

and his Blood to be shed for the whole world. That thus, through the partaking of bread and wine which sustain and heal our physical frame, we may ever be reminded of the grand moral truths exhibited by the death of the Saviour, which, when known, believed, and kept in remembrance, sustain and purify our spiritual frame, and nourish the soul for immortality and eternal life. Any two or more christian believers may thus, even in the absence of the faithful preacher of the cross, worthily observe this ordinance of Christ in their own dwellings, under the open canopy of Heaven, or in a place of public worship, and may richly realise its moral benefits and the high favor of the Lord and Master of the feast.—The blasphemous and abominable mummery with which Priestcraft has surrounded this simple and significant rite has no countenance whatever from the Word of God.

Common Sense Trying a Priestly Fraud.

In May, 1844, a Mr. Frost who had been for ten years a Roman Catholic Priest in Dublin, publicly renounced the Romish faith and became a Protestant. He had long believed and taught the monstrous absurdity, that the bread and wine used at the mass after passing under the ceremony of consecration as it is called, was *turned into the real flesh and blood of Christ!* By reading the New Testament, however, and by calm reflection upon the teachings of the Apostles, he began to doubt the popish dogma; but, before giving it up, he determined to test the thing by the senses which God had given him, in common with other men.

We learn then that some time after when he "was officiating as a Roman priest, he had the curiosity to break and crush the *consecrated* wafer to see if there was any change in its substance; and perceiving that it was exactly the same as before consecration, he consequently abandoned the doctrine of transubstantiation; and at length came out and separated for ever from *Papal Babylon*."

The testimony of any of our five senses, is more to be trusted than the testimony of all the priests in the world. This reminds us of a certain nobleman who once invited a Romish priest to dine with him, and while sitting over the wine after dinner, his lordship enquired whether he had seen a very beautiful horse which he had been presented to him as a gift? The Priest replied that he had not. His lordship taking up the cork of a bottle said, there—there it is!—see his elegant figure—his noble gait! The Priest confounded supposed his noble friend was getting deranged in his mind, remarked, sir, that is only a cork. His lordship replied that it was his horse. The Priest endeavoured to reason with him and appealed to his senses,—his sense of seeing, and feeling that it was only a cork! The nobleman then, with the deepest gravity replied, sir, you are right: You appeal to my senses to prove that a cork is not a horse? I appeal to yours, that the bread and wine in the mass, after the ceremony of consecration, is bread and wine still. The Priest was silent, ashamed, convicted.

It is worthy of remark, that the Saviour and his Apostles when claiming the belief of the multitude in their testimony, always appealed to the evidence they presented. Jesus said, "if ye believe not me *believe the*