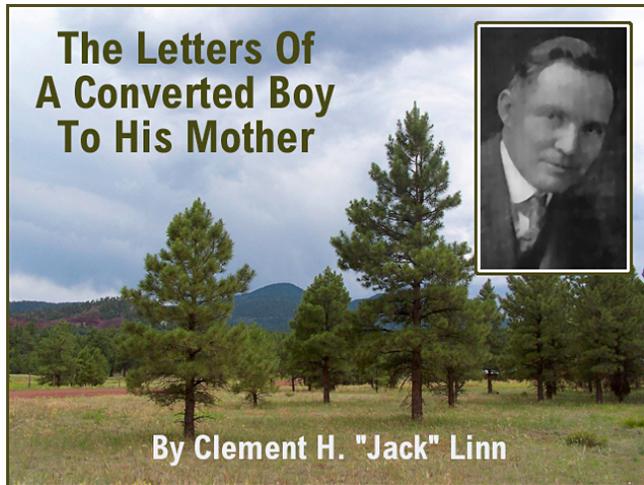


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THE LETTERS OF A CONVERTED BOY TO HIS MOTHER
By Clement H. "Jack" Linn



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By C. H. Linn

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ABOUT THIS FILE, ETC.

This digital file was created from a musty old booklet, the cover and back of which are falling apart. Still, because it is the third booklet by Clement H. "Jack" Linn, that I know of, we purchased it for about \$35 dollars. The other two of the author's books, already in the HDM Library are: Linn, "Hallelujah Jack" (hdm3437), the story of his conversion, and "The Garden Of Love" (hdm3446), a book of his sermons. I know of no other books or booklets by C. H. "Jack" Linn, who died in 1943.

At the back of this booklet is a list of the following advertisement:

* * *

**HALLELUJAH PRINT SHOP
OREGON, WIS.
C. H. JACK LINN, Mgr.**

Publishes and distributes Gospel Tracts free of charge. Sustained by voluntary contributions.

Tracts Published:

**"Write Your Mother a Love Letter."
"Stop."
"The Old Man."
"Got It All At Once."
"When Is the Time to Trust?"
"What the Bible Contains."
"Can a Christian Use Tobacco?"
"The Gospel According to You."
"Directions for Obtaining Holiness."
"Self-Examination for Holiness Seekers."
"Bank of Glory Check."**

If you will prayerfully distribute tracts, write for samples or a supply.

**HALLELUJAH PRINT SHOP.
Oregon, Wis.**

* * *

Obviously, the advertisement is outdated, long ago. Nevertheless, it does show that C. H. "Jack" Linn's "Hallelujah Print Shop" was very much in the business of printing and distributing "Holiness Tracts." I found two old tracts in the booklet from which this file was created, but neither of them was from his print shop. If I DO ever find any of his tracts for sale, it is quite possible that I will digitize and place them in the HDM Library.

The author had no short Letter titles in his Table of Contents, but rather a longer sentence or clause along with the numbers of the 12 Letters in the booklet. I took the liberty of creating short Letter titles and placing the revised Table of Contents above. -- Duane V. Maxey, Holiness Data Ministry, Surprise, Arizona, July 21, 2009.

* * * * *

INTRODUCTION -- BY J. GREGORY MANTLE

I first met the writer of these letters when giving lectures at a Southern University. Since then he has had a series of romantic experiences, some of which are narrated in these letters.

Everything about the career of Jack Linn savors of romance. Those who have read his life-story will immediately concede that fact. But the romance of one whose life is wholly at his Master's disposal is something utterly different to the romance of a godless man.

Sin is, after all, a dull, drab, stereotyped thing. The Preacher, in the book called Ecclesiastes, was right, when, after tracking all possible sources of earthly pleasure to their fontal source, he declared there was "nothing new under the sun," and that all was "vanity and vexation of spirit."

Nor is there anything new excepting in Christian life and labor. That is always new. Every day brings its novelties of experience. Every fresh field of service yields its startling surprises. The Spirit-filled man constantly walks and works in newness of life.

These letters will incite those who read them to greater devotion and activity. They are brimful of filial affection. They are hallmarked with the devotion, courage, and fearlessness impossible to any man not fully yielded to God.

* * * * *

PREFACE

Every boy has the sweetest and best mother in the world. My mother is that woman. Sometimes it takes a boy a long while to awaken to his mother's wonderful love. It did me. Never do I remember a time when I would not have fought had any one cast a single reflection upon my mother's perfect Christian character. I thought in that way I manifested my love for her. What a sad mistake! She did not want me to fight for her -- but to live for her.

If I were to live for her I knew it meant I must be a Christian. The burden of my mother's heart was to see me saved -- accept Jesus Christ as my Personal Saviour. To deny her the greatest desire of her life was to prove my love for her was insincere.

I am now a Christian. I have accepted Jesus as my Personal Saviour He reigns in my heart. My mother's joy is unspeakable, and so is mine.

This question is ever coming to my mind: "Does a boy really love his mother if he will not be a Christian for her sake?"

These letters were all written since my conversion on October 17, 1912. If I were thinking of self only, I would not give them to the world. If I know my own heart, I am sending them out to the glory of God and to the glory of mothers.

Christians, please pray that they will lead many lost souls to Jesus.

C. H. Linn
Oregon, Wisconsin
October 17, 1917

* * * * *

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

I have heard that a large per cent of published books never exhaust an edition, and are considered failures. Thus I say, "Praise be unto God for the second edition of this little book."

Numbers of people in different parts of the country have read the first edition, and many testify to the fact that it has been God's instrument in blessing their lives.

Friends ask sometimes: "Are all the incidents recorded true?" I answer, "Yes and No." When I first was led to write the Letters, my whole thought was to give to the world something which would lead souls to Christ. In order to do this, I drew largely upon my own experience, and then filled in, with the experience of others.

Therefore, the incidents of the Letters are true in part and counterpart -- some occurring in my own life and some in the lives of others, but all of God.

This book, together with "Hallelujah Jack," which is my life-story, are used to promote the work of the "Hallelujah Print Shop," located at Oregon, Wisconsin. This printing office is a tract depot which distributes Gospel tracts free of charge. With earnest prayer this second edition goes forth.

C. H. Jack Linn
Oregon, Wisconsin
January 17, 1920

* * * * *

DEDICATION

To My Dear Mother
Whose Prayers Have Followed Me These Letters
Are Affectionately Dedicated.

* * * * *

01 -- LETTER -- THE CONVERSION OF A NEWSPAPER REPORTER

My Dear Mother:

I have been in this city just a few days, but something glorious has happened, and I want to tell you about it. And I know you will be pleased.

The day I arrived here the newspapermen sought me out. (I do not mean to say I am important. They wanted to see me because I am a member of the B_____ Evangelistic Party. You know the large Tabernacle which has been erected for us is the talk of the town.) One reporter wanted an interview. I said: "All right. Go ahead." He asked me several questions, and then told me to relate the story of my conversion. Well, mother, I do not need to tell you how glad I was to tell of my experience and make my boast in the Lord.

