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PREFACE.

The design of this volume is to bring within the reach of private Christians the most practical and interesting portions of Archbishop Leighton's Complete Works. The selection is in regular order from every part of his writings, and we have endeavored to make it in reality rather his select works, than a mere compilation of his beauties; supposing that no person of intelligence would be satisfied with a meagre list of scattered extracts. In the account of his life we have extracted several successive pages from the memoir prefixed to the last edition of his works, and have made free use of the interesting notices to be found in Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times.

The remark on page xli, in regard to the difference between Christians of this and the seventeenth century may be liable to misapprehension. Whoever at this day is a biblical Christian, must of necessity be a revival Christian; a Christian who prays with fervor and acts with energy for the conversion of his fellow men. But there is a tendency in the external religious effort of this age to stand in the place of prayer and the study of the Bible, instead of proceeding from the steady performance of those duties, as their inevitable, legitimate result. Our religion, then, is in danger of becoming bustling and superficial. Now if there be a thoughtful being in the universe, certainly the Christian ought to be such an individual. The Christians in Leighton's time were so. The Nonconformists especially united pro-
found study and much meditation with great external energy. To make the Christian character complete, both these are necessary. Our danger is that of neglecting prayer and the Bible, the only means that can fit us for usefulness, and of entering on external effort, too much because the general current sets that way, and to be consistent we must go with it, whether our hearts are humble, broken, and contrite, or not. We are in danger of endeavoring to promote revivals, not because, by the acquisition of scriptural wisdom, and by habits of fervent, frequent, persevering prayer, our heads and hearts are prepared for it, and would naturally constrain us to it, but because others are working, the world is busy, and we ask, what will men say of us. La société, la société! says Madame De Stael, (and oh how much melancholy truth there is in it, even in regard to social religious effort,) comme elle rend le cœur dur et l'esprit frivole! comme elle fait vivre pour ce que l'on dira de vous! Society, society! how it renders the heart hard and the mind frivolous! how it makes you live for what people will say of you!

As external effort increases, Prayer and the thoughtful perusal of God's word ought to increase in proportion. We are in danger of acting on a theory directly opposite, and of arguing ourselves into the belief that the frequency and variety of external duty excuses us from spending so much time as usual over the Bible and in prayer. If the Christian would do much for Jesus in this dying world, he must be vigilant, he must be thoughtful, he must labor in secret, and become eminently a man of prayer. Amidst all Paul's journeyings, perils, and labors, he was night and day praying exceedingly.
REMARKS

ON THE

LIFE, CHARACTER, AND WRITINGS,

OF

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. It is with no small degree of this feeling that we approach the contemplation of a character so holy as that of Archbishop Leighton. Every thing connected with his memory seems sanctified; and when we open a volume of his writings, it is almost as if we opened the Bible.

He was born at Edinburgh in the year 1611. His father, Dr. Alexander Leighton, was a presbyterian clergyman, who, for a virulent attack upon Episcopacy, experienced the painful cruelties of the Star-Chamber under Charles 1st. Leighton had two sisters and a younger brother. He was remarkable even in childhood for his quiet disposition and affectionate serious manners. He seems indeed to have been sanctified from his earliest years, and while yet a boy is said to have directed his studies and views towards the ministry. He was educated at Edinburgh, and after receiving his degree travelled in Europe for several years, pursuing his studies at the same time. From his travels he returned to Scotland, and shortly, in 1641, being then thirty years of age, was ordained Minister of Newbottle near Edinburgh. Here he continued till 1652, when he tendered his resignation to the Presbytery. "He soon came," says Bishop Burnet, "to see into the follies of the presbyterians and to dislike their covenant; particularly their imposing it, and their fury against all who differed from them. He found they were not capable of large thoughts: theirs were narrow, as their tempers were sour. So he grew weary of mixing with them. He scarce ever went to their meetings, and lived in great retirement, minding only the care of his own parish at Newbottle, near Edinburgh. Yet all the opposition that he made to them was, that he preached up a more exact
rule of life, than seemed to them consistent with human nature; but his own practice did even outshine his doctrine.”

It was not strange that a man of his uncommon mildness should find his situation an unpleasant one. Besides having a predilection for the Episcopalian form of worship, he could not endure the spiritual despotism nor the fierce zeal prevalent among the members of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. From one anecdote it would seem that his brethren in the ministry were but ill pleased with his freedom from the intolerant and passionate zeal of the times. In a synod he was publicly reprimanded for not preaching up the times. Who, he asked, does preach up the times? It was answered that all the brethren did it. Then, he rejoined, if all of you preach up the times, you may surely allow one poor brother to preach up Christ Jesus and eternity.

About this period he met with a calamity in the loss of a thousand pounds, which constituted his whole property. He had suffered it to remain in the hands of a merchant without adequate security.

To the remonstrances of Mr. Lightmaker, his brother in law, who urged him to come to London and vest it more safely, he replied, “any pittance belonging to me may possibly be useful for my subsistence; but truly if something else draw me not, I shall never bestow so long a journey on that I account so mean a business.” When the merchant failed, as had been anticipated, and Leighton’s patrimony was irretrievably lost, he said to his brother in law, “That little that was in Mr. E.’s hands hath failed me; but I shall either have no need of it, or be supplied in some other way.”

Being in England sometime afterwards, his recent loss was touched upon by Mr. Lightmaker, who regretted that he had so sadly misplaced his confidence. “Oh! no more of that,” cried Leighton; “the good man has escaped from the care and vexation of that business.” “What, is that all you make of the matter?” rejoined his brother-in-law with surprise. “Truly,” answered the other, “if the Duke of Newcastle, after losing nineteen times as much of yearly income, can dance and sing, while the solid hopes of Christianity will not avail to support us, we had better be as the world.”

“Somewhere about this time,—for the date cannot be assigned with certainty,—there happened an accident which drew forth a proof of his admirable self-possession in the sudden prospect of death. He had taken the water at the Savoy stairs, in company with his brother Sir Ellis, his lady, and some others, and was on his way to Lambeth, when, owing to some mismanagement, the
boat was in imminent danger of going to the bottom. While the rest of the party were pale with terror, and most of them crying out, Leighton never for a moment lost his accustomed serenity. To some, who afterwards expressed their astonishment at his calmness, he replied; "Why, what harm would it have been, if we had been safely landed on the other side?" In the habit of dying daily, and of daily conversing with the world of spirits, he could never be surprised or disconcerted by a summons to depart out of the body."

"Another anecdote of him, which bears witness to his devout equanimity on perilous occasions, belongs to this period of his history. During the civil wars, when the royalist army was lying in Scotland, Leighton was anxious to visit his brother, who bore arms in the king's service, before an engagement which was daily expected should take place. On his way to the camp he was benighted in the midst of a vast thicket; and having deviated from the path, he sought in vain for an outlet. Almost spent with fatigue and hunger, he began to think his situation desperate, and dismounting he spread his cloak upon the ground, and knelt down to pray. With implicit devotion he resigned his soul to God; entreating, however, that if it were not the divine pleasure for him then to conclude his days, some way of deliverance might be opened. Then remounting his horse, he threw the reins upon its neck; and the animal, left to itself, or rather to the conduct of an Almighty Providence, made straight into the high road, threading all the mazes of the wood with unerring certainty."

At first his resignation was not accepted, but afterwards, in 1652, he was discharged from the ministerial duties which he had performed for more than eleven years, with such holy, unexampled faithfulness. Not long after this, he was chosen principal of the University of Edinburgh, and remained in this situation till 1662. Burnet's account of this event is as follows.

"He had generally the reputation of a saint, and of something above human nature in him: So the Mastership of the college of Edinburgh falling vacant sometime after, and it being in the gift of the city, he was prevailed with to accept of it, because in it he was wholly separated from all church matters. He continued ten years in that post, and was a great blessing in it; for he talked so to all the youth of any capacity or distinction, that it had a great effect on many of them. He preached often to them; and if crowds broke in, which they were apt to do, he would have gone on in his sermon in Latin, with a purity and life that charmed all who understood it." It was his custom to deliver a theological Prelection once a week.
In 1662 he was exalted to "a sphere of stormy greatness, wherein his apostolic virtues gilded the gloom, which it exceeded even their influence to dispel." He was appointed by the King with several other bishops to commence the reestablishment of the Episcopal church in Scotland. He acceded to the preferment from a pure sense of duty, contrary to his own desires, and in the hope by wise and gentle measures to soften the prejudices of his countrymen, and accomplish the union of the churches of England and Scotland. At his own special request he was appointed to the least important See, the inconsiderable one of Dunblane in Perthshire. His reluctance to acquiesce at any rate in the promotion, "was only overcome by a peremptory order of the court, requiring him to accept it, unless he thought in his conscience that the episcopal office was unlawful." This he could not conscientiously declare. In a letter to the Rev. James Aird, Minister at Torry, which exhibits in a very interesting manner his feelings on this occasion he observes,

"One comfort I have, that in what is pressed on me there is the least of my own choice, yea on the contrary the strongest aversion that ever I had to any thing in all my life: the difficulty in short lies in a necessity of either owning a scruple which I have not, or the rudest disobedience to authority, that may be. Meanwhile hope well of me, and pray for me. This word I will add, that as there has been nothing of my choice in the thing, so I undergo it, if it must be, as a mortification, and that greater than a cell and haircloth: and whether any will believe this or no I am not careful."

"The bishops came down to Scotland," says Burnet, "soon after their consecration, all in one coach. Leighton told me he believed they were weary of him, for he was very weary of them; but he, finding they intended to be received at Edinburgh with some pomp, left them at Morpeth, and came to Edinburgh a few days before them. He hated all appearances of vanity."

He was a true Shepherd and Bishop of souls. In a thousand ways the holy glories of his character shone in his wise and pious measures for the promotion of religion in Scotland. "The only priority he sought" writes his biographer, "was in labors; the only ascendancy he coveted was in self-denial and holiness; and in these respects he had few competitors for preeminence. Proceeding steadily upon these principles, and exerting all his influence to impart to others the same fervency of spirit, he drew upon himself the eyes of all Scotland, which gazed with amazement.
his bright and singular virtues, as at a star of unrivalled brilliance, newly added to the sky. Even the presbyterians were softened by his Christian urbanity and condescension, and were constrained to admit that on him had descended a double portion of the apostolic spirit. Had his colleagues in office been kin to him in temper, it is not extravagant to believe that the attempt to restore episcopacy would have had a more prosperous issue."

But he soon found it vain to hope, while plans conceived in a spirit of imprudence and harshness were carried into execution by irreligious men with irreligious fury. "I find him expressing himself," says his biographer, "in allusion no doubt to the leading men of this period, with a poignant recollection of the selfish craft by which they were characterized. Seeing them destitute of Christian simplicity and singleness of purpose, he lost all heart about the issue of their measures; and designated them, in scriptural language, as empty vines bringing forth fruit unto themselves. "I have met with many cunning plotters," he would say, "but with few truly honest and skilful undertakers. Many have I seen who were wise and great as to this world, but of such as are willing to be weak that others may be strong, and whose only aim it is to promote the prosperity of Zion, have I not found one in ten thousand."

In 1665 he came to the resolution to lay down his charge, and accordingly bade a solemn farewell to the clergy, before going to London to seek permission to resign. The king was affected by his representations, and pledged himself to more prudent and conciliatory measures; but would not consent to Leighton's resignation. The account of his interview, which he supposed would be the last, with his clerical brethren, (taken from the records of his charges to the clergy,) is full of pathos.

"After the affairs of the synod were ended, the Bishop shewed the brethren he had somewhat to impart to them that concerned himself, which though it imported little or nothing, either to them or to the church, yet he judged it his duty to acquaint them with; and it was, the resolution he had taken of retiring from his public charge; and that all the account he could give of the reasons moving him to it was briefly this; the sense he had of his own unworthiness of so high a station in the church, and his weariness of the contentions of this church, which seemed rather to be growing than abating, and by their growth did make so great abatement of that Christian meekness and mutual charity, that is so much more worth than the whole sum of all that we contend about. He thanked the brethren for all their undeserved respect

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and kindness manifested to himself all along; and desired their
good construction of the poor endeavors he had used to serve
them, and to assist them in promoting the work of the ministry,
and the great designs of the gospel, in their bounds; and if in any
thing in word or deed he had offended them, or any of them, he
earnestly and humbly craved their pardon: and having recom-
mended to them to continue in the study of peace and holiness,
and of ardent love to our great Lord and Master, and to the
souls he hath so dearly bought, he closed these words of the
apostle: Finally, brethren, farewell: be perfect, be of good
comfort, be of one mind, and live in peace; and the God of
peace and love shall be with you."

In 1669 Leighton was appointed Archbishop of Glasgow on
the removal of Archbishop Burnet. The short account which
Bishop Burnet, in the history of his own times, has given of this
event and its immediate results in the movements of Leighton,
his clergy, and the presbyterian ministers, is admirably character-
istic of all the parties.

