

Godly Laymen of the English Church.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
Why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "oh, faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance—
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep bank he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honour
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honour still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour,
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (Oh, crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Godly Laymen of the English Church.

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SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, BORN 1554, DIED 1586, AGED 32.

"He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
"And doubly fair wax'd both in mind and face;
"Which daily more and more he did augment
"With gentle usage and demeanour mild,
"That all men's hearts with secret ravishment
"He stole away and willingly beguiled."—*Spenser.*



THE life of Sir Philip Sidney, which occupies so prominent a page in English history, will ever be regarded as a gem of graceful biography. As a scholar, an ambassador, a poet, and a soldier, there shone forth in him a refinement and piety which commend themselves at once to the reader's appreciation, and linger in the memory, when the details of their display have lost their novelty.

Sir Philip Sidney was descended from a noble family. His father, Sir Henry, held an office in the household of Henry the Eighth; and subsequently the youthful Prince Edward, whom he designates "his most dear master, prince, and sovereign," was entrusted to his care. Sir Henry was present when King Edward