



“You will know them by their fruits.” Mt. 7:16

CLEMENT H. “JACK” LINN

SANCTIFICATION – HOW OBTAINED, LOST, RECOVERED

My Loving Mother:

I am feeling just fine this morning, and oh! How precious Jesus is to me. You remember in one of my letters of a few weeks ago I told you that I had come into a new experience in the Lord. When I wrote that letter I did not have time to give the details. I am not quite so busy this morning, and I shall tell you all – that is, I will do my best to tell you all, but I am sure words are not adequate to make plain the deep experiences of God.

Since my conversion – and that is an experience which I have never doubted -- I have been freed from the great burden of sin. I was justified before God that moment when I let the Saviour come into my heart. Although my sins were many and awful, yet they were all forgiven when I confessed them to God and trusted the cleansing blood of Jesus Christ. I was present when this great transaction took place, and so I know whereof I speak. Hallelujah! I knew I was saved, and there has never been a shadow of a doubt about the pardoning grace of my Heavenly Father in my own soul. Romans 5:1 was realized in my life -- “Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Was I happy then? Well, I guess so! No, not guess -- I know so! When I arose from my knees I was a new man – a new creature in Christ Jesus. I testified that night. I told the people this:

“God has worked a miracle in my heart. He has saved my soul. I have at last found the Pearl of Great Price. For years I have been searching for peace of mind, heart, conscience, soul, and now I have found it. Many others are searching for this same thing – God, From this time on I shall serve God with as much perseverance as I have served the devil.”

Mother, I have kept my promise. I have worked for Jesus, and, as you know, many have been built up in the faith and many saved by my efforts. I have been blessed in being God’s instrument to advance His Kingdom.

Yes, I was justified before God that night. My name was written in the Lamb’s Book of Life. I became a member of His Church. I thought – in fact, I felt sure – that I had received all that anyone could receive from the Lord. Well, the weeks and months went by, and, although I never lost the great peace which had come to me on sin’s release, yet I was beginning to feel that I was not all God wanted me to be. One day I was reading a little book on the deeper spiritual life when my eyes and heart fell upon these words. (They are sacred words to me):

“What is the difference between justification and sanctification?”

“Answer: In justification a man is freely forgiven all his sins, is partially renewed in the Divine image, is adopted into God’s family, and enters into peace. ‘Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.’ (Rom. 5:1.) ‘Ye have received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.’ (Rom. 8:15, 16.)

“In justification, however, there are the remains of the carnal mind. It is a mixed state in which evil tempers, dispositions and desires war against the Divine nature in the soul. Paul describes it when he says: ‘The flesh battles against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other, so that we may not do the things that we would.’ (Gal. 5:17, R.V.) Many people also consider the last part of Rom. 7 as a description of the struggle of the justified soul against its inbred sin.

“In sanctification, a man is delivered from the remains of the carnal mind, from doubts and fears, evil tempers and desires, shame of the cross, and the like, and is made perfect in submission, in faith, in love. ‘But now, being made free from sin and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.’” (Rom. 6:22.) ‘But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, and they that are Christ’s have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.’ (Gal. 5:22-24.) ‘Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.’ (Col. 3:3).”

These words pierced my heart like a bullet, I exclaimed: “I have been justified, but not sanctified.” And immediately the devil said: “Take care now, Jack Linn. Don’t go wild. You know how hurtful the doctrine of sanctification and sinless perfection has been. Do not lose your influence by this bit of foolishness you have read.”

And then I read again out of a little tract which God seemed to have placed in my hands for this specific moment.

“Do not misunderstand me. I am not speaking of any mistaken idea of sinless perfection. It is not possible for anyone to have such a transaction with Christ as to enable him to say, ‘I am never tempted,’ or ‘I can never sin again.’ This miracle is sustained and continued in our life only by our continuing, moment-by-moment faith in our Saviour for His moment-by-moment victory over the power of our sin. But He Himself will give us that faith, and will continue that faith in us moment by moment.”

And then came a battle. It was the worst battle which has ever raged in my soul. It made me almost senseless for the time. But the One who promised never to leave me, gave the victory.

I said: “Yes, Lord, I have secret fears, and secret doubts; there is in me evil tempers and desires. I have self-life and self-love. I am without power, and I am not willing to be a fool for Christ’s sake.”

It was not easy to make this confession. Until that time I would not admit my sins to anyone. I even denied them to myself: But my confession was now out. I prayed: “O God, make me perfect in submission, in faith, in love, in trust. I am willing to pay the price. I want to get out of the shallows and launch out into the deep.”

I remained on my knees a long time, but no change came to me. Doubtless, I was looking for some supernatural thing to come and take possession of my feelings and emotions. I arose from my prayers still in my regular justified state. For the next several days the fight was fierce, but God in heaven was working His wonders to perform. One night I went to hear a certain preacher whom I knew had power with God. His sermon seemed to have been prepared especially for me. His words were not the words of mere man. “It is possible to cut the mooring lines loose and launch out into the deep with God,” he said. “One can be perfect in love, submission; faith, trust, power.” And after a wonderful message on the possibilities of a life absolutely surrendered to God, he gave an invitation for those who desired the overflowing life to come and kneel in prayer. I went. I am sure my prayers were sincere, but nothing happened.