"Leighton undertook the administration of the See of Glas-
gow: and it was a year after this, before he was prevailed on to be
translated thither. He came, upon this, to Glasgow, and held a
synod of his clergy; in which nothing was to be heard, but com-
plaints of desertion and ill usage from them all. Leighton in a
sermon that he preached to them, and in several discourses both
public and private, exhorted them to look up more to God, to
consider themselves as the ministers of the cross of Christ, to bear
the contempt and ill usage they met with, as a cross laid on them
for the exercise of their faith and patience, to lay aside all the
appetites of revenge, to humble themselves before God, to have
many days for secret fasting and prayers, and to meet often to-
gether, that they might quicken and assist one another in those
holy exercises; and then they might expect blessing from hea-
ven upon their labors. This was a new strain to the clergy.
They had nothing to say against it; but it was a comfortless doc-
trine to them and they had not been accustomed to it. No spee-
dy ways were proposed for forcing the people to come to church,
nor for sending soldiers among them, or raising the fines to which
they were liable. So they went home, as little edified with their
new bishop as he was with them. When this was over, he went
round some parts of the country, to the most eminent of the in-
dulged ministers, and carried me with him. His business was
to persuade them to hearken to propositions of peace. He told
them some of them would be quickly sent for to Edinburgh, where
terms would be offered them in order to the making up our differences: all was sincerely meant: they would meet with no artifices nor hardships: and if they received those offers heartily, they would be turned into laws: and all the vacancies then in the church would be filled by their brethren. They received this with so much indifference, or rather neglect, that it would have cooled any zeal that was less warm and less active than that good man's was. They were scarce civil; and did not so much as thank him for his tenderness and care: the more artful among them, such as Hutcheson, said it was a thing of general concern, and they were but single men. Others were more metaphysical, and entertained us with some poor arguings and distinctions. Leighton began to lose heart. Yet he was resolved to set the negotiation on foot, and carry it as far as he could."

In 1670 Leighton had several conferences with the presbyterian leaders, and offered such concessions as in effect almost vacated the episcopal office; but it was all in vain. "All was lost labor," says Burnet; "hot men among them were positive; and all of them were full of contention." The whole account of these convocations, and indeed of the prosecution and end of king Charles' designs for the establishment of episcopacy in Scotland, is one of the most interesting and instructive portions of Burnet's History. Their last meeting took place at the house of Lord Rothes, "where, says Leighton's biographer, this tedious treaty was concluded by Hucheson, in the name of the whole fraternity, returning this 'short and dry answer,' as Leighton designates it; 'We are not free in conscience to close with the propositions, made by the Bishop of Dunblane, as satisfactory.' Leighton begged for an explicit statement of their reasons for persisting in a course, so contrary to the peace and welfare of the church; but the presbyterian representatives excused themselves from all argument on the subject. Being requested to submit propositions, on their part, which might furnish a hopeful basis for a fresh negotiation, they declined the invitation, on the plea that their sentiments were already before the world; thereby signifying that nothing would satisfy them, short of the utter extinction of episcopacy. The Archbishop, perceiving that no terms would be accepted by this untractable race, delivered himself, before the assembly broke up, at considerable length and with energetic solemnity. He unfolded the motives, by which he had been actuated in setting afloat this negotiation, and in still urging it forward, when wave upon wave was driving it back. 'My sole object has been to procure peace, and to advance the interests
of true religion. In following up this object, I have made several proposals, which I am fully sensible involved great diminutions of the just rights of episcopacy. Yet, since all church power is intended for edification, and not for destruction, I thought that, in our present circumstances, episcopacy might do more for the prosperity of Christ’s kingdom by relaxing some of its just pretensions, than it could by keeping hold of all its rightful authority. It is not from any mistrust of the soundness of our cause, that I have offered these abatements; for I am well convinced that episcopacy has subsisted from the apostolic age of the church. Perhaps I may have wronged my own order in making such large concessions: but the unerring discerner of hearts will justify my motives; and I hope ere long to stand excused with my own brethren. You have thought fit to reject our overtures, without assigning any reason for the rejection, and without suggesting any healing measures in the room of ours. The continuance of the divisions, through which religion languishes, must consequently lie at your door. Before God and man I wash my hands of whatever evils may result from the rupture of this treaty. I have done my utmost to repair the temple of the Lord; and my sorrow will not be embittered by compunction, should a flood of miseries hereafter rush in through the gap you have refused to assist me in closing.’”

Leighton continued two or three years longer in his patient but fruitless attempts for union and peace. His spirit had long been tried by the worldliness of his colleagues, the rashness and tyranny of the government, the rigid obstinacy of the presbyterians, and the distractions so multiplied around him. At length, considering his work at an end, he resolved to give up his charge and retire from the world. “The dressing and undressing his soul, as he used to call his devotional exercises, was the business to which his few remaining days ought to be consecrated; and he “longed to escape, if only into the air among the birds,” from the ungrateful service, which he had not declined, when summoned to it by the exigencies of the church; but from which he held himself discharged, now that it was become evident that no good could ensue from his remaining in it.” There is a letter to his sister which discloses his feelings on this subject; a shade of sadness rests on his expressions, but they breathe perfect resignation to the will of God.

Dear Sister,

I was strangely surprised to see the bearer here. What could
occasion it I do not yet understand. At parting he earnestly
desired a line to you, which without his desire my own affection
would have carried me to, if I knew what to say but what I
trust you do: and 'tis that our joint business is to die daily to
this world and self, that what little remains of our life we may
live to Him that died for us. For myself, to what purpose is it
to tell you, what the bearer can, that I grow old and sickly;
and though I have here great retirement, as great and possibly
greater than I could readily find any where else, yet I am still
panting after a retreat from this place and all public charge, and
next to rest in the grave. It is the pressingest desire I have of
any thing in this world; and, if it might be, with you, or near
you. But our heavenly Father, we quietly resigning all to him,
both knows and will do what is best. Remember my kindest
affection to your son and daughter, and to Mr. Siderfin, and
pray for

Your poor weary brother,

Dunblanc, April 19th. R. L.

Burnet has given the account of his retirement. "Leighton
upon all this concluded he could do no good on either side: he
had gained no ground on the presbyterians, and was suspected
and hated by the episcopal party. So he resolved to retire from
all public employments and to spend the rest of his days in a
corner far from noise and business, and to give himself wholly to
prayer and meditation, since he saw he could not carry on
his great designs of healing and reforming the church, on which
he had set his heart. He had gathered together many instances
out of church history, of bishops that had left their Sees and re-
tired from the world; and was much pleased with these.—He
said, his work seemed to be at an end; he had no more to do
unless he had a mind to please himself with the lazy enjoying a
good revenue. So he could not he wrought on by all that could
be laid before him; but followed Duke Lauderdale to court,
and begged leave to retire from his archbishoprick. The Duke
could by no means consent to this. So he desired that he might
be allowed to do it within a year. Duke Lauderdale thought so
much time was gained: so to be rid of his importunities he
moved the king to promise him, that if he did not change his
mind, he would within the year accept of his resignation. He
came back much pleased with what he had obtained; and said
to me upon it, there was now but one uneasy stage between him
and rest, and he would wrestle through, the best he could."
As soon as the year was completed he hastened to London and laid down his archbishopric. After his resignation he resided a short time in the college of Edinburgh; thence he retired to Broadhurst, an estate in Horsted Keynes, Sussex, belonging to his sister the widow of Edward Lightmaker, Esq., the same sister to whom he had expressed his earnest wishes for such a retreat, in the letter on the preceding page. With her he continued till the year 1684, in which he died.

Before the account of his death, the reader will be gratified in perusing the following deeply interesting passages from the description of his life and character by his biographer, the Rev. J. N. Pearson. We have quoted some paragraphs already; what follows seems to relate principally to the interval between his retirement and his death.

"Of the habits and employments of this man of God, during the sequel of his life, there remain but few particulars. Some interesting notices, however, of his general conversation, which are mostly gleaned from his nephew's letter to the Bishop of Salisbury, the pen of biography will not be employed amiss in recording.

"We have seen that it was his purpose, in divorcing himself from the world, to give up the remnant of his days to secret and tranquil devotion. Having spent his prime in the active duties of his profession, and in the service of his fellow-creatures, he saw no impropriety, but rather a suitableness, in consecrating his declining years more immediately to God; and in making the last stage of earthly existence a season of unintermitted preparation for the scene, upon which he was to enter at the end of his journey. Accordingly he lived in great seclusion; and abstained, to the utmost, that charity and courtesy would allow, from giving and receiving visits. Let it not be supposed, however, that he withdrew from ministerial employments. After disburdening himself of the episcopal dignity, he again took to the vocation of a parish minister, and was constantly engaged at Horsted Keynes, or of one of the neighboring churches, in reading prayers or in preaching. In the peasant's cottage, likewise,

___ his tongue dropt manna:

and long after his decease he was talked of by the poor of his village with affectionate reverence. With deep feeling would they recall his divine counsels and consolations; his tenderness in private converse; and the impressive sanctity which he carried into the solemnities of public worship.
Of the devotion which mingled with his own life, flowing easily from a wellspring of divine love in his soul, it would be hard to speak extravagantly. Prayer and praise were his business and his pleasure. His manner of praying was so earnest and importunate, as proved that his soul mounted up to God in the flame of his oral aspirations. Although none was ever less tainted with a mechanical spirit in religion, yet he denied that the use of written forms put to flight the power of devotion; and he himself occasionally used them with an energy and feeling, by which his hearers were powerfully excited. To the Lord's prayer he was particularly partial, and said of it, "Oh, the spirit of this prayer would make rare Christians!" Considering prayer, fervent, frequent, intercessory prayer, to be a capital part of the clerical office, he would repeat with great approbation that apothegm of a pious bishop—"Necesse est, non ut multum legamus, sed ut multum oremus." This he accounted the vessel, with which alone living water can be drawn from the well of divine mysteries. Without it he thought the application of the greatest human powers to theology would turn out a laborious vanity; and in support of this opinion he adduced the confession of Erasmus, that, when he began to approach the verities of celestial wisdom, he thought he understood them pretty well; but, after much study of commentators, he was infinitely more perplexed than before. With what a holy emphasis would Leighton exclaim, in commenting upon those words of David—"Thou (O God) has taught me"—"Non homines, nec consuetudo, nec industria mea, sed tu docuisti."†

"It is not, however, to be imagined that this great prelate, who was himself one of the most learned men of a very learned age, undervalued human erudition. On the contrary, he greatly encouraged it in his clergy; and has been heard to declare that there could not be too much, if it were but sanctified. But then he set far higher store by real piety; and would remark, with a felicitous introduction of a passage from Seneca,—"Non opus est multis literis ad bonam mentem,"‡ but to be established in grace and replenished with the spirit." Pointing to his book one day, he said to his nephew,—"One devout thought is worth them all;" meaning, no doubt, that no accumulation of knowledge is comparable in value with internal holiness.

"Of his delight in the inspired volume the amplest proof is af-

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* It is not necessary for us to read much, but to pray much.
† Not men, nor habit, nor my own industry, but Thou hast taught me.
‡ To have a good mind we do not need to be learned, but &c.
forded by his writings, which are a golden web, thickly studded with precious stones from that mine, in beautiful arrangement. His French Bible, now in the library of Dunblane, is marked in numerous places; and the blank leaves of it are filled with extracts made by his own pen from Jerome, Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, and several other Fathers. But the Bible, which he had in daily use, gave yea stronger testimony to his intimate and delightful acquaintance with its contents. With the book of psalms he was particularly conversant, and would sometimes style it by an elegant application of a scriptural metaphor, "a bundle of myrrh, that ought to lie day and night in the bosom*." "Scarce a line in that sacred psalter (writs his nephew) that hath passed without the stroke of his pencil."

"To him the Sabbath was a festive day; and he would repair to God's house with a willing spirit when his body was infirm. One rainy Sunday, when through indisposition he was hardly equal to going abroad, he still persisted in attending church, and said in excuse for his apparent rashness, "Were the weather fair I would stay at home, but since it is foul I must go; lest I be thought to countenance, by my example, the irreligious practice of letting trivial hindrances keep us back from public worship."

"Averse as he was to parade of all kinds, and especially to dizen out religion in modish draperies, yet he was not for shrouding her in a gloomy cowl, and exposing her to needless scorn, as he thought the Quakers did, by dressing her with "an hood and bells." It was his wish to see public worship so ordered as to exclude superfluous ornament, while it preserved those sober decencies, which at once protect the majesty of religion, and help to keep awake a devout spirit in the worshipper."

"It may have appeared to some of my readers, that Leighton's latitudinarian views on the subject of ecclesiastical polity bordered upon the romantic, and were unsuitable to the present imperfect state of the Christian church. But it is due to him not to forget, that he was an inexorable enemy to laxity and disorder; and maintained the necessity of a regular and exact administration of the church, although he was comparatively indifferent about the form of that administration, if it did but ensure a good supply for the religious wants of the people. "The mode of church government, he would say, is immaterial; but peace and

* Song of Solomon, chap. i. v. 13.
concord, kindness and goodwill, are indispensable. But, alas, I rarely find, in these days, men nerved with a holy resolution to contend for the substance more than for the ceremony; and disposed in weak and indifferent things to be weak and compliant.” Among such things he classed those points of discipline, on which the dissenters stood out, declaring that “he could not in earnest find them to amount to more.”

“The religion of this preeminent saint was incorporated with the whole frame of his life and conversation. This gave a peculiarity, which was striking and impressive, to many of his ordinary actions. They were the same things which other men did, but they were done in another manner, and bore the shining print of his angelic spirit. So impressively was this the case, that his nephew, when a little child, struck with his reverential manner of returning thanks after a meal, observed to his mother, that “his uncle did not give thanks like other folk.”

“It may be doubted whether Christianity, in the days of its youthful vigor, gave birth to a more finished pattern than Leighton of the love of holiness. It was truly his reigning passion; and his longing to depart hence grew out of an intense desire to be transformed into the divine likeness. “To be content to stay always in this world, he observed, is above the obedience of angels. Those holy spirits are employed according to the perfection of their natures, and restlessness in hymnus of praise is their only rest: but the utmost we poor mortals can attain to, is to lie awake in the dark, and a great piece of art and patience it is spatiosem fallere noctem.” Often would he bewail the proneness of Christians to stop short of that perfection, the pursuit of which is enjoined upon us; and it was his grief to observe, that even good men are content to be “low and stunted vines.” The wish nearest his heart was, to attain to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; and all his singularities, for such to our reproach they are, arose from this desire being in him so much more ardent than it is in ordinary Christians. In the subjoined letter, this habit of mind, this insatiable longing after perfect holiness is finely portrayed. It was written when he was principal of the University of Edinburgh.

