

age and sickness, and harassed by seditious and immoralities around him, which he could not control, he sought, and at last obtained from the king, the permission to resign his office, which he had never taken up but as a burthen and a duty, and had never borne but as a cross; and being once more at liberty to choose his home, he betook himself to his sister's (Mrs. Lightmaker) house at Broadhurst, in a retired part of Sussex, where having past several years in a peaceful preparation for eternity, not, however, in contemplation only, but in pious and edifying exercises, preaching constantly in the parish church, instructing the poor in their cottages, and never refusing his pastoral advice whenever it was asked, he arrived at last at a height of spiritual piety and excellence, which all should imitate, but few can hope to attain. He died in 1684, in the arms of his friend and admirer, Burnet, and what is remarkable, at the very place where he had always wished to die, at an inn, considering himself as a wayfarer in life, and hasting away to his Father's house. In that year, at the request of Burnet, he left his retirement in Sussex, to visit Lord Perth, who having felt some compunctious visitings of conscience, had earnestly desired the advice and consolation of Dr. Leighton. The good man was ill himself at the time, but would not refuse the work of piety to which he was called. "The worse I am," said he, "the more I choose to go, that I may give one pull at yon poor brother, and snatch him if possible, from the infectious air of the court." In the midst of this spiritual undertaking he was seized with an oppression of the chest, which the next day terminated in a pleurisy that was fatal to him. His sufferings were few and short for he soon became insensible even to the kind cares of Burnet, whose friendship watched over his parting hours; and, on the third day, at the Bell inn, Warwick-lane, where he had taken up his temporary abode, this good and venerable man sunk without a struggle to that heavenly rest for which he had so long panted.

One thing more connected with his death we cannot withhold. In consequence of his extreme forbearance with regard to money matters, he left Scotland with arrears to a considerable amount owing to him from the tenants in his diocese. From these, as they gradually dropped in, he derived the means of his support in Sussex; and the last remittance made to him was only six weeks before his death; so that, to adopt Burnet's happy phrase, his provision and his journey failed both at once.