

A _____
Message _____
_____ to You.

"Yes, came the response, "Sing that old hymn, "Come, ye Sinners, poor and needy," for that is what I am."

Though financially his material wealth was estimated at over two hundred million dollars, yet as he tossed upon his bed, from side to side in deep remorse and anguish, with streaming tears of sorrow, and regret, that he had neglected the one thing needful, he again and again repeated those lamentable words, "Yes, that it what I am, poor and needy."

It was his last Birthday and forgotten and alone, the brilliant and handsome Lord Byron took up his pen and in bitter disappointment wrote:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of life are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone."

He had followed the bubble of fame, but it had burst in his grasp. He had reached the zenith of popularity, and had been flattered by royalty, but he died forsaken and unattended upon a foreign shore. He