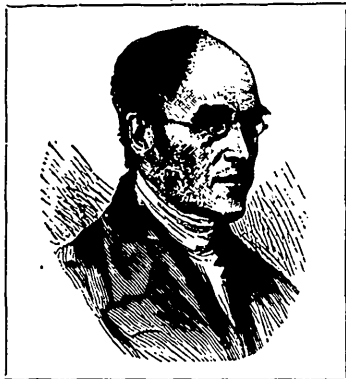


these wild tribesmen, and laboured among them for two and a half years very successfully.



REV. HENRY P. LYTE, M.A.

What a beautiful and touching prayer is that last hymn of Rev. Henry P. Lyte, M.A.:

“ Abide with me, fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me
abide !

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !”

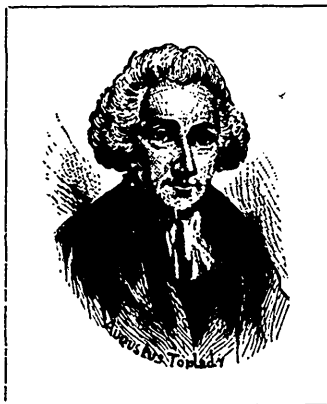
The circumstances of its composition are very pathetic. The Rev. H. P. Lyte was born in Scotland, 1793. Having entered the ministry he was stationed among a rough, seafaring people at Lower Brixham. For twenty years he endured hardships of many kinds among these people until, his health failing, he resolved to take a trip south. He longed to meet his people again before his departure, and on the last night before leaving for France though weak and hardly able to crawl, he dispensed the sacrament to his little flock, and returning home he spent the remainder of the night in writing this wonderful prayer hymn. He died shortly after in Nice. Some one has said of this hymn that it was the offering of sorrow reserved swan-like for the last.”

The greatest hymn in the language is “Rock of Ages.” The author, Augustus Toplady, though

of a pious family in England, was himself when a boy very far from God. He resisted many earnest pleadings of a widowed mother but finally his heart was touched under strange circumstances. When on a visit to Ireland with his mother, they attended religious service held by the Rev. J. Morris in a barn ; here, too, he resisted the appeals of the preacher until at the conclusion of the service, was sung the hymn,

“ Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power ;
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more.”

At these words his heart was softened, and he yielded himself to the Master’s call and consecrated to Him his life. “Rock of Ages,” an imperishable monument of him, has quickened and refreshed the souls of thousands, and bears witness to the truth expressed by some one that a good hymn is a more valuable contribution to Christian literature than volumes of theology, for it will sing to the ages after the volumes are mouldering on the shelves. This hymn was written by the poet while taking refuge in the cleft of a steep rock on the shore of



England, during the progress of a severe gale, from which his hiding-place sheltered the poet. Toplady