Sir,

Oh! what a weariness is it to live amongst men, and find so few men; and amongst Christians, and find so few Christians; so much talk and so little action; religion turned almost to a tune and air of words; and amidst all our pretty discourses, pusilla-
imous and base, and so easily dragged into the mire, self and flesh and pride and passion domineering, while we speak of being in Christ and clothed with him, and believe it, because we speak it so often and so confidently. Well, I know you are not willing to be thus gullied; and having some glances of the beauty of holiness, aim no lower than perfection, which in the end we hope to attain; and in the meanwhile the smallest advances towards it are more worth than crowns and sceptres. I believe it, you often think on these words of the blessed champion Paul, (1 Cor. ix. 24, &c.) There is a noble guest within us. Oh! let all our business be to entertain him honorably, and to live in celestial love within; that will make all things without be very contemptible in our eyes.—I should rove on did not I stop myself, it falling out well too for that, to be hard upon the post-hours ere I thought of writing. Therefore, “good night,” is all I add; for whatever hour it comes to your hand, I believe you are as sensible as I that it is still night: but the comfort is, it draws nigh towards that bright morning that shall make amends.

Your weary fellow-pilgrim,

R. I.

"Of the effectual eloquence of Leighton’s great example a striking instance is adduced in Mr. Edward Lightmaker’s letter. The writer’s father, after witnessing the holy and mortified life of this eminent saint, became sensible, that a man is in no safe condition for dying, unless he be striving after the highest degrees of piety. "If none shall go to heaven,” he exclaimed, “but so holy a man as this, what will become of me?” Under these impressions he very much withdrew from the world; relinquished a profitable business, because of its dangerous entanglements; and made the care of his ultimate felicity his chief occupation.

"Such consequences might well be expected to flow from an intimacy with Leighton, for his discourse breathed the spirit of heaven. To no one, perhaps, do the exquisite lines of the Christian poet Cowper more accurately apply:

When one, that holds communion with the skies,
Has fill’d his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
’Tis e’en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.

"He seldom discoursed on secular matters, without happily and naturally throwing in some spiritual reflections; and it was his
professed opinion, that nothing takes off more from the authority of ministers and the efficacy of their message, than a custom of vain and frivolous conversation. Indeed, "he had brought himself into so composed a gravity, (writes his first biographer,) that I never saw him laugh, and but seldom smile; and he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that I ever heard him say one idle word. He seemed to be in a perpetual meditation." Although he was not given to sermonize, yet any little incident, that fell under his observation, would cause some pious sentiment to drop from him; just as the slightest motion makes a brimful goblet run over. Meeting a blind beggar one day, he observed, "Methinks this poor sufferer cries out in behalf of the whole human race, as its representative; and let what he so earnestly craves be given him, as readily as God bestows a cure on the spiritually blind who ask it."—"It is extremely severe," said his sister to him, speaking of the season. "But thou, O God, hast made summer and winter," was his devout reply.—Some one saying, "You have been to hear a sermon?" "I met a sermon," was his answer, "a sermon de facto, for I met a corpse; and rightly and profitably are the funeral rites observed, when the living lay it to heart." Thus he endeavored to derive spiritual good out of every passing circumstance, and to communicate good to others.

"In a soul so full of heaven there was little room for earthly attachments. Indeed, the whole tone of his discourse, and the constant tenor of his life, evinced his detachment, not only from pompous and riches and delicacies, but from what are usually esteemed to be common comforts and necessaries. To his judgment the middle condition of life best approved itself. "Better to be in the midst," were his words, "between the two pointed rocks of deep penury and high prosperity, than to be on the sharps of either." But his choice, to quote his own emphatic expression, was to choose nothing, and he left it to a better wisdom than his own to carve out his earthly lot. "If we are born to worldly greatnesses, let us even take them, and endeavor to make friends with them who shall stand us in good stead, when we are put out of our stewardship: but to desire that our journey should be by the troublesome and dangerous road of worldly prosperity, is a mighty folly." He was pleased with an ingenious similitude of Dr. Sale's, who compares the good things of this life to mushrooms, which need so many precautions in eating, that wholly to waive the dish is the safest wisdom.

"To corporal indulgences none was ever more indifferent. In-
deed he practised a rigorous abstinence, keeping three fasts
in the week, and one of them always on the Sunday; not from
a superstitious esteem of the bodily penance, but in order to make
the soul light and active for the enjoyment of that sacred festival.
His nephew thinks that he injured his health by excessive abstinence: but his own maxim was, "that little eating, and little
speaking, do no one any harm;" "One thing forborne," he said,
is better than twenty things taken." He thought people in
general much too expensive and curious in the preparation of
their meals, and wished this domestic profusion were turned into
a channel of distribution to the poor. Every thing beyond the
mere necessaries of life he termed the overflowings of a full cup,
which ought not to run to waste, but descend into the poor man's
platter. "The gratifications of bodily appetite would not, he was
persuaded, be so much reckoned on, if professed Christians had
more "spiritual sensuality," as he often termed that ardent relish,
which is the characteristic of rectified souls, for the meat and
drink, the hidden manna, of God's immortal banquet.

"He used to compare a man's station in life to an imprisonment,
and observed, that, "although it is becoming to keep the place of
our confinement clean and neat, it were ill done to build upon
it." His sister thinking he carried his indifference to earthly
things too far, and that his munificence required some check,
said to him once, "If you had a wife and children you must not
act thus." His answer was, "I know not how it would be, but
I know how it should be. ' Enoc walked with God;—and
begat sons and daughters,'"

"In truth, his liberality was boundless. All he received was
distributed to the poor, except the bare pittance which his neces-
sities imperiously demanded for himself. Unwilling, however,
to gain any credit for beneficence, he commonly dispensed his
bounty through the hands of others, as we learn from Burnet,
who officiated as his almoner in London.

"In exemplification of his humane and amiable condescension
to his friends and dependents, there is an anecdote, which will
not disgrace our pages. He once had a Roman Catholic serv-
vant, who made a point of abstaining from flesh on the fast days
prescribed by the Romish calendar. Leighton, being apprized
of this by Mrs. Lightmaker, commented on the vanity of such
scruples, yet requested her to indulge the poor man with such
fare as suited his erroneous piety, lest the endeavor to dissuade
him from the practice should drive him to falsehood or prevari-
cation. "For to this," he added, "many poor creatures are
Impelled, not so much from a corrupt inclination, as for want of a handsome truth.” So gentle was he in his construction of the faults and foibles of others.

“It is of little moment to ascertain, even were it possible, whether this be the identical man-servant, whose idle pranks have earned him a never-dying fame in Dunblane and its neighborhood. The following story may be taken as a sample of the provocations, with which this thoughtless fellow used to try his master’s equanimity. Having a fancy one morning for the diversion of fishing, he locked the door of the house and carried off the key, leaving his master imprisoned. He was too much engrossed with his sport to think of returning till the evening, when the only admonition he received for his gross behavior from the meek bishop, was, “John, when you next go a fishing, remember to leave the key in the door.”

“The whole history of Leighton’s life proclaims his abhorrence of persecution. It is related that his sister once asked him, at the request of a friend, what he thought was the mark of the Beast; at the same time adding; “I told the inquirer that you would certainly answer you could not tell.” “Truly you said well,” replied Leighton; “but, if I might fancy what it were, it would be something with a pair of horns that pusheth his neighbor, and hath been so much seen and practised in church and state.” He also passed a severe sentence on the Romanists, “who, in their zeal for making proselytes, fetched ladders from hell to scale heaven;” and he deeply lamented, that men of the reformed church should have given in to similar measures.

“We have seen, in the narrative of his public conduct, how firmly he withstood the severe measures set afoot to produce an uniformity of worship in Scotland. Swords and halberds, tongs and pincers, were very unfit instruments, in his esteem, for advancing the science and practice of religion. “The scripture tells us, indeed, of plucking out a right eye for the preservation of the whole body; but if that eye admit of a cure, it should rather be preserved; only let its cure be committed to the dexterous hands of the kindest oculist, and not to a mere bungler, who would mar instead of healing. For himself he would suffer anything, rather than touch a hair of the head of those, who labored under such pitiable maladies, as errors in faith must be accounted. Or, if he did meddle with them, it should be with such a gentle touch, as would prove the friendliness of his disposition and purpose.” “I prefer,” he has been heard to say, “an erroneous honest man before the most orthodox knave in
the world; and I would rather convince a man that he has a soul to save, and induce him to live up to that belief, than bring him over to my opinion in whatsoever else beside. Would to God that men were but as holy as they might be in the worst of forms now among us! Let us press them to be holy, and miscarry if they can.” Being told of a person who had changed his persuasion, all he said was, “Is he more meek; more dead to the world? If so, he has made a happy change.”

“It is related of him, that going one day to visit a lending minister of the presbytery, he found him discoursing to his company on the duties of a holy life. Leighton, instead of turning off to the subject of the current reasons for non-conformity, though he had gone for the express purpose of discussing them, instantly fell in with the train of conversation, and concluded his visit without attempting to change it. To some of his friends who remonstrated with him on this apparent oversight, “Nay,” he replied, “the good man and I were in the main agreed; and for the points in which we differ, they are mostly unimportant; and though they be of moment, it is advisable before pressing any, to win as many volunteers as we can.”

“This feature of his character is further illustrated by an anecdote, which there is every reason to believe authentic. A friend calling upon him one day, and not meeting him at home, learnt, on inquiry, that he was gone to visit a sick presbyterian minister, on a horse which he had borrowed of the catholic priest.

“His sobriety of mind and soundness of judgment ought not to be passed over in silence. These qualities were conspicuous in his never pretending to develop the secret things of God, notwithstanding the variety of his learning and his talent for high speculation. Instead of hazarding a guess on a difficult point, to which he had been requested to turn his thoughts, he said to the inquirer, on meeting him some time afterwards, “I have not yet got the lesson you set me.” And to his nephew, who complained that there was a certain text of scripture which he could not understand, his answer was, “And many more that I cannot.” In reverently standing aloof from those mysteries of the divine nature and government, which are enshrined in a light no mortal eye can gaze upon undazzled, he discovered a judgment equal to his modesty, and exemplified the saying of Solomon, that “with the lowly is wisdom.” Being once interrogated about the saints reigning with Christ, he tried to elude the question by merely replying, “If we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him.” Pressed, however, to give his opinion, whether or not
the saints would exercise rule in the earth, although Christ should not in person assume the sovereignty, he answered with exquisite judgment, "If God hath appointed any such thing for us, he will give us heads to bear such liquor: our preferment shall not make us reel." Prying into matters of this nature, which the spirit of God has apparently sealed up from man's inquisitiveness, was, in his estimation, indecent and dangerous; and he thought that passionate curiosity, which oversteps the boundaries of revelation, might be well rebuked by the angel's answer to Manoah; "Why askest thou thus after my name, seeing it is secret?" "Enough," he said, "is discovered to satisfy us, that righteousness and judgment are within, although round about his throne are clouds and darkness:" and he blamed those, "who boldly venture into the very thick darkness and deepest recesses of the divine majesty."

"That prospect of election and predestination," said he, "is a great abyss, into which I choose to sink, rather than attempt to sound it. And truly any attempt at throwing light upon it makes it only a greater abyss, and is a piece of blameable presumption. In conformity with these sound views, he always endeavored, when Principal of the University of Edinburgh, to repress such perilous inquiries; judging them of a nature to make young students conceited, disputations, and sceptical, and to lead them away from the love of truth and the practice of piety.

"We learn from Burnet, that "his thoughts were lively, oft out of the way and surprising, yet just and genuine;" and several of his sayings might be adduced to justify this praise, and to show him well read in the science of human nature and its management. It was an aphorism of his, that "One half of the world lives upon the madness of the other." He was no advocate in general for crude and abrupt exposures of unpalatable truths. Being told of an author, who had entitled his performance, "Naked truth whipt and stript," his remark was, "It might have been better to clothe it:" and he saw nothing praiseworthy in the roughness, misnamed honesty, of some people, "who would rather overturn the boat than trim it." I shall only add, in illustration of this point of his character, a prayer which he used to offer up, which is pregnant with melancholy meaning: "Deliver me, O Lord, from the errors of wise men; yea, and of good men."

"Of his humility, that grace so lovely in the eyes of heaven, and which was truly his crowning grace, it would be difficult to take the dimensions. Burnet mentions "that he seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other
persons should think as meanly of him, as he did of himself; and he bore all sorts of ill usage and reproach, like a man that took pleasure in it."

"This character of his mind is finely illustrated in the following passage from one of his letters.

"And now I have begun, I would end just here; for I have nothing to say, nothing of affairs (to be sure) private nor public; and to strike up to discourses of devotion, alas! what is there to be said, but what you sufficiently know, and daily read, and daily think, and, I am confident, daily endeavor to do? And I am beaten back, if I had a great mind to speak of such things, by the sense of so great deficiency, in doing those things that the most ignorant among Christians cannot choose but know. Instead of all fine notions, I fly to Ἐλεήμων Χριστός Ἐλεήμων;* I think them the great heroes and excellent persons of the world, that attain to high degrees of pure contemplation and divine love; but next to those, them that in aspiring to that and falling short of it, fall down into deep humility, and self-contempt, and a real desire to be despised and trampled on by all the world. And I believe that they that sink lowest into that depth, stand nearest to advancement to those other heights: for the great King who is the fountain of that honor, hath given us this character of himself, that He resists the proud and gives grace to the humble. Farewell, my dear friend, and be so charitable as sometimes in your addresses upwards, to remember a poor caitiff, who no day forgets you.

13th December, 1676. R. L.