The reporter was not a Christian, and I asked God to let me touch his heart for Jesus. The paper appeared that night. In it was published the following story. I am copying it word for word, not that it is exactly what I told the reporter, but in order that you may see how God works His miracles. The headlines were in black type on the front page.

STREET ORATOR AND BOOSTER ARRIVES
"Hallelujah Jack" Arrives to Scatter the Gospel

He Is a Member of the B_____ Evangelistic Party; What He Lacks In Weight He Makes Up In Steam and Vim.

"Hallelujah Jack" Linn, the street orator and outside booster, with Dr. B_____, arrived, in town this morning. Jack says that his first birth was a failure, and that he ran the list of devilment with poor success.

"The devil surely played me for a sucker," smiled Linn, with a reminiscent shake of his head. "I was a newsboy and sucked cigarettes; later I was a bootblack and drank, and then I drifted on the stage, and fought booze and had as little sense as some of that bunch. I'm sore at the devil because he gave me the meanest job he had in his factory and I didn't know any better than to work for him. I didn't know Jesus came to save me till I was a grown-up man. I knew people went to church, but I had been told they were a lot of grafters and half-baked cranks, and I sneered at the whole bunch when I did anything at all, which was not often.

"Then in a little town where I was running a country newspaper, a minister held a revival meeting, and he coaxed me to go. I went. God made me see how no account I was, and in three days I was down on my knees. When I got up I was all made over. How do I know? How do you know when the toothache has left you? Don't feel it any more.

"Let me tell you, everyone of those aches which the devil had been working in on my system was gone. I haven't cussed since that night; I haven't smoked a cigarette since that sunset. I would a heap rather drink a glass of castor oil than booze of any kind -- that's what religion did for me, all at one shot.

"Say, do you know that I was so full of God's sunshine after I was saved that it caused the old gang who kept right on doing time for the devil to call me 'Hallelujah Jack.' They did it to make fun. I was so tickled to be on a decent job with the best people on earth that I grabbed the name like a hungry hobo would a handout of hot turkey with oyster stuffing. The name stuck, and bless Jesus, I am still on the job God gave me. Lots of people said I wouldn't stick, but I stuck. Come out to my meeting some night. I'll let you sing a solo."

You see, mother, the reporter put some words in my mouth which never were there. But he was right in one thing -- God has saved me from sin.

The next morning after the paper was published, a young man rang the doorbell at the home where I am being entertained, and said that he must see that Jack Linn. He acted strangely and the woman who answered the bell was a bit frightened. But she came to my room and told me I was wanted. I went to the door and could easily tell that the young man had been dissipating. He had all the earmarks of a drunkard and his fingers were yellow, so I knew he smoked cigarettes.

"Say," he began, without any ceremony, "I saw that dope in the paper about you, and I didn't believe it. I'm a booze-fighter myself and I suck cigarettes -- more'n you ever did -- and I thought I'd look you over and see if there was anything to you. If there is, I believe I'll try the same thing you did."

I smiled at the man's words, and then said: "Well, look me over." I turned around in all directions, and he did look.

"I've got faith in you," he finally said. "I believe you're on the square. I'll try it."

I invited him upstairs to my room. The lady of the house looked at us over the banister with a suspicious twinkle in her eye. Once inside my room, I closed the door, locked it, and put the key in my pocket. And then with the Bible in my hand, I explained the way of salvation. I told him about Jesus.

"Is that all?" he said, when I had finished. "Why, I went through more'n that when I took the cures. I took them all. But I still booze."

"Try this one now," I replied. "Let's get down on our knees."

And when I had taken him through the sinner's prayer, "Oh God, be merciful to me a sinner and save me now, for Jesus' sake," the young man began to sob, and in a moment he poured out his heart to God. I never heard such a penitent prayer. He was crying to God out of his innermost self for power to overcome sin. I am sure he did not know what he was saying. God did. When he was through praying, I pointed him to my Bible -- "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6:37.

He said, "I come."

"Does He save you?" I asked, anxiously.

"He does."

He jumped to his feet, and the first word he said was "Hallelujah!" It was a bright conversion, and it spread all over town in a little while. He was well known. His name is Bennett. I see him at the Tabernacle every night -- and my! what a change. Mother, he was made all over, just like I was, by Jesus.

But, mother, this is not all. No sooner was Bennett saved than he started after others. That's real salvation, isn't it? And who do you think was his first convert?

Guess? It was the reporter who had interviewed me, and whose story had led Bennett to me.

Bennett said to me afterward: "My, but that reporter was a hard customer, but I stuck to him and so did Jesus!" Wish I might have been a listener when Bennett was working with the reporter.

Somebody's calling for me, my dear mother.

**Good-bye,
Jack**

*** * * * ***

02 -- LETTER -- ANOTHER MOTHER WHO PRAYED THROUGH

My Dear Mother:

Our revival meeting began last night. The Church was nearly full, and we heard a great sermon. The evangelist told of his own conversion, and his wonderful story was used of God to thrill my heart and to give me a new appreciation of you, my dear mother.

In my heart there is a desire to write you about the evangelist's experience, and even though I am quite busy I shall now take time to write.

He had a praying mother thank God for that. He was raised in a home where most of the family were unbelievers. His mother, however, believed in God's infinite love, in God's precious Book and God's heaven, and she wanted her boy to believe the same. He went away in early life to Missouri to enter a law school. After his graduation, he began practice there.

Every week while he was in the University his mother wrote him a letter, and she always asked first of all how he was getting along with God. He read the letters regularly, but when they continued to come fifty-two times a year, and because he was in association with doubters, scoffers, infidels, and atheists, and he now no longer believed the Bible to be the Word of God, he sat down one day in his law office, and wrote fifteen pages of foolscap to his mother. He told her in plain words he did not care to have her write him any more about religion as he did not believe. "I am an infidel," he wrote.

When his mother received the letter she did not become discouraged, as many mothers do. She did not sit down to cry, and say, "What's the use?" No! She knew God's appointed means of blessing, and she could trust Him.

Throwing her old faded sun-bonnet over her head, she walked three miles down the road to her Pastor's home. She told him of her son's letter, and they immediately began a prayer-meeting. They prayed all the afternoon for this boy, and then, not having the assurance they desired, they continued in prayer. The clock

struck hour after hour. Midnight came and the mother and her Pastor were still on their knees. They were asking God to save the wicked infidel lawyer who had given up his mother's God.

About two o'clock in the morning, the mother jumped from her knees, and exclaimed: "It's all right, Pastor. God has heard our prayers. Frank will be saved!"

That same night in Missouri, many miles away from the scene of the prayer-meeting, a noted infidel was to lecture. For some reason or other he was unable to keep his appointment. Frank, this mother's boy, the wicked lawyer, the avowed infidel, was asked to fill the lecturer's place, and he consented.

He mounted the platform, and before a large crowd, he delivered an address against the Bible and the orthodox faith. His efforts were well received. A round of applause came from the audience when he had finished.

One young man about his own age -- twenty-five -- came to him, heartily shook his hand, and said:

"That was a splendid address. I thank you for it. I've a religious, praying mother, but you have proved to me that her faith is not worth having. You have changed my mind about the Bible. Let me shake your hand again." The young man paused a second. "But, if you are wrong, I will meet you at the gates of hell."

