

The rainy season is now over. During the last weeks of the monsoon the fatal cholera swept away many natives of India. Europeans also were cut down by its ravages.

One day, near the end of August, the sad news reached us that Warroobai, one of our Bible women in Barwaha, had taken the dread disease. A few days later, during the time of weakness that invariably follows cholera, her gentle spirit said farewell to earth and she went to be with Christ, "which is far better." She was a lovely Christian character and devoted to the spread of the gospel among the heathen. Her cheerful manner won her way to the women's hearts and she was gladly welcomed. One day, shortly before her death, she was telling a poor ignorant woman about the true Saviour. The woman burst into tears and said she had never heard this before, and asked Warroobai to come again and tell her more about this Jesus. Our esteemed friend Miss Bayley, who is in the work in Barwaha, told us that the day before she got ill Warroobai conducted the Bible lesson in the class that Miss Bayley has for the edification and instruction of the workers. The subject was the Talents, and Warroobai spoke very earnestly and pointed out the great need there is that each be found faithful in the use of their God-given talent or talents as the case may be. Before the close of the meeting she carried them to the throne in earnest prayer; little did they think it would be the last time she would meet with them. Many have missed her and asked: "Where is the one who was always so cheerful." One day shortly before she got ill she was telling one of the Christian women about her great desire to be at home in heaven with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Our dear Warroobai has had her wish fulfilled.

Call it not death ; it is but life beginning—  
Life from the burden of the flesh set free ;  
Life mid the blessedness of no more sinning ;  
Life in full fellowship, dear Lord, with Thee !

Call it not death, for saints who pass its portal  
Shall be with Christ where there is "no more pain,"  
The ransomed victor, robed in life immortal,  
Can never suffer or be sick again.

Call it not death. How blest is their condition,  
How far beyond all restlessness or doubt,  
Who served the Lord in jubilant fruition,  
Who "seek His face" and "*Shall go no more out.*"