

souls some of the rich and benignant treasures of his passion.

He has gone, likewise, to send down the Holy Ghost upon his apostles and the members of his church; and during these blessed days which intervene between Ascension Thursday and the anniversary of the descent of the Holy Spirit, we should imagine that we are placed in the same situation as his disconsolate disciples had been in from the time of his departure until the Holy Paraclete descended upon them. During that period they remained shut up in a room, persevering in prayer, and in holding communion with God; weaning their souls from sensual communications, and making their hearts void of everything pertaining to the earth, in order that the Holy Spirit on his descent might replenish them with an abundance of his grace. That great miracle which visibly took place there, is perpetuated since from year to year, and from day to day, in the church of God; and hence, if we be prepared on Sunday next, as the apostles had been, that same Holy Ghost who came down to them, will descend into our hearts, and inflame them with divine love, and replenish them with his sevenfold graces.—He will come to us from our Heavenly Father, and be to us as a real Paraclete; and, therefore, while we lament with his disciples, that our Redeemer has quitted the earth, we should recollect his words, "When I go, the Paraclete shall come: my Father will send him in my name, and he will console you, for he is the Comforter." Our duty, then, should be to dispose our souls so as to discourage every earthly gratification, to mortify our sensual appetites and desires, and to destroy within us every trace of sin, so that when the Holy Ghost, (as I trust he will,) on this day week, descends into our souls, he may find them prepared to receive all his choicest blessings. These are, my dearly beloved brethren, some of the consolations that fill the Christian heart at this holy season, and need I exhort you to take advantage of them, to detach your spirits from the world, to live in the world as if you belonged not to it—to use the world as if you used it not: and to remember in all things that the figure of this world passeth away? If you reflect as you ought on these glorious mysteries, the earth will no longer have any charms for you, and you will be able to enter into the feelings of the Apostle, when he said, "Here we have no lasting city, but we seek one that is to come;" or of the royal prophet, when he declared, "Woe is me that my sojournment is prolonged: my soul was exceedingly a stranger in this land of exile!" or with another aspirant after immortal life, "I will be satiated, O Lord, when thy glory shall appear." You will be like the holy martyr, St. Ignatius, who, while enduring all manner of torture in being ground to pieces and pulverized as wheat in the mouths of wild beasts, expressed his willingness to endure all, only that he might go to Christ; you will thus be one day prepared to see our beloved Jesus, the

King of our hearts, who has gone to prepare a place for us in his Father's kingdom. And shall we with such a prospect before us, still remain attached to the earth while we continue upon it? Oh, no! Jesus has quitted the earth, and it is therefore a place of exile. It has lost all its charms, for our Beloved is fled. His presence could gladden the rocks of the desert, as it transformed Lumb into Paradise. Wherever he is, there is happiness, for he is its source. Where could we be unhappy in his delightful company, or how can we taste of any enjoyment if our Jesus be not present? Should we not rather say to ourselves: my dearest friend, my true loving Redeemer, the God and Supreme King of my heart, and my portion forever, my life, my light, my consolation, my all, has abandoned the earth, and has ascended to his Father and my Father, to his God and my God, has quitted this strange land and entered into his own kingdom, my true country and proper inheritance: and shall I be satisfied to dwell on earth? Can anything replace him in my affections, or satisfy like him the desires of my heart? Oh, no! I will continually sigh after an eternal union with my first beginning and my last end. My tears will be my bread, day and night, whilst it is said to me, where is thy God? I desire to be dissolved and to be with him. I long to shake off this body of corruption, that I may behold him unveiled in glory. "Who therefore will give me the wings of a dove, that I may get up early in the morning and flee after him and be at rest. As the church prays at this festival, whilst I remain here in the prison of the body, may I dwell in spirit and in mind in Heaven; as my Redeemer has ascended into Heaven, may I dwell there in spirit during my mortal career, in order that on the day of my death I may go there in reality, and have addressed to me his own glorious declaration, "That where I am, you also may be."

Before I conclude, I would wish to address a few words of advice to an interesting, and thank God, to a very numerous portion of the inhabitants of this parish, and of the surrounding districts. I am so forcibly reminded of this subject by the sacred spot from which I address you, that it would be impossible for me to pass it over on an occasion like the present. It is impossible that I could forget, standing here in this humble temple, the many visitations of the Almighty,—the many descents of his Holy Spirit, which have taken place among his people of this locality. For some years past, hundreds, I should rather have said thousands, of the poor of this neighbourhood have received the temperance pledge from me and my Reverend brethren at this altar. Many of them have come from a distance of even twenty miles to this holy temple to devote themselves here to the sacred cause of Temperance, by solemnly pledging themselves to observe the rules of the Temperance Society.