From the Church I went to the dormitory and said to my room-mate: “How do you feel about this deeper life?” He had attended the service. “My heart yearns for it,” he replied. “*So does mine. Let us kneel here and not get up until God gives us this blessing.*” “*All right,*” he agreed. *I locked the door,*

and we fell upon our faces before God. He prayed; I prayed; we cried; we confessed; we begged.

Suddenly God seemed to say to me:

“What’s the matter, Jack? What are you begging for?”

“The full life, Lord; the victory,” I readily answered.

“Well, why don’t you take it?”

“Take it?” I repeated. And instantly the scales fell from my eyes. The blessing was the promise of God and it was for me, but I must take it by simple faith. I did!

I had a vision, or something -- I do not know what. My clothing seemed to be torn away from my body, and my heart, enlarged a hundred times, was laid open. All my self-life, self-love was at one stroke swept away. Heaven opened. I saw nine barrels. They were all decorated with most beautiful flowers. Each barrel was labeled; the name spelled out in bright red flowers. I saw the first barrel overturn, it was marked “love.” All of its contents was poured into my opened heart. Oh, what a blessing! Then the next barrel, labeled “joy,” was emptied into my heart. Then the next and next.

I cried to God: “Hold Thy hand. I can retain no more.”

I heard Him say: “It’s the overflow – the overflow!” And the contents of the nine barrels were all emptied into my overflowing heart.

I found myself standing, with my arms uplifted to heaven. I was laughing and crying. When I could partially control myself, I saw a hand moving as it wrote in the sky. The colors were like unto a beautiful rainbow. I read the words:

“The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.”

These nine Christian graces were the contents of the decorated barrels.

Oh my mother, I had received the experience! I had been sanctified. Jesus became real – adorable – to me! Hallelujah!

My room-mate saw what had happened. But, alas, he received not the blessing. He could not, or would not, trust God and take it by faith, as I had done.

How gloriously happy I was the next day. Oh, it was wonderful! I had an appointment to preach out in the country. Instead of a sermon, I told the people of the great things God had done for me. It was a great meeting.

I returned to the city on wings, it seemed. Glory! Hallelujah!

The devil came and said: “Now you have the experience of sanctification; just enjoy it, and say nothing. Some people may misunderstand, and they will think you have got crankification.”

“That’s right,” I whispered in reply. “I’ve got it. I will enjoy it, but I shall keep still. I can pray for others in my own closet, and ask God to sanctify them.”

I made the fatal mistake. Each day Jesus seemed to get farther away from me. The glory of my soul was dimming, and it was not long before I was in the same condition of heart as I was before I was sanctified.

“See,” taunted the devil, “you thought you had something, but you didn’t. What a fool you would have made of yourself if you had told it.”

For two long years I struggled on. Yes, God was blessing, and I was still in His service. I worked hard

to get people saved, justified before God. Success attended my endeavors. But I knew I lacked power. Jesus seemed so far away. I had uprisings in my soul. I was possessed of evil tempers and desires and fears and doubts. I worried and fretted, and was irritable and cross.

Except those that I told about my experience the first days after I received it, no one knew. I would not breathe it to anybody. I was in a small town visiting, when a woman, one of God's saints, said to me:

“Brother Linn, have you not once had the deeper experience of God?”

I could not lie, and she would not be evaded. I confessed all to her. “Those few days were heaven on earth to me,” I told her. “Jesus was so precious. But it was too good to be true – too good to last.”

“No, it isn't,” she exclaimed. “I've had the experience for years, and it's sweeter today than it ever was. It's permanent-continuous – unbroken. You lost your experience because you would not testify to it. Go to God, confess your sins, and ask for the return of Himself to your heart, and promise to testify to it – and preach it – and you'll get it.”

Could it be that she was right? Yes. I did go to God. The blessing was restored. Glory! He is now, and has been since that day, the adorable Christ to my soul. He is the fairest among ten thousand. My joy is continuous. I trust Him perfectly. He is my loving Heavenly Father, and I am His submissive child. Hallelujah!

I have no fears, no doubts; irritation is gone. It's heaven all the time. And there is a new power in my life. I tell my experience at every opportunity, and I faithfully preach the deeper things of God. I am ridiculed, persecuted, criticized, and by those in high places, but I am true to Him.

His communion is so sweet – so sweet to my soul. All the devils in hell and all the men of earth cannot make me believe that it is impossible for me to live a fully surrendered life.

“Are there any hard places?” you ask. Yes, plenty of them. But with Job I can say, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!” I am not boasting, mother. I give all the glory to God.

I am in a hard meeting here. The devil is on the warpath. I need your prayers. So many believers to be sanctified, and so many sinners to be saved.

Your Sanctified Boy,

Jack

Source: “The Letters Of A Converted Boy To His Mother” (hdm3452), by Clement H. “Jack” Linn

[The Enter His Rest website](#)