Her favorite fruit, flowers, books and songs—all seem to suggest to us our great loss. Her songs we feel we can never sing without her, and everything about us seems changed because of her absence.

She was a natural elocutionist, and many were the home entertainments which she helped to make delightful with her witty or touching recitations,—one moment making us laugh with delight, and the next, cry. If this talent had been specially cultivated, certainly she would have excelled in it.

She was a most tender-hearted girl, and could not bear to give pain or see anyone in distress. This only increased as she grew older. She was converted in July, 1893, when but nine years old. She had been attending a meeting for children, at which her sister Vida had given herself to Jesus a few days before. Lois did not seem to have anything to repent of, as we could see, and we thought she was all right; but one evening on coming in from some gathering, instead of finding all the children asleep as I had expected, I found them in a great commotion.

Wilbur met me in his night-clothes, and said, "Mamma, what's the matter with Lois? She woke us up singing, and now she is laughing and crying." I went to her room and found her rejoicing in a most natural, childlike way. She threw her arms around my neck, her face just beaming with the light of heaven, and said, "Now, mamma, I'm ready to go to India, or any-

where God wants me to go." From that time she reckoned herself a child of God, and was always ready to testify or pray in her sweet, child-like way. We have often known her to work for the conversion of others, praying for persons by name.

She and her sister Vida, although such opposites in disposition, were from childhood devoted to one another. They were together in everything, one not being able to enjoy anything without the other. If one's doll was broken, the doll of the other was carefully put away until the broken one was replaced. A box of sweets could not be enjoyed until the other one had them, too. One seemed to be the complement of the other. I am glad they were saved the sorrow of separation.

Lois was, as we called her, grandmother to all the children, and had a wonderful motherly way with the little ones, which was a great help in the home. She always said she was going to study medicine and be our medical missionary, a saying which during the last year or two had grown into a deep conviction. She loved her Bible, and read many chapters daily, as her diary shows, and had many uncommon verses which she had memorized and could tell where they were. She had special verses for every day in the month, and often gave us her "find" for the day. On the 9th of May, 1898, I find in her diary this entry,—"My verses for to-day are Matt. 9:29: 'According to your faith be it unto you'; Mark 9:

23, 'Jesus said, if thou canst believe, all things are possible with him that believeth,' and 2 Cor. 9:8, "God is able to make all grace abound toward you \* \* \* .'"

Once, when I was talking to them about their education, and regretting that we had not the money to send them home to finish their schooling, she said, "Mamma, 'the Lord is able to give thee much more than this;' this is my verse in 2 Chron. 25:9." Since that day it has been one of my anchor texts.

In her diary for 1896, we find several notes of great interest to us, such as, "My text for this week is, 'Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching,'"

and in another place, "I am sorry I was naughty to-day; I will try and never be so again; 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

The following gives us a glimpse into her inner life: "I have been trying to be good and get full marks this week in conduct and in everything (this was about her school life). One of the girls put my name down when I never spoke, so one mark is off already. Mamma is away to the South Villages, so we all have to be mamma, and are trying our best. I read Psalm 20. I must go to bed now; so good-night, my dear old diary."

In the beginning of 1897 we find under notes for that year: "I am going to be a very good girl, *with God's help.*"

2. "I am going to try and make everybody happy."

3. "I wish to remember the Golden Rule."

4. "I wish also to have good lessons."

5. "My text for the year is, 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.' Ps. 127: 1."

On Sunday, March 6, 1898, we find this sweet entry: "I went to all the Sunday services to-day. I got a blessing. God help me to be good.

'Oh, how sweet the glorious promise  
Simple faith may claim;  
Yesterday, to-day, forever,  
Jesus is the same.'

Another in the same month: "We went to the Zoo to-day. Mamma could not go, so I brought her a pansy."

A few days later, she writes: "I am asking Jesus for an organ." She had saved different sums of money since quite a little girl, hoping to gather enough to buy an organ. When only four years old her papa gave her a little pig, which she fed and cared for, and when we removed from that place, it was sold, she keeping the proceeds for her organ.

Later, when we came to India, the old melodeon on which she had practiced as a child was sold at our sale. When the men carried it out of the house, the children hid their faces, as though they could not bear to see the old friend go. Lois had a quiet cry to herself.

Her papa handed her the money it brought, and told her to keep it for a new one. Another friend gave her a sovereign, and often even her pocket money went into this fund.

At the beginning of this year we found she had money enough to buy a little American organ which was offered very cheap, so her papa purchased it for her, and she was delighted with it. We took it to the hills, and this organ, and the boys' violins, and Vida's guitar lie beneath those awful ruins.

They each had their bank account, and handled their own money. We find they had saved a good bit of their pocket money; for there are still sixty rupees (\$20) to their credit. This we have put into their "Memorial Building Fund."

Another entry, dated March 27, 1898, runs: "To-day I read Luke from the 13th to the 20th chapter. I got a great blessing this evening. Oh, God, help me to help Wilbur and Herbert. 'Walk while ye have the light.'

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
'I am my Lord's and He is mine.'"

On her birthday in 1898, we find these verses, taken for the last year of her life,—Isaiah 54: 10, 14: "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

The fourteenth verse is underscored: "In righteousness shall they be established. Thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee."

These seem to us like prophecies fulfilled in her death.

The mountains *did* depart, and the hills were removed, but I believe the Lord's kindness did not depart from that dear girl, and it was in the keeping of His covenant of peace that he snatched her out of the destruction caused by the fury of the elements on that awful night, and this prophecy was literally fulfilled in saving her from the fear and terror in the hour of death. He folded her in His loving arms and bore her away to be forever with Him.

A part of her diary for 1899 was dug out of the ruins. It has a few characteristic entries. On June 1st, we read, "To-day I made out a routine, and mean to keep it with God's help. I took the daily prayer-meeting this afternoon at the school. My verse was, 'Call upon me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.'"

June 2nd. "I did not go to school to-day as it was very rainy, but wrote letters instead. I found out that my great-grandfather on mamma's side was a Methodist preacher; my grandpa on papa's side was a (local) Methodist preacher; my honorable dad is a Methodist preacher, and my kids will most likely be Methodist preacher's

kids." This last shows how full of wit and mischief she was. No girl ever got more joy out of life than she.

She speaks in these entries very affectionately of her bosom friend, Flora, the daughter of one of our missionaries. On June 24th, our last Saturday before we left them to return to our work, she speaks of the glad, joyous time, and says, "Flora came. She is such a sweetheart. I love her so much. I think God meant us for each other."

June 27th. "Mamma and papa, with Frank and Esther, left for Calcutta to-day."

She afterwards writes of the Fourth of July they had together, and the state dinner, as they called it, which they cooked and served themselves, having invited their principal, Miss Stahl, and Flora, to dine with them.

Her spiritual life seemed to develop rapidly this year, and to her joyousness there seemed no bounds.

She had a way of getting around her papa; in fact, every one. It was difficult for anyone to refuse a request she made. She seemed to make only reasonable ones, and had such a loving, irresistible way about her that we would deny ourselves anything to please her. And gladly would we have given our lives to have saved her from pain and death.

Oh, how cruel it seems that her bright life should have been crushed out and that dear form bruised and mangled. Just think—thrown nearly



200 feet down the mountain side and found buried in the sand, all but her pretty white hand. She was dug out by friends, and carried to where kind strangers prepared her for the burial.

Then from the spot where she had often heard the Word of God, and had played the organ for Sunday-school, and united her voice in the singing of the beautiful hymns of praise—from the little church in the hills, they bore her all covered with her favorite chrysanthemum, and laid her away, long before we could reach her. No “good-bye, mamma,” nor parting word.

But our hearts would break should we dwell on this part of this awful mystery. So we try to drive it away and think only of her glorified spirit, happy with God in Heaven.

She wrote just a few weeks before: “Mamma—you have written to all the rest, but not to me for a long time. I think you have forgotten you have me.” The thought of not having her would kill me—and the future without our darlings is so dark and dismal that to-day we feel we can never face to-morrow. But as we turn from the busy whirl of life to see the sunset each day, we say to ourselves: It is one day less until we shall go to them,—one day nearer home.

As we think of Christmas without them, it seems impossible for us to ever live through that once joyous tide again—and we catch ourselves breathing the prayer, “Come Lord Jesus, come not only for our sakes—but for others—and make this sad world glad. Usher in the time John

spoke of when he said, 'Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.' "

In her writing desk we found the following in her own handwriting. Surely her ambitions have been realized and she is now all she hoped to be.

"My ambitions in life:—

"To be gentle and loving and loved by all.

"To have my secret hopes fulfilled.

"To be able to play the organ and piano perfectly.

"To be a doctor.

"To be the perfect model of a true woman.

"LOIS LEE."

"March 6, 1899."

How perfectly she must play and sing now. I remember on two occasions—once on my birthday anniversary, I was awakened from a sound sleep, by Vida playing her guitar at the door of my room. Another time, only a year ago, I had gone to sleep earlier than usual, and was awakened by Lois playing on the piano and she and Vida singing so sweetly.

I thought, at first, I was in Heaven—so sweet were the sounds, that it seemed the angels were singing. Tears of joy flowed down my cheeks.

Methinks one day I will be thus awakened by  
their music, and will open my eyes in Heaven  
with them all about me—each one trying to be  
first to greet me.

When I shall meet with those that I have loved,  
Clasp in my arms the dear ones long removed,  
And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved,  
I shall be satisfied.

—*Horatius Bonar.*

## CHAPTER IV.

### WILBUR DAVID.

Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away,  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.  
Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours,  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

Wilbur was my little Samuel—asked of God. Mr. Lee's health had failed the year before, and he had to give up preaching and take a year's rest. I remember the test to our faith when the last of our year's salary came in and there was no prospect of more for another year. We had always given God His tenths. Should we tithe this, which was all we had, and it not half enough to support us and our two little girls for the three months ahead of us, let alone a whole year?

We hesitated only a moment, then said, "If we use God's tenth it will be taking what does not belong to us. It would also be doubting Him who has never failed us. We must live up to our principles." So we took the usual part and gave it to the Lord's work, as we had always done. It was not two weeks afterwards until God sent us, from a most unexpected source, ten times as much as we had given, and we were able to take the year's rest. This was one of the great lessons of my life. I never was afraid after that

to take out our tenth for the Lord, even if it was our last penny. The Lord keeps His accounts balanced, and gives back in gospel measure.

Mr. Lee was soon well and strong again, but our going back to India seemed doubtful.

On August 26th, 1886, (the year we were resting) in Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, U. S. A., Wilbur was born. How delighted we were with our Boy Baby! We gladly dedicated him to God for India, but soon after, he took ill, and was so ill, that he came near dying. Day and night he cried until it was almost unbearable. He was not able to retain nourishment, and went down, down every day until he was nothing but a skeleton. We called in an old doctor, who did everything that could be done. Finally he told us nothing could save the child, and it was only a question of a few days, and then he left us.

Still I worked with the little fellow, hoping and praying, but he grew worse, until he weighed less than five pounds, and the skin seemed to dry on his bones. He was the most wretched sight I ever saw. For three months I never slept more than two hours at a time, and then usually with him in my arms. Many times I have prayed over him all night.

Finally, one morning after such a night, I laid him down to go and get the others something to eat. Suddenly the plaintive wail ceased, and I rushed back to my baby to find his eyes set, his arms and legs stiff, and he dying, as I thought.

I took him in my arms and prayed for grace to give him up.

His papa said, "Shall I baptize him and name him before he dies?" I said "Yes," and not asking each other about the name, his papa took him in his arms and baptized him, calling him Wilbur. Although unable to draw his tongue into his mouth all day, still he lived.

Some kind friend came in to watch with him, and they sent me off to rest. While praying and waiting before God, I heard a little cry, and went to my baby, to find the change had come, and he was able to take nourishment. I got out his clothes again and went to work nursing him, saying to his papa, "Never mind; he'll live to be a man yet." A few days later an abscess seemed to break and come away, and the little fellow, although he looked to be a cripple, grew strong and became a nice, hearty child.

The old infidel doctor said: "If this child lives I will believe there is a God." When Wilbur was ten months old I met him on the street one day, and he looking on our fat, bonny boy, said, "Well, I have seen one miracle in my life; there must be a God."

A year or two later Wilbur came nearly being washed away by a wave on the shore of Lake Érie. I caught him by the dress just as he was being swept under the water. He has had several other narrow escapes. Two or three times in his life he had been very ill, and we were very anxious about him; but I was always so sure he

had a special mission that I never feared but that his life would be spared. Can it be he was born for the Darjeeling disaster? Was that his mission?

There is something mysterious about prayer. We are told it wields a wonderful power with God. I have had many wrestlings with God in prayer for the dear ones and the work, and great victories. Is it not strange that in this one awful hour of their lives we did not even know of their danger, and had no chance with God in prayer for them? Surely, this was also a part of His purpose.

After his recovery I added the name David to Wilbur, for his papa, and especially for the meaning—beloved of the Lord; and never was a boy dearer to his mother, too, than he.

I found him, when very young, a boy who could entertain himself. Always building little sand-houses, making mills and light-houses, and even to the last, always inventing play engines and machines, building forts and equipping them. He was also ingenious in inventing or discovering ways of doing things. We noticed this on the last day of his life. When he could not get his jaws apart so as to drink from a glass or cup and we were all wondering what to do for him, he said, "Mamma, if I had a straw I could suck the water through it," and acting on this suggestion we got a glass tube with a rubber attached, and he was able to take nourishment for many hours. Then when he could no longer swallow

such quantities, he suggested a sponge, and the dear boy used this to the last.

When the two brothers were old enough to play together they seemed perfectly happy in each other's company. This was a great protection to both. Friends used to criticise our policy; for we never allowed them on the street, or to play with other boys. I have been told that in thus doing I was totally unfitting them for life's battles.

But I knew our Wilbur was so quick to imitate, that until stronger I must shield him from the sin about him,—this policy I would practice if I had a hundred boys.

He also learned at home; never having gone to school until eight years of age, so I am sure the boy never heard an oath until he was about nine years old, and then he did not know what it meant. When it was explained to him he thought it was an awful thing, and his whole nature revolted against the use of profane language.

He was naturally a brave boy, and I have known him to stand any amount of jeers and taunts rather than to do a mean thing. I was his confidant, as every mother should be to her son. There would not be so many boys go wrong if every mother insisted on knowing where her boy was and all about what he was doing, from the time of his infancy. She would be able to save him from many a snare, and I believe if we begin in time—we mothers—we can build so strongly around our boys' hearts that Satan and



all his powers can not invade successfully our domain.