The young lawyer was dazed. He had no answer to make. Something tugged at his heart, and at the same time his mind was benumbed. He went to his office with the purpose of study, for in two days he was to try a murder case. But Frank could not study. His mind refused to work. All he could think of were five great questions:

Where am I? What am I? Where did I come from? What am I doing here? Where am I going?

He knew -- but he dreaded to admit it--that philosophy, evolution, infidelity, and science, none of these would answer his questions. Evolution came the nearest, but it miserably failed to give him light. While he sat at his desk with beclouded mind, his eyes happened to wander toward the bookshelves laden with costly volumes. And his eyes fell upon the Bible -- the Bible his mother had given him.

This book challenged his mind. "I dare you to take me down," it seemed to say. "I can answer all your questions. I can tell you all you want to know." The lawyer accepted the challenge. He arose to pull down the Bible. It was one which had been marked by his praying mother. Carelessly he opened it, not knowing where to turn. It chanced to open at the seventh chapter of the Gospel of St. John.

On the margin, in his mother's own handwriting, were written these words in red ink:

"The soul was made by God; the soul is made for God, and the soul will find no peace until it finds peace in God."

And then Frank noticed the seventeenth verse was underscored in the same red ink. He read:

"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself."

There was left only one thing for a sincere person to do. This young lawyer was sincere. Taking the open Book in his hands, he knelt down, and prayed: "Lord, I am willing to do Thy will."

Quick as a flash, the light flooded his soul, and he was gloriously transformed. He was saved. Deep, unspeakable joy filled his heart, He shouted his praises to God.

And, mother, here is the wonderful part of the story. Frank looked at his watch. It was just two o'clock in the morning. The same hour that assurance came to his praying mother.

He abandoned his law practice, and began preaching. For more than twenty years he has been in the evangelistic work. Thousands upon thousands of precious souls have been saved under his ministry. All because a mother prayed through.

As I close, my dear mother, let me say I appreciate your prayers more than ever before. For thirteen years you prayed for me, and then God saved me. Praise His Name!

Good-bye. I must now go to the morning meeting.

Your happy boy,
Jack

* * * * *

03 -- LETTER -- THE CONVERSION OF A GAMBLER AND HIS MOTHER

My Precious Mother:

I have not written you for nearly a week. But I have a good reason. I have been locked up in a dark closet for three days, living on bread and water, and not much of that. No -- I have not been fasting; I have been the victim of some

gamblers. The fact is, I have been kidnapped. Strange, isn't it? A great big fellow like me, with plenty of flesh and blood, being kidnapped.

But, my dear mother, I will not keep you in suspense. I'll tell you all the details. I came here purposely to tell the story of redeeming grace. This is a gambling town. It is wide open, and there does not seem to be a single person who dares say a word against it. The officers either are bribed or are fearful of their jobs, and the preachers say they must preach the Gospel and not meddle in affairs which do not concern them.

Well, I got in trouble from the word "go." Why? Because I jumped all over the gamblers and their dirty business. I preached my sermon on "The Devil's Auction," and in words which were plain enough I told the people they were selling their souls for the gamblers' money. I let them know that those who lent their influence to such a hellish business were in the same boat as the ones who sat in the games. My sermon was not very popular with the people -- but I have reason to believe it was extremely popular with God. And that's the only thing worth while in this life -- to please God.

When I first arrived here I was told that the finest-furnished gambling den in the United States was located here. I was anxious to see it. I just wanted to examine it for myself. I began to make inquiries how this could be accomplished. One day, to my great surprise, one of the gamblers came to me, and said:

"I am a gambler. I have listened to some of your sermons, and, as the preachers say, I can add my 'Amen' to all you have said. I want to stop the dirty business."

"Praise the Lord!" I exclaimed. Then the thought came: This man can get me into the gamblers' rooms.

And so I told him of my desire. He at once promised to show me the whole outfit, from beginning to end. An engagement was made.

I met him one morning at nine. We went to the Club-House. We went upstairs -- and I was being ushered about, when suddenly several men overpowered me, gagged me, and thrust me into a dark room. I was surprised of course, but it did not take me long to reason out this fact: I was a victim. My so-called penitent friend had "worked" me.

"We'll teach you a lesson, my little two-by-four Evangelist," he sneeringly laughed in my face. You'll stay in that hole and eat bread and water until you make up your mind to preach the Gospel, and let other people's business alone."

I was trapped. But I could not help laughing. What a fool I had been. And yet I did not believe I had been a fool. This Scripture came to my lips: "For we know all things work together for good to those who love the Lord."

I was sure I loved the Lord. I am sure I do now. Lots of things came into my mind. The devil tried his best to get me in his power, but I kept on praising God. The moments went by very slowly. I was still bound and gagged. It was dark, and the floor was hard, and the room stuffy.

It seemed I had been there for ages, when the door opened, and one of the gamblers came in with a light. He unbound me, and removed the gag. He gave me a piece of dry bread and a cup of water. And then he made his exit, locking the door behind him.

I slept and prayed and recalled verses of Scripture. I imagined I was Paul and Silas, and so I sang songs. It was getting pretty hard on me, but God's grace was sufficient. I remembered how many times I had preached that God would give His full joy though I were placed in a dungeon. And, praise His Name forever! My joy was full.

Occasionally bread and water would be given me. I always thanked the giver. And then I sang and quoted verses, and prayed out loud, and praised God.

I had been in "jail" three days. My "friend" came to me. He opened the door. I made no move. I simply said:

"Good day. Isn't God good? I have had lots of time in here to meditate upon His mercy. I am thankful He saved my soul and filled me with His joy and peace. I wish you were a Christian, my friend. I have been praying for you."

He stared at me, eyes a-popping. I never saw such a look before. I saw him tremble, and then I saw perspiration stand out on his forehead. For a full moment, he stood motionless and speechless, save for his trembling.

Then he spoke in a peculiar voice. "Is that religion?" he asked.

"What?"

"What you've got?"

"I've got salvation," I smiled.

"Is that salvation? To have someone betray you, cruelly treat you, and then you not utter a word in complaint, but simply pray for them, and sing songs?"

"That's only a speck of salvation," I answered. "Salvation means a million times more than that. It means to be saved from hell to heaven. Hallelujah!"

And now he trembled more than ever. The perspiration had turned to sweat. A lump came in his throat, and tears were in his eyes, although I could see he tried to hold them back. I breathed a prayer in my heart. I asked God to save that wicked man.

"My friend," he finally said, between his sobs, "I want that kind of salvation."

"All right," I returned, business-like. "Get down on your knees."

He did. I prayed with all my heart. And then I told him to pray. He waited a long while, but I was patient. Then came a prayer; a simple, child-like petition. Then a long pause. God was working.

In a few moments I heard that man say, with determination: "I will!"

Suddenly -- and it startled me -- he jumped to his feet and clapped his hands, and yelled at the top of his voice:

"I've got it! I've got it! I don't know what I've got, but I've got it!"

I knew what he had, and so did the Lord. Other gamblers had now gathered. Some cursed at the new convert, and others made motions with their hands to indicate they thought he had gone crazy.

