



Henry Francis Lyte was of delicate health all his life, but that didn't stop him from working like an ox, year after year, pastoring among the seafaring folks around Devonshire, England. But finally his strength gave out, and in 1847 his doctor suggested he move to the milder climate of southern France. It was a heartbreaking parting, and Lyte couldn't leave without one final sermon to his church of twenty-four years. His health was so frail that his friends advised against it, but Lyte was determined. Standing feebly, he said, "Oh, brethren, I stand here before you today, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress upon you and get you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all. I plead with you to become acquainted with the changeless Christ and His death."

After finishing his sermon, he served the Lord's Supper to his weeping flock and dismissed them. That evening, as his life's work drew to its close, he found comfort in pondering **John 15**: "Abide in Me, and I in you."

According to his gardener, Lyte wrote the following hymn after having walked down to the ocean and watched "the sun setting over Brixham Harbour like a pool of molten gold." Taking out a piece of paper, he wrote a poem and returned to his study to rewrite and polish it before giving it to his adopted daughter.

The next day he left for France. Reaching Nice, he had a seizure and passed away with the words, "Joy! Peace!" on his lips. His poem, however, lived on, becoming one of our most beloved hymns:

*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, O abide with me!*

## A slip of the lip sunk the ship... And other thoughts about speech.



One minute  
of keeping your mouth shut  
*is worth an hour's explanation.*



If you wouldn't write it  
and sign it,  
**don't say it.**

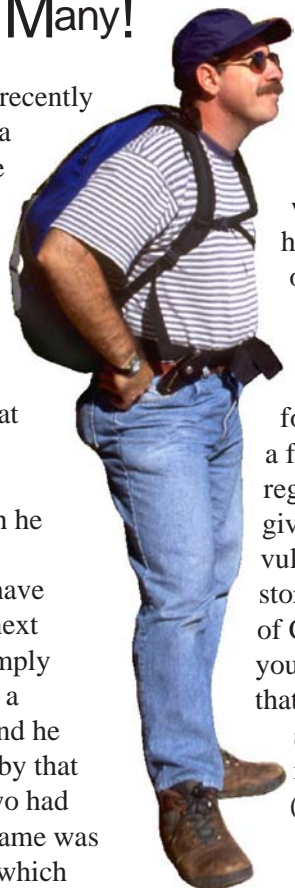
**WATCH YOUR TEMPER**  
When it comes time to die,  
make sure that all you have to do **is die!**

A word fitly spoken  
*is like* apples of gold in pictures of silver.  
**Proverbs 25:11**

Let your speech *be* always with grace,  
seasoned with salt,  
that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.  
**Colossians 4:6**

## One Word Too Many!

An elderly gentleman recently related that when he was a young man he was on one occasion out with a party camping. They were mostly young fellows, but one or two were middle-aged men. One evening as they sat around the fire, a story that one of the older men told suggested to my friend a vulgar comment, to which he gave utterance before he thought twice. He could have bitten his tongue off the next instant. The older man simply looked straight at him for a moment across the fire, and he knew that he was judged by that remark. After a year or two had passed the young man's name was mentioned for a position which



was very desirable and which he seemed likely to secure, but the man who had been disgusted at his vulgar comment was one of the three to decide it, and at his suggestion the young man was defeated. He afterward found other work and made a fair success of life, but he regretted as long as he lived giving utterance to that one vulgar, impure comment. The story is a striking illustration of Christ's word, "I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment" (Matt. 12:36)