"On the eve of taking a bishopric, when he perceived how many obstacles there were to his doing the good he wished to others, "Yet one benefit at least," said he, "will arise from it; I shall break that little idol of estimation my friends have for me, and which I have been so long sick of." Though he could not be ignorant of the value set on his pulpit discourses by the public,—for never was a wandering eye seen when he preached, but the whole congregation would often melt into tears before him,—yet the most urgent entreaties of his friends could never obtain from him the publication of a single sermon. Indeed, he looked upon himself as so ordinary a preacher, and so unlikely to do good, that he was always for giving up his place to other ministers; and after he became a bishop, he always preferred preach-

* Lord, have mercy; Christ, have mercy.
ing to small congregations, and would never give notice beforehand when he was to fill the pulpit. Of a piece with his rooted dislike to any thing, that seemed to imply consequence in himself, was his strong objection to have his portrait taken. When it was requested of him, he testified unusual displeasure, and said, “If you will have my likeness, draw it with charcoal:” meaning, no doubt, that he was carbone notandus, as justly obnoxious to scorn and condemnation. His picture was, however, clandestinely taken when he was about the middle age; and as the engravings prefixed to his works are copied from it, it is a pleasure to know from such good authority as his nephew’s letter, that it greatly resembled him.

“Nature had endowed him with a warm and affectionate disposition, which was not extinguished by his superlative love to God, though it was always kept in due subordination. In his commentary on the epistle of Peter he remarks, that “our only safest way is to gird up our affections wholly;” and he lived up to this principle. Accordingly, after avowing once, how partial he was to the amiable character and fine accomplishments of a relation, he added, “Nevertheless I cannot persuade myself from him, if I cannot persuade him to become wise and good; Sine bonitate nulla majestas, nullus super.” To him, as to that Holy One of whose spirit he partook largely, whoever did the will of his heavenly Father were more than natural kindred. Such, therefore, of his relations as were Christians indeed, had a double share of his tenderness; and to the strength of this twofold bond, not less than to his heavenly-mindedness, we may ascribe his exclamation on returning from the grave, in which his brother-in-law had been interred: “Fain would I have thrown myself in with him.” A beautiful extract from a letter, which he wrote to that gentleman on the death of a particularly sweet and promising child, to whom he himself was tenderly attached, may here find a suitable place.

“I am glad of your health and recovery of your little ones; but indeed it was a sharp stroke of a pen, that told me your pretty Johnny was dead; and I felt it truly more than, to my remembrance, I did the death of any child in my lifetime. Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying; and hath wholly escaped the trouble of schooling, and all other sufferings of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of riper
years, this poor life being all along nothing but a linked chain of many sorrows and many deaths. Tell my dear sister she is now much more akin to the other world; and this will quickly be passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed, as children use to do, and we are undressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do, when we lie down. It shall refresh me to hear from you at your leisure.

Sir,

Your affectionate brother,

Edinbro', Jan. 16th. R. LEIGHTON.

"Leighton was a great admirer of rural scenery; and, in his rides upon the Sussex downs, he often descanted, with sublime fervor, on the marvellous works of the almighty Architect. Adverting to the boundless varieties of creation, he remarked, that there is no wonder after a straw, omnipotence being as necessary to make the least things out of nothing as the greatest. But his lofty mind seemed especially to delight in soaring to the celestial firmament, and expatiating through those stupendous vaults, from which so many glorious lamps are hung out, on purpose, he believed, to attract our thoughts to the glory that excelleth; and "we miss the chief benefit they are meant to render us, if we use them not to light us up to heaven." "It was a long hand," he would exclaim, "and a strong hand too, that stretched out this stately canopy above us; and to him whose work it is we may rightly ascribe most excellent majesty." After some such expressions of devout amazement, he would sink into silent and adoring contemplation.

"We have seen that his walk was direct to heaven, and the drift of his conversation habitually unearthly. He died daily by the mortification of his natural appetites and affections; and he was visibly perfect in that frame of mind, which he wondered should not be universal, "in which every second thought is of death." It was not in a melancholy tone that he touched on this serious subject; for the illusions spread over earthly things had long since faded away from his eyes, which were fixed in the sublime anticipations of faith on those blissful realities, that shall open upon the redeemed of the Lord, when they have shaken off mortality. To him, therefore, death had lost its sting: it was become a pleasant theme; and gave occasion to some of his most cheerful sayings. He would compare this heavy clod of clay, with which the soul is encumbered, to the miry boots, of which
the traveller gladly divests himself on finishing his journey: and he could not disguise his own wish to be speedily unclothed, instead of lingering below till his garments were worn out and dropped off through age. In general, his temper was serene rather than gay; but his nephew states, that if ever it rose to an unusual pitch of vivacity, it was when some illness attacked him;—when, "from the shaking of the prison doors, he was led to hope, that some of those brisk blasts would throw them open, and give him the release he coveted." Then he seemed to stand tiptoe on the margin of eternity, in a delightful amazement of spirit, eagerly awaiting the summons to depart, and feeding his soul with the prospect of immortal life and glory. Sometimes, while contemplating his future resting-place, he would break out into that noble apostrophe of pious George Herbert;

O let me roost and nestle there;
Then of a sinner thou art rid,
And I of hope and fear.

"Hearing once of the death of a portly man; "How is it," he exclaimed, "that A——— has broke through those goodly brick walls, while I am kept in by a bit of flimsy deal?" He would say pleasantly, that he had his night-cap on, and rejoiced that it was so near bed-time, or, rather, so near the hour of rising to one who had long lain awake in the dark; and pointing to the children of the family, one evening, who were showing symptoms of weariness, and importuning to be undressed; "Shall I," said he, "who am threescore and ten, be loth to go to bed?" This world he considered a state of nonage, and the land of mature men a land very far off. No apopthegm of uninspired wisdom pleased him more than that of Seneca: "Illustre, quam ut supremam metuisses, aeternitatis natalis est."* His alacrity to depart resulted from his earnest desire to "see and enjoy perfection in the perfect sense of it, which he could not do and live." "That consummation," he would say, "is truly a hope deferred; but, when it cometh, it will be a tree of life."

"An extract from a letter, supposed to have been written a short time before his death, may here be aptly inserted.

"I find daily more and more reason without me, and within me yet much more, to pant and long to be gone. I am grown exceeding uneasy in writing and speaking, yea almost in thinking, when I reflect how cloudy our clearest thoughts are: but, I think again what other can we do, till the day break and the shadows flee away, as one that lieth awake in the night must be

* The day which you fear as your last, is the birth day of eternity.
thinking; and one thought that will likely oftenest return, when by all other thoughts he finds little relief, is, when will it be day?"

"Yet Leighton, for the comfort of weak believers be it recorded, did not pretend to an absolute assurance of final salvation. Conversing, one day, in his wonted strain of holy animation, o the blessedness of being fixed as a pillar in the heavenly Jerusalem to go no more out,* he was interrupted by a near relation exclaiming, "Ah, but you have assurance!" "No, truly," he replied, "only a good hope, and a great desire to see what they are doing on the other side, for of this world I am heartily weary."

"Such was the holy man, of whom little now remains to be told, except his dismissal from this troublesome scene to that place among —— the sanctities of heaven, which he had long preoccupied in affection and spirit."

In the year 1684, Leighton received an earnest request from Bishop Burnet, to visit Lord Perth, once apparently a good man, but now a very wicked one, who had begun to feel compunction for his crimes, and desired to see Leighton. "I hoped, says Burnet, that still some good impressions had been left in him: and now, when he came to London to be made lord chancellor, I had a very earnest message from him, desiring by my means to see Leighton. I thought that angelical man might have awakened in him some of those good principles, which he seemed once to have had, and which were now totally extinguished in him. I writ so earnestly to Leighton that he came to London." Though his appearance was healthy, yet his biographer says that he went with feelings of illness, which may account for his presentiment that his dissolution was at hand. "The worse I am," said he in the ardor of his benevolence "the more I choose to go, that I may give one pull at you poor brother, and snatch him if possible from the infectious air of the court."—"Upon his coming to me," Burnet continues, "I was amazed to see him at above seventy look so fresh and well, that age as it were seemed to stand still with him; his hair was still black, and all his motions were lively. He had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory, but above all, the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him, upon my first seeing him, how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end for all

* Rev. iii. 12.
that; and his work and journey both were now almost done. This at that time made no great impression on me."

"The very next day," says his biographer, "he was attacked with an oppression on the chest, and with cold and stitches, which proved to be the commencement of a pleurisy. He sank rapidly, for on the following day both speech and sense had left him; and, after panting for about twelve hours, he expired without a struggle in the arms of Bishop Burnet, his intimate friend, his ardent and affectionate admirer. Nothing is recorded of his last hours: and indeed the disease that carried him off was such, by its nature and rapid progress, as to preclude much speaking. But no record is necessary of the dying moments of a man, who had served God from his infancy; and whose path had been a shining light up to the moment when the shades of death closed over it. God was, assuredly, the strength of his heart in the hour of his last agony, and is now his glorious portion, his exceeding and eternal great reward. It was needless for himself that he should have notice of the bridegroom's coming; for his lamp was always trimmed, his loins were always girded. To his surviving friends it could have afforded little additional satisfaction, to have heard him express, on his death-bed, that faith and holy hope, of which his life had been one unbroken example: neither could he have left, for the benefit of posterity, any sayings more suitable to a dying believer than those he daily uttered; living, as he had long lived, on the confines of the eternal world, and in the highest frame of spirituality that it seems possible for an un-bodied soul to attain. He entered into his rest, on the 25th of June, A. D. 1684, in the seventy-fourth year of his age."

"I was by him," writes Bishop Burnet, "all the while. Thus I lost him, who had been the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement, and the doing of good: for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching and reading prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own: for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well chosen library of curious as well as useful books; which he left to the diocese of Dunblane, for the use of the clergy there, that country being ill provided with books.

"There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in it should be an inn, it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to
whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired; for he died at the Bell inn, in Warwick Lane. Another circumstance was, that while he was bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him: so that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there: and the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death: so that his provision and his journey failed both at once."

In addition to what has already been selected from Burnet's history of his own times, the following passages are full of interest.

"I bear still the greatest veneration for the memory of that man that I do for any person; and reckon my early knowledge of him, and my long and intimate conversation with him, that continued to his death for twenty-three years, among the greatest blessings of my life; and for which I know I must give account to God, in the great day, in a most particular manner."

"He was accounted a saint from his youth up. He had great quickness of parts, a lively apprehension, with a charming vivacity of thought and expression. He had the greatest command of the purest Latin that ever I knew in any man. He was a master both of Greek and Hebrew, and of the whole compass of theological learning, chiefly in the study of the scriptures. But that which excelled all the rest was, he was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man. He had no regard to his person, unless it was to mortify it by a constant low diet, that was like a perpetual fast. He had a contempt both of wealth and reputation. He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he did of himself: he bore all sorts of ill usage and reproach like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper, that in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty-two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion, but upon one single occasion. He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh, and but seldom smile. And he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard
him say one idle word. There was a visible tendency in all he said, to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflections. He seemed to be in a perpetual meditation. And though the whole course of his life was strict and ascetical, yet he had nothing of the sourness of temper that generally possesses men of that sort. He was the freest from superstition, from censuring others, or imposing his own methods on them, possible. So that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers, and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. His thoughts were lively, oft out of the way and surprising, yet just and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of: and he used them in the aptest manner possible."

Speaking of the bishops of Scotland, and referring particularly to Archibishop Leighton, Burnet says in the preface to his life of Bedell, "I have observed among the few of them to whom I had the honor to be known particularly, as great and exemplary things as ever I met with in all ecclesiastical history; not only the practice of the strictest of all the ancient canons, but a pitch of virtue and piety, beyond what can fall under common imitation, or be made the measure of even the most angelical rank of men; and saw things in them that look more like fair ideas, than what men clothed with flesh and blood could grow up to."

In his treatise on the duties of the Pastoral care, "I was formed to them," he says, "by a bishop that had the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and most heavenly disposition, that I ever yet saw in mortal; that had the greatest parts, as well as virtues, with the perfectest humility, that I ever saw in man; and had a sublime strain in preaching, with so grave a gesture, and such a majesty, both of thought, of language, and of pronunciation, that I never once saw a wandering eye where he preached; and have seen whole assemblies often melt in tears before him; and of whom I can say with great truth, that in a free and frequent conversation with him, for above two-and-twenty years, I never knew him say an idle word, that had not a direct tendency to edification: and I never once saw him in any other temper, but that which I wished to be in, in the last moments of my life. For that pattern, which I saw in him, and for that conversation, which I had with him, I know how much I have to answer to God: and though my re-
fleeting on that which I knew in him, gives me just cause of being deeply humbled in myself, and before God; yet I feel no more sensible pleasure in any thing than in going over in my thoughts all I saw and observed in him."

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON had many and worthy contemporaries, lights of preeminent lustre in the church, men of powerful minds, deep learning, and faithful devotedness to Christ. It was an age fruitfully productive of intellectual and moral greatness. It was an age for the discovery and ripening of great truths, and one in which great principles were practically tested and established. It was an age of immense erudition in Law, Philosophy, and Divinity. It was an age of masterly practical Theology; but above all, it was an age abundant in examples of eminent holiness.