From that moment he was a changed man. He gave up his position in the Club-House. He told everybody he knew that God had saved him. And he insisted that I join him and go out on the street-corner and preach the Gospel. And his Gospel now was against the gamblers.

I wish I could tell you all about our first street-meeting. But language -- at least all I know about it -- is not adequate to paint the picture.

Anyway, there was a great crowd. We had a soap-box to stand on. I first took the stand, but I could see the crowd wanted to hear Harley, the converted gambler. I took my cue graciously, and in a moment he was straining his voice in a sincere attempt to tell the people what God had done for him.

Harley has long arms, and you should have seen them fight the air. If there ever was a man dead in earnest, he was that man. I could hardly control myself. I just wanted to scream for genuine joy. I had to coax myself a little when locked up in the closet to keep my spirits up, but now I could hardly control them. Praise God!

I do not know all that Harley said. I guess no one else did. It was not his words so much as the Holy Spirit.

In the crowd, was Harley's mother. She was a church member, but no one ever testified to her spiritual overflowing. She had heard her boy was converted and was going to preach on the street with me.

After the meeting was over, I heard that she had remarked that he would make a fool of himself and disgrace the whole family. Some mothers are hard to understand. I did not know this one. I had never met her.

Harley had really been converted. When he had told over and over again of his conversion, he asked all who wanted to give up their sins to come to the box and kneel down and pray for God's forgiveness. That isn't exactly the way street-meetings are usually conducted. But Harley didn't care; he was doing it his way.

I heard a scream in the crowd, and in a moment a woman was tearing her way through the throng like a lioness. When she reached the box, Harley saw her, and he jumped down. There they stood locked in each other's arms, mother and son, and both sobbing like their hearts were breaking. They were breaking for joy.

Well, she was gloriously saved. Oh, isn't God good! And then she climbed right on the top of that soap-box, and began to tell what God had done for her. She said she was first ashamed because her Harley was converted and was preaching on the street, and now she was ashamed that she had not lived better before her boy.

When will miracles cease? The town is stirred, and gossipers have a new subject.

Neither Harley, his mother, nor your son are very popular in this town, but we are winning souls for Jesus, and the gamblers are getting mighty scared.

Mother, I am thankful to God for what He has done, and my heart is indeed overflowing with His wonderful peace. It is a great consolation for a Christian worker to know that no sinner is too low for Jesus to save. Hallelujah!

I have re-read my long letter, and it sounds too good to be true. But truth is stranger than fiction.

I know you are praying for me, as I am praying for you. And isn't it good to pray and know God will hear?

Good-bye, My Praying Mother,
Yours For Lost Souls,
Jack

P.S. Oh, yes. I received a postcard from Harley today. He wrote: "Hello, Jack. Are you still sunshiny? A man told me today I was crazy -- that my head was cracked. 'Yes,' I replied, 'that's true. It had to crack so the light could get in.'" Harley's true blue for Christ, mother.

*** * * * ***

04 -- LETTER -- A MURDERER AND DOPE ADDICT WHO WAS SAVED

My Dearest Mother:

I have just come from a Rescue Mission where I enjoyed listening to some marvelous testimonies about the power of Jesus Christ to save. The experience of my friend Paul Timothy Clement moved my heart Godward. Really his testimony did me more good than anything I have heard for a long time.

"Paul Timothy Clement." Surely if there ever was a Bible name, that is one. I did not know "Clement" was in the Bible, but Paul told me it was in the fourth chapter of Philippians. But Paul was not a saint -- that is, he has not always been one -- he was anything else. I want to tell you of his testimony. He arose boldly to his feet and said in a clear voice:

"I am thankful to Jesus tonight for free and full salvation. He saved me and He keeps me. I praise His holy Name."

His face was as bright as the sun. He spoke not from his lips, but from the depth of his heart. Any one could tell that. I do not know whether his simple testimony meant as much to others as it did to me. Doubtless, none knew Paul as I did.

I first met him in a "barrel-house" -- that is a cheap saloon -- on South Clark Street. He was dirty, filthy, and drunk. I had gone into the saloon in search of another man. Paul wore a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a pair of shoes, and that was all. He had no hat, no socks, no suspenders, no underwear. His face was bloated, his eyes blood-shot, and there was several days' growth of beard on his face. I never saw such a sight. He really looked brutish. But, mother, he was some mother's boy!

I can truthfully say I did not see what the man was -- I saw back of the dirt, the filth, the dissipation. I saw what he could be if he were cleaned up, inside and outside, by the power of Jesus. Oh, yes, Jesus can change men. His power can make them what they ought to be.

I noticed that Paul was watching me as I asked the barkeeper if he had seen Mike O'Connor. (Mrs. O'Connor, dear old suffering soul, had pleaded with me to go

and find Mike.) The barkeeper abruptly replied "No!" and scrutinized me with suspicious eyes.

Paul turned to me and said, with a drunkard's stammering words: "Are you a mission stiff?"

"That's what you fellows sometimes call me," I answered, gently. "But really I am an ambassador for God. I can say for my heavenly Father that you can be saved from your sins, and made to rejoice in the Lord."

He struck at me with a full-arm blow. As I dodged his blow I noticed his shirt sleeve was nearly torn off. Then I backed toward the street door.

"Don't you talk to me about joy," he cried. "It isn't for me. You lie when you say it is."

His strange words impressed me. I saw at once he was trying to drown some trouble. But he had found, as many others do, that trouble cannot be drowned in drink or sin of any kind. A man once said: "My troubles won't drown, they float."

"If you'll go around to the Mission with me," I told him, "I'll get you something to eat, pay for a shave, and find you a place to sleep tonight. You are in no condition to carry the banner."

("Carry the banner," mother, is an expression used by the homeless and friendless men. It means to walk the streets at night because they have no place to sleep.)

God must have been working with Paul. Without another word of persuasion, he walked with me to the Mission. I sat with him on a rear seat, near the door. He would not go closer to the front.

I prayed all during the meeting. As the songs were sung I prayed; as the prayers were uttered I prayed; and as the testimonies were given I prayed. And when the invitation was given for sinners to come and find Jesus -- I prayed. The drunken man beside me -- Paul -- seemed to be asleep all during the services. But I guess he wasn't, because when the leader of the Mission pleaded with the lost men to come to the front for prayer, Paul turned to me, and said: "I'm going!"

I jumped to my feet, and said aloud. "Praise the Lord! I'll go with you."

We knelt down at a seat in front. Then a marvelous thing happened. I cannot account for it. It was simply a miracle. Paul Timothy Clement, the drunkard, sobered up suddenly, and I saw a great change come over his countenance.

"I'm saved!" He spoke calmly. "Please take me some place and get me a room."

At first I thought he was playing the "pious dodge" -- that is, feigning conversion in order to get a bed for the night. But when I carefully studied his face, and his words, I could not but believe in his sincerity.

