

**SEVEN HEROIC CHILDREN:
A GREAT SORROW AND A
GREAT VICTORY**

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Seven Heroic Children: A Great Sorrow and a Great Victory by Ada Lee

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A GREAT VICTORY

By ADA LEE

AUTHOR OF
AN INDIAN PRIESTESS
The Life of Chandru Lala

EDITED BY WILMA MORGAN

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Preface.

AT a curve in the road which descends to the Tukvar Tea Estates, a few miles below Darjeeling, a vista of marvellous beauty opens up suddenly to the gaze of the traveller. This vista was not there previous to the night of the disaster, when a landslip cleared away the trees and opened up the view in such a way as to make it the most charming spot of the descent and ascent.

Similarly, the death of the Lees' children opened up a vista into the heavenlies which otherwise would have remained closed. God in His mercy permitted the sorrowing parents to lift the veil off the mystery of their translation, by letting one boy survive just long enough to tell the story, and to give his mother the assurance of his trusting the Lord before joining the throng above.

But for this kind prolongation of his life, the beautiful characters of the children, developed by the sudden catastrophe, some of whom had only just budded into life, would have remained unknown, and the story of their triumph at the supreme moment would have been unwritten.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lee's great loss became known,

many were the friends whose tears mingled with theirs, and letters of loving sympathy flowed from all parts of the world, where their names were carried by the newspapers. The highest Church dignitaries, as well as Government authorities, asked to share in the sorrow, and prayers—tearful, pleading prayers—in their behalf rose up from Christian hearts wherever the news was told.

It was to satisfy the requests of friends who knew the children that Mrs. Lee consented to write the life-story of each of them, and she did it as if her pen had been dipped in her own heart-blood. These pen-pictures seem to breathe life; and those who have known the joyous family group say that as they read about them they seem to hear their voices, so life-like are the mother's records of them.

The personality of the eldest daughter, Vida, is especially touching. The glimpses which we obtain from the extracts of her diary show us her ardent nature and her intense desire to please God. Her struggles and failures, and occasional defeats, after having sought and passed out of the wilderness into the Land of Promise and of Rest, also teach us that true rest of soul does not depend on our feelings or experiences, but on the unchanging and unchangeable Saviour. God's grace is the true source of a Christian's assurance, rest, peace, faithfulness, obedience, holiness, righteousness.

Vida's heroic end proves how substantially laid was the foundation of her hope and trust in the

Lord, notwithstanding the ups and downs which are so frequent in Christian experience, and which caused her sometimes to live by feelings rather than by the unchanging faithfulness of Christ our Redeemer.

There is true theology for old and young in that sweet hymn of P. P. Bliss, beginning—

“I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the Book He has given :
Wonderful things in the Bible I see—
This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.
“Though I forget Him and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray :
Back to His dear loving arms do I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.”

It was Vida's habit to flee into those loving arms when in her tender conscience she found herself overcome or troubled by shortcomings ; and now the God of all grace, who called her to His eternal glory in Christ Jesus after she had suffered awhile, is perfecting, strengthening, stablishing, and settling her, for surely our sanctification, begun on earth, goes on in heaven.

While travelling in India we had often occasion to hear about Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Lee, friends wishing us to make their acquaintance. At Benares, on our way to Calcutta, we were informed that the metropolis was overcrowded by Christmas visitors. We at once telegraphed to the editor of *The Indian Witness* for accommodation, and his reply was, “The Lees will meet and entertain you.” On the following

morning we sat down with them to breakfast. What a hubbub of voices! What a coming and going! Was it possible that amidst this almost feverish activity for the salvation of the Bengali people the mother's heart could detect the stillness caused by the absence of well-known footsteps and voices? And yet it was so.

To make the loneliness bearable, God in His mercy had sent another little one into their home—a lovely child, nearly always smiling; "Albert the Good," as I could not refrain from calling him.

Hanging in a prominent place of the sitting-room I noticed the six photos of the children (the same as are found in this book), tastefully arranged within one frame by means of flowers and ferns—probably picked by the children themselves on their joyous excursions in the Himalayas. It seemed to me every time the mother passed this picture as if her eyes were filling with tears. The book containing the narrative of the disaster lay on the table. I took it one Sunday afternoon and read it through in one sitting. Oh, what lessons it contained to Christian mothers and fathers too! What a triumph of faith in seven young lives, so far removed from parental care in the hour of danger and death. To them God was an intense and living reality. They had no room for despair, for Christ occupied all the space. Could there be a better proof given that to know Him is not simply a religion but Life Eternal?

The book, written chiefly by Mrs. Lee and edited by