A mere list of the names of some of the most eminent men who then flourished leaves a vivid impression of intellect and religion on the mind. LEIGHTON, USHER, STILLINGFLEET, CHILLINGWORTH, LIGHTFOOT, HALL, TAYLOR, TILLOTSON, HAMMOND, PRIDEAUX, BATES, BAXTER, HOWE, CALAMY, REYNOLDS, HENRY, OWEN, CUDWORTH, WALLIS, WALTON, WILKINS, MILTON, SELDEN, HALE, POOLE, MANTON, JACOMB, RUTHERFORD, CHARTERIS, NAIRN, GILPIN, CHARNOCK, SHAW, FLAVEL, MEAD, POCOCK, BOYLE, BARROW, BULL, WHITBY, NEWTON, PATRICK, LOCKE. These are some of the eminent scholars, divines, and holy men of old, who flourished from the beginning to the close of the seventeenth Century. Many of them are a host individually. Their mingled talents, learning, and piety made that age the brightest in all English literature. Star rose after star, in such beautiful succession, as to make one continuous Galaxy of intellectual and moral light. Calamy's lives of the Nonconformists, the first volume especially, is full of striking portraits of men whose learning was of gigantic aspect, and whose holiness would have adorned the age of primitive, apostolic piety. It is a continued record of men in labors abundant, in stripes above measure. Men, who made life religion, and stamped fleeting time with the impress of Eternity. Neither the persecution of enemies, nor the rage of the elements, could keep them from their duty. When the plague ravaged London, and ministers who feared death more than God fled from the pulpits, they bade defiance to the pestilence, and ministered the bread of life to pale multitudes, at altars from which they would have been driven with penal inflictions in the season of health.

Yet Leighton outshone them all. Few men, even in the age
of Usher, Selden, and Milton, possessed such comprehensive erudition; and since the days of the Apostles there has scarce been witnessed another so perfect imitation of the life of Christ. A simple repetition of the beatitudes, with which our Divine Saviour opened his Sermon on the Mount, would perhaps be the most forcible and happy delineation of his moral character. He possessed all the features, there drawn in such expressive lines, in a degree so eminent, that any one alone would have rendered his Christian character conspicuous for its excellence. And such a heavenly harmony reigned over them all, that no one grew bright at the expense of the others. In this sense he was a finished Christian. There was a holy symmetry and proportion in the graces which adorned his life. They assembled together and blended with each other in such sweet and perfect unison, each occupying its own place, no one absent, no one faintly discerned, that when we think of him, we think of him as 'The Holy Leighton,' and cannot but feel that no other appellation whatever would be equally appropriate to his character. We may speak of the ardent Baxter, the contrite Brainard, the beloved, self-denying Martyn, the humble, patient, confiding, persevering Schwartz; but to denominate Leighton's piety in like manner from any peculiar grace, would seem like designating the beauty of the rainbow by one of its primary colors. He seems almost to have arrived at the highest degree of spirituality, which it is possible for any human being to attain.

If any one of the Christian graces did shine the brightest, it was that of humility. "A self-searching Christian," he would say, "is made up of humility and meekness. If thou would'st find much peace and favor with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little, and others much." "The poor in spirit—they that mourn—the meek, &c. Oh sweet, lowly graces, poverty of spirit, meekness, that grow low, and are of dark hue, as the violets, but of a fragrant smell; these are prime in the garlands of a Christian. Oh study these; seek to have them growing within you." The very shining of the Christian graces, he thought, ought to be with humility. "Shine humbly, to his glory, whose light you borrow; not to show forth your own excellencies, but His, who hath called you from darkness to his marvellous light. Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, (not yourselves, if you can be hid; as the sun affords its light, and will scarce suffer us to look upon itself,) may glorify (not you, but) your heavenly Father."—"Oh Jesus, my Saviour! thy blessed humility, impress it on my
heart.” He called humility the preserver of all the other graces, which “without it, if they could be without it, were but as a box of precious powder, carried in the wind without a cover, in danger of being scattered and blown away.” And he said beautifully—that “the embroidery, the variety of graces, the lively colors of other graces, shine best on the dark ground of humility.” It was his humility, looking to the examples of John the Baptist, and of a greater than he, which kept him from the ministry till after he was thirty years of age. “Good fruit,” he said, “may be plucked too green, which, left alone awhile to ripen, would prove much more pleasant and profitable.”

It was his eminent humility which made him eminently wise; and it was his humility and wisdom combined, which formed him to such childlike acquiescence in the will, and simple deference to the word, of God. Thus hath the Lord been pleased, was to him a sufficient solution of any mystery—it was a delightful reason. Like a little child, whose hand is safely held in the hand of its father, he walked about, admiring with confiding, unquestioning simplicity the movements which he could not understand. “What questions are moved,” said he, “more curious than useful, I shall either pass wholly in silence, or only name them to pass them, to put them out of our way, that they may not stop us in what may be useful.”—“This is arcanum imperii, a state secret,” says he on one occasion, speaking of the counsels of God: “no reason is to be expected, but his good pleasure.”

He thought some mysteries were rather humbly to be adored than boldly to be explained. “Here it were easier,” he says, with inimitable beauty, of such a mystery, “to lead you into a deep, than to lead you forth again. I will rather stand on the shore, and silently admire it, than enter into it.”—He could not endure that any should attempt “to cut and square God’s thoughts to ours, and examine his sovereign purposes by the low principles of human wisdom.*

How much more learned than all such knowledge, is the Apostle’s ignorance, when he cries out, O! the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!”

* A kindred spirit of reverence to the word and purposes of God abode in the bosoms of many of the great Scholars and Divines of that period. The learned Selden, in his book on Tithes, speaking of the great riches of the tribe of Levi, makes this energetic remark. “I trust in this; that it pleased the Almighty so to enrich that tribe which was reserved only for the holy service in the temple. Why he did so, or with what proportion, let them for me examine, who dare put their profane fancies to play with his holy text, and so most impudently and wickedly offer to square the one by the other.”—What would Selden have said, had he come across some of the speculations of modern Unitarianism in regard to the Old Testament!
The same humility of soul inspired him with a reverential deference to all the appointed ordinances of God. Speaking of our Saviour submitting to be baptized by John,—"He humbles himself;" said he, "to be baptized. Oh that we who are baptized had more of his likeness in this humble reverence for divine ordinances, looking on them as his in every warranted hand. What though he that teaches be less knowing and less spiritual than thou that hearest, one that might rather learn of thee, yet the appointment of God obliges them to attend as humbly and regardfully to his ministry as if he were an angel."

He loved to mourn over his sins. "Who would not be content to weep," said he; "to have God wipe away their tears with his own hand."—Speaking of the loveliness of Jesus in comparison with all that worldly men love, "their enjoyments, he said, have not near so much sweetness, as the very seckings and mournings after Jesus Christ."

In charity and liberality of mind, in kindness, gentleness, and tenderness of heart and manners, perhaps he never had an equal. There was no such thing as prejudice in his bosom; he never judged another man's conscience; the persecution and religious intolerance of the times distressed him very deeply. The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all. Truly he was so; the example of Jesus was reflected brightly in the life of this eminent saint, from those quiet graces especially, which are most unlike the spirit of this selfish, troubled world, but which soften, subdue, and win, wherever they are witnessed. For the world he would not have grieved a single human heart, or wounded the feelings of the weakest of his brethren in Christ. In the simple language of the Apostle, he was kind, tender-hearted, forgiving;—walking in love, as Christ also hath loved us. Never was there a sweeter exhibition of the pure spirit of heavenly kindness, save in the life of Him who knew no sin. He would not have handled a rosebud too roughly; a terrified bird would have flown to his bosom. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Such patience, such meekness, such compassion, such winning, affectionate mildness, never could have grown up or flourished, but beneath the sweet serene breathings of the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier.

That a saint so constituted was a discreet and tender counselor to individuals distressed with religious doubts and perplexities; that he was not only perfectly free from censoriousness, but kind and gentle in weighing the faults of others, and patient towards the infirmities of his fellow Christians, we need not say.
"They that have most of this wisdom," said he, "are least rigid to those that have less of it. I know no better evidence of strength in grace, than to bear much with those that are weak in it." He was indeed all tenderness to others, though severe to himself; giving life and reality to his own beautiful maxim, he 'forgave himself little, and others much.'—"A man, though he err," said he, "if he do it calmly and meekly, may be a better man than he who is stormy and furiously orthodox."—"Next to the grave and the silent shades of death, a cottage in some wilderness is to be wished for, to mourn for the pride and passion of mankind."—He loved to practise what he pleasantly calls "that sweet doctrine of not revenging, but patiently bearing, and readily forgiving of injuries, and loving enemies, and doing good to all."—"Humility, meekness and charity were the darling virtues of Christ. He came to expiate and to extirpate our pride; and when that majesty did so humble himself, shall a worm swell?"—He has somewhere said, "he that in prayer minds none but himself, doubtless he is not right in minding himself."

What was his own probable practice in the attainment of the Christian graces, may be learned from his own recommendation to others, "to be more particular in our purposes; sometimes to set ourselves to some one grace, not excluding nor turning away the rest, for that cannot be, but yet, more particularly plying that one, were it humility, poverty of spirit, meekness, or any other; and for some time to make that one our main task, were it for some weeks or months together, and examine every day's practice in that particularly. But, like unsettled students among many books, we rove and reel, and make offers at every grace, and still lag behind and make no considerable purchase nor progression in any."

His piety was eminently a meditative piety. Early in life he had been much impressed with some examples of secluded holiness at Donay; his own habits could not have been more worldly, had he spent his whole existence in the gloom and seclusion of the cloister; but he mingled meditation with activity. That is a beautiful image, which Young uses of the Christian;

Like ship at sea, while in, above the world.

Whether in the midst of this world's scenes, or in perfect retirement, Leighton's thoughts were always fixed upon the world whither he was tending. Religious meditation seemed the involuntary habit of his soul; and in this was exemplified the profound truth of his own remark, that "the pure love of God maketh the spirit
pure and simple, and so free, that without any pain and labor it

can at all times turn and recollect itself in God." If duty drew
him from seclusion, it was to watch and pray lest he should enter
into temptation; and amidst the most absorbing earthly business,
if his thoughtful face were of a clear transparency, and you could
have looked through the casement of his soul far into the depths
of its retirement, you would there have seen the high purposes
of God still ripening and fulfilling, and the process of growing
holiness advancing as certainly and uninterruptedly as it would
in the most sacred oratory of private devotion. He thought that
in this world the Christian's white robe would be very likely to
be entangled and defiled, if he wore it too flowingly:

He would not soil those pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapors of this sin-worn mould.

"Our only safest way," said he, "is to gird up our affections
wholly. When we come to the place of our rest, we may wear
our long white robes at full length without disturbance; for no
unclean thing is there; yea, the streets of that New Jerusalem
are paved with gold."

He was a stranger and a pilgrim on the earth, and he felt that
he was such. He had no more motive to partake in the toils
and anxieties of this life, than an angel would feel, commissi-
ed on some errand of mercy to the dwelling-place of mortals,
who stays only till he may perform the mandate of his sovereign,
and is glad to return from the atmosphere of earth to the light of
his Father's countenance, to his home of glory in the skies. Tho-
ugh present in the body, he was absent in the spirit with his
Lord and Master. Amidst his fellow-mortals in all the concerns
of this life he walked and acted like a man in a dream—a dream,—
from which he was then only to awake, when he passed into the
blissful presence of his ascended Saviour. I shall be satisfied,
when I awake, with thy likeness. And though into all the busi-
ness which duty required of him, he entered with a grave inten-
sity to fulfil the Apostle's injunction, yet all this while his soul
was conversing in heaven, for he looked with the eye of faith on
the things unseen and eternal. In the emphatic words of Paul,
he was dead, and his life was hid with Christ in God. He was
altogether Christ's; His image was always before him; His
words always invited him to glory.

I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Forbidding me to stay;
I see a hand, you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.
He thought nothing, desired nothing, did nothing, with which the idea of his Redeemer was not connected. His conversation was like that of Moses and Elias on the mount of transfiguration; or like what we might suppose one of the spirits of the just made perfect would exhibit, if he returned to dwell again for a short period among the inhabitants of earth. With what sweetness, what delicacy, he was accustomed perpetually to recur to the themes nearest and dearest to his heart, progression in holiness, the rest of the saints, the hour of his departure, the things which eye hath not seen, awaiting him in Eternity. Jesus, dwelling in his heart by faith, and formed within him, the hope of glory. “When,” said he, “will the day break, and the shadows flee away?” “It is not,” he would say, “the want of religious houses, but of spiritual hearts, that guses the wing of our affections, and hinders the more frequent practice of this leading precept of the divine law,—sercently to lift up our souls unto God, and to have our conversation in heaven.” There cannot be a doubt that his rules and instructions for a holy life are a transcript from his own experience. It would be impossible for any but a very holy man to rise even to the imagination of a life so celestial, or to compose in such a flowing strain of angelical devotion to God. These rules are a mild still voice from the innermost holy of holies in a heart where God reigns supremely and alone. Sometimes in memorials of this nature there is a repulsive coldness and austerity; here, as in the character of which these instructions are a portrait, the sanctity delineated is attractive, gentle, serene. It is a pure streamlet which has found its way into a world of sin, from the river of the water of life clear as chrystal. It breathes a divine fragrancy and carries the soul silently up to rest in its contemplations at the throne of God and the Lamb.

Leighton’s religious character, though so very retired and contemplative, was cheerful and happy. How could it be otherwise with one who lived in so holy a manner, that he was always longing to depart and to be with Christ. The study of his writings tends to inspire a calm confidence in God, and a holy joyfulness in the contemplation of Jesus and religious things. He speaks very often of the happiness and privileges of the children of God with a humble holy exultation, and even with a playful fulness of delight. He takes a childlike pride in simplicity of heart in showing the roll in his bosom, and the robe his Father has given him to wear. He triumphs in the sweetest manner in the consciousness of his security in Jesus, and of the unalterable
tendency of his soul, through the power of redeeming grace, towards Heaven, his happy home. "Courage, brothers;" he would say, "the day is coming!" His language is the very exuberance of a soul satisfied with every dispensation and delighting in God. It is impossible to read many pages of his works without feeling, that notwithstanding his grief for the desolations and divisions of Zion, and his mournful sense of his own unworthiness, indwelling sin, and want of perfect love, he must have been one of the happiest saints who ever lived. He pours forth image after image expressive of the grateful contentedness of the Christian with the will of his Heavenly Father. The kingdom of Heaven was within him, and he enjoyed large manifestations of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Yet he was always in the valley of humiliation, being dead to himself and to the world, and having his own will swallowed up in the will of his Saviour.