I took him to a barber-shop and had the porter prepare him a bath. I went to a haberdasher while he bathed, and bought a suit of underwear, socks, and a shirt. I would have bought Paul a suit, but I did not have the money. Mother, I have been called a fool many times for spending my money on these "bums." Well, I can't help it, and I don't want to help it. I have been fooled several times, but I know quite a few who have been saved because I took an interest in them. And each of them is some mother's boy. Paul is one of the converts the Lord has given me. Praise Him!

After a bath, a shave, a hair-cut, Paul looked a different man. I was at a loss to know what to do with him that night. I did not want him to go to a cheap lodging house, and I did not have money enough to pay for a room in a hotel. I prayed to God for wisdom. So I took him with me to my room. Yes, I slept with him. It didn't hurt me any, and it did Paul lots of good.

Oh, mother, what a terrible fight he has had these days. The cravings of the flesh have tortured him, but, glory to God, he has been kept by power Divine.

Now, mother, I want to give you Paul's story and I want you to pray for him.

He was born and raised in Boston. He had a good mother. Thank God for that. His father, however, was addicted to drink, and when he was drunk he was cruel. When Paul was about eighteen his father came home intoxicated. With a savage blow he felled Paul's mother to the floor. Paul was inflamed with a passion to kill, and when the drunken father kicked the prostrate figure, he shot and killed his own father. He said he used the revolver he had seen lying around the house all his life.

Paul was arrested and taken to jail, and later bonded over to await the action of the grand jury. His case was postponed, and he was compelled to remain in jail four months. Those prison days were a terrible strain upon him. He was sorry for what he had done, yet he felt he was justified. He had killed his father to protect his mother. But the long suspense of waiting to see if he would be indicted told upon him. He said he would pace up and down his cell day and night, sometimes groaning.

A man in an adjoining cell said to Paul one day: "You're having a tough time, pal. Let me give you something which will brace you up a bit. I'll slip it under the cell. Don't be afraid of it. It won't hurt you."

Paul took his first taste of morphine. The first taste had to be taken before he could take the second, and because he started, he became a fiend to the drug. Not only morphine, but heroin, cocaine, and whisky.

The jury did not indict Paul. He was turned out of jail. His mother died a few weeks afterward, and Paul was left to himself. His mother was gone.

"I tried my best to fight against drifting," he confided to me. "But I was powerless. I fell in with bad companions. I used more and more dope, and I drank all I could get."

And so Paul became, as I found him, a common street and barrel-house drunkard. He had been in jail many times. When narcotics were exhausted, he had suffered the awful pain of unsatisfied desires. He had gone for days without eating and had no place to sleep. He had begged from door to door, and upon the streets of many cities. He had traveled over the country in box-cars and coal-cars. He had been in and out of Missions time and time again, but only to sponge a meal or the price of a drink. What a terrible existence he has had. He is now twenty-eight, which means he has led the vile life for nearly ten years.

It will be six months tomorrow since Paul was converted. Now he has 3 good positions. He is a member of the Church. He sings in the choir, when he is not acting as usher, and takes a prominent part in the Young Peoples' Society. To look at Paul now you would never suspect he had been such a deep sinner. But Jesus is an Uttermost Saviour. He can make the vilest sinner clean, and change his looks.

Mother, you remember in the beginning of my letter I told you Paul struck at me in the saloon when I said God could save him and give him joy?

"Why did my words affect you so, Paul," I asked, one day.

"Because my mother was a Christian. When she was dying, her last words were: 'Let God save you and He will give you joy, and make your life on earth a heaven, and you can meet me over there.' She passed away with those words ringing in my ears."

You can see how God works, can't you, my dear mother. He put those words into my mouth to win Paul. Praise Him!

With all my soul I love Jesus.

Pray for Paul, mother, and for me.

Jack

* * * * *

5 -- LETTER -- IF I GET TO HEAVEN BEFORE YOU, MOTHER

My Own Dear Mother:

Your letter reached me yesterday. I have read it carefully several times. You exhort me to be patient in my temptation, and to depend absolutely upon the Lord to deliver me.

I am quoting the portion of your letter which has helped me the most.

(Mother, while I am writing there is a tear in my eye. I am thinking of the many boys who have no Christian mother to counsel them when they are passing through the blackness of night -- temptation. I wonder that more young men do not go wrong.)

You wrote: "This is a world of trial, and conflict with principalities and powers, with darkness and terrible evils, and the holy soul who is in the fore-front of the conflict may expect the fiercest assaults of the devil, and the heaviest and most perplexing and prolonged temptations.

"Our blessed Lord was tried and tempted for forty days and forty nights of the devil, and the servant must not be surprised if he is as his Master.

"It is no sin to be tempted; in fact, the Apostle James tells us to rejoice when we are subjected to all manner of temptations, for the resulting trial of our faith will produce in us strength and force of holy character, so that we shall be lacking in nothing."

And then you said: "I would rather see you put in your grave than have you do anything wrong. It would kill me."

Well, mother, I rejoice to say I can report complete victory. The Lord Jesus overcame all my temptations, and all His overcomings are mine by faith. I love Him more today than ever before. Hallelujah! And I love you more than ever, my dear mother, because your letter was God's instrument to give me victory.

Since your letter came, heaven has been the theme uppermost in my mind and heart. I am a long way from you now as I write, and it is possible that the Lord will send His messenger and take you home to heaven -- or, the message may be for me. Who knows?

So it is that I have been thinking about heaven. I have asked myself this question: "What would I do if I were called to heaven before you?" It is no harm to let one's imagination play a bit, and I am sure there can be no implication of irreverence where none is intended.

I can see myself suddenly transplanted to heaven. The myriads of holy angels bear me up to the City of God. How beautiful it is! Yes, the streets are all paved with gold, and the mansions are so wonderful that they baffle description.

I am happy -- yet not any more so than when on earth, save for the perfect knowledge that I shall no longer be tempted, or burdened, or sick, nor shall I have to look upon sin of any kind. I walk by sight now, and not by faith. In earth it was by faith, "now I know, even as I am known." Then I saw "through a glass darkly; but now face to face."

I am carried to the throne, or maybe I should say I fly to the throne, because I can go from one place to another like a bird. I see Jesus, face to face.

I see Him, mother, by right of the purchase price He paid on the Cross. I can hardly endure the wonder, the glory, the joy and reality of it all. I put my fingers into the marks of the nails in His right hand. I say, "It was for me -- I find the marks in His left hand. I say, "It was for me!" I put my hand into the scar on His side like Thomas did, and yet unlike Thomas. I do not do it to verify Him; I do it to thank Him. "It was for me!" I fall down and kiss the nail-prints in His feet. As I bathe them in my tears of joy, I say: "It was for me -- Oh, mother, throughout all eternity I am to be privileged to look into His face. How often had I sung in earth--

"By wondrous, free grace,
I shall see His dear face."

And now it has come true. Oh, Hallelujah! I move about heaven. I won't try to describe it. I cannot. I find that glorious bond-slave of Jesus, Paul. "Paul!" I cry. I throw my arms about his neck and embrace him. I ask him a thousand questions, and yet I do not seem to need an answer. For heaven is a perfect place of perfect knowledge. How many questions there were on earth that I wanted to ask, and now the answers are so plain.

