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Not merely a Blessing in Name.A Direct Path.

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appeal to the Searcher of hearts that it was not merely a blessing in *name* that had been gloried in, but an actual realization of his saving and cleansing power. Yes, thought I, in verity I do know, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth—*cleanseth now!* With feelings which even the recollections of that hour reproduce, causing tears of grateful joy, I could say with Paul, "To me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given." Yet, for reasons almost undefinable, but which perhaps cannot be more fully expressed than by saying, the appearance (in the eyes of some) of assuming, by professing this blessing, a higher state of experience than many others whose piety I so much venerate, and especially some of Christ's beloved ambassadors, whom in love I highly esteem for their work's sake, I felt a shrinking tenderness of spirit, relative to the testimony I had given before the world on this point. And yet I realized that the vows of God were upon me, and wo is me if I do not profess this blessing, and urge its attainableness on others. And must I continue to urge its reasonableness, even though it may assume the appearance of taking higher ground in the Christian walk? I felt that I could weep, and even now do weep at the thought. But the plain, direct path, cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in, still presented its track, lit up by the rays of divine truth, as luminously as ever. The way was