Comprehensive as his mind was, without his eminent holiness he could not have possessed those clear and wide views of God's government and revealed truth, which distinguish his writings. The wisdom in these pages is that of holiness teaching the things that are spiritually discerned; thus his works are a perpetual heavenly Nepenthe, both to the mind and heart. He never engages in bold speculation, carefully avoids metaphysical intricacies and abstractions, and in reasoning on the deep things of God, as we have seen, imitates the great Apostle, *Who art thou O man!* He sat at the feet of Christ, and as a little child learned of him. And all the aspect of his learning is meek and lowly. The doctrines of the Gospel appear with admirable clearness and symmetry; unmingled with philosophical refinement, they possess the same harmony and consistency as they do in the Bible. One of his most favorite topics is the doctrine of justification by faith in Christ through the merits of His righteousness; and he always treats it in such a manner that it seems dearer to the heart of the Christian than it was before. Indeed we may safely assert that the prominent excellence in Leighton's writings is the prominence of the Saviour, and the deep, heartfelt delight with which he dwells upon the glory, the beauty, the loveliness, and the preciousness of his character. He loved to view him in all his offices, and to meditate on the mysteries of his grace in the great scheme of salvation. With what affecting humility and tenderness would he speak of his Saviour's sufferings! He loved to ascribe every good thing to him, to feel his own infinite unworthiness, and to hide beneath the robe of his glorious righteousness.
Leighton's familiarity with the scriptures is remarkable, even in an age distinguished for practical scriptural knowledge. The secret of the Lord was with him; he read whole volumes of spiritual wisdom, to which holiness is the only key. Every word, every line of the sacred books was to him pregnant with celestial meaning: he applied to every part, both of the Old and New Testaments, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness. He never used passages at random; every selection possesses a remarkable appositeness to the subject, so that its place could not be supplied by any other passage without injury. And he introduces the words of Scripture with affectionate reverence, as one who would make the most of a dear and valued friend. The simplicity, freedom, and clearness of his own style, and the holiness of his thoughts, together with the frequent recurrence of sweet and apposite passages from the Bible, make his writings a source of uninterrupted delightfulness. They are like the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

It is worthy of remark, that he quotes from the Song of Solomon, with the same freedom and reverence as from any other part of the Bible. A mind of such unspotted purity as that of Archbishop Leighton could see no incongruity in the spiritual application of this book: there are modern critics, whose pious solicitude for the integrity of the sacred volume would fain exclude it from the canon.

Christians of the seventeenth century meditated much more on the Bible than we do now. We are too exclusively external, busy, revival Christians; they were thoughtful, inward, biblical Christians. They were formed to the stature of men so perfect in Christ Jesus, by much prayer, and long and quiet meditation on the word of God. They received the grace of God, and it grew like peach trees with a southern exposure, and the fruit was rich, mellow, beautiful. Now “the tender plant in a strange unkindly soil” is exposed to all manner of storms and tempests (at least of temptation by growing for the observance of others) before it has become sufficiently indurated; it is not left long enough in the Nursery, to expand quietly and happily beneath the beams of the sun of righteousness; and in our worldly, unwise haste, the fruit is plucked before it is ripe.

Critical scholarship is now probably more general; but the recurrence of such names as Walton and Lightfoot to the memory forbids us to say that it is likewise as profound. Nothing but prejudice grounded in sheer vanity and ignorance could make
Any man imagine that while we deal with the word of God like vigorous scholars, the Christians of that age handled it with indiscriminate application. If to excel us in the prayerful study and reverential exposition of its spiritual meaning were thus to handle it, certainly they did. Nor was this all; very generally the ministers of that age were very great Hebraists and Grecians. But their attention was not so much fixed upon helps to understand the word as upon the word itself. It was their meditation all the day; they ruminated on it; its passages remained in the mind as germs for the accumulation of religious wisdom; and beautiful religious thoughts were continually clustering and crystallizing around them. At that time Christians were accustomed to find deep things of God in passages which a common reader would either not notice, or perhaps be inclined to ask what need of a revelation to convey such very simple knowledge to the mind. They drew precious truths from multitudes of little sleeping concealed fountains, which we hardly deign to visit; if no footsteps but ours interrupted their seclusion, they would all be grown over with moss. In reading the fifth chapter of Luke, Philip Henry would say, See here the reward of neighborly kindness. Peter did but lend his boat a short time to our Saviour to preach a sermon in, and the loan was repaid by a great draught of fishes.—If this disposition degenerated sometimes into conceit, and became mere quaintness, it oftener brought to view precious, heavenly, sparkling thoughts, and opened original truths, and administered unexpected and grateful instruction to the heart.

They possessed a spiritual imagination, restless and rich, which could at any time set a table even in the wilderness, and cover the desert with palaces. Their very dreams were like those of Jacob in the sweet open air of Padan Aram. Wherever in the Bible they rested to meditate, anon uprose like an exhalation, stately religious fabrics,

____________________
With the sound
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.

Archbishop Leighton and Bishop Hall in his Contemplations are among the happiest examples of this peculiarity. Leighton invariably mingle with it the chastening influence of a delicate refined taste. His works are everywhere a pure fountain, that

Sends up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse.

There is nothing to interrupt the deep delight breathed over the
heart; the air all round is calm; the shade is grateful; "heavens twilight is, and coolness;" there is no thought, or sound, or image, to disturb the purity and peacefulness of the place and scene. Far and long we might wander in the wilderness of this world, and meet no such second resting-place.

Leighton's writings are not, like many others’, (and even powerful minds) now a waste of sand, and now an Oasis of exceeding beauty; they are all one perpetual variety of rich and solemn scenery, where you walk on in unconscious progress from one spot to another, now lost in the religious gloom and echoing walks of the forest, now emerging into the open light, which gleams upon thick golden furze and wild flowers, now watching the spire of a distant village, or the smoke rising through trees from a concealed hamlet, now listening to the roar of a waterfall, and now coming to an opening where you can see the Ocean. Here we are ever in the land Beulah. We are walking in the king's own gardens built for the entertainment of the Pilgrims.* It seems as if we were wandering in Eden, through a forest of spices; attended all the while by solemn warbling melodies, that rise and steal upon the air as sacredly, as if they were voices of praise from spirits dwelling in the flowers.

We have heard the observation quoted from Lord Bacon that mere abstract knowledge has something destructive in its tendencies. It is crude, poisonous, corrosive; needs to be mollified by the kindly influence of moral feeling.† The remark was made

* "Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah,* whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to: also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof: for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven.”

† In speaking of certain writings, which "acted in no slight degree to prevent his mind from being imprisoned within the outlines of any single dogmatic system," Coleridge presents a similar idea, with a vividness which is truly startling. "They contributed," says he, "to keep alive the heart in the head; gave me an indistinct, yet stirring and working presentment, that all the products of the mere reflective faculty partook of death, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap was yet to be propelled from some root to which I had not penetrated, if they were at all to afford my soul either food or shelter."—Biographia Literaria. Vol. i. page 92.
probably with exclusive reference to philosophy and science; it possesses fearful truth in reference to the constitution of man as a religious being. The thoughts that wander through eternity must forever be the ministers of pain to the soul alienated from God. Knowledge must be allied with holiness before it can render its possessor happy. It is only by such an alliance that knowledge rises into wisdom, and becomes food for the soul; as the constituent principles of our atmosphere are pure destruction uncombined, but form, in unison, our vital element. Mere intellectual grandeur has nothing in it attractive to the affections; mere intellectual pursuits powerfully exhaust the mind, and it suffered to keep it in a state of tension become exceedingly painful. The highest atmosphere of thought, (to apply a physical image from Milton) "burns frore, and cold performs the effect of heat," unless it be a region irradiated by the love of God. There is the same result to the soul, which Humboldt experienced in the body, when ascending into a mountain air so thin and rarified, that the lungs labored spasmodically, and the blood almost started from the pores.* Commingled with holiness, and thus tempered to the whole moral being, the clearest and most elevated intellectual atmosphere becomes the soul's connatural element, in which it moves with the freedom and elasticity of heavenly spirits.

Such an element the mind finds in the writings of Archbishop Leighton. If there be one quality which characterizes him, it is depth and majesty of thought; it would be severe, but the influence of his piety invests it with a sweet moral radiance, making it mild and attractive. It would fill the reader with awe; but there is present a glory of a nature so much purer and more celestial, that the intellectual grandeur of these volumes is merged and lost in the transcendent splendor of that holy spiritual light. The presence of Jesus transfigures his conceptions with such divine effulgence, that the power of his intellect is forgotten.

He throws off thoughts that apart would startle the mind, and that open whole provinces of original reflection, with a sort of pensive serenity, that bespeaks them the familiar inmates of his bosom. He says nothing more than seems to be perfectly spontaneous, but passes along dropping thought after thought, with calm luxuriance, from a mind long and habitually meditative on holy subjects, and overflowing with treasures of religious wisdom.

* We have heard this fact very admirably applied to illustrate the effect of abstruse speculations about those religious mysteries, which, in our present existence, lie completely beyond the province of human reason.
Emotion follows emotion, as if a youthful seraph were soliloquizing aloud from a heart that enshrines the Saviour, singing and making melody to the Lord. His mind indeed was a holy temple, where pure thoughts went in and out continually. His pages are fraught, not with mere knowledge; they are full of wisdom, heaven-descended, gentle, pure, peaceable.

His meditative habits remind us of Cowper’s admirable sentiment;

A life all turbulence and noise may seem
To him that leads it wise, and to be praised;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still waters, and beneath clear skies.

In the midst of his works you seem to have ascended into the truth’s pure empyrean; you are where the sky is troubled by no storm, and where the vision extends on all sides so far, that the most distant and spiritual conceptions seem presented to the mind as in a silent intuition. In this elevated region there are no rising mists of passion to obscure the truth, no selfish anxieties to weaken its power, no influence of prejudice to distort and mingle it with error. Leighton walked so closely with God, that here, in the sunshine of truth, his mind found its congenial abode. Spiritual truths of the highest import, and “thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers,” were the habitual food of his intellect. From this elevation he scarcely descended; he never engaged in controversy, nor systematized as a theologian, nor argued as a partisan; and his heart be kept with such diligence, that it needed no veil, diminution, or concealment of the light; he had no sinful thoughts, that, by fearing to be reproved, made it painful. The love of God rendered his intellectual vision piercing, and gave, besides, such spontaneous activity to his powers, that no moral lethargy ever made him weary. Every thing behind was forgotten in the absorbing desire to reach the attainment which was still before.

His Commentary on Peter has generally been esteemed highest in excellence among his writings. Some of his Sermons are equally beautiful. They were usually short. “Possibly,” said he, “the longer the text be, and the shorter the sermon be, so much the better; for it is greatly to be suspected that our usual way of very short texts and very long sermons, is apt to weary people more, and profit them less.”—“Tis better,” said he, “to send them home still hungry than surfeited.”

His Theological Lectures are full of the fruits of his profound learning, converted into rich transparencies by passing through
the fires of his imagination. They are a specimen of the manner in which an eminently holy mind will put to use the invaluable treasures contained in the ancient classics. His selections from the Greek and Latin authors, especially the readiness and exquisite taste with which he quotes from the Grecian Poets, justify the declaration of Burnet, that “he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of: and he used them in the aptest manner possible.” He possessed the moral alchemy, which turns all kinds of learning into Christian gold.* With the most winning gentleness he would convert each lecture in reality into a practical sermon, and on all occasions made his addresses to the students affectionate persuasives to a life of piety.

Leighton’s diction, though he did not take pains in selecting phrases or words, is chaste and beautiful as his thoughts are holy. Purity of diction seemed almost as natural in the movement of his intellect, as purity of feeling in that of his heart. His thoughts shine through his language like green leaves in amber. With what a sweet sentence does his Commentary on Peter open.—

*The grace of God in the heart of man is a tender plant in a strange unkindly soil.* He seems not to have modelled his sentences by study, but to have let them flow on at random, as the shape of his thoughts might be: so that there never was a more correct picture of a writer’s mind, nor one producing a deeper conviction of the richness of its stores.

His language surrounds his conceptions with a fulness of mellow light, pleasant to the spirit, and suited to their own richness, and meditative pathos. It is as if the softness of an Italian sunset had settled down on some clear, still evening, over the thoughtful features of an English landscape—a scene for instance in Cumberland,

With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

His style is pure, unelaborate English. It is a fountain of genuine, native idioms. His pages sparkle with expressions, which without degenerating into tameness, possess a delightful colloquial

*"There is scarce a department of human knowledge, without some bearing on the various critical, historical, philosophical, and moral truths, in which the scholar must be interested as a clergyman. To give the history of the Bible as a book, would be little less than to relate the origin, or first excitement, of all the literature and science that we now possess.”