And there is Daniel! That grand Hebrew prophet. He was so true; he was so brave. Oh, my precious mother, how thankful I am you prayed for my salvation. If I should have missed the glory of heaven! What a terrible thought that is!

And there is Enoch! I grasp his hand. He walked with God. I now know what it means. Bless the Lord!

And Moses! You dear old man. You were so meek and humble, and although you failed to reach the Promised Land, you are now in the real Promised Land.

Jonah! "Did the whale really swallow you?" He smiles. That is answer enough. I know.

Who is that man over there? Why, it is Elijah, the prophet of fire. Oh, mother, if you could see him!

Here is Isaiah! I salute the great evangelical prophet. He returns my salute. "I was taught," I whisper to him, "that you did not write the book of Isaiah -- that is, you wrote only part of it and another Isaiah wrote the remainder." But I need no answer, for a smile irradiates his glorious face. I have perfect knowledge.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Oh, mother! My soul is filled and thrilled. I go at will over the vast expanse of heaven. It is so easy to get about. And I have not seen a single funeral, or hospital, or cemetery, or saloon, or a cripple of any kind. And here is Peter! "Welcome!" he cries.

"May I sit down here by your side, Peter?" I ask.

He sweetly grants my request. "But why sit here? Why not go and take possession of your mansion?"

"It is this way, Peter. I surely am happy here. And to think that it shall be so wonderful for all eternity nearly overpowers me.

But there is one person missing."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Who is it? May I ask?"

"Oh, yes. It is my precious mother. You know, Peter, she prayed for me thirteen years, and then Jesus saved me. And I wanted to sit near the gate and wait for her."

And so I sit down to wait. I do not know how long I waited. Time is not recorded in heaven. Its flight is not measured by months and years, for there is no night here. But suddenly I see you coming.

The massive gates are flung open, and you, my dear mother, enter.

What a meeting! Oh _____! I'm crying, mother. I cannot help it. Excuse the tear stains. My precious, precious mother.

"No painter's brush, nor poet's pen, in justice to her fame,
Has ever reached half high enough to write the mother's name.
Make ink of tears, and molten gems and and sunbeams mixed together,
With holy hand and golden pen, go write the name of mother."

I'll be true to God, I promise you, my mother. I'll work hard for Jesus. I would not miss the meeting in the sky for a million worlds.

But you must not forget to pray for me. I shall be tried and tempted. Praise God! There's victory in Jesus.

Write soon,
Jack

* * * * *

06 -- LETTER -- HE LEARNED TO PRAY AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE

My Own Dear Mother:

Everything is beautiful today. As I sit at my desk writing to you, I can look out of my window upon the lawn. The grass and leaves are fresh, and the flowers are waving gayly in the breeze. I can hear the birds singing in the tree-tops, and I can see the robins hopping about on the lawn catching worms. Across the street is a squirrel busily gathering nuts from a basket which a kind lady placed under the tree.

All of these things I can see from my window, because the shades are not drawn and the vision is clear.

In my heart there is a garden -- the garden of love, in which are growing all the fruits of the Spirit. Paul in his epistle to the Galatians tells us what the fruits are -- "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

I am the care-taker for the lawn which I can see through my window. I keep it in good condition. Jesus is the Gardener of my heart. And, oh, how well He does His work! If the lady with whom I board should not permit me to take care of her garden, I would no longer be the gardener, and if I did not allow Jesus to be the Gardener of my heart He would not remain where He is not wanted.

How happy I am, mother. Happy as the squirrel which gathers his nuts; happy as the birds which sing; happy as the waving flowers. I am so glad I raised the shade from my heart and let the sunshine of God's love come in.

But I set out to write you something altogether different from the foregoing. Happy as I am, there is a burden on my heart -- a burden for the people who do not know God; who are not in tune with His divine love. There are many, many who need help, and I do thank Jesus that, now and then, He allows me to help some one. It is easy enough to give people money and clothing if they need it; it is comparatively easy to nurse them if they are physically ill. But when they are sick with sin and out of harmony with God, it is very difficult.

I want to tell you about a boy, or rather a young man (he is twenty) whom God allowed me to help. His father has been dead two years. He is the oldest of three children. A sad experience came into his life -- the saddest of all human experiences -- his mother died. I preached the funeral sermon. She was a lovely Christian woman, and it was not at all hard to preach, for I knew God had called her home to be with Jesus.

While I preached Elwood -- the young man I am writing about -- with his little brother and sister sat in the third row, and sobbed pitifully. I wanted to help him, for he was not a Christian; but I did not know just what to say. At the cemetery, however, I had a chance to speak to him. I said: "Elwood, won't you give your heart to God and become a Christian?"

"Don't talk about Christianity and God to me," he snapped. "I don't believe. Did I not lock myself up for three days and nights and ask God to spare my mother? I prayed all that time and he killed her. That's what He did. Don't talk to me."

The Lord gave me words. I said, sternly: "Elwood, you did not pray."

"I did!" he cried.

"You did not," I returned. "You may have locked yourself in a room, and gone through the mere form of prayer, but you never prayed. You do not know the meaning of prayer."

Again he snapped at me, but I paid no attention to his words.

"Listen to me, Elwood. Are you a Christian?"

"No!" he answered, readily.

"And you know you have not been living the right kind of life, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You remember two years ago when you went to college, your mother told you to be sure and keep up your work in the Christian Endeavor, and not to forget your Bible-study and your prayers?"

He nodded his head to mean yes. He knew I had talked to his mother about him. I continued.

"You know you almost stopped going to Church altogether. You got into that fraternity, and ran with that fast crowd. You danced and you smoked, and you played cards. This Fall, the last thing your mother and sister said to you was this: 'Elwood, won't you get back into the Christian Endeavor and the Sunday-school, and the Church?' And what did you say? This: 'I can't, mother; I just can't do it. If I should do what you ask I should be isolated from all the fellows. They would point their fingers at me, and call me a molly-coddle and a sissy.'"

I paused and looked Elwood straight in the eyes. He dropped them before my gaze.

"Are not all the things I have stated true?" I asked.

He answered "yes" between his sobs.

And then I said: "That's the reason I say you did not pray those three days. Your heart was not in tune with God. It was not keyed up to His will. You were a conscious sinner, and you know He cannot hear sinners. It is just like having a telephone with the connections broken. You might stand at the receiver for weeks, but there would be no response.

A sudden brightness came into Elwood's eyes. "I see it!" he shouted. "I see it now!" He reached out for my hand and gave it a brisk shake, with all the feeling of his heart in the grip.

"I will pray now. Let us kneel right here."

We knelt down beside the fresh grave of his sainted mother. I do not know what the people thought. I do not care. Elwood began to talk to God.

"O God," he prayed, "will you forgive me? I was wrong. I did not pray. I do want to be a Christian. I want to give my heart to Jesus. I want to meet my mother in

heaven. If you forgive me, I will be a father and mother to Herby and Nancy. I'll be a real Christian."

That was genuine prayer. God, because of His infinite grace, forgave Elwood right there and then; he was saved on the spot. Rejoicing began in heaven in the presence of the angels and in his heart and in my heart. Elwood was a changed man.

So, my dear mother, you see God used me to help one person. I want to help many more. Continue to pray for me. Give my love to all.

Special Love To You,
Your Converted Boy,
Jack

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07 -- LETTER -- HOW GOD HAS USED MY CONSECRATED MUSICAL ORGAN

My Darling Mother:

A friend of mine tonight was writing to his sweetheart. I did not read his letter. I saw only the salutation.

He began: "My Darling Bessie." Bessie was the name of his sweetheart.

Well, my dear mother, you are my sweetheart, and so I have begun this letter, "My Darling Mother." I am a mother's boy, and I do not care who knows it. I am tied to your apron-strings; I never want to be loosed. Sometimes people call me sentimental when I speak so much about my love for you; but I cannot help what they think. When I remember the Cross, and recall that Jesus' last earthly care was for His mother, I am sure I can make no mistake in loving you.

I love you, mother, because you are my mother; I love you because you have suffered for me; I love you because you have had ambitions for me. But I love you most of all because you pointed me to my Saviour who saved me from my sins.

Mother, I believe it was in my last letter that I told you about my Consecrated Organ. You replied that you were glad that everything I possessed was consecrated to the Lord. Well, I am glad to say everything I possess is on the altar, but my little folding organ is consecrated in a peculiar way.

I feel impressed to tell you all about the organ. It may make you feel sad for a little while, but afterward your heart will rejoice.

When I was about fifteen years of age, I went, with some older boys, into a saloon. In the back part, men were playing cards for money. I had learned to play the game, and from the time I learned I had a desire to play for money -- to gamble. But I had no money.

In the front of the saloon a number of men were about the bar drinking. I remember the scene so well. I noticed one old man was quite drunk. It was Saturday night, and the men were drinking up their week's wages instead of taking the money home to needy families. The old man had just paid for a round of drinks, and was putting his change into his pocket-book. He thought he put the purse into his pocket, but it fell to the floor. I saw it. I looked about to see if anyone else had seen it. Apparently, no one had. Casually, I slipped over to where the man stood and picked up his pocket-book, and quickly thrust it into my own pocket. Then I left the saloon. Outside I counted the money. It amounted, if I remember correctly, to about two dollars and fifty cents. I threw the purse away, returned to the saloon, and it was not long before I was playing cards for money.

I thought it was great sport. I believed myself quite a player, but it was not long before my money was all gone, and I was pushed out of the game. But I had had a good time, and it was a thrilling experience. I had gambled, and I could call myself a gambler.

Oh, mother, how sin does fasten itself upon people. The devil is ever working. He makes it attractive at first, and then later exposes the sinner.

"Be not deceived. God is not mocked. For whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

About three months ago, while I was praying in my own closet, I asked God to search my heart. The Holy Spirit brought to my remembrance the scene in the saloon which I have just recounted. I have had to straighten many crooked paths, but this theft had never come to my mind before.

I told the Lord it had happened so long before, and because I did not know the man from whom I had stolen the money, that He ought not hold me responsible. But the dear Lord told me to straighten it up. How? I have always preached that repentance without reparation is wasted, and now I was called upon by the Almighty to make reparation for something which had occurred fifteen years before.

I promised. I could not deny the Lord. I asked Him to show me how to make my wrong right. Arising from my knees I picked up a Christian paper to read. Almost the first article upon which my eyes fell was a letter from a man to the editor of the paper. The man wrote, in effect:

"Twenty-seven years ago I defrauded a man out of five dollars. I am a Christian now and want to repay. I do not remember the man's name, or where he

lived, so I am four-folding the amount, and in this letter sending you a check for twenty dollars. I ask you to use it for some good Christian purpose."

That man's case was paralleled with mine. God had shown me. I began to think about what I would do with ten dollars -- that was the amount when I multiplied two-and-a-half by four. That's Zacchaeus' standard.

As I thought, a street organ came vividly to my mind. I had received that very day some advertising literature about organs, and I knew I could get one for ten dollars. I wanted it to use on the street corners and in homes where there was no musical instrument.

I wrote the letter immediately and ordered the organ. When it came, I definitely consecrated it to the Lord. And, oh mother, God has blessed my Consecrated Organ. Its music is wonderfully sweet, and God has kept it in perfect repair.

Nearly every Saturday night I get a few singers together, young men and women, and we go on the street to sing God's praises. We always get a crowd, and God has given us many precious souls. One of the brightest young men we have in our Bible Class and Church was converted on the street corner.

I have heard many people say: "We like that kind of religion -- the kind you bring out on the streets."

"It is a fact that cannot be denied, people who never darken a church door will stand and listen to the organ, the songs, the testimonies, and the Gospel message. It is the work our Master did. He worked right out in the open where He could touch the sinners.

I do not know how many times I have stood on our soap-box and told the story of the Consecrated Organ. I have often seen tears in the eyes of many when God's great love breaks over them. Merchants have said to me that people have come to their stores and paid up back debts which they had never hoped to collect.

And then, too, mother, these street meetings help those who go out to assist. The young men have been strengthened when they have prayed and testified, and the young women have learned the real meaning of Service for Jesus. I have learned this important truth: street meetings are of infinitely more value to churches than the parties, the socials, the plays and bazaars which we so often find in churches. These things do nothing but hinder, but the street meetings always help.

My dear mother, I want to tell you in detail about one young woman our Consecrated Organ has reached for God. She was known in the town as a bad girl (you know what I mean). Other girls would have nothing to do with her. I always was

kind to her, and would take pains to invite her to our Church. But she would never come. Her excuse was: "No one treats me right !" And I guess there was much truth in her assertion.

One Saturday night I took the eighth chapter of St. John and gave the people on the street a little message from it. You remember, it is about the woman whom the Pharisees said was bad, but Jesus so sweetly forgave her sins. I used several illustrations in the course of my message, and then gave the invitation for sinners to come to Christ.

The young woman, Helen W____, was in the crowd, although I had not seen her. She came to the middle of our circle and knelt right down on the street for prayer. Some of our young ladies knelt with her. They put their arms about her. (I am sorry to tell it, but some of our girls would not kneel. They looked upon Helen as some filthy object. They have not had the Master's real touch.) Anyway, we had prayer, and God worked a miracle of grace in that girl's heart. She was thoroughly saved.

When we arose from our knees, the girl who plays the Consecrated Organ (she is a lovely Christian girl) struck up the beautiful Gospel song:

"Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow;
Though they be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool."

We all sang, and the people in the crowd sang. God was in our midst. Praise Him!

Helen was very happy. She came to me before we finished singing, and whispered:

"Brother Linn, will you let me testify?"

"Why, yes," I said. I helped her upon the box.

The sight of Helen on top of the box charged the crowd with intense silence. You could have heard a pin drop.

She said: "I know what most of you think of me. I have been bitter against all of you and against God, too. But Jesus saved me tonight, and I want to tell you my story.

"Some time ago a certain girl -- I now forgive her -- told me my father was not my real father. It nearly broke my heart. I became despondent and careless. I did commit many sins. What you have been saying about me in a measure is true. I

found the people turning away from me, and no one would give me a chance. My heart was hardened. tonight when I heard Brother Linn tell the story of Jesus and the sinful woman, I felt something working in my heart. When he had finished, I was determined to live for that Jesus who loves fallen girls. And so I say to you now, God helping me, I am done with all sin, and I am going to follow Jesus."

There was hardly a dry eye among the people. Many came and embraced Helen, while we sang of God's praises. It was a "Hallelujah time."

Helen is one of the best workers we have in our Church. She teaches a Sunday-school class and is an officer in the Young Peoples' Society. God is using her.

Well, mother, I have told you about my Consecrated Organ. It is still in good condition, and I am sure God will use it again and again for His glory.

I wish there were more Consecrated Organs, and more consecrated young people to go out on the street corners and tell about the love of Jesus.

As I close, my darling mother, let me repeat: I love you. You are my sweetheart. I shall be true to God.

Write me soon, and please make your letter extra long.

Your Boy,
Jack

* * * * *

08 -- LETTER -- THE TIME OF HER SON'S CONVERSION AND HER DEATH

My Dear Mother:

This is a beautiful autumn day, and my soul is in perfect harmony with the great God of Creation and the Saviour. When I think of the many years I lived without knowing God and His precious love, it brings remorse to my heart. But it isn't what I was, it is what I am. And I am saved. Glory to God! His Spirit fills my soul, and my great ambition is to do the will of my Heavenly Father. He has forgiven my sins the same as you have forgiven, and that means unspeakable joy and peace which passeth all understanding.

Oh, the great number of young men who are losing the glory of God's love and communion simply because they will not surrender to Jesus. Many of them are on the verge of being saved, but they will not trust God.

But I am away from my text. I set out to write you about a young man who fell into the arms of Jesus -- yes, he literally fell into the arms of his Saviour.

A large circus was in town last Monday, a week ago today. I saw the parade trail along the street, and I saw the thousands and thousands of pleasure-seekers jamming the sidewalks to see everything that was to be seen. As I looked, I found myself praying that God would save some of the circus folk. I noted especially the hard-worked, ill-kept men who acted as drivers of the big wagons; I looked upon the painted women on the horses and on top of the decorated vehicles, and I saw the clowns who were making the children laugh, but who doubtless were sad themselves. I could not but ask myself : "Do they know God loves them? Do they know Jesus died for them? Have they ever been given a chance?" And many other questions. The pleasure lovers gladly pay their money to have the circus people entertain them, but what do they do to save their lost souls?

We had no meeting at the tabernacle on circus night. It happened to be rest day. I was so burdened at night I could not sleep. About eleven I was looking out of my window when I saw the wagons' coming down the street, returning from the show-grounds to the railroad with the circus. I heard the clanging of the street-car bell as it signaled for the wagons to give it right-of-way, and then suddenly I heard a crash. The car had collided with one of the wagons, and I saw the driver hurled through the air, He fell with a thump to the street, after he had first struck a telephone pole.

I rushed from my room. I was the first to reach the man. I thought he was dying. I talked to him. "Take Jesus!" I begged. "Say God, be merciful to me a sinner. He can save you."

He muttered something as he opened his eyes for a second and looked at me. Others had now gathered, and soon the ambulance was on the scene. The young man was carried away to a hospital.

I went to the hospital early next morning, right after our six o'clock prayer-meeting. The nurse told me I could not see the man, but when I told her who I was and what I wanted, she disobeyed the doctor's instructions and led me to the cot on which the injured man' lay. He was conscious.

I began to tell him about the scene of the night before and my words to him. He cut me off by saying:

"Yes, I remember. I've been waiting for you to come."

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Very bad," he answered. "But never mind that. Tell me what I can do in my last moments. I know I am going to die."

He spoke quickly, and his words rang with sincerity. I was just about to say something, when he began again. He spoke with much difficulty and pain. One arm was broken, one leg was broken. The side of his face, which was bruised and torn, was bandaged so as to cover one eye. His lips were also cut, and a plaster had been applied. He spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"Maybe, if I tell you something about myself, it will help you to answer my question."

"I think it will," I replied, as I breathed a prayer to God for wisdom.

"I guess you think because I am a circus man, I'm a bad fellow, and I guess I am. But I believe I've got something tender about me. My mother is a good woman, and I have heard her tell me time and time again that even before I was born she put me upon the altar of God. She always took me to Sunday-school and Church regularly, and I learned to quote many verses out of the Bible.

"When I was seventeen I ran away from home. I know my mother's prayers have been following me. Every time I have done anything wrong -- and that has been often -- I could hear my mother's voice in prayer. It used to make me mad, and bitter, and miserable. Sometimes I got drunk purposely so I would not hear my mother's prayers. But when I would get sober, the first thing I would hear would be mother's words:

"No matter where you go, or what you do, I'll pray for you, and God will save you. It may cost you a lot, but He'll save you just the same."

He paused. Big tears were coming from the eye which was not hidden by the bandage. And tears were in my own eyes. As I stood over the cot, looking down on the poor, dying man, I was praising God for another Christian mother. Oh, the power of a praying mother!

"Yesterday morning" -- my friend began to speak again -- "after we had finished unloading the show, I got some of the boys together, and we planned to have a good time -- to be honest, we planned to get drunk. Well, it was not an easy thing to do in this town. You know, it is dry here. But we found a bootlegger, and bought a quart of whisky. It cost five dollars. I got my share from the bottle, but it was just enough to make me want more.

"I craved for drink all day, and the more I craved, the more I thought of my mother. I could hear her words as distinctly as yours, although it has been three years since I've seen her.

"I heard these words, the same as if she had spoken them in my ears: 'The Lord may let something awful happen to you, but He will save you.' And then I had

an awful impression that the something was to happen yesterday. Last night when the street car struck my wagon, and I went sailing through the air to the pavement, I thought of mother's words. And when you came to me -- the very first person -- I knew mother's prayers would be answered.

"It may sound strange to you, but I am going to be saved in a few moments, and then pass on."

"You may recover _____" I attempted to speak.

"No -- it is not God's will. I am going to give myself to God this very moment." He closed the one eye and prayed: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner, and save me now. I have fought you for a long while, but now I surrender. Your great love and mother's prayers have conquered. God bless my mother. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

He opened his eye, and said to me, "It's all right."

Mother, I have seen all sorts of religious experiences, but this was a new kind to me. It baffled me -- fairly took me off my feet. If it had not been for the great change which came visibly over him, I might have thought he was presuming upon God's love and making a convenience of His mercy. But I could not doubt that a work of grace had taken place in his heart.

"Have you a paper and pencil?" he asked.

"Why, yes," I replied, still bewildered.

"Please write down my mother's name and address. Then write and tell her I am gone, but that it is all right with my soul. She'll understand."

"Are you sure she is living?" I asked, remembering he had said he had not seen her for a number of years.

"Oh, yes; she is living. She told me many times that she would not die until I was saved."

I wrote the address in a little book and promised to prepare the letter.

Two nurses and the physician were now in the room. They stood silently, for they had heard some of the conversation.

"Now please kneel beside my cot, and thank God for His goodness."

I did as he requested. My emotion would not permit me to pray