

It proves, then, that he spoke what he believed to be the truth. Can we conceive of a man, whose whole life is one continued falsehood, becoming a voluntary martyr to the noblest principles of benevolence ?

It proves, then, that his religion is true ; for that religion presents claims respecting the truth of which he could not have been mistaken.

Thus have we reached this great conclusion, the truth of the Christian religion, plainly deducible from the existence throughout the world, at this day, of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. If all the records of our faith were swept away, and there remained, besides this rite, only some traditions respecting the history of our Saviour's life and death, the argument we have now contemplated would not be overthrown. It does not depend on the authenticity of writings. It stands in its own strength, an immovable pillar, though comparatively an unnoticed one, among the thousand which support the temple of Gospel truth.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH IN MONTREAL.*

WHERE wide St. Lawrence toward the main
Rolls the swift tribute of his floods,—
Where, swelling from the peopled plain,
The Royal Mountain waves its woods.

* The stanzas here printed are from a pen not unknown to the lover of sacred lyrics. The writer came to Montreal to attend the Unitarian Convention ; and the thought of these verses had its birth while he was ascending the hill leading to the Church, during one of those evenings when service was held, and the building fully lighted. Hence the allusion in the seventh stanza.—ED. L.C.