He was frequently asked about how each hour was spent while out of the house, and was so in the habit of telling me everything, that should he do wrong or engage in anything he had been requested to keep from his mother, his conscience so troubled him, he could not long endure it without telling me all about it. He was also a great protection to his younger brother. Many a time the one might have been unable to withstand the temptation alone.

About a year ago some boys were trying to get him to fight another, and because he would not, called him a coward. He answered, "I am not a coward, but I was taught that it was wrong to fight; besides, this boy is smaller than I am, and a Bengali boy. I could never do so mean a thing as to hurt such a boy," and he took the sneers and cuffs of the boys, but would not yield.

He hated dishonesty and cruelty, and felt most indignant toward any one who had robbed a bird's nest or injured a young bird. I have known them to hide and protect nests from other boys until the birds were ready to fly. Should any one destroy one of these birds he would cry bitterly; he could not bear to see anything suffer.

Notwithstanding this, he was a great, rollicking boy, full of play and mischief, even boisterous at times; but the moment he was alone with me, a place he liked so much to be, he was as

gentle and manly as a boy could be, always ready to help me in whatever I was doing,—cooking, sewing, or whatever it might be. “Mamma, can’t I help you?” rang out so merrily on my ears that the words themselves seemed to do half the work and lift the burden from everything. He was my right hand.

Oh! the companionship! I think we were more together than the others. His eyes not being very strong, I had always read much to him, and used to help him in his lessons, so that every day we had one or two hours alone together.

How I used to enter into their play. He and his brother were both very fond of soldiers, and much of their play was in imitation of them,—marching and drilling with all sorts of uniforms and make-believe swords and guns. The two little sisters were always ready to join in with all sorts of tin pans and broken bottles for drums and bugles, with streamers and flags flying—the trophies of many a battle. In their play during the year of 1898, the Spanish were routed and Manila taken many times over. How fitting it was for the brave men of the Munster Regiment at Darjeeling to carry our boy to his last resting place! There were no others whom he would have preferred.

Wilbur, too, was a singer, and of late years his voice had become very strong and musical. He was also learning the violin, and played several pieces very well. One of his special songs was,

“The hand-writing on the wall;” others, “Tell it to Jesus,” and,

“Someone will enter the pearly gates,  
Shall you, shall I?”

He was very fond of visiting the hospital and taking flowers and papers to the sick, and enjoyed distributing tracts.

I find an entry in Vida's diary of last year, as follows: “We were out in the square this evening, the boys distributing tracts as usual.

“Wilbur gave a gentleman one, and he, making fun, said, ‘Where will this ticket take me, my lad?’

“‘To heaven, I hope,’ said Wilbur, and walked on.”

He was a very sociable boy. He liked to meet people, and had many friends among young and old. He had such a gentle way with little children, and he knew how to win them. Then, too, he was so full of play. He could amuse and interest others.

He was a great boy to tell stories and incidents, and if he ran out of those he actually knew, invented one for the occasion—such as a shipwreck.

If I would say, “Why, Wilbur, where did you read that interesting story?”

He would answer, “I did not read it, mamma; it's just one I made.”

When I suggested a doubt as to its being the thing to do, he would say, “Why, mamma, people

imagine these stories and write them in books; what harm is it for me to imagine a shipwreck and tell it to others?" Herbert would listen to him by the hour.

While he was a natural boy and enjoyed boys' toys and games, he was also very fond of dolls and girls' play. Only two years ago he was very ill, and had to be in bed two or three weeks. One of our missionary's daughters came to see him, and said, "Wilbur, what can I do for you? What can I send you?"

"Have you not a lot of dolls?" he said, "suppose you send me one of them."

She sent him one dressed as a sailor-boy. He then coaxed me for a wife for his sailor. A few days afterwards he saw a beautiful little baby doll only about three inches long, and said, "Let me have that for a baby for my sailor-boy; then I will have a whole family." These he kept among his treasures to be brought out whenever little friends came in, and we found them still among his things after he was gone.

He was very quick to understand that boys are sometimes unwelcome guests. He and his brother had a lady friend who often invited them to her place, and always seemed glad to see them. I overheard Wilbur remark one day concerning this friend, "She is a fine lady. She does not think boys are in the way."

Herbert chimed in and said, "Yes, and she knows what boys like, too."

Then "Hip! Hip! Hurray for Miss G!!" and

all, little and big, joined in the three cheers.

Wilbur was very fond of flowers and ferns. He delighted in the mountains, and was continually finding some new flower or leaf to bring home to me. What jolly times they had climbing and racing! Could other children ever have a grander time together than they? During their two months' vacation, each hot season, for four years, they roamed those dear old hills over and over from Kurseong to Darjeeling! Oh! the freedom and the enjoyment of those times! Is it possible these days are gone forever?

This last year was also one full of joy. In spite of the excessive rains they would have their picnics and outings and days with their ponies, often coming home drenched. Wilbur was one to propose their staying up at the hills during the hot weather while we were getting their home ready for them in Calcutta, and he took no little share of the responsibility about the house. He looked after things, and he and Herbert did all the buying and keeping them in food. He was so helpful and kind that Vida often spoke of it in her letters.

He was also happy in his school relations, and seemed to be studying hard. In my last letter to him I said, "If you pass your examination this year, Wilbur, papa and I are going to give you a bicycle," the thing he so much coveted. He replied how pleased he was as he had so long wished for one, and assuring me he was trying to win it.

“But,” he said, “mamma, do you know who deserves a bicycle more than I? It is Vida. She has been so good to us children ever since you went down—just like a mother to us. I think she ought to have a bicycle if no one else does.”

Vida as the oldest sister was faithful to her trust until the last. So was our darling boy to his, and their reward—what can it be? Something far better than a bicycle,—something that fills them with joy supreme. Oh! how we long for one glimpse of their bliss! Just one look at our boys’ cheery faces, how it would comfort our tired, aching hearts. But the Lord only took us at our word when we gave them to him, and had need of them on the other side. Instead of the strong arm of my boy that I had hoped to lean on, He puts underneath us His everlasting arms, and we just rest there until His time comes to bear us home:

There’ll be songs of greeting when Jesus comes,  
There’ll be songs of greeting when Jesus comes:  
And a glorious meeting when Jesus comes,  
    To gather His children home,  
There’ll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,  
    To gather His children home.





WILBUR.

HERBERT.



## CHAPTER V.

HERBERT WILSON.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

—*M. R. Smith.*

With the birth of our fourth child, Herbert, dawned the busiest year in all my life as mother. With four little ones looking up into our faces, helpless, dependent, with no one to earn their support but their father, whose small salary required the most careful management to make it meet our necessities, and no others' hands but ours to provide for all the little wants and to do the work in the home, I found my moments full.

How to keep the little bodies clean and comfortably clothed; the best way to keep them nourished with food suited to produce the best results in the healthy development of the entire physical structure; how best to execute that greatest of all missions—the caring for and training of the young minds and souls entrusted to our keeping by God Himself; these were all engrossing subjects, which kept me busy, and happy too, in that

dear little country parsonage on the shore of one of America's greatest lakes.

I can remember how often my arms and back ached from the toil of the day and, when one was ill, from wakefulness and anxiety of the night; for, although a healthy lot of children, there came times now and then when disease would make its attack on one and another, and often for days, and even weeks, I have seemed to have to fight death in hand-to-hand struggles. With tears and prayers, and an anxious heart would I hold the little form all night; and yet how many times God heard and answered and gave us back our darlings again in health.

Sometimes there was a temptation to be irritable and displeased because, try ever so hard to keep them so, the once tidy rooms would become a chaos of books, slates, broken toys, dolls, baby garments, shoes and stockings, filling floor and chair, so that they looked as though (as their patient papa said) a cyclone had struck the room. But, oh! how little those things seem now, and how gladly we would welcome back the untidy rooms. How beautiful in our eyes would their torn shoes and stockings now appear; instead of the backache and armache we now have a heartache from which there seems no release.

We often catch ourselves listening for the rush of our darlings on the stairs to see who will beat up, and our lonely hearts long for the sound of their merry voices. We sometimes think if

we could but feel their cheeks pressed to ours and their arms twined about us with the loving good-night kiss, we could work day and night, or dare anything, with a light heart.

It used to be a nightly habit before retiring, to go into their rooms and see that each one was safe and sleeping soundly; and at two o'clock to revisit the little beds and tuck each one in. Many a time have I dropped on my knees beside their beds and thanked God for them, and committed them to His keeping for the remainder of the night, and returned to my couch and slept such sound and peaceful sleep as only a tired, happy mother can.

Now the rooms and beds are empty, and everywhere we turn, the blank and silence seem to mock our yearnings, until we walk into the starlight and turn our tear-filled eyes to heaven. There they all seem to gather about us, their bright faces seeming to peer down at us, and we can almost hear them speak, so real is the vision, and we return to our couch comforted as only God can comfort, and we seem to rest on Jesus' bosom, "where nought but calm is found."

I have many things to regret; but how I thank God now that I never felt we had one too many; nor did I ever tire of their noise or of doing for them. I am glad that several years ago I wrote the lines, "The highest honor God has ever bestowed upon me in this life is that of motherhood and the privilege of living for the children He has given me. Next is the honor of being a

missionary of the Cross, and the privilege of living for the women and children of Bengal.”\*

Tired mothers, may God help you understand how rich you are, and how blessed your lot with all your little ones about your feet. Be thankful and murmur not, and do not let unnecessary work crowd out of your life the time you need to enjoy their prattle and play, and the time necessary to teach them to sing and to pray and to love God’s Word while they are young.

I repeat, *while they are young*. I feel their first years are the most important of their lives to you. My antidotes for scolding and worry were singing and story-telling, Bible stories being the favorites. The hours spent thus did me as much good as it did the children, with whom it was a delight. Oh! the weight of the story, the value of the word of encouragement, the power of prayer and song upon the children,—yes, upon all. No one of us rightly realizes this, or we would use them more.

How proud I was when Herbert came and we had two boys—“a team,” as Wilbur called them. He was born August 31, 1888 (on his grandmother’s birthday, although but little chance did the dear boy ever have to enjoy a grandmother’s love), at Saybrook, Ohio, U. S. A. He weighed eleven pounds, and seemed a baby almost three months old to begin with.

The Sabbath he was four weeks old I attempt—

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\*From Ada Lee’s Book, “Chundra Lela.”

ed to get all four children ready for Church, and told my husband I never could do it; I would have to give up going to church while they were so little. His answer was, "Well, dear, if you give up now I fear you will never go again." So I got ready and went, and did it every Sunday afterwards. I found about this, as everything else that was right to do, that there was a way, and the children need not be a hindrance, but if looked at in the right light, they were always a help and a blessing. He was dedicated in church that morning by the rite of baptism, we thinking the Lord had a great work for our baby boy to do, and praying for strength to guide him to it.

When six months old he came nearly dying with pneumonia. For twelve long hours one night he struggled for his breath. We were six miles from a doctor. The snow was so deep and the storm so great no one dared to venture out. We did all we knew; still he grew worse. We two bent over him all the night, with tears and prayers, begging our heavenly Father to spare his life. Near midnight the struggle for breath became desperate. I could hardly hold him in my arms. I felt relief must come soon, or our darling would leave us. We had done everything in our power.

In our helplessness, his papa flung himself down on the bed in desperation and my heart gave one agonizing cry to God for help. With this Mr. Lee sprang to his feet, saying, "Why, Ada, you forget that opossum oil the old lady

brought you some weeks ago. It can do no harm; give him some." He handed it to me, and warming a spoonful I gave it to him, believing God had told us what to do, and in a few minutes the phlegm was thrown up. He was immediately relieved, and before morning was able to take nourishment and was soon well again.

Herbert was different from all the rest. From his boyhood he was a child with a determination seldom equalled. He would attempt the impossible, and it nearly killed him to fail or to have to give up anything he wished to do. This used to give us trouble, until we learned better how to manage him. There was no "give up" to him. I used to say to his papa, "The only thing to do with Herbert is to make the thing right that he wishes to do," so together we learnt to shift the little fellow about and to guide him into the right and then let him drive ahead.

He was the most tender-hearted child I ever knew. He was wonderfully fond of music, of which he had no little share in his make-up. There was a young lady who used to visit us who was a noted whistler. The little fellow caught it up, and used to creep about the floor whistling, and before he could walk he could hum the tune. "There is a land that is fairer than day." How I used to delight in singing to him, he humming with me the tune before he could talk. It was just as easy for him to learn his books, and no one ever taught him his letters,—he learned them

by hearing the others recite them, and while only a wee tot used to surprise us by his achievements with his pencil on the nursery blackboard.

He was converted when only five years old. He deliberately and definitely gave himself to Jesus once and forever in a children's service held at a camp-meeting one Sunday afternoon. He dated his new birth from that hour, and never hesitated to tell any one when and where he gave himself to Jesus. Ever after that day, his evening prayer was a settling up with God the accounts of the day.

Often it had to be done with tears, for his impetuous nature repeatedly got him into trouble with others, and the difficulty he had in yielding the point, or giving up what he had undertaken, used to lead to slight exaggerations or little stories, which he called his "besetting sin." Gaining the battle in discussions sometimes led to hot words. These all had to be repented of.

Our Sunday evening prayer-meeting with the children was the special time of reviewing the week's work, with its temptations and triumphs or failures. Such a time as this used to be! With Herbert it was usually a time of confession, with tears for failures to live up to the high standard we had before us, of what the Bible said our lives should be. So common was it for him, in praying, to break down and cry, that little Esther in late years used to say on Sunday evening, "Come, children, let's go to mamma now; it's time to pray and cry."

Herbert was so anxious to become a member

of the Church, and to partake of the Lord's Supper that, often, his earnest entreaties bewildered us. After coming to Calcutta he would give us no rest on Communion Sunday. I would say to him, "Herbert, I fear you do not understand what it means."

"Well, mamma, you tell me it's to remember Jesus' death. I love Him; do I not want to remember His death, too? I try to please Him every day, and I belong to Him. Why should I not take the sacrament with you?"

I could resist him no longer, and when he was but little past six years old he was permitted to kneel with us at the Lord's table and take Communion, a sacred privilege which we have all enjoyed together for the past five years.