**COLERIDGE, Biographia Literaria. Vol. I. page 143.**
simplicity. There is more of the Saxon part of our language, than of words of other origin. His words are indeed perfectly unexampled in that age for simplicity and purity; and they seem to arrange themselves as self-intelligent, in the easiest and most unprompted forms, like dew imperceptibly descending on the mown grass. His style glides along like a placid river, "winding at his own sweet will," amidst luxuriant landscapes, dotted with white cottages, shining through trees, and abundant in all images of purity and contentedness. It is peculiarly marked, neither by the vivacity of Baxter, nor the Greek-like profundity of Howe, nor the regularity of Bates, nor the profuse magnificence of Jeremy Taylor, nor the synonymous redundancy of Barrow; but it possesses a mingled melody, simplicity, and richness, superior to either of these writers. It is read with greater ease, and a more continuous feeling of delight. All its excellencies are without effort, natural, modest; its ornament, unsought, unstudied, and without display. It flows over the mind like David's rural Psalm, *The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want*. Indeed, as it comes nearer to the Bible in holiness, than any other book, so it has more of its sacred simplicity. It seems the very medium, through which holy thoughts would find their natural utterance. He never wrote to meet the reigning taste, and consequently there is little, either in matter or dress, which belongs to the age; his beauties are those of nature, which always please. It is wonderful that in an age fond of antithesis and conceit, there should not be found a single trace of it in his writings, any more than in the pages of Addison; and that in a nation so lavish in the accommodation of Scripture, and so full of spiritual affectation, he should have written uniformly in a style of such natural, native, idiomatic elegance. So that the scripture sown like orient pearls along his pages, appears in relief, and compels the notice, as a precious stone shines from its fretted setting, or, in that exquisite description of words fitly spoken, *as apples of gold in pictures of silver*. It is the Bible, whose spirit not only reigns throughout every paragraph, but whose voice, distinguishable in a moment, and to which he seems stopping to listen,

Fills up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought.

His illustrations are inimitably beautiful, and he throws them off with surprising fertility. They give such clearness to the thought, at the same time admitting the rich light of a fine imagination to stream upon it, that what was before but an intellectu-
al abstraction, receives, as it were, an instantaneous creation, and becomes a thing of sensible life and beauty; as if one of the invisible spirits, passing by in the air, should on a sudden assume a tawdry shape of glory to the eye. His figures detain and fix for the mind's inspection the subtle shades of thought, and finish and shape those timid, half-disclosed spiritual appearances, that else, as they come to the vision like birds of Paradise, would fly away as quickly. It is as if the restless clouds with all the evanescent beauty of their deepening and changing hues at sunset, should hear a voice, and remain for hours, motionless and the same, in extreme stillness to the sight.

From some parts of his writings we should suppose him an admirer of Plato, and an intimate student of both would probably discern resemblances in his intellect and imagination with those of that “Divine Philosopher, that plank from the wreck of Paradise, thrown on the shores of idolatrous Greece.” His mind was familiar with scholastic subtleties, but rose very far above them. He was not “put from beholding the still countenance of truth,” by speculations, which even with so great a man as Plato, might be mere fanciful shapings of a mind unregenerate; fragments of cloud, as it were, which the sun interpenetrates and makes to look beautiful; or, at the uttermost, dim, shadowy, half revelations of awful truths, which Leighton's holy soul, in the light of the Bible, beheld as with the calmness of intuition.

His writings are full of deep poetry, both in feeling and expression. He might have written a religious Allegro and Pen-seroso, such was his command of soft-flowing language and chaste images. The whole array of his subjects, both of meditation and composition, were Poetry in its most elevated and spiritual sense. Every truly religious being possesses indeed its purest and deepest fountain within him. The life of God in the soul of Man not only regenerates, but calls into existence within the bosom of the individual an interminable succession of resplendent forms and images. And the more holy he becomes, the more his mind is filled with vast subjects of thought, and his imagination enriched with grandeur, and led to revel amidst the celestial wonders of the upper world, till his conceptions are all habitually expanded and transfigured with glory. The only reason why there are not more religious Poets, is because there are so few holy men.*

* "Religion is the Poetry and Philosophy of all mankind; unites in itself whatever is most excellent in either, and while it at one and the same time calls into action and supplies with the noblest materials both the imaginative and the intellective faculties, superad is the interests of the most substantial and heartfelt realities to both; to the
It is grievous to think that the best books in the English language are so little studied. What abundant materials in the literature of the Seventeenth Century, out of which to build up the individual mind strong and towering, and make the prevailing scholarship deep, rich, lasting! How happy is it, that when we may have for our constant companions such men as Leighton, and Milton, and Howe, and Taylor, and Hall, and men of a kindred spirit in a later age, Butler, Coleridge, Burke,—High Priests in the temple of knowledge, to open and read to us the great volume of truth,—how is it possible, that under the impulse of such minds, modern scholarship can be so destitute of enthusiastic intellectual energy, and richness and comprehensiveness of thought? The fertility of the modern press in books of amusement, and, till very lately, the total want of new and available editions of old authors, has kept men in perfect ignorance of the boundless treasures hid in the early English writers, and those who inherited their spirit. With habits of mind induced by wandering through modern libraries, a student cannot relish books where thought is in unwrought ingots, instead of being spread out in ornamental gold-leaf over the surface. The mind is not amused. There is also much melancholy truth in Lord Bacon’s account of the matter. “It is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth; nor again that when it is found it imposeth upon men’s thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural, though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the latter schools of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie’s sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-light. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that sheweth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that sheweth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure.”

It is more grievous that with such examples of Holy Living, and such food for piety in the heart, given us not only in the poetic vision and the philosophic idea. But in order to produce a similar effect, it must act in a similar way; it must reign in the thoughts of man, and in the powers of akin to thought, as well as exercise an admitted influence over his hopes, and through those, on his deliberate and individual acts.”

Coleridge. Lay Sermon on the text “Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.”

Page 88.
Bible, but in the writings of men, whose minds were baptized and thoroughly interpenetrated by its spirit, our Christian attainments should be so lean. The truth is, we use these means too much for delight, instead of improvement. We love the heavenly feeling induced by the perusal of Leighton, but we do not, when we have done reading him, employ the happy frame, and pour out its fulness in prayer. Would we only seize the intervals of softened thought and energetic purpose, the intervals of clear vision into Eternity, which visit us when we read the lives and writings of such holy men, and which besides, in the movements of the wonder-working Spirit, come to us often unaccountably, like an unexpected breeze from Paradise, and make use of them by praying at the time, with the power and fervency which such a state of mind enkindles, we should soon become eminent Christians. We are not watchful to obey those gentle impulses with which God draws us to himself; there is some excuse or other; we are not ready now for the work of advancing in holiness which was the all-consecrating purpose of existence in Leighton’s bosom. That definite aim, which he lamented was so little prevalent, was in him like a passion, which overpowers and masters all other considerations, and binds them to its service. “It is wonderful,” said Foster, “how even the apparent casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them, and yield to assist a design, after having in vain endeavored to frustrate it.” In the formation of Christian character we need that holy energy and decision, which, instead of being governed by external circumstances, governs them, and makes them religious servitors to feed the sacred fire that burns in the bosom. The Christian who does not watch, leaves himself a sport for all the casual influences that from every side can pour in upon his soul; he is taken along by successive events in his progress to eternity, and as it were handed forward in quiet passiveness from one to the other, till the last brings him, perhaps without warning, to the bar of God.

Before commencing the selections in order, from Archbishop Leighton’s works, it will be interesting to bring together in shorter paragraphs some separate illustrations and thoughts.

Thou shalt be sure to be assaulted (by Satan) when thou hast received the greatest enlargements from Heaven, either at the sacrament, or in prayer, or in any other way; then look for an
onset. This arch pirate lets the empty ships pass, but lays wait for them when they return richest laden.

When God awakes his children, and makes them rise, this is a probable sign that it is near day. I mean, when he stirs them up to more than usual hopes and prayers and endeavors, it is very likely that he intends them some special good.

Which of us may not complain, (though few of us do) that our souls have either no wings to elevate themselves to the contemplation of him from whom they issued, or if they make attempts at it, our affections, engaged to the world, make us, like a bird tied by the foot, fall presently down again into the mire? It is high time to leave hunting shadows, and to turn our internal eye to the beholding of this Uncreated Light.

Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law. It is not a histrionicical weeping, only in public; for the speech is here directed to God, as a more frequent witness of these tears than any other; who is always the witness of the sincerity of them, when they cannot be hid from the eyes of men. For I deny not but they may and should have vent in public, especially at such times as are set apart for solemn humiliation and mourning. Yet even then, usually those streams run deepest, where they are stillest and most quietly conveyed. But surely they should not be fewer and less frequent alone than in company, for that is a little subject to suspicion. My soul shall weep in secret places for your pride, and mine eyes shall weep sore and run down with tears, because the Lord's flock is carried away captive.

That flower which follows the sun, doth so even in cloudy days: when it doth not shine forth, yet it follows the hidden course and motion of it. So, the soul that moves after God, keeps that course when He hides His face; is content, yea is glad at His will in all estates or conditions or events.

Speaking of extraordinary assurances of the love of God, Some weaker Christians, Leighton said, sometimes have them, while stronger are strangers to them; the Lord training these to live more contentedly by faith till the day of vision come.

Things are in their own course, and men are in their voluntary choices; yet all subserving the great Lord and His ends and His glory, who made them all for himself: as the lower orbs have each their motion, but are all wheeled about with the first.

When the Lord withholds mercies or comforts for a season, it is but till the due season; it is but to ripen them for us, which we in our childish haste would pluck green, when they would
be neither so sweet nor so wholesome. Therefore it is our wisdom and our peace, to resign all things into his hands.

In regard to the necessity of a day of universal judgement he observes profoundly, The process of many men’s actions cannot be full at the end of their life as—it shall be at that day: many have very large after-reckonings to come upon them for those sins of others to which they are accessory, though committed after their death; as the sins of ill-educated children to be laid to the charge of their parents, the sins of such as any have corrupted, either by their counsels and pernicious, or evil examples, &c.

Watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation. Little sins prove usually introductions to greater sins. Admit but some inordinate desire into your heart, that you account a small matter, and it is a hundred to one but it shall prove a little thief got in, to open the door to a number of greater: as the Rabbins speak, a less evil brings a man into the hands of a greater.

All the inducements and occasions of sin, things that come near a breach are to be avoided; that which the Rabbins call the hedge of the Law is not to be broken. They who do always all that they lawfully may, will sometimes do more.

To have a right view of the special providence of God towards his church, it must be taken altogether, and not by parcels. Pieces of rarest artifice, while they are a making, seem little worth, especially to an unskilful eye, which being completed, command admiration. Peter Martyn says well, De operibus Dei, antequam actum, non est judicandum: There is no judging of the works of God, before they are finished.

You (Christian that are of a lower order, know that you must shine too; for it is a common duty. There is a certain company of small stars in the firmament, which, though they cannot be each one severally seen, yet being many, their united light makes a conspicuous brightness in the heavens, which is called the milky way: so though the shining of every private Christian is not so much severally remarkable, yet the concourse and meeting of their light together will make a bright path of holiness shine in the church.

The common way of referring things to God is indeed impious and dishonorable to Him, being really no other than calling Him to be a servant and executioner to our passion.

A skilful engraver makes you a statue indifferently of wood or stone or marble, as they are put into his hand; so Grace forms a man to a Christian way of walking in any estate.
We would, naturally, rather carve for ourselves, and shape our own estate to our mind, which is a most foolish, yea an impious presumption: as if we were wiser than He who hath done it, and as if there were not as much, and it may be, more possibility of true contentment in a mean than in a far higher condition. The master's mind is often more toiled than the servant's body. But if our condition be appointed us, at least we would have a voice in some qualifications and circumstances of it; as in this, if a man must serve, he would wish willingly that God would allot him a meek gentle master. And so in other things, if we must be sick, we would be well accommodated and not want helps; but to have sickness and want means and friends for our help, this we cannot think of without horror. But this submission to God is never right, till all that concerns us be given up into His hand, to do with it, and with every article and circumstance of it, as seems good in His eyes.

Think you there is no way to Hell, but the way of open profaneness? Yes, surely, many a way that seems smooth and clear in a man's own eyes, and yet will end in condemnation. Truth is but one, Error, endless and interminable. As we say of natural life and death, so may we say in respect of spiritual; the way to life is one, but there are many out of it.

The heart is far more active in sin than any of the senses, or the whole body. The motion of spirits is far swifter than that of bodies. The mind can make a greater progress in any of these wanderings in one hour, than the body is able to follow in many days.

Men hear these (apostolic instructions) as general discourses, and let them pass so; they apply them not, or if they do, it is readily to some other person. But they are addressed to all, that each one may regulate himself by them; and so these divine truths are like a well drawn picture, which looks particularly upon every one amongst the great multitude that look upon it.

Even sin may be sinfully reproved; and how thinkest thou that sin shall redress sin, and restore the sinner? There is a great deal of spiritual art and skill in dealing with another's sin: it requires much spirituality of mind, and much prudence, and much love, a mind clear from passion; for that blinds the eye, and makes the hand rough, so that a man neither rightly sees, nor rightly handles the sore he goes about to cure; and many are lost through the ignorance and neglect of that due temper which is to be brought to this work. Men think otherwise, that
their rigors are much spirituality; but they mistake it. Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

If our feeling bowels and helping hand are due to all, and particularly to the godly, and we ought to pay this debt in outward distresses, how much more in their soul-afflictions!—the rather, because these are most heavy in themselves, and least understood, and therefore least regarded; yea, sometimes rendered yet heavier by natural friends, possibly by their bitter scoffs and taunts, or by their slighting, or, at best, by their misapplying of proper helps and remedies, which, as unfit medicines, do rather exasperate the disease; therefore they that do understand, and can be sensible of that kind of wound, ought so much the more to be tender and pitiful towards it, and to deal mercifully and gently with it. It may be, very weak things sometimes trouble a weak Christian; but there is in the spirit of the godly, a humble condescension learned from Christ, who broke not the bruised reed, nor quenched the smoking flax. The least difficulties and scruples in a tender conscience, should not be roughly encountered; they are as a knot in a silken thread, and require a gentle and wary hand to loose them.

