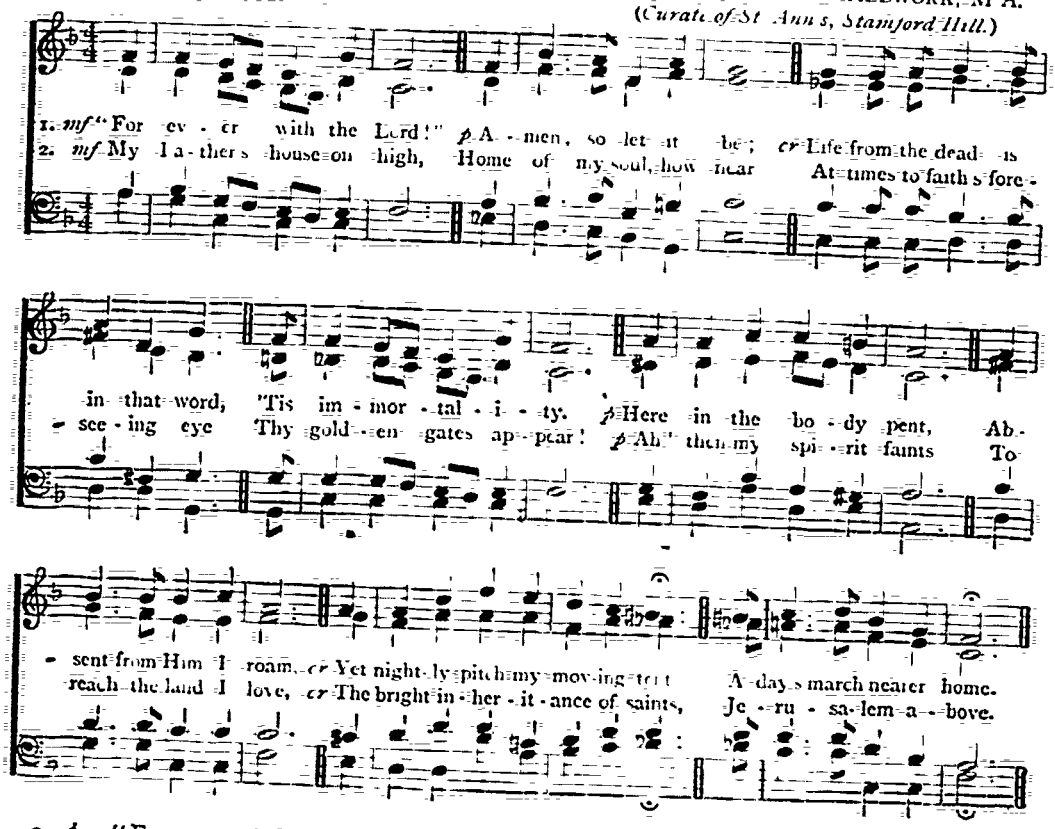
"For Ever with the Lord!"

Words by MONTGOMERY. *Music by* REV. R. L. ALLWORK, M.A.
(*Curate of St. Ann's, Stamford Hill.*)



3. f "For ever with the Lord!"
mf Father, if 'tis Thy Will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
cr Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand
Fight, and I must prevail.

4. f So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
cr By death I shall escape from death,
f And life eternal gain.
mf Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
cr And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

MISSIONARY GLEANINGS.

Eighty-four Million Lives.

TO many of us the Hindu and Buddhist doctrine of the transmigration of souls perhaps appears to be chiefly a curiosity of belief. Here is an anecdote which shows the hopelessness about the future life which such a doctrine entails.

An aged Punjabi woman came one day to the Amritsar Medical Mission, imploring Dr. Martyn Clark to restore her sight. The operation was a serious one for so old a person to undergo, but she pleaded hard. "Son," she said, "since I became blind, a little grandson has been born to me. He is the only one I have, and I have never seen his face. We are Hindus, and, do you know, we believe in transmigration. I must die, and then I shall become a cat, or a dog, or a frog. We must be born eighty-four million times, and the lad will become a cow, or a hen, or a crow. After this life he is mine and I am his no more. If I don't see him now I never shall see him again, for through all eternity our lives will never again touch—and oh! I do want to see the laddie's face before I die." Who could resist such pleading? Dr. Clark could not. The operation was performed successfully, and in due time her longing was satisfied, and she was able to see the child. The missionary did not neglect the opportunity of telling his poor patient of a better hope for the life beyond the grave, of the many mansions in our Father's house. Her answer when she first heard the good news was sad enough: "Ah! in such words you Christians have heaven now, but for us there is no such hope."