I never saw two brothers more devoted to each other than he and Wilbur, and I have known months to pass without a single jar between them. They were together in everything; what one had the other had. Even in their lessons, they studied together, until during this last year, Wilbur failing in his examination led to Herbert's being promoted to a class higher, a state of things which we greatly regretted, and which required much wise management, on our part, on account of the thoughtless remarks dropped by others as to the younger being brighter than the older, etc. But even this God overruled, I believe, for good.

Herbert was full of life and activity. It was cruel to make him sit still. He was fond of his



violin, and had learned to play many pieces for us. How proud I was of our boy and of his straight, manly little form as he stood up to play in concert with his brother, his sister Lois playing the organ, and Vida often joining them with her guitar.

“Blue Bells of Scotland,” “Annie Laurie,” “The Old Folks at Home,” and “Home, Sweet Home,” as well as many of the dear old hymns, such as “Oh for a thousand tongues to sing,” and “What can wash away my sins?” used to make our home ring with joy and have become doubly sacred to us. It seems to me sometimes that I can never sing again until He comes and takes us home.

Herbert would take up a new piece and insist on playing it when he had not tried it before. Nothing would daunt or discourage him, and I used to silence the dissenting voices of the others by saying, “Let him try it, children, even if he fails.” He would turn to me, so grateful, and say, “Mamma, they think I can’t; but just listen: I will show them I can.”

Sure enough, he would surprise us all with the degree of accuracy with which he was able to execute it. Oh that darling boy! With what delight now that spirit, unfettered, must dive into the unknown and untried of heaven! How I picture his beaming face as he succeeds up there! We had hoped he would be a preacher and do a wonderful work for God. The Lord

will not disappoint us in spite of the mists which hang over us now.

He was so tender-hearted; he would give away almost his last penny, and he delighted to take out a card and write on it his regular gift of two annas each Sunday evening from his pocket money for the church collection. He could not bear to see others suffer, and had many friends among the poor, and the native people. He was a great boy for fun, and was tempted sometimes to go too far.

A year before they left us, the two boys went on top of the flat roof which was without balustrades, to play, a place where they had been forbidden to go. In their fun Herbert sprang back, not knowing he was so near the edge. He stepped off backwards, falling nearly twenty feet to the stone steps below. We were afraid to look at him, thinking, of course, he was dashed to pieces. He was greatly shaken up, but not a bone was broken, nor was there hardly a scratch or bruise.

As we laid him on the bed nearly wild with anxiety, he assured us he was not hurt; that God had sent an angel who caught him and saved him from falling hard. He quoted that verse in the 91st Psalm: "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone," and said, "Mamma, that is my verse. How good God was to save me! I would not like to have died disobeying you and

papa," and he could not rest until he had sought and found pardon.

He had many verses so fixed that he could unhesitatingly repeat them and tell where they were found. He had a special liking for Malachi 3: 16-17, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and the book of remembrance was written before him. . . . And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Another favorite was Rev. 22:17, "And the Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

He was greatly interested in a concert given the Saturday evening before that terrible night, and was busy selling tickets and inviting friends to come. This was his last work of the kind. He was only eleven years old, but could be trusted to transact business, and helped us in many ways in our work. They were both naturally strong, healthy, rollicking boys, and it does not seem possible that we can live without them. I am thankful—oh! so thankful, for the assurance that they are living to-day, active and happy in the homeland, and are getting up many little surprises for us and counting the days,—not until they can come to us, but until we shall come home to them.

In our rambles they used to enjoy running up a *pakdandi* (a short cut) in the mountains and

coming out ahead of us on some higher elevation, and then waiting for us, and greeting us with some new thing they had found—a flower, orchid or fern. They have only gone a shorter cut and beaten us home, and are waiting for our slower, weary feet to reach home by the longer way. Then—oh the greeting! We can hardly await the dawning of that bright morning, the beginning of that beautiful, endless day. Until then we shall travel with our eyes fixed on the eternal city, and our hearts rejoicing even here in the hope of the glory awaiting us.

“Some day,” we say, and turn our eyes  
Toward the fair hills of Paradise;  
Some day, some time, a sweet new rest  
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.  
Some day, some time, our eyes shall see  
The faces kept in memory;  
Some day their hand shall clasp our hand,  
Just over in the Morning-land—  
O Morning-land! O Morning-land!

—*Edward H. Phelps.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### ADA EUNICE.

“Saviour, for the little one  
Safely gathered in Thine arms,  
Ere the battle had begun,  
Victor, spared from war’s alarms,  
We who toil and struggle sing  
Praise to Thee, the children’s King.”

Ada Eunice was named by her papa,—Ada for me. I called her Eunice, “Happy Victory,” saying, “With her God will give me victory in raising our missionary fund for India.” Ada, my name-sake, my little curly-head, how can I write about her! I can never picture her life so others can understand. We were so proud of her. If she were someone else’s child I should say she seemed perfect, physically and mentally. She had feet and ankles like a deer; was as fleet as the wind; could climb like a squirrel, and was the companion of her two older brothers in all their walks and rambles, and they liked it because she could go wherever they could, and seemed perfectly fearless. She was full of play and mischief; entered into all their games and races; could ride or walk equal to any of them—just the kind of a sister brothers like to have about. She seemed gifted in many ways. For one so young she wrote a beautiful hand, was neat at sewing, and loved music and flowers passionately.

Oh, how much we hoped for this child in the future! I am glad for the faith we have that our dreams for her are not to be disappointed; that she will have unbounded opportunity for the development of those faculties we so admired, and when we see our beautiful Ada again we will be satisfied to a degree we never could have been here.

She was born in Dell Roy, Ohio, U. S. A., January 9th, 1891, and was baptized the following March 14th, by our presiding elder, Dr. R. M. Freshwater. She soon after began her work as my companion in holding missionary meetings in different parts of the country, helping more than others could ever understand. So good was she, that, night after night, she would go to sleep before the service and sleep until all was over, giving no trouble to any one. One night after a longer service than usual, on returning and finding her sound asleep and happy, her uncle said to me, "Well, Ada, I think your babies are made to order; they seem never to interfere with your work." And so it seemed. It was during her babyhood that the fund for our return to India was raised, so she travelled many thousand miles with her mother during the first two years of her life.

When thirteen months old she took a trip of seven days, by train, to California. We had word that my mother was dying, and she wished so much to see me. Our engine broke down the night before we entered Denver, Colorado, and

we were delayed several hours. I remember how earnestly I prayed that the train with which we were to connect in Denver might be detained so we might catch it. I felt so sure that the Lord was planning this trip for a purpose, and believed he would not let me and my baby miss the train. When we arrived, to my great disappointment the train had left two hours before, and there was no other train until night, and I must spend the day in some strange hotel. I left it all with Jesus and sought out a hotel and sat down to think. I turned over the leaves of my address-book, and found the name of a gentleman whom I had never seen, but who had written to me sending an offering for our fund from his Sabbath-school class in Trinity Church. I found his office was just near the hotel. I sent him a note, and soon after he called. I asked him if there was anything I could do during the day. He told me that, not knowing beforehand, he could not leave his office, but he would give me a letter of introduction to two of the leading ladies of the church, and if I would call on them they would be able to open up work for me. It was a cold, stormy day, the snow filling the air, almost blinding one's eyes. While talking, he noticed my baby on the floor near me, and said, "Is this your baby, Mrs. Lee?" I answered in the affirmative. "Oh, then it will be impossible for you to go out."

"Oh, no," I said, "she is my partner in my mission work and always helps me."

So I went, and the baby, as well as I, met

friends who have ever since been active helpers in our work. From this opened up a whole week's campaign in Denver which we conducted on my return trip a month later. This campaign was characterized by two very large and influential gatherings which did more than we can ever tell for our mission work. With a fresh, delicious luncheon for the road, I returned in time to catch the train in the evening, and hastened on westward to California.

When I reached my mother I found her much better, all of which God knew and I did not, or I would not have murmured when the train broke down and my plans seemed frustrated. This taught me a lesson that I have learned many times over: that God leads us in the right way even when everything seems to be going wrong.

The companionship of Ada, but little more than a year old, on that trip and during my missionary campaign in Southern California, I shall never forget. As we crossed the Great American Desert, and after long hours of confinement in the train, on reaching the stations, she would race from one end of the platform to the other so rapidly that she seemed almost to fly. She was such a mite that it attracted everyone's attention. Even the Indians and squaws who had gathered at the station to see the train, would call out, "Och! papoose, papoose!" ("The baby! the baby!") At another time during her second year she went with me on a missionary trip. After arranging the home affairs so they could



get on without us for a few days, we drove five miles to catch a train. We had agreed to be present at a certain place in time for a meeting in the afternoon, and had been praying much concerning it. When we drove up to the station, imagine our dismay to find the time-table had changed and our train had left two minutes before. Three or four hours must pass before another train would be due and this would take us in too late for our first engagement. It seemed at first God was against us. I said to my husband, "It will be so hard for Baby Ada to wait so long at the station. Drive us up to Mrs. —, whom I have met before, and I will wait at her house."

We drove up, and alighting with baby in my arms I mounted the steps and rang the door-bell. Mrs. — met me herself, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Lee! who told you I was wanting to see you so badly? I was just about to write for you. Come in," and giving me a seat, she began to talk. I found her in great distress of mind. She had sometime before lost her only child, and Satan had taken advantage of her in time of sorrow and had gotten her to doubting God, and she had almost decided there was no hope of her own salvation.

We had a good time together with God's Word and in prayer, and she was greatly comforted and helped. She then told me she wished, in the name of this child whom God had taken, to build a room in our mission house for our native work in India, costing \$300, (Rs. 900), to be paid in

yearly installments of \$50 each. I thanked God for this, and hurried away to the train, and on arriving later in the afternoon I found that on account of some picnic the meeting had been arranged for the evening instead of the afternoon, and that I was in plenty of time for it.

All this God had arranged, and the missing of the train was only a part of his great plan that he might turn me aside to do another errand for him, and in doing this, accomplished more for the work itself than anything I had planned. Now, when He takes our darling girl, for whom we had planned so much, although it seems so hard and we cannot now see why, yet we do believe with all our hearts that our Father has planned it all, and that one day we will praise Him for all the way He has led us.

In all our travels before, and when on our way to India, Ada was the favorite with everyone, making friends both for herself and us wherever she went. She was so interested in all the sights, and shared in all the enjoyments along the way. In London she insisted on going with her papa and the other children wherever they went.

I got the benefit of the day's sight-seeing in her childish recitals to wee Esther, in baby talk, of all that had occurred while they were out: "I have been to see the great Bittish Museum. Oo ought to been 'ere too. We saw big kings and elephants, and pitty itty angels wif wings. But mustn't touch; if oo do, a great big policeman would take oo away to jail. Then, too, we saw

such lots of pigeons, and beautiful green grass—wif no ‘keep off the grass’ on it either. We could roll and play all over it. Baby sister, wouldn’t oo like to see the Bittish Museum?”

Her fearlessness often led her into trouble. Soon after we arrived in Calcutta, when she was only four years of age, a boy with his little drum and monkey came along. Ada was delighted with the tricks played, and the novelty of everything seemed to charm her. The next evening she heard him coming, but he did not stop. After a while our Ada was missing. The house and the compound were searched, but no trace could be found of her.

It began to grow dark; everyone was anxious, and we flew up and down the street in search of her. After a while she was found standing in a street in another part of the city, crying. Some gentleman gathered from what she said, something about the direction from which she had come, and led her down the street. After a while she espied the house, and turning to him said, “See! this is where my papa lives.” We asked her where she had been. She began to cry, and said, “Mamma, I only went to find the monkey-boy, but I don’t know where his house is.”

She became interested in kindergarten work, and the kindergarten songs and plays were a part of our home life. A year ago she became very anxious to learn to read her Bible, and so determined was she that in a very few weeks she was able to read with us at prayer time. Her papa

gave her a Bible of her own, of which she was very proud, and was constantly finding special verses in it, many of which she had beautifully memorized.

Her favorites were, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever; as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even forever." Ps. 125: 1, 2.

And another, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee; trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Isaiah 26: 3, 4.

The grand meaning of these verses must have flashed into the mind of this darling girl during that last hour on earth, when, having none else to whom they could look for help, that precious little group cast themselves on God, and His presence was so real that even the younger children rejoiced in Him, and that hour of terror was turned into an hour of joy and victory. He failed them not; He Himself became their refuge; and although all material things were utterly destroyed, our Ada abideth forever.

She had a joyful summer in school, romping and playing, climbing and racing all over those beautiful mountains. Her part in our little Sunday evening prayer-meeting was always very real and striking to me. She often asked God for a new heart, but she definitely sought Jesus one

Sunday evening a few weeks before their translation, Vida and all the other children helping her with their prayers. She accepted Him and received such peace and joy that even her very countenance was changed.

In her last letter, written the day before the land slip, she speaks of her desire to have always a pure heart.

We do thank God that our darling is now like Jesus, rejoicing in His presence, and that when Jesus comes He will bring them all with Him, and when we see her glorified body we shall then be satisfied and she shall be ours forever.

“‘Till He come!’ Oh, let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords.  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen.  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that—‘till He come.’

“When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the Earth so poor and vast,  
All our life joy overcast?  
Hush! Be every murmur dumb:  
It is only ‘till He come.’

“See, the feast of love is spread.  
Drink the wine, and break the bread.  
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord  
Call us ‘round His heav’nly board:  
Some from Earth, from Glory some,  
Sever’d only ‘till He come.’”

## CHAPTER VII

### ESTHER DENNETT.

The gates of life swing either way  
On noiseless hinges night and day.  
One enters through the open door,  
One leaves to return no more.  
And which is happier, which more blest,  
God knoweth best.

We greet with smiles the one who comes  
Like sunshine to our hearts and homes,  
And reach out longing hands with tears  
To him who in his ripened years  
Goes gladly to his heavenly rest.  
God knoweth best.

He guards the gates. We need not dread  
The path these little feet must tread,  
Nor fear of him who from our sight  
Passed through them to the realms of light.  
Both in His loving care we rest.  
God knoweth best.

—*Mary Wheaton Lyon.*

Our little Queen Esther was born in Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, U. S. A., August 24, 1894. We were stopping in Hotel Dennett, a rest home for weary workers in the Lord's vineyard. We were there at the urgent request of its founder,—that noble man, A. W. Dennett. He wished us to spend our last four months in America in that de-



ESTHER.