He that refrains his lips, may ponder and pre-examine what he utters, whether it be profitable and reasonable or no; and so the tongue of the just is as fined silver, Prov. x. 20; it is refined in the wise forethought and pondering of the heart: according to the saying, Bis ad limam priusquam semel ad linguam. Twice to the file ere once to the tongue. Even to utter knowledge and wise things profusely, holds not of wisdom, and a little usually makes most noise; as the Hebrew proverb is, Stater in ingenis bis bis clamat. A penny in an earthen pot keeps a great sound and tinkling. Certainly it is the way to have much inward peace, to be wary in this point. Men think to have solace by much free unbounded discourse with others, and when they have done, they find it otherwise, and sometimes contrary. He is wise that hath learned to speak little with others, and much with himself and with God.

Some good outward actions avail nothing, the soul being un-renewed; as you may stick some figs, or hang some clusters of grapes upon a thorn-bush, but they cannot grow upon it. In this men deceive themselves, even such as have some thoughts of amendment; when they fall into sin, and are reproved for it, they say, (and possibly think so too,) "I will take heed to my-
self, I will be guilty of this no more." And because they go no
deeper, they are many of them ensnared in the same kind again;
but however, if they do never commit that same sin, they do but
change it for some other: as a current of waters, if you stop
their passage one way, they rest not till they find another. The
conversation can never be uniformly and entirely good, till the
frame of the heart, the affections and desires that lodge in it, be
changed.

Be not strangers in suffering. Which yet naturally we would
be. We are willing to hear of peace and ease, and would gladly
believe what we extremely desire. It is a thing of prime con-
cern, to take at first a right notion of Christianity. This many
do not, and so either fall off quickly, or walk on slowly and heav-
vily; they do not reckon right the charges, take not into the ac-
count the duties of doing and suffering, but think to perform
some duties, if they may with ease, and have no other foresight;
they do not consider that self-denial, that fighting against a man's
self, and fighting vehemently with the world, those trials, fiery
trials, which a Christian must encounter with.

I remember what that pious Duke said at Jerusalem, when they
offered to crown him king there, Nolo auream, ubi Christus spi-
neam: No crown of gold, where Christ Jesus was crowned with
thorns.

This is the way we must follow, or else resolve to leave Him;
the way of the Cross is the royal way to the Crown. He said
it, and reminded them of it again, that they might take the deep
impression of it: Remember what I said unto you, the servant is
not greater than the Lord. If they have persecuted me, they
will also persecute you: if they have kept my saying, they will
keep yours also.

This is the path to the kingdom, that which all the sons of
God, the heirs of it, have gone in, even Christ; according to
that well known word, One son without sin, but not one without
suffering: Christ also suffered.

Leighton's admirable thoughts on Peter's directions in regard
to the putting on of apparel are not among the selections in the
body of this work; their excellence is such, that rather than
omit them we insert them here.

That nothing may be wanting to the qualifying of a Christian
wife, she is taught how to dress herself: supposing a general de-
sire, but especially in that sex, of ornament and comeliness: the
sex which began first our engagement to the necessity of clothing, having still a peculiar propensity to be curious in that, to improve the necessity to an advantage.

The direction here given, corrects the misplacing of this diligence, and addresses it right? *Let it not be of the outward man in plaiting, &c.*

Our perverse, crooked hearts turn all we use into disorder. Those two necessities of our life, food and raiment, how few know the right measure and bounds of them! Unless poverty be our carver and cut us short, who, almost, is there, that is not bent to something excessive! Far more are beholden to the lowliness of their estate, than to the lowliness of their mind, for sobriety in these things; and yet, some will not be so bounded neither, but will profusely lavish out upon trifles, to the sensible prejudice of their estate.

It is not my purpose, nor do I think it very needful, to debate many particulars of apparel and ornament of the body, their lawfulness or unlawfulness: only,

**First,** It is out of doubt, that though clothing was first drawn on by necessity, yet, all regard of comeliness and ornament in apparel, is not unlawful; nor doth the Apostle’s expression here, rightly considered, fasten that upon the adorning he here speaks of. He doth no more universally condemn the use of gold for ornament, than he doth any other comely raiment, which here he means by that general word of putting on of apparel: for his *not* is comparative,—not this adorning, but the ornament of a meek spirit, that rather, and as being much more comely and precious; as that known expression, *I will have mercy and not sacrifice.*

**Secondly,** According to the different place and quality of persons, there may be a difference in this: thus, the robes of judges and princes are not only for personal ornament, but because there is in them, especially to vulgar eyes which seldom look deeper than the outside of things, there is, I say, in that apparel a representation of authority or majesty, which befits their place; and besides this, other persons who are not in public place, men, or women, (who are here particularly directed,) yet may have in this some mark of their rank; and in persons otherwise little distant, some allowance may be made for the habits and breeding of some beyond others, or the quality of their society, and those with whom they converse.

**Thirdly,** It is not impossible that there may be in some an affected pride in the meanness of apparel, and in others, under
either neat or rich attire, a very humble unaffected mind; using it upon some of the aforementioned engagements, or such like, and yet, the heart not at all upon it. *Magnus qui fictilibus utitur tanquam argento, nec ille minor qui argento tanquam fictilibus,* says Seneca: Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.

*Fourthly,* It is as sure as any of these, that real excess and vanity in apparel will creep in, and will always willingly convey itself under the cloak of some of these honest and lawful considerations. This is a prime piece of our heart’s deceit, not only to hold out fair pretences to others, but to put the trick upon ourselves, to make ourselves believe we are right and single-minded in those things wherein we are directly serving our lusts, and feeding our own vanity.

*Fifthly,* To a sincere and humble Christian, very little either dispute or discourse concerning this will be needful. A tender conscience, and a heart purified from vanity and weaned from the world, will be sure to regulate this, and all other things of this nature, after the safest manner, and will be wary, 1. of lightness and fantastic garb in apparel, which is the very bush or sign hanging out, that tells a vain mind lodges within; and, 2. of excessive costliness, which both argues and feeds the pride of the heart, and defrauds, if not others of their dues, yet, the poor of thy charity, which, in God’s sight, is a due debt too. Far more comfort shalt thou have on thy death-bed, to remember that such a time, instead of putting lace on my own clothes, I helped a naked back to clothing, I abated somewhat of my former superfluities, to supply the poor’s necessities—far sweeter will this be, than to remember, that I could needlessly cast away many pounds to serve my pride, rather than give a penny to relieve the poor.

As conscientious Christians will not exceed in the thing itself, so, in as far as they use lawful ornament and comeliness, they will do it without bestowing much either of diligence or delight on the business.

To have the mind taken and pleased with such things, is so foolish and childish a thing, that if most might not find it in themselves, they would wonder at it in many others, of years and common sense. *Non his pueri, sed semper:* Not twice children, but always. And yet truly, it is a disease that few escape. It is strange upon how poor things men and women will be vain, and think themselves somebody; not only upon some
comeliness in their face or feature, which though poor, is yet a part of themselves, but of things merely without them; that they are well lodged, or well mounted, or well apparelled, either richly, or well in fashion. Light empty minds are like bladders, blown up with any thing. And they who perceive not this in themselves, are the most drowned in it; but such as have found it out, and abhor their own follies, are still hunting and following these in themselves, to beat them out of their hearts and to shame them from such popgeries. The soul fallen from God, hath lost its true worth and beauty; and therefore it basely descends to these mean things, to serve and dress the body, and take share with it of its unworthy borrowed ornaments, while it hath lost and forgotten God, and seeks not after Him, knows not that He alone is the beauty and ornament of the soul, (Jer. ii. 32,) His Spirit and the graces of it, its rich attire, as is here particularly specified in one excellent grace, and it holds true in the rest.

The Apostle doth indeed expressly, on purpose, check and forbid vanity and excess in apparel, and excessive delight in lawful decorum, but his primo end is to recommend this other ornament of the soul, the hidden man of the heart.

It is the thing the best philosophy aimed at, as some of their wisest men do express it, to reduce men, as much as may be, from their body to their soul; but this is the thing that true religion alone doth effectually and thoroughly, calling them off from the pampering and feeding of a morsel for the worms, to the nourishing of that immortal being infused into it, and directing them to the proper nourishment of souls, the Bread that came down from heaven.

Whoever attempts to remark upon Archbishop Leighton's character, must feel that he has given at best a very inadequate delineation of its excellence. To suppose that he attained this excellence without a hard fought spiritual conflict, or that he had not, like other men, his bosom sins to wrestle with, would be as unphilosophical as it was unscriptural. "The composition and quality of the mind of a virtuous man," says a great meditative poet,* "contemplated by the side of the Grave where his body is mouldering, ought to appear, and be felt, as something midway between what he was on Earth, walking about with his living frailties, and what he may be presumed to be as a Spirit in Heaven. What purity and brightness is that virtue clothed in, the image of which must no longer bless our living eyes! The

character of a deceased Friend or beloved Kinsman is not seen, no—nor ought to be seen, otherwise than as a Tree through a tender haze or luminous mist, that spiritualizes and beautifies it; that takes away indeed, but only to the end that the parts which are not abstracted may appear more dignified and lovely, may impress and effect the more." The character of Leighton, though no Christian can contemplate it without loving it, does not need even that degree of affectionate indulgence, in which the truth is thus "hallowed by love." Where can another example be found of one in whom sanctification had proceeded so far this side the grave,—who had, in the language of his instructions for a holy life, so completely 'disunited his heart from all things, and united it only to God;' whose humility was so deep and continued; always displeased with himself, severe to his failings, adding to his attainments, forgetting that he possessed any holiness, so long as any remained to be possessed!*

More might have been said, in the course of these introductory remarks on the invaluable example which Leighton has left to students in the use he made of secular learning. If holiness could make any man undervalue human wisdom, he would have undervalued it; but his piety led him to value more highly every acquisition which would in any way increase his moral power, or become its instrument. His love to God was an active principle pervading every part of his knowledge, and making it subservient to usefulness and growth in grace. Here is a mind, formed in a great measure out of the strong discipline of classical learning and what a noble result! Here we see one, holier, perhaps, than any uninspired man who ever lived, storing his comprehensive mind with spoils from every region of human as well as divine knowledge. One, whose piety and learning helped each other; who studied much and universally, but all for the Bible; who loved the classics, was profound in all the deep scholastic erudition of the age, yet felt that a single devotional thought was worth all the books in his library.

We might also have spoken more at large concerning his liberality of mind. So little is this quality understood, and so rare is the perfect exhibition of it, that Leighton's biographers seem

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* The secret of his progress is expressed in a passage in one of Augustine's Sermons. "Be always displeased at what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not; for where thou hast pleased thyself, there thou abidest. But if thou sayest, I have enough, thou perishest; always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate; he that standeth still proceedeth not; he goeth back that continueth not; he devieth that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that runneth out of his way."
almost to have thought it necessary to make an apology for what they have called his latitudinarian views. It was understood still less during his own age and lifetime; in that unquiet, intolerant period men would hazard the destruction of all religion, rather than abandon the most unmeaning of its ceremonies; so Leighton’s indigence in regard to indifferent things drew down upon him the censure and obloquy of all parties. “It was not only in the Roman customs,” said Burke indignantly, “but it is in the nature and constitution of things, that obloquy and abuse are essential parts of triumph.” Most true is this noble sentiment in regard to every triumph in the march of Christian benevolence.

Leighton’s views were too comprehensive, his habits of thought too profound, the elevation of his mind too holy, to be touched by the intolerant spirit of the age. The early years which he spent in travelling on the continent no doubt contributed powerfully to liberalize his mind, and raise it above prejudice. With what lustre do his benevolent and comprehensive views as a churchman appear, contrasted with the feelings and conduct of many among that party at the present day;—an example of liberality in the seventeenth century, which men in the nineteenth scarcely understand! He was too much occupied in the pursuit of the substance of religion to let his attention fasten on its shadow; and such was his love of holiness, that wherever he marked even its faint exhibition, he instantly forgot every minor difference in the warmth of Christian affection. His aim was peace, and not victory; religious truth, and not the established religion.

The years are coming, ‘the time of rest, the promised Sabbath comes,’ when this discordant world shall be quieted and made happy by the universal prevalence of such a spirit. How many centuries have passed of human misery, depravity, and waste of mind! ‘The groans of nature in this nether world must have an end.’ From multitudes of regenerate hearts, and every year the multitude is rapidly increasing, the yearning prayer rises to God for deliverance:

“Accomplish, then, their number; and conclude
Time’s weary course! Or if, by thy decree,
The consummation that will come by stealth
Be yet far distant, let thy word prevail,
Oh! let thy Word prevail, to take away,
The sting of human nature. Spread the Law,
As it is written in thy holy Book,
Throughout all lands: let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey;
Both for the love of purity, and hope
Which it affords to such as do thy will,
And persevere in good, that they shall rise
To have a nearer view of Thee, in heaven.
—Father of Good! this prayer in bounty grant,
In mercy grant it to thy wretched sons.
Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,
And cruel wars expire. The way is marked,
The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
Alas! the nations, who of yore received
These tidings, and in Christian Temples meet
The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger still;
Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love
Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.
So fare the many; and the thoughtful few,
Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
This dire perverseness, cannot choose but ask,
Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and strife,
Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their seed,
And the kind never perish? Is the hope
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth,
And ne'er to fail? Shall that blest day arrive,
When they, whose choice or lot it is to dwell
In crowded cities, without fear shall live,
Studios of mutual benefit; and be,
Whom morning wakes, among sweet dews and flowers
Of every clime, to till the lovely field,
Be happy in himself?—The law of Faith
Working through Love, such conquest shall it gain,
Such triumph over sin and guilt achieve?
Almighty Lord, thy further grace impart!
And with that help the wonder shall be seen
Fulfilled, the hope accomplished; and thy praise
Be sung with transport and unceasing joy!"