

of the battle-field, "in which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the general was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his lips before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, '*Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.*'"

"Oh, Philip," exclaimed the Earl of Leicester, who had kept himself well out of danger, "I am truly grieved to see thee!"

"Oh, noble Sir Philip," cried Sir William Russell, himself bleeding from wounds, and letting manly tears fall upon the wounded body of his friend, "Oh, noble Sir Philip, never did man attain hurt so honourably, or serve so valiantly as you."

"I have done no more," replied the hero, "than God and England claimed that I should do; and my life cannot be better expended than in such a service as I have been engaged in this day."

He lingered in great pain for several days, and when at length he was told that he must not expect to live many hours longer, "I know it," he said, "I know it." And after the clergyman had reminded him that all things were to be left in the hands of One whose love and wisdom were alike infinite, he lifted up his eyes and hands, and exclaimed with much emphasis, "*I would not exchange my joy for the empire of the world.*"

One of the company spoke of the comfort which godly men were wont to feel, at the hour of death, from recalling those passages of their lives in which God had helped them to work most purely, and most to the enlargement of His glory. "It is not so with me," answered Sir Philip; "I have no comfort that way. All things in my former life have been vain, vain, vain." Looking stedfastly as he was now to the things of heaven, he was regretting that he had spent so much of his leisure time in writing a poem entitled the "*Arcadia*." Turning to one of the friends near him, he bade him collect all the scattered leaves of the manuscript and consign them to the flames; but this request was only listened to in silence. About noon he became weaker, and the grief of his friends was unrestrained. Loudest of all in the utterance of his affliction was his loving brother Robert; but it was too much for the dying man. He requested him to leave him, after clasping his hands for the last time. "Love my memory," he said; "cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you that they are honest. But, above all, govern your will and affections by the will of your Creator, in me beholding the end of the world and all its vanities."

These were the last words of Sir Philip Sidney. He sank down upon the pillow quite exhausted. His eyes closed. His cold hands lay as if lifeless, just where they had chanced to fall. "Sir," said the clergyman, after a pause, "if you hear what I say, let us by some means know it; and if you have still your inward joy and consolation in God, hold up your hand." Immediately the hand, which they had thought powerless, was lifted up and held out at full length for a little while, which caused "the beholders to cry