ADA.





lightful place, called by many "the nearest spot on earth to heaven." We had with us in the rest home about fifty missionaries and other workers, so Baby Esther had a warm welcome; and after we had named her Esther—saying surely "She had come to the kingdom for such a time as this"—our friends added the name Dennett.

She was baptized and dedicated to God September 10, the dear, white-headed "Bishop Thomson" performing the rite; and we all prayed that she might indeed be a Queen among Missionaries. She went to hold her first missionary meeting, with her mother, when but four weeks old, and did very well. She sailed for India when seven weeks old, with her five brothers and sisters, and was the best sailor and gave the least trouble of them all.

After six weeks she reached Calcutta, still in a good humor with the world and all about her. Our native people called her Ranee (Queen). She was a hearty, healthy child with fair curls and a very affectionate disposition. Her short life seems like a flash of sunshine. She had a baby sister, whose name was Ruth, whom she had never seen, who went to heaven after being with us three short weeks. She had heard from the others about her, and she used to trouble us sometimes by her questions concerning her and heaven, often ending up by saying, "Mamma, I want to go up to heaven and play with Baby Ruth." What a grand time these angel babies must be having together these days!

She was very fond of the little Hindu girls who came to school at our house. She had a special favorite—a very dear little girl, Indu Bala, with whom she played nearly every day.

She could not bear to see a little child in distress or danger, and often came to me crying, begging me to go to the help of some one.

The year after our baby girl was in heaven, her little friend, Indu Bala, was married, only six years old. How our hearts ached for the lovely child; but, being a Hindu, our pleading for her was vain. She was taken away and not allowed to attend school. Her father's answer was that he must submit to the rules of his caste, which insisted on child marriage. Such a fate is worse than death. How much happier were the trio to-day, if together they roamed the fields of glory where there is "fullness of joy" and "pleasures forever more." This only strengthened my determination to spend my life in fighting these cruel customs, and in doing what I could to save innocent children from child marriage and widowhood.

Esther had taken part with us in a few lessons in physical exercise. From that time she was continually reminding us to keep erect at the table, out walking, and wherever we might be together, by saying, "Hips back, mamma," "Maintain position, maintain position, mamma." Her wise little speeches—how we yearn to hear them again.

She was very original in her prayers, and it was a source of great joy to us—not unmingled with amusement—to hear her lead in prayer at the family circle or alone at her bedside. She used often to say, “Oh, Lord, don’t bess the people only dat are good, but bess the bad people too—all the people in the whole world.” She would tell God about everything. If her bunnie was hurt, or she had broken her dolly, she seemed to have great comfort in telling Him about it. Once while at the hills, she heard of my suffering with the heat in Calcutta, and that evening in her prayer she was heard to say, “Oh, God, send mamma lots of wind.” In the last little Sunday evening prayer-meeting at which we all knelt as a family together, she prayed, “Oh, Lord, bless not only dis family, but all de families in de whole world.”

She was a great singer. Her special favorites were, “Jesus Loves Me,” “The Mothers of Salem,” “Suffer little children to come unto Me,” and “When He cometh to make up His jewels.” She had several Scripture verses memorized. The last one she learned perfectly, was, “Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths.” Psa. 25:4. Our darling baby girl! How far ahead of us is she to-day in understanding God’s ways! We seem lost without her childish prattle, and long to feel again her arms twine about our neck.

She was with us in Calcutta until within a few weeks of that terrible disaster. She went up with her papa, as she said, to take care of him,

when he went to visit the children, and she remained with them. We permitted her to stay, thinking it best for her, and afterwards every attempt to get her down seemed frustrated. It must be God had need of her and could not spare her to us. I shall never forget our last few moments together before she took the train for Darjeeling when she assured me she would not forget to say her prayers, neither would she quarrel with sister—"For, mamma, if I did those things, then God would not be pleased." Little did I think that was the last time I should ever see our darling. No wonder it nearly killed me to see her go.

Her little hand waving from the car window, as she smiled back "good-by," was the last time we shall see that dear face—until after the night is over and we see her beckoning hands in the dawning of that eternal day, and when they will all run to meet us and welcome us home—then we shall have them *all* again, and forever.

O what are all my sufferings here  
If, Lord, thou count me meet  
With that enraptured host to appear  
And worship at Thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away,  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

—Charles Wesley.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

Many of the children's best and most interesting letters had been sent home to friends before the parents knew they would be needed for such a time. The following are extracts from some they still have with them:

SONADA, July 4th, 1898.

MONDAY NIGHT.

*My Own Sweet Darling Mamma:*—You are such a dear good mamma to send me that pretty ribbon. I don't really deserve such a nice thing.

We were all delighted with our presents. Esther still carries her watch around with her, and it is a great temptation to use the cup in the same way.

Lois seemed to enjoy her birthday, and it was not until to-day that she discovered that one of those little cakes was her birthday cake.

To-day, being "America's birthday," as Wilbur says, they each had a pistol and candy ball, and, even Esther, played they were fighting the English. The boys made four swords on purpose. The four marched, while they sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," also sounding their whistles and shouting "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

In the evening, I played on my guitar, but the dampness let down the soprano string, and there was a great discord. I soon got that right, but how we missed your voice. I never was made, like you, to lead. Esther had us sing that verse over twice :

“When I was playing with my brother,

Happy was I.

*Oh! take me to my dear old mother,*

There let me live and die.”

Then she said, “Why did he want to die when he got to his mamma?” So papa explained it to her, but she was sure she would not like to die when she got to you.

I have all the stockings washed up for this week. I hardly know what to do for Herbert, poor boy, it is a waste of that good yarn of mine to mend his stockings.

The boys were so delighted because papa let them go to Darjeeling alone to do the Bazaar and get the bread. So they two set off looking very well and tidy; they have each grown about three inches since papa told them to go and get a soup bone.

Papa says for you to remember that “good women” are scarce and for you to take care of yourself there in the heat. I am so glad you left Esther; she seems to enjoy herself, though she does miss you much. She is better now, and sits by me at meals. Kisses from us all. Papa says everything is *status quo*. With much love, good night, mamma dear. Your own dearest

VIDA.

DARJEELING LETTERS WRITTEN BY VIDA TO HER  
PARENTS IN CALCUTTA.

*Vida's letter to her Father on his birthday.*

June 28, 1899.

*My Own Darlings:*—It is almost going to bed time, but we wanted to send papa a birthday letter. I hope you will like the paper cutter, dear, it is from us all. Many happy returns of the day; may you have many long years with us still, as we can't get on without you yet. We are going to try and be your good children, especially I, and cheer you now that you are getting older.

I want to be really and truly your Vida Maud, which means, you know, "your beloved heroine." I wish I could get the victory over self and be a *true* heroine.

You spoke of showing the people that I can pass, but really I feel very discouraged about it. I have such a lot to learn,—but you have enough to worry you and I wanted this to be a birthday letter.

Now the children are all nicely fixed in the train on the way to dreamland. I am trying to be their mother. I only want to wish you again many good and best wishes for your birthday, papa, then say good-night.

This is a very funny birthday letter, it is only a common one, but I think you will count it as full of love and fondest kisses as a daughter ever sent her father and mother. Remember me now, as always, your

VIDA MAUD.

*Letter written on her last birthday anniversary.*

July 26th, 1899.

*My Own Precious Mamma and Papa:*—This has been one of the happiest birthdays that I have ever had. I woke up this morning and found Wilbur, Herbert, Lois, Ada and Jessudar all around me, and Ada handed me a slate covered with nice things. I never expected anything, and they had no chance to go to the Bazaar.

But I felt very sorry and sad to think how cross I have been to them so often, and how mean and naughty I have been to you sometimes. How can you love me? I hate myself.

You said for me to be more loving and gentle to the children than you have been. Oh! dear mamma, I will never be half so good as you are. I only wish I could be quarter as good; but I am really trying, and pray hard that I may get the victory.

Lois gave me a set of silver locks (links and studs). I don't think she should have spent so much. Wilbur and Herbert gave me a horse-shoe brooch, silver—dear boys! Ada gave me some pretty flowers, rosebuds and fuchsias, which I think so much of. Jessudar gave me a string of beads. Lois slipped and hid the ribbon and chocolates, so I didn't see them until this morning, so it was such a surprise, for I never expected anything else, as the ribbons you sent in Lois' basket I took for my birthday present from you, and I thought the nuts had taken the place of the chocolates.



What a dear, sweet mamma and papa! The books are just beauties. I have been reading a good deal in that book that Mr. Ross gave Herbert, about Wicliffe, but I never thought I would receive his biography for a birthday present, and I hear so much about Luther in history, but I knew nothing of his life, and the life of Paul, too.

Lois has an examination on it this year and it will help her, besides I want to study his life myself. Thank you, papa, ever so much.

I do want biographies and now we have six to add to our library,—Clive, Nelson, Wicliffe, Lawrence, Livingstone, and Luther, but I like mine best.

Mamma, you can't guess how much I prize that ribbon. I have often envied other girls who had that kind of ribbon, yet I did not exactly envy them either, for I have the best papa and mamma in the whole, round world. Papa said he was proud of me. Oh, you will never know the good it has done me to be trusted up here with the children.

I wish papa could have come down the hill and had part of my lovely birthday tea that Lois (such a pet) gave me. And indeed I looked often up the hill to see if you were really coming. I think everything is pretty straight. Lois is getting a nice dinner too,—roast chicken; come and have a bit.

I got a letter from Mr. Fraser. It has been rainy and cold and windy to-day, but Jesus whis-

pers, "Peace within." I forgot to tell you about some more presents I got. Suee gave me a good sized cucumber and five pears. The wind whistled "many happy returns of the day," and blew down a large branch of ivy to me. The rose tree, the one near the drawing-room window, put out such a beautiful, yellow rosebud, and the dhoby (washerman) gave me the present of bringing the clothes. Well, we have had a nice dinner. Flora sent me a birthday wish in the form of a poem; she is quite a poet. Well good-night. Lois is sending you some doilies. We have had a very nice time to-day, especially I.

With all the love I can give and piles of kisses.  
From your seventeen-year-old

VIDA MAUD.

P. S.—You naughty mamma to say "Sweet Fifteen" to Lois, when it is "Sweet *Seventeen*" and "*Bashful Fifteen*."

But I will forgive you for Lois is a very "Sweet Fifteen."

"Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne."

[This ending of her birthday letter seems like a prophecy to us all now.]

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SUNDAY MORNING.

*My Own Sweet Mamma*:—How glad I am to tell you that Esther's fever has gone, she hasn't got 101, only a little over 100. . . . Lois is a very funny doctor, and I am afraid will have to re-

form before she becomes a good one. Early in the morning before I was awake, she gave Esther a big piece of cocoa candy which Mrs. Munroe had sent; now isn't that foolish? Now I must say good-night. Oh, if I could have but one kiss from each of you it would do a world of good. The children are asleep and, thank God, Esther sleeps peacefully. Always your own daughter,  
VIDA.

P. S.—The boys are so good, especially Wilbur, and help such a lot.

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*A letter written just after the three birthday anniversaries. Esther, August 24th; Wilbur, August 26th; and Herbert, the 31st.*

MALL VILLA, No. 2.

September 1st, 1899.

*My Own Dear Papa and Mamma:*—We have had such a nice week. I rather like birthdays. Wilbur was very proud of his Bible and mamma's letter; he reads both every day. I hope he will keep it up.

I captured the package and letter before he could turn round, and as a letter came to "Ranee," [Esther's pet name,] he never suspected anything. Next morning we gave both to him. We hid them in his shirt, but to our dismay we found it was a dirty one, and he was putting on a clean one.

What could we do but declare he had only worn the other a day or so, and that we believed

it was quite clean enough to go to bazaar in. So he went off to show us how dirty it was. There was silence, then he said, "Cunning chaps you are. I see why you wanted me to wear the dirty shirt." We gave the little book in the afternoon, hid it in his Bible box. Herbert gave *his* present at breakfast. Lois and I, also Ada and Jessudar, had given ours before.

Esther had a real nice time on her birthday. Ada enjoyed herself just as much. Mrs. M. sent birthday cards. Miss —— was going to send a donation, but hers came to be a no-nation. Maybe it will turn up some day though. Our beautiful kid gloves went "up the tree," too. . . . We are getting on much better now, that the children are well again. Let Esther stay up, it won't be long now, and it is so nice. We want her so badly. Pray for me.

. . . . I am sorry Ada's letter did not get off yesterday. Pray for Ada; she is seeking a clean heart, and I believe she was converted last night; she seems so different this morning. I think that Jessudar is moved and wants a clean heart, too. We have been praying for Ada and I know you have too. Ada says she feels so happy, and there is such a sweet expression on her face. Oh, I do hope it is true conversion. . . . Esther is a darling, no trouble at all, she is playing with dolly now. Don't take her away from us, she is all right.

*My Dear Papa:*— . . . We had a nice little evening at the Emerson's last night; it was our Sunday School social evening. I played my gui-

tar. The boys both played beautifully. Herbert played "Home, Sweet Home" and "Annie Laurie," and Wilbur "Blue Bells." I put Ada and Ranee to bed and left Jessudar and Sebe with them. We came home early. Mr. Emerson is going down soon, so it was a kind of good-bye; there were not many present. . . . I really should take more time with my Bible. I don't feel satisfied. I am afraid it (this blessing) will not stay. I wish I had faith, but I believe I have almost all I ever had. I believe in God and know he can do it, but I want to feel it will stay forever, then I could be happy. I am still seeking for a fuller salvation that can keep me. Pray for me. I must have it and before I see you again.

With ever so much love and kisses,

Your own girl ever,

VIDA.

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*From a letter greatly prized by her mother:  
written September 5th, 1899.*

*Darling Mamma:*—The children are not homesick, at least they don't show it much; only they wish to see you so much, and I try to be brave and not be cross or ugly to them.

I am really too big to be "Homesick," because it won't be long maybe until I will be away from you.

But I will come back and help you. I promised God that when I was converted, although I

am so naughty. I have made up my mind. . . . I am yours forever in the work God has given you, and I will study hard and prepare for that work. I have always wanted to go to America so, so bad, but we can't afford it, and I believe now, that Jesus will give me patience and I will wait. You never sent a verse in your last two letters, they are so helpful. Don't forget next time. Papa always remembers. Pray for us all. I haven't time to read this over, I must go to my lessons. I left the soldiers trying to catch "King Lear." . . . . . We are getting to know each other better, and will try hard, all of us, to be real ladies and gentlemen and make our home a home. Thank you, papa, for the last verse you sent me.

God bless and keep us all very close to Him. Oh! pray for me. I will be victor in the end. Now, with many, many armfuls of love and kisses and hugs. We are all your darlings. Don't want Esther; it is wrong to covet you know. Will be all right.

Your

VIDA.

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*This letter was written about two weeks  
before she went to heaven.*

*My Own Dear Papa and Mamma:—*I have just received your dear letter. . . . I wish that the contracts [referring to the new house] would come to a close, so you could get to work, or if

it drags on so slowly, you will not be ready for us: and we want to come back to *home*.

I am afraid that papa has not bought himself a new coat and pants for this winter. I won't be able to walk with him with my nice skirt unless he does. I can make my last winter's dress do nicely by letting out the tuck, so you get yourself a suit, instead of me a new dress; mine is all right and good. Mamma must have a new dress, too. I wish I could give it to you.

We were all talking the other night of what we would all do for you both, and I am sure Frank would have joined, if he had been here. Wilbur says he won't charge anything for your teeth being fixed. Lois will doctor you free. The rest of us, you know, aren't so sure of *our* money as they are, and Herbert, "Professor Lee," will keep your home comfee. I will try hard to keep up your work. Yes, I am sure God has called me to it, and will be with me, though it is strange He should have made me of such funny stuff. I never saw a girl, like me, before or after. I don't believe there has or will be such a naughty girl.

I think it is harder for me to be good than all the rest. But I know that God has not given me anything to do, nor will He ever, without the grace for me to use. He *will* prosper your work. You don't know how unworthy I feel for such a place. Your work is His work.

So in a few years (D. V.), for you and papa are getting old now,—just think, papa—fifty

next birthday, isn't he?—you will be able to see your work progressing and yourselves taken care of. Because God never throws off His own when “hoary hair their heads adorn.”

You and papa must never speak of dying now, when we are all just beginning to live. God has lots for you to do yet (no sons-in-law will come to bother you unless they are willing to help).

I know I have been so very naughty and hastened your ages, but you will never know how I have been struggling for two and a half years, yes, really three years against God. I am afraid sometimes there has been no peace in my heart, once in a while I seemed to get back to God, but only for a few days at a time, then it was all dark again. Oh! I hope those days are over now. I never have known such misery and I just could not be good.

I have given all over to the Lord and O if it would only stay all right. This is one reason why I dread Calcutta. But I trust God will keep me. I don't know how He has held on so long. Oh, pray for me, I never can stand any such days again. But I have peace and happiness now. I have told you what I didn't expect to. I told you what was in my heart. I am God's for your work. Trust me and believe me,

Ever your loving and affectionate,

VIDA.

P. S.—I never can forgive myself for the way I have treated my dear papa. No girl ever had,



or will have, a better, kinder father. Oh forgive and forget, papa darling, I am truly sorry.

....Dr. Lois is progressing; she protests that I have said nothing good about her, but you know I think her the best girl in the world, and she really is.....

With piles of love and kisses from all, especially

Your girl,

VIDA.

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*Vida's last letter.*

September 22nd, 1899.

*My Own Dear Mamma and Papa:*—I thought I would take a moment to write you a note, as to-morrow at this time, I will be with Miss S. (D. V.). We are all well; my cold is gone; the children are at school. Esther has gone out with Jessudar and her bucket.

To-day is one of those days when the air is "laden with the breath of flowers," when you feel like dreaming, when the sun is shining not too strong, but throwing sunbeams into the room, until you are warm and feel happy even deep down in your heart.

This is the way I feel just now, only a little troubled when I think how soon the examination is coming, and this makes me feel like study.

The birds are singing and we all join to thank God for such a day after the rain of yesterday.

You know Lamb always has some such long introduction and I'm afraid you will feel just

like I do when I read them, if I don't tell you some news now. The service of song takes place to-morrow; Lois will take part, but I really did not have time to attend the practices, so did not join. I believe it is going to be real nice. . . .

Mr. —, Oh, I don't know his name, is so nice. He preached on Sunday. Lois and I went both times, though it was raining. I hope he preaches this Sunday too; he is such a dear old man, I wish he could come down and see us. He came and introduced himself. I don't know whether he knows we are the Lees, or not. . . . I just feel like having a long talk, but I must go and study my lessons. . . . We all send piles of love and kisses. . . . I want to see you so much. I am very happy this morning, but I am not satisfied. Do pray for your girl. Here is a big kiss for dear "Octavius Noel," [a pet name for baby Frank] and papa and yourself.

From VIDA.

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*This card was sent the morning of the awful day.*

*My Own Dear Papa:*—It is raining hard, so we are not able to go to Sunday-school; it is Mr. E.'s last Sunday. The nice minister is the Rev. P. R. Mackay. The service of song came off nicely. It is just pouring and we have heard a landslip come rolling down just now.

We are all well, and send piles of love.

Your own girl,

VIDA.

[A few hours after, she was in heaven.]

## EXTRACTS FROM LOIS' LETTERS.

*Letter to Vida when she was ill in hospital,  
February, 1898, with diphtheria.*

*My Own Darling Vida:*—... have been wondering all day what I could do to make you happy. I would like so much to come in and give you a great big hug and kiss, but as I can't do it myself, I send this dolly to do it for me. Remember this dolly was born two months before our Ruth, [Ruth was born May 7th, 1893]. I hope you will soon be better. Good-night.

Your own sister,  
LOIS.

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*This note was sent to her friend Flora on her  
fourteenth birthday.*

144 DHARAMTALA STREET,  
Calcutta, October 16th.

*My Own Dear Sweetheart Flora:*—Many, many happy returns of the day. And may you live to see eighty-six more.

LOIS.

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FROM DARJEELING.

*Lois' letter on her papa's birthday.*

MALL VILLA, No. 2.

June 26th, 1899.

*The day after you left.*

Now your birthday comes again,  
One more link in life's long chain,  
May this day be bright and blest,  
On your life may blessing rest.

## FRIDAY NIGHT, SLEEPY TIME.

*My Precious Mamma and Papa:*—We are all safe and sound, and getting on fine, though it seems rather strange without you.

We have had a lovely day. . . . I got dinner all myself, and after dinner, we four, with Luce's [the hill woman] help brought the organ upstairs to the boys' room. We sung a few hymns. Then had prayers, Vida and Jessudar [the Bengali girl] read the 103rd Psalm, and we all went to bed and slept soundly.

It is school time, so with hugs and kisses for Esther and Frank, and wishing papa the happiest birthday he has ever had.

With piles of love and kisses for you both,

Ever your loving,

“GRAND MOTHER LOIS.”

*My Precious Mamma and Papa:*—It seems ages since I have heard from either of you. Vida is getting all the letters and praise and being called “doctor” and it makes me feel so, so jealous. Esther is much better to-day.

I never dreamt the doctor's bill would be so much, but Vida and I will earn it. If you and mamma take me on as your family physician when I'm big I won't charge *quite* so much. Don't worry about Esther, whatever you do, we are taking good care of her. . . .

It must be boiling in Calcutta to-day, but it is simply beautiful up here, a perfect day. The sunrise this morning was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The sun had not yet ap-

peared and the horizon was streaked first with a rich, deep orange, then a more delicate shade, and so on, until it came to a pale soft yellow. I wish you and papa could have seen it. . . .

We are all well and happy, studying hard. I help Wilbur for more than an hour every day. . . . Ada got your letter yesterday. We are all looking forward to the warm feathered nest. [The new home in preparation for them in Calcutta.]

. . . . We have been having a fine time opening the basket, and finding such lovely delicious treats inside. You always seem to know just what we want. Those custard apples are just beauties; the hulwa "scrumpshush;" the figs delicious; the nuts excellent; the mangosteens lovely; and the amras "nectar for the gods" (Vida thinks). Everything reached all right there were just enough mashed custard apples (but delicious) for tiffin, and oh! but we did enjoy them. They are really my weak point, mamma.

Good-bye, love piles, always your

LOIS.

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*A part of Lois' last letter, written just a week before she went to heaven.*

MALL VILLA, No. 2,  
September 17th, 1899.

*My Darling Mamma and Papa:*—I received mamma's dear, welcome letter the other day and was very glad to get it (although a little insulted at being called "duck legs").

We had a lovely little social at Mr. Emerson's. He asked us to take our instruments. I played for the hymns and solos, Wilbur and Herbert on their violins, and Vida on her guitar.

Everything went all right. . . .

He thanked Winnie and me for presiding at the organ for Sunday-school. It has been good practice and I can play by first sight pretty well now. . . . There is to be a Service of Song, "Jessica's First Prayer," in aid of the Sunday-school Hall Fund, next Saturday. Lois.

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Lois' letter written on her birthday, July 2nd, was a beautiful one and brought joy to the hearts of her parents. This, with other such letters, had been sent home to relatives.

Her father had sent her two books—biographies—belonging to the series called "Men with a Mission." She spoke of the preface in one of the books and said, "I believe I am a girl with a mission, and feel the necessity of being holy, for my life verse is, "The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself." Psalm 4: 3.

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*A fragment of an exercise written by Lois in class one day during her last summer.*

#### CALCUTTA.

"The great city now called Calcutta, was formerly a flight of stairs leading from the sacred waters of the Ganges, up the muddy banks, to the shore, where stood the temple of the goddess

Kali, worshipped by the Hindoos, and it was here they came from all over India to wash away their sins in the water of this sacred river.

“Gradually buildings sprang up around the then-called Kali Ghat, and in the seventeenth century, when the East India Company was formed, a factory was built and, in time, for the defense of the company, Fort William was constructed. For some years afterwards the place was called ‘Fort William’ by the English. But in the end it came to be called by its native name ‘Kali Ghat,’ now modernized into ‘Calcutta.’

“Calcutta is situated on the Ganges, ninety miles from the Sea, and in the monsoon district. The cold weather lasts from the middle of November to the middle of March, then the hot and dry weather lasts until the middle of June. The rains then set in and last until August.

“Calcutta is called the ‘City of Palaces;’ it contains many large and magnificent buildings.”

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#### WILBUR'S LETTERS.

DARJEELING, MALL VILLA No. 2,  
July 5th, 1899.

*My Dear Mamma and Papa:*—I am writing to you for it is my turn. This letter will be more of an “Essay” than a letter, for I am going to tell you just how we spent “The Fourth of July.”

I bought some fireworks. Vida and Lois invited Miss Stahl and Flora to lunch (or rather

dinner) which we called our "AMERICAN STATE DINNER." Herbert and I got up early and went to the bazaar and got the things for the state dinner. Jessudar and the Nany came with us. While we were away Vida and Lois killed two chickens and cleaned them, and had the beets boiled ready for slaw. Miss Stahl and Flora came at 2 o'clock and we fired off some firecrackers after dinner. We had for dessert: mangoes, peaches, lichees, plantains, figs, dates, pomegranates, and the little chocolates which you sent up. We have the grapes and big chocolates yet, though they are disappearing one by one by two-legged rats.

After coming from the market we spent the morning practising for a concert which was held in the evening in the dining-room of the Girls' School. And we played "Old Folks at Home" all together, and it was a success. After it was finished Mr. Hart gave us an address and said that he wished the English would be beaten again, and after he was finished Miss Stahl allowed us to fire off some firecrackers. We went home and fired a *big* firecracker in remembrance of you and papa, and after singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee!" fired off our last firecracker and then said prayers.

We have been having prayers every day, and Vida has been praying that when we go to Calcutta you will have two gentlemen instead of two boors.



Pray for us all; we are getting on nicely; don't worry about us. Ada sends her love to Esther and Frank. We are praying for you every day. I will write another letter soon. To-day is a very nice day; we could see the snows all day till 3:30.

Your son,  
WILBUR.

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*Wilbur's letter written on his last birthday anniversary.*

MALL VILLA, No. 2,  
August 26, 1899.

*My Darling Mamma and Papa:*—I got your nice birthday letter this morning and papa's present. Vida kept my Bible and letter, and this morning put them in my banyan before I awoke, and when I put it on, I felt something heavy which scared me; then I had a nice laugh to myself when I found it was my Bible. I then dressed and read your nice letter. It made me feel like a man, no longer a boy (nor baby) as you said. Vida did not like you telling me about the cake and chocolates, for she had hidden them from us, also the nuts, to surprise us.

Esther is very well and happy, and the girls say they will not hear of Esther's going down until we all go down together. So do not trouble about us.

I am getting on nicely with my violin. I have had perfect lessons ever since papa went down, and Mr. Burnett says it is only my bowing that is bad.

I am going to try hard so as to pass first and get "the bicycle" which you and papa are going to give. Tell papa that my Bible just looks like him and you. It is just the very kind I wanted; the two verses you and papa gave me were nice. I am giving you a verse and am putting in a few words:—Psalms 64: 13, "and (his) pastures are clothed with flocks (of them who love him) and (his) valleys also are covered over with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing."

May God bless you, papa and little Frank; and now mamma, do not worry about Esther, for if she goes down she will suffer with the heat and be sick; she is all right up here. Good-bye.

Love to all. Your man,  
WILBUR.

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*Wilbur's last letter written three days before the landslide.*

MALL VILLA, September 21, 1899.

*My Dear Mamma:*—I got your nice letter on Sunday last. I am glad to hear that the house is about ready for us. I am very homesick for you, papa and little brother Frank. He must be about big enough to "play horses." I am trying hard for a horse which has never to be fed (except oil) and never gets tired.

Vida got Rs. 30, which you sent, from Miss Stahl and gave me one for lessons. Vida has been writing letters and learning very hard; she

deserves a bicycle if any one does. She has been so kind to us.

Lois is teaching me the piano. I have a half hour's practice at school every day while the girls are at dinner. Tell papa we need two or three sets of violin strings. I read my Bible every day and have done so ever since my birthday.

We all send love and kisses now, for I must close.

With love from

WILBUR.

## CHAPTER IX.

### JESSUDAR, THE BENGALI GIRL.

Into our training school came little Jessudar, not more than nine years old. At the very mention of her name my heart thrilled, for a lovely girl by the same name, I had rescued from an awful life some years ago. And now God has sent another, wonderfully delivering her from a life of shame.

Her father and mother were Hindus—the former dying when she was quite small—leaving her mother with five children and no means of support. Only God knows the story of their sufferings, as they worked in the rice fields, gathering a little here and there, enough to keep soul and body together. Only God knows the anguish of that mother's heart as she often heard their cry of hunger—for a Hindu mother has not one whit less a mother's heart.

No one but God knows the temptations to which she was subjected, nor the evil influence of her surroundings, with no knowledge of a Saviour—no protection anywhere.

Only those of us who know the sad story of Hindu widowhood, and see it enacted about us everyday, can form any conception of all Jessudar's mother passed through. One day when the children were hungry and naked, with no

hope of food or help from any source, the tempter came to this woman in the form of a wicked man, who fixed his hellish eyes on little Jessudar, and said to the distressed mother, "You are in great straits. Sell me your little daughter and I will give you rupees eight (\$2.25) for her, which will feed you all for some weeks."

The mother looked on the sweet face of her child and her heart sank within her, as she thought of Jessudar's future. She shrank from the deed and answered her tormentor, saying, "No; we had better die together."

But this man was not so easily put off, and, showing the shining silver, said, "No; you take the money now, and I will not claim the girl until she is old enough to be married, then she is mine."

The mother looked at the money, and then at her hungry children, and being deceived by his enticing words, yielded, accepted the money, and Jessudar was sold.

About this time the mother met with some native Christians of the village, who became interested in her and began to teach her about Jesus, and soon after she forsook her idols, and, the following Christmas, she and her children were baptized. A short time afterwards this wicked man, in company with a few of his Hindu friends, came to the mother and claimed the child he had bought. She refused to let her go, saying she was still too young.

One day, when the mother was out of the house, he came to the child and ordered her to come with him. She refused to obey, at which, in spite of her entreaties, he bound her, and carrying her away, hid her in his house. The mother turned to her Christian friends, who immediately went and by force took the child from him. These friends, feeling that she was unsafe with them, brought her to us.

Jessudar soon became happy with us, and we find her a most lovable, obedient child. A few evenings ago we taught her her first prayer, and it is sweet to see her learning to sing the songs of Jesus with the other children, and hear her as she joins them in prayer. She is most attentive as we tell the story of Jesus, and as a token of her desire to serve Him, the other day she took her iron bangle [a relic of Hinduism] from her wrist, and throwing it on the ground, said, "I have nothing more to do with these things, neither am I bound by them; I intend to serve Jesus."

She is a most industrious child and takes interest in everything about her. She knew not even her alphabet, but will soon be reading, so intent is she on learning.

As I think of the awful life of prostitution from which this child has been saved, I do praise God that she is with us, and that we have the blessed work intrusted to us of leading her to Jesus and training her for Him.

This is one of the many phases of our much-loved work. There are many bright young lives

all about us, crushed to the earth, bound by cruel galling chains that only the power of God can break! There are many Jessudars to be saved, and time is going, oh, so swiftly. Oh! that the Church of God was awake to this great work!

We are thankful for the hearts God has touched, and the friends He has raised up to become partners with us.

The above was a leaflet written when Jessudar first came to us and little did we then know through what portal she would go from us. Several attempts had been made, by the wicked man from whom we had rescued her, to entice her away—he having succeeded even in leading her mother away—and bringing her with him, hoping through her, if possible, to get the child into his hands.

She often came upstairs for us to protect her from them. She had never been out of our home, had become a good, useful girl, and was very much interested in her lessons, as well as her work. She had sought Jesus and had become an earnest little Christian.

As we were breaking up housekeeping in May, felt it would not be safe to leave her in Calcutta; so we decided to take her with us to the hills, which we did. She was very well and very happy with us, and was devoted to our children: so much so that when Mr. Lee and I were coming down to our work and leaving them behind—Vida said, “Mamma, let Jessudar stay with us; she will be so much company and such a help to

us." So we decided to leave her, having arranged for her to go to school with them in the afternoon to learn Kindergarten and English.

She used to take part with us at prayers and in the little home prayer-meeting the same as one of our own children. She had received a Bible the year before as a prize for good conduct which she read daily, and always seemed very penitent for any wrong she may have done. She was about thirteen years of age and had become a promising girl.

On that night she was with our children as they knelt in prayer. She prayed, too, commending her spirit to God. So when Vida opened her eyes in heaven—after that terrible crash—and looked about on her little charge, her last thought on earth being for their safety, it must have been her first in heaven, I have no doubt she rejoiced to find faithful Jessudar among the rest. And we rejoice here to think of her as safe eternally, and hasten to rescue as many more like her as the Lord may permit.







FRANK.

ALBERT.

## CHAPTER X.

### WILBUR'S STORY.

*“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.”* Rev. 21:4.

*“He shall swallow up death in victory, and the Lord shall wipe away tears from off all faces.”*  
Isaiah 25:8.

The first telegram brought us the word that Wilbur had escaped. We were so benumbed by the awful news concerning the other children that we did not think of his being injured, and even expected him down on the next train with the other school children.

How little we knew of what that dear boy was passing through! It did not dawn upon us until some friend telegraphed, “I saw Wilbur Lee. Doing well.” Then we began to fear he might be hurt. Not until two days after did we get the word that he was badly injured.

We then said we must go to him at once. Some said it would be impossible for me to go, the roads were so torn away; but I thought I must go to my boy; if he was suffering, I must be with him. The one thought of reaching him spurred me on through every difficulty.

All through that long, uncertain journey—walking, riding, climbing—nothing seemed too hard for me, if I could but reach him. All along the way everybody we met brought good tidings of Wilbur.

At last the journey was over, and at 10 o'clock on Friday, we reached the Sanitarium in Darjeeling. Oh, the joy of clasping him again in our arms! We found him propped up in bed, very bright and cheery, and seemingly getting well rapidly.

He was very much affected, and burst into tears of joy when he saw us; but we soothed and quieted him, and he was soon telling us all about what he had been doing, and asking us questions about home and ourselves.

He took his baby brother in his arms and played with him—so delighted was he to see him. Then he asked for his box, and, opening it, showed us his bottles of scent and handkerchiefs which many kind friends had given him. He told me how kind every one had been to him, and seemed specially fond of the house doctor and the Sister, who were untiring in their devotion to him.

He showed me the names of the ladies who had called on him, or had sent him some delicacy, or in any way had shown him a kindness. He had asked a friend to write down all the names, saying he would write to each one a letter of thanks after he got well.

I asked him about that night, and he said, "Mamma, let me begin at the first and tell you all about it."

I said, "No, son; you will have plenty of time to tell me, so do not tell me all to-day. But I wish so much to know if you tried to save yourselves."

He then told me that they first tried to escape from the south side and to get down to Nos. 4 and 5, [the nearest houses,] but they came to a flood of mud and water rushing down the hill-side, as Wilbur said, "like the Ohio River." It was impossible for them to cross it.

They then went out the back way, going up the narrow foot-path to the road, and started to the house above toward the Mall, but they found the road washed away, and nothing left on which to tread.

Vida then led them back down toward Leborg, the opposite direction, but they were met by insurmountable piles of earth and debris.

Boulders were rolling down the mountain side, trees were falling and stones flying through the air. The rain poured in torrents; the roar of the cyclone and the pitch darkness were enough to terrify the bravest heart.

Vida found she could not keep them together, and said, "I am afraid we will get lost from one another, and I promised papa I would take care of Esther. Come, we will go back to the house, and, if the Lord wishes, he can save us together, and, if not, he will take us together."

So they returned and went upstairs and built a fire and began to dry their clothes. They knelt in prayer several times asking God to protect them.

Soon they heard some one knocking on the front door. They went down and found a poor native man, all crippled, and his face bleeding. He told them their house was going to fall; but he was so ill and shivering with the cold that the children became interested in him instead of themselves.

Vida took a cloth and wiped the blood from his face. They tried to lift him inside, but he fainted away. She then took the durry [large rug] from the floor near by and wrapped him up in it. Two other native men passed the door, and said, "Children, the mountain is falling down, and you had better leave."

The children told them they had tried,—how could they get away? The men then passed on, not able to render them any assistance. The hill woman who cooked for them helped to get everything in from the out-houses,—the cooking utensils, etc.; and just as she came out of the cook-house the last time, it was washed away.

The native man lying at the door became conscious again, and said he must go to his master at Nos. 4 and 5, and went away, dragging himself along the ground. He says the last time he saw the children they were kneeling together in prayer.

Vida took them all back upstairs again to the fire, and while praying, the corner of the room cracked open.

I found it agitated Wilbur very much to tell me about it, so I checked him; but he said, "Mamma, I must tell you about Vida. She sprang to her feet, her face just beaming as she said, 'Children, the house is coming down, and we will soon be in heaven.'"

"But were you not afraid; Wilbur?" I said.

"No, mamma; God had taken all the fear away, and we were all so happy. We felt just as if we were in the train coming home to you. We said to each other, 'Now if papa and mamma and Baby Frank were only here, so we could all go to heaven together, how nice it would be.' Oh, Vida's face! Mamma, if you only could have seen her! how beautiful she looked! Her face shone like an angel's as she talked to us. She then led us into another room, and again we knelt about the bed, and we all prayed Jessudar (our Bengali girl) was kneeling with us, and with hands clasped and looking up to heaven, she said, "Oh, merciful God, take us now." These were her last words.

"Then there came a tremendous crash. I sprang to my feet with a lamp in my hand just in time to see the wall come in, and I knew nothing more until I awoke in the darkness in the mud and water below. It was still raining hard. I could see two lights in the distance, and I tried

to get to the one I thought nearest me. I walked a little, and then fell down asleep."

Wilbur had been thrown more than a hundred feet down the mountain side. When daylight came there was not a vestige of the house left. The beautiful flower garden and trees were gone; nothing but fresh earth and roots of trees, and boulders piled up so high that no one could recognize the spot on which the house had stood.

In the house just near, only farther out on the mountain side, twenty-four persons had stayed all night unable to get away, and expecting every moment that their house would go, the stones rolling down on the roof all night. Two gentlemen attempted to get to our house several times, but the mud and water were so deep and the darkness so great that it seemed impossible.

As day dawned two ladies were looking out from the porch to see what had become of their servants, when on a little knoll some distance away they saw a muddy object rise up and throw up its arms, and then fall back. As it grew lighter they discovered it was our Wilbur, and called to him to lie still, and they would send him help. What joyful words these must have been to the poor boy who had been trying so long to attract attention.

Some kind gentlemen went to him, wading in mud and water up to their waists. After a desperate struggle, an old gentleman reached him; the boy threw his arms about him, so grateful was he to him for coming. They carried him,



through much difficulty, to the house, where they washed the mud away, put on warm clothes and wrapped him in blankets, and then sent for the doctor.

He was very cold. In the meantime they put hot bottles about him and brought him some brandy. This he refused to take, saying: "It's wrong to drink brandy; I can't take that."

A lady said to him, "No, it's not wrong, Wilbur, for you to take it now as medicine. Do you not remember that verse where Paul told Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake? so it's right for you to take it now."

"You are sure it will not be wrong?" he said. "Then I'll take it."

The doctor came and dressed the terrible wounds on his head and found, that, although badly cut and bruised, he had no bones broken. He was then sent to the Sanitarium, where all that kind friends and human sympathy could do was done.

That first day we arrived Wilbur seemed well and bright all day. What a blessed day it was! His sister Lois' ring, which had been taken from her finger, was handed to her papa soon after our arrival. He gave it to Wilbur, who showed it to me and was trying to clean the mud out of the sets. He asked me what we would do with it.

I said, "We give it to you, Wilbur, as no one deserves it more."

He thanked me, and with tears in his eyes, he put it on his finger, where it stayed until his death.

During the day he said to me, "Do you think I will be able to go up for my examination this year? I fear I will not earn my bicycle."

I assured him he should have his bicycle whether he took his examination or not, which seemed to greatly please him. He kept referring to the other children several times during the day.

He also asked about the house. "Is there none of the beautiful ivy left that covered the house?" If there were, he wished to take some of it to Calcutta. He told how well the two little children were, and how they had grown; also spoke of their all having gathered ferns and grass to take home to me.

I said to him, "Wilbur, there is one thing I wish you to tell me about. You know you could never quite say that you had been converted; that you had really been saved from your sins. How was it that night with you?"

"Oh, mamma!" he said, "I know I have been converted; that Jesus is my Saviour, I was not afraid to die. I knew it was all right. It has been a great blessing to me to help take care of the children this summer. It has made me a better boy. It has been good for us all; for we have lived for, and loved each other more than ever before."

Toward night he became restless, and complained of his head hurting him. He grew worse, and, after a troubled sleep awoke, screaming with pain, his jaws having shut, catching his tongue between his teeth. I then feared tetanus, which it proved to be. Oh, the awful suffering of the next two days and nights! Yet between the spasms he would be so bright and cheery.

Friday evening he asked me to read his chapter to him, and we read, "Let not your hearts be troubled. . . . I go to prepare a place for you" (14th chapter of John), and prayed with him. The next evening, he had suffered so much during the day, that I suggested instead of reading we should repeat a few verses. We each repeated a verse.

He then repeated the one, "They that trust in the Lord shall be like Mount Zion, which can not be removed, but abideth for ever." And he added, "This is Ada's verse, mamma."

We then prayed. He had just passed through a very severe paroxysm, but he prayed too. His prayer was, "Oh, Lord, I thank thee for not letting me die in the dark, that awful night. Bless papa, and mamma, and Baby Frank; take care of them. Bless me and take care of me, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

He had said to me during the day, "Oh, mamma, that awful pain! Why does God let me suffer so?"

I had been asking myself the same question all day, and the answer seemed to be given me

as I said, "To make you perfect, I suppose, my darling. Be patient; there is a land where there will be no more pain. We will ask God to help you bear this terrible suffering. He will give you no more to bear than he will give you grace for."

He was very brave and patient. He would often put his arms around my neck and draw my head down on his pillow, and patting my cheek, would say, "My precious mamma; you are my sweetheart."

How these loving words linger with me yet! And another time he embraced his papa, and then asked for Baby Frank, and drew him down to him and kissed him. He seemed to know every one, and had a word for everybody.

Sometimes he seemed to be gone, but would revive again after the paroxysm wore off. His papa said to him, "Wilbur, if you see Vida and Lois before I do, give them our love."

"Yes," he said, "I will; but why? Do you think I'm going now?"

We said, "You are very ill; it looks as if you would go to heaven soon."

"But," he said, "did you not ask God to make me well, mamma, and don't you believe He will?"

I said, "Yes, I asked Him to make you well, but it may not be best."

"Yes," he answered, "God worked one miracle to save my life; and, if best, He can work another."

After another severe spell, I said, "Is Jesus with you, Wilbur?"

"Of course, mamma."

"Are you afraid?" I said.

"Oh, no; I am not afraid. Don't you and papa be afraid."

Once when I asked again if Jesus was with him, he answered me, "Of course," as he did so many times, and said, "You thought I was gone, mamma, but I am not."

"But are you afraid to die, Wilbur?" I asked.

"No, mamma, but I wish you and papa and Baby Frank could go, too?"

And, oh, how I wished we might go with him! A little later in the night I had to leave the room.

He drew his papa down, and said, "Papa, go and comfort mamma."

His papa said, "What shall I say to her, Wilbur?"

"Tell mamma I am so happy in Jesus."

I prayed constantly that the Lord would spare him, but we came to where we felt we must give him into God's hands, willing for Him to take him if it was His will.

A few hours before he left us it seemed to me it would kill me, and I went alone in my room, feeling that unless God wonderfully helped me, I never could meet it.

As I was praying that the Lord would take him out of the suffering, in my anguish God seemed to come so near, and gave me such a glimpse of heaven, with Wilbur just entering in

and the other children greeting him—all so happy—that the awfulness of death seemed to be taken away, and I myself made to rejoice with them in their victory.

So real was the vision that I seemed to receive from it supernatural strength that bore me through those awful days that followed. The hour that Wilbur's spirit left the poor, bruised body to join his brothers and sisters, their spirits seemed to hover all about us. They seemed to come to take him home. It was an hour of victory for them, and also for us.

As we marched to the cemetery the day we laid his dear body away, the clouds hung over us all the morning; but, just as they lowered the casket into the earth, the sun burst forth in all its warmth and brightness, lighting up the grave and all about it.

It seemed to say to my heart:

“Oh, Death, where is thy sting,  
Oh, Grave, where is thy victory?”

and I seemed to see beyond all this, when Jesus would come and bring them again, and we should be forever with the Lord.

“Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord, Jesus Christ.” Oh, that blessed day. How we rejoice even now in anticipation of its glory.

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,

So free from all sorrow and pain,  
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,  
To meet one another again.

## CHAPTER XI.

### CONCLUSION.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still—  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile!

—*John H. Newman.*

For some months after our children had been taken—Satan often tempted me at prayer time, taunting me with the thought, “What is the use of your praying? What good does it do? You dedicated every one of those children to God for service in the mission field, and where are they now? You are trudging along trying to do what you thought the Lord had sent your children to do—without help, you are bearing the burdens alone. And there is Wilbur, your Samuel, as you called him, you definitely asked God for him to preach the Gospel, over whom you had prayed many an hour believing he was to be a preacher of power and lead many to Christ. How you pleaded for his life, and where is the answer? He is gone before he is fifteen years old. What good will it do for you to pray now?” I knew it was the adversary of my soul and fought him off—throwing myself upon God again and again. It was the evening of the first birthday anniversary—little Ada’s—I thought I could never live

through the day; but I invited the little orphan girls of her age in for tea and a play, just as I had always done when she was with us, and spent the afternoon entertaining and trying to make happy these children, when my heart was breaking just for a glimpse of my own darling. At last the weary day was over, and I dropped on my knees at my bedside to plead for comfort and help, when, as usual, my old adversary appeared and again began taunting me. I felt too weak and heartsick to fight him, but I turned to my Saviour with a heart-cry such as He only could understand, and said, "I know Thou dost answer prayer. How many times, in a wonderful way, hast Thou given me my heart's desire. Now give me deliverance once for all from Satan's daily insinuations. I am tired of fighting him." Jesus drew so near to my heart, and seemed to say, "I know your sorrow, and I sorrow with you; but your sorrow can never be greater than I have borne for you. Your prayers *are* answered; your boy Wilbur *has* preached and accomplished as much as though he had lived and preached fifty years." Oh, the comfort that came into my soul, "the blessed assurance," the sweet fellowship of Christ, suffering with me. I arose so happy,—Satan was vanquished. I was sure my prayers *were* answered in a far better way than I thought, and one day I would see and understand. A few days after a friend of position, whom we had never met, wrote from the homeland telling us Wilbur's story was being



published in all the Christian papers in the land, and the story of their victory in death, as Wilbur told it, was being recited from thousands of pulpits in the land, moving many hearts to seek the blessed Saviour. "Your boy in the story of their triumph in that awful hour, is preaching all over this country." I believed it, because God had told me in my heart the night he comforted me. And from that day to this I have not doubted it; neither do I ever again have to fight that battle with Satan. I *know* God answers prayer.

Many friends seemed to fear that the Darjeeling disaster, which so suddenly crushed our home would also crush us and we would be compelled to give up our work. But, although the pruning has been most severe, God, in His mercy, has sent equal grace and strength, until, instead of crushing us, we believe it has better fitted us for this great work God has given us to do.

Many wonder at us and some have even said, "Oh, this mother does not realize her loss." But some days it seems that the weight of that terrible mountain in Darjeeling is upon my heart, and would crush out my life. As I think of the four lovely forms of those dearer than my own life, crushed and buried by it, and of the other two lying in the cemetery on the other side of the hill, it seems impossible to live.

There is another baby grave in the beautiful home land, making seven in Heaven, and two darlings left to share our loneliness. When the evening tide comes, the longing to hear their

footsteps and their ringing laugh is greater than words can express. But I quickly turn away from these thoughts and with a cry, only Jesus can understand, I look to Him and He just seems to lift me above earth, and the loneliness and weariness (for the weariness caused by fighting sorrow is different from all other kinds).

I sometimes seem to be all but in the heaven-land and see the loved ones so joyous and happy, that before I know it I seem to be sharing with them in the victory. The one heart desire of these days has been that God's purpose in all this stupendous mystery might be fulfilled in me.

So much has been accomplished already. It has enabled me to see life as never before, and to see my own weakness and nothingness. It also has put heaven in the right light—the one thing for which to live.

The Bible has become a new book, and its promises are my food and drink. Oh, how my soul feasts on them. Jesus has become my all in all as never before—and to *know* Him, whom to know aright is life eternal, has become my one study—and to be blameless in his sight my one aim.

“Only one day at a time—and one to please.” Now while, with redoubled energy, I work to make Jesus known to those about me; and the desire to save as many as possible of his little ones in this heathen land, has become greater; still in it all I live like unto one who waits for his Lord. And while it seems almost impossible





ADA LEE.

"The highest honor God has ever bestowed upon me in this life is that of motherhood and the privilege of living for the children He has given me. Next is the honor of being a missionary of the Cross, and the privilege of living for the women and children of Bengal."\*

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\*From Mrs. Lee's "Life of Chundra Lela," page 121.

to rejoice and sing as once I did, my heart wells up with gratitude to God for His mercy in sparing to me my husband and our precious baby Frank, and permitting me the joy of still living for them and the work.

But above all I praise Jesus for Himself and for the fulfilment of His promise: "Lo, I am with you always," and for His saving power. So I rest in Him and leave the future in His hands, but I have joy in the thought that one of these days the end will come. "The silver cord will break." Then I shall see Him whom my soul loveth and shall have the unspeakable joy of presenting to Him those whom He *gave* me and those also whom He sent me to bring from India.

Some day the silver cord will break,  
 And I no more as now shall sing.  
 But, oh, the joy when I shall wake  
 Within the palace of the King!

*Chorus*—Then I shall see Him face to face,  
 And tell the story saved by grace.

Some day my earthly house will fall  
 I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,  
 But this I know, my all in all  
 Has now a place prepared for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun,  
 Beneath the rosy-tinted West,  
 My blessed Lord shall say "Well done!"  
 And I shall enter into rest.

Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,  
 My lamp all trimmed and burning bright  
 That when my Saviour ope's the gate,  
 My soul to Him may take it's flight.

## CHAPTER XII.

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

.Most touching letters of sympathy have been received by Mr. and Mrs. Lee from the Secretaries of Temperance Unions, Conferences, Leagues, Boards, Missionary Bodies and Young People's organizations; from all denominations of Christian people and every part of the world—each containing beautiful and appropriate resolutions and tributes, but space will not permit their insertion here, nor allow the publication of but a very few of the hundreds of private letters from so many parts of the world.

#### LADY CURZON.

Lady Curzon in a telegram to Mrs. Lee, said :

Will you allow me to express my deep sorrow and sympathy at the grievous blow that has fallen upon your family. Every woman and mother in India will be feeling for you.

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#### THE METROPOLITAN OF INDIA.

The Bishop of Calcutta expressed his sympathy in the following letter to Mr. Lee :

September 27th, 1899.

*Reverend and Dear Sir:*—The tragical news received from Darjeeling leads me to claim the Christian privilege of offering you my most true sympathy in your bereavement, which is so terrible that I can hardly write or think of it. I have so lately left Darjeeling, that the desolation in which it is plunged possesses for me a most vivid reality. But the tears are in my eyes

when I think that your own home has in a moment been bereaved of all that had made it so bright and beautiful before. I can but commend you in faith and sympathy to the hands of Him who alone can send such wounds as yours and alone can heal them, praying that even now the light may spring up in your darkness and you may humbly and faithfully accept His awful and holy will.

Believe me, Reverend and Dear Sir,  
Most faithfully yours,  
J. E. C. CALCUTTA.

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BISHOP THOBURN.

Cincinnati, October 6, 1899.

*Dear Brother and Sister Lee:*—The *Advocate* came to hand last night, bringing the news of the cablegram which had been sent, but which for some reason the people at the Mission Rooms did not forward to me. I have seldom been more shocked in my life than when we read that *five* of your dear children had perished in the land-slide. It seemed to bring the awful calamity very near to us. Those children had become well known to us, and especially to my wife. We have talked together about how useful they would become, and Vida seemed nearing the age when she could begin active mission work. We move in a sphere of mystery, but of all the mysterious events which have befallen us as a mission, this seems to me the most inscrutable, and this awful tragedy which has overtaken your family, is simply stunning to one's sensibilities and thoughts.

I do not suppose we will ever get much light on this problem until we rejoin the lost ones in the other world. In some way, however, light in a measure will undoubtedly come to you. Instead of breaking up the work, or even putting it back to any great extent, I shall not be surprised if this becomes the means in God's hands of rousing our people to greater efforts than ever. It will undoubtedly produce a great effect in

this country and it cannot but unite our people in a more determined way to establish the work of God on everlasting foundations in India.

The cablegrams distinctly state that a service for the dead has been held over the supposed entombment of your children.

A note from Miss Knowles explains that you had taken a small house near *Ida Villa*, and that you had gone down, leaving *Vida* in charge of her brothers and sisters. No doubt you were in *Calcutta* when it occurred, and it must have been an agonizing time to you to have been thus cut off from the children. I suppose also the telegraph line was interrupted so that some time must have elapsed before you knew the full measure of your loss.

In your sorrow you will have the sympathy, I may say, literally of a million souls. God help you and comfort you. The death, no doubt, was painless and although the grave seems a frightful one, it after all, I think, would not be saying too much to remark that God has buried them. We have laid away three of our little ones in quiet graves, and yet we cannot understand what it would have been if all three had been taken from us in a moment's time. The mysteries of life are many, the mystery of pain, the mystery of sorrow, the mystery of bereavement and separation. All these things belong to problems which cannot be solved this side of the grave.

If God wills I will see you in about three months. In the meanwhile may His grace sustain you. His love abound in you, and His everlasting arms uphold you.

May God help you. I can say no more. I am sure He will help you and I am also sure that in the years to come when we all meet in the other world we will be able to say with a depth of meaning which is impossible now, that God hath done all things well.

In great haste, Your sympathizing brother,

J. M. THOBURN.



## MRS. THOBURN.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, October 6th, 1899.

*Dear Brother and Sister Lee:*—What can I say! If I could sit down beside you and weep with you, it would be much more in keeping with my idea of showing sympathy. How thankful we are to know that you know how to trust God in an hour like this, and that there will be no element of rebellion in either of your hearts. What peace and comfort God can give to such! It has seemed to me like the burial of Moses—as I have thought that you could indeed say, that God Himself did it. I have a peculiar feeling for your dear children. They were so much a part of the mission—and what blessed missionaries they would have made—nay, were already. But the higher service is better. God's *best* for you and yours. If the dear people over here, who love you and your work would only have it in their hearts to put up a memorial building for your Bengali children, what a fitting thing it would be! Let us have the privilege of giving the first hundred dollars in the hope that many more hundreds will follow. May the Lord soothe and comfort as only He can. He knows what He is doing and we can afford to "wait patiently" for Him. Dear, dear friends, I am persuaded that riches of grace will abound toward you and that you will be able to do more for India than you have ever done. "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will *deliver you* and *ye shall glorify me.*" I am sure this promise will be verified in your case.

With much love for you and tenderest sympathy,

Affectionately yours,

ANNA J. THOBURN.

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LADY WOODBURN.

The following was received from Lady Woodburn, wife of the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal on the morning of Wilbur's death:

## THE SHRUBBERY, Darjeeling.

*Dear Mrs. Lee:*—When the sad news, this morning, of your little son reached me, my first impulse was to write to you, and then I felt the words would not come to express all I felt for you, in your overwhelming sorrow. You and Mr. Lee have been little out of my thoughts since we heard the terrible news of that Sunday night.

The consolation must be so great to think how the dear children passed away, their hearts full of love and obedience to you, and their last conscious act—prayer.

My whole heart goes to you in sorrow and sympathy. One knows where your darlings are, but the awful blank is with you, of where they are not.

They are indeed in God's safe keeping and may you who are left, be comforted and supported till life's journey ends.

With deep, deep sympathy,

Yours sincerely,

W. WOODBURN.

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 BISHOP CYRUS D. FOSS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Nov. 24, 1899.

*My Dear and Most Sorely Bereaved Friends:*—Since the tidings of your great trial sent a shock of pain through our whole church, and far beyond it, the bare thought of writing you a word of sympathy has paralyzed my pen *all the time*, until I saw Mrs. Lee's letter in the *Christian Advocate*. For such a triumph of grace as that letter evinces I thank God from the bottom of my heart.

I send up my prayer with thousands more that you may have measureless comforts of the Holy Spirit.

One of my jewels for forty years has been: "My God shall supply *all your needs*, according to *his riches* in glory, *by Christ Jesus.*"

Mrs. Foss joins me in kindest sympathy.

Yours most truly,

C. D. FOSS.

SIR ROBERT LAIDLAW, LONDON, ENG.

October 6th, 1899.

*Dear Mrs. Lee:*—I feel that I must send you a few more lines to-day, not that any words of mine can bring you any consolation, but I just want to say how very distressed we all feel. We have not passed a day or night since we got the terrible news without having the dear sweet faces of your children before us, and now poor Wilbur has gone too, to be with the others. The telegrams tell us how dear Vida told them all to pray; she knew where to seek strength in moments of trial. One was spared a few days to carry you a message of comfort and consolation.

You and Mr. Lee have the profound sympathy of many thousands in this country. May the little one that remains be spared to be a joy and a comfort to you, and may the Lord abundantly sustain and comfort you is the earnest prayer of

Your very sincere friend, R. LAIDLAW.

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REV. R. BURGES, SECRETARY OF THE I. S. S. U.

Mr. Burges was a special friend of the Lee children.

MUSSOORIE, 30th September, 1899.

*Dear Mr. and Mrs. Lee:*—My heart's love to you! The God of our fathers be your God *now*. Words fail me. I have been in the Vale of Tears for eleven months, and I know, in some measure, your darkness of home and heart. But *He is able*. Your children, who were my freinds, are with the King and see Him in His beauty. The grand re-union is not far off. They are safe and we are pressing on to the place where they are.

We now see *parts* of His ways; this is why we grieve.

Love deep and strong,

Yours ever,

R. BURGES.

REV. W. S. MATTHEWS, D.D., EDITOR,  
 "CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

SAN FRANCISCO, November 23rd, 1899.

*My Dear Brother and Sister:*—You can scarcely imagine in how many homes in America the sad story has been rehearsed, and at how many family altars you and sister Lee and the dear baby boy have been remembered. I think your dear wife's letter, published in last week's *New York Advocate*, is the most touchingly beautiful thing I ever read. As we all sat about the sitting room table, Tuesday evening, after supper, I undertook to read it aloud to the dear ones of my own family; but I broke down again and again. Finally I did manage to finish it, and we all wept together with you. Our hearts can only cry out, *God bless you and keep you!* But what a glorious picture remains in our minds of those brave children praying together and trusting God amid the horrors of that awful storm! Surely their sweet faith and triumphant death must make a profound impression upon the people, wherever known. Thank God for such examples of His saving power as are given us in the sweet lives and glorious translation of your six dear ones! And how glad are all our hearts that the Father above has spared you one sweet lamb of the flock to comfort you in these days. God bless him!

Dear Brother and Sister, tears rain down my face as I try to write, and I can only say, *God bless you!* Surely He will keep and comfort you. My wife joins me in all I would say. Always your friend,

W. S. MATTHEW.

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WALTER DAVIES, ESQ., CALCUTTA.

*My Dear Mr. Lee:*—I never met a family of children which so charmed and interested me, and I shall never forget the happy afternoon we all spent together at our first meeting in Darjeeling. We looked forward to

many happy days in their company, and had planned to find ponies for all the children and have a good day at Ghoom Rock on my return the following month.

My wife and I were strongly drawn to them all; their winning and natural manner appealed at once to our affections, and I feel I should like my own boys to grow up with such ideals as lived in yours.

They will always live in our memories and we greatly prize the photographs you have so kindly given us.

Our hearts go out to you both in deepest sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

WALTER DAVIES.

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C. M. D.

CALCUTTA, October 16th, 1899.

I cannot conceive of a more truly appropriate time, or a more beautifully appropriate attitude, to pass over, than that of prayer—the attitude in which your darlings received their last call “to go up higher.” And may it not be possible that the incense and the fragrance of that beautiful prayer may linger round the eternal hills for ever?

The whole picture of your dear Home is to me indescribably beautiful—so sweet, so bright, so divine. One evening your darlings form a miniature heavenly choir, the next evening they are members of the heavenly choir itself! How inspiring! Truly “they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided.”

And your brave, patient, darling little boy; how can words express the pathos and patience of his sufferings? His brightness, his thoughtfulness, on his sick bed, and, after all, to be called to join his dearly beloved sisters and brother in glory! How unspeakably beautiful! Just as if his special mission had been to come out of the gloom to tell how his dear sisters and brother had passed into their eternal home, and then

joins them immediately himself! How angelic! What an unspeakable comfort it must be to you, my dear friend, to know that your darlings were like flowers in bloom fully ripe for the kingdom.

I sincerely and devoutly pray that our Heavenly Father may grant you both all grace, and faith, and strength and fortitude, to bear this grievous burden, and to enable you to say, "Thy will be done." "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Yours in the Lord,

C. M. D.

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DR. W. W. WHITE.

*Dear Brother and Sister Lee:*—May the Great Good God bind up your broken hearts. I know you will be brave in Him. We pray for the consolations of the One whose sorrow was greater than any sorrow.

Words are cheap and do not serve one's purpose at such a time as this. Be assured of the most cordial sympathy of us all. The children remember well your precious family. Yours in Christ's behalf,

W. W. WHITE.

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MRS. HOLCOMB,

AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

Mrs. Holcomb was one of the first to suggest the memorial building in the following to Mrs. Lee:

MISSION HOUSE, JHANSI, 7th October, 1899.

*My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Lee:*—The measure of your awful grief God alone knows and He only can comfort you. "It is the Lord." How much of the brightness and the joy of earth has been quenched for you—how near has heaven come down to you! I have thanked God for the precious infant spared to you. When He committed to your keeping this dear child. He knew, though you dreamed not of it, that the other

children lent to you were to be taken back to Him who gave them, and in tenderest love this little one was sent to be your comfort in your unfathomable grief.

“Enough! the dead have had thy tears,  
The living need thy care,  
A sinner in a dying world,  
No time hast thou to spare.”

I am sure you will seek to ease your heartache by trying to bring brightness to other lives. I know how deeply interested you are in the children of India, and I have thought how suitable it would be, and how beautiful a memorial to the precious children God has taken, if an orphanage or a home bearing their name could be established. I am sending you by money order a small contribution toward this object now, but I may be able to send you something in addition later.

May the God of all comfort be with you in this time of sorest trial. My husband unites with me in this.

With deepest sympathy and much affection I subscribe myself

Your sincere friend,

HELEN H. HOLCOMB.

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REV. J. H. BARROWS,

PRESIDENT OBERLIN COLLEGE.

*My Dear Bereaved Brother:*—Through *The Indian Witness* I have become acquainted with your unspeakable affliction. The overwhelming loss which has drawn to you such world-wide sympathy. Your sorrows touch me very closely. The missionary circle in Calcutta are very dear to me. Be sure that my family have remembered you in prayer to the God of all comfort. Mrs. Barrows joins me in deepest sympathy for Mrs. Lee and yourself. Your resignation and gracious acceptance of God's will are a wonderful evidence of the proof of that Gospel which you have gone to India to proclaim.

Believe me, dear brother,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

W. ROSS, ESQ.,

SUPT. OF GOVERNMENT PRINTING IN INDIA.

Mr. Ross had them often in his house while in Calcutta. He was a friend to whom the children were greatly attached.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, September 28th, 1899.

*My Dear Mrs. Lee:*—I know you will not think I am claiming too much to share your sorrow with you and your husband. The dear children. Of all the little ones in India, they had the biggest place in my heart and I am glad to think I had a big place in theirs. It seems to-day as if my own had been stricken down. May the Infinite Comfort which you have been privileged to carry to others in bereavement be yours at this time is the prayer of all in this house.

Yours sincerely,

WM. ROSS.

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#### MISSES FROST AND SIMPSON.

The following is from two lady evangelists in the United States, who were present when the two older girls were converted:

*Can* it be our darling Vida and Lois are gone from us in such a fearful way? I am all broken up and can hardly write to you as I think of it.

Vida was a rare child. I never saw her equal. We did love all your children and were interested in all that concerned them, but Vida had a place peculiarly her own, perhaps it was because in one sense she loved and trusted us perfectly—and yet, other children love and confide in us, but no child has ever had the place in our hearts like Vida. It was her own rare, beautiful nature, her spirituality.



## MRS. BISHOP ROBINSON.

CALCUTTA, November 29th, 1899.

*My Dear Mrs. Lee:*—Thank you very much for your kind invitation for the Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday. We shall be very glad to come and thank God with you for the precious memories of the dear ones. How I miss them every day I cannot tell you. But how wonderfully they have been just lifted into the beautiful life beyond, and I love to think of them there. It seems a fitting place for them—beyond the sin and sorrow of this world. I thank God every day that we ever knew them and for you

“’Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all,”

and past memories are only a promise of future joy, I believe.

I often tell Muriel that perhaps Esther talks to Jesus sometimes about her, and it is a very sweet thought to us both, to think of having friends before the throne.

With a great deal of love,

Yours affectionately,

RETTA L. ROBINSON.

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MISS GARDNER,

UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

Miss Gardner, who was a special friend of the boys, writes to Mrs. Lee, after having sent several telegrams:

How much it all means to you no one knows better than I do, who knew those dear children so well. I did so pray that God would spare Wilbur, but it was not His will, and so is not mine, and is not yours. I did not half realize how much I loved them. Their winning, coaxing ways, especially the boys, come to me over and over, night and day, and make me realize how great the desolation in your hearts. I could not read

the account given by Wilbur before he joined the others. I try to think of them, as I know they are, brighter and happier than ever they were on earth, bright and happy as their lives were here, and I know you think of them that way, too, gone on only a little while before. Believing as I do in the speedy coming of Christ, it seems only a little while.

Always yours in this hope, and the deepest sympathy and love,

SARAH GARDNER.

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MISS B. E. ROBINSON,  
DAUGHTER OF BISHOP ROBINSON.

DELAWARE, OHIO.

*My Dear Mrs. Lee:*—The mail that brought the news of your great sorrow brought a sorrow to me. I don't need to tell you how I loved them all, from Vida down to dear little Esther. They always seemed like my own brothers and sisters.

Vida and I were like sisters and used to have such good times together. She was such a help to me and her sweet, Christian spirit will always be an inspiration to me. Dear Vida! how happy she must be now, and that thought takes all the sting out of the sorrow.

Lois, too, was such a dear, sweet child, always ready to help some one and to give a smile. She has all the music she wants now. I shall always love the guitar for Vida's sake, too.

Then there was Wilbur with his bright, boyish ways and his laughter-loving heart. I used to love to hear his hearty, infectious laugh; and Herbert, whom I always called "my little brother" especially. He and Wilbur used to play the violins so happily together, and—they have the harps now.

Then Ada and Esther whom I loved next to our own little Muriel. This sorrow has come so close to me.

It is lovely to know that they were all ready, and that they are so happy now. I believe that my life will be,

and has been, better for having known and loved your dear ones, and I feel as if I will need to work harder than ever to make up for what dear Vida longed so much to do in the mission field.

Dear little Frank! How I would love to sister him.

Will you not think of me as one who loved your dear ones next to my own dear ones and as a second daughter as it were? If I were there and could, in a small measure, be another daughter to you, how gladly would I do it.

May the God of all comfort be your Guide and Stay—yours and Mr. Lee’s—is my earnest prayer. With my sympathy and love,

Ever lovingly and affectionately,

BESSIE ELLICE ROBINSON.

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MRS. BROCKWAY,

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A friend of mine sitting behind the dear children in church one day, inquired after service, “Who were those children with ‘Holiness to the Lord’ written so plainly on their faces?” The description fitted them exactly. From the day I saw them on their arrival in India, to the last happy times we spent together in Darjeeling, the impression left was a prayer that the same Holy Spirit, who was moulding these young lives so wondrously, would in like manner so deal with my own little ones in the far-off homeland.

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J. CAMPBELL WHITE, ESQ.,

SECRETARY OF THE Y. M. C. A., CALCUTTA.

*My Dear Mr. and Mrs. Lee:*—I have just returned this morning from Mussoorie. A telegram was handed me from Mrs. White as I came in, saying, “We are safe.” I cannot help thinking that your loved ones would like to send you a similar message this morning

from the presence of the King; "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

After joining a searching party in Darjeeling composed of a number of prominent men, who did all they could to find the bodies of the children, he writes:

But we were glad we had gone, for we did all that seems possible to do, to find either the bodies or anything from the house.

It was a great blessing to me to be with you all during the closing days of Wilbur's presence here, and I feel that I shall always be a better man for the experiences I had. His own victory and yours were to me a fresh proof of the larger victory that God makes possible, to every one of us, in our daily life.

I was thinking much of you yesterday in connection with God's test to Abraham—Gen. 22: 2, 12. God knew how sever the test was—"thy son—thine only son,—whom thou lovest":—and He knows in your case also.

Some of us feel unable to sympathize as we want to, because of our lack of experience. You will probably never meet any one who has had a greater sorrow, and you will therefore be prepared to sympathize, as few people can.

With fullest loving sympathy,  
Yours most sincerely,

J. CAMPBELL WHITE.

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GRANTHAM GIDDY, ESQ.

NEWCASTLE, N. S. WALES, Australia, Dec. 18th, 1899.

*Dear Brother and Sister Lee:*—Yours of 10th November to hand, together with the paper containing the sad, sad news. I can only partially realize its awful truth. To say that I am sorry and sympathize with you in sorrow, would very inadequately express my feelings in the matter.

When I looked at the paper and the full import of its contents dawned upon me, I had to close it for some time, so little did I previously realize how strong was that strange mysterious bond which bound us. It seemed as if it were my own brothers and sisters that had been so suddenly called into the Master's more immediate presence.

On Sunday morning I spoke to our Sabbath School, and the teachers and scholars in the afternoon passed the enclosed letter of sympathy. As I spoke, I saw many of our scholars in tears, and after the meeting some of the little ones belonging to the Junior Endeavor Society got together, and, of their own accord, drafted and wrote the other note of sympathy. I feel that their death has been blessed to the lasting benefit of many in these parts. And did I say death!! Nay, rather, "Translation." The Master has called upon you to lay your costliest gift on the altar of sacrifice, and you have obeyed.

I have tried to express my deepest sympathy with you in your loneliness, and have failed, and so **must** leave you in the hands of the "sympathizing Jesus." God bless you, my Brother, God bless you, my Sister!! and prosper the work of your hands. Many a little one in these parts remembers you at the Throne of Grace.

Yours in His service,

GRANTHAM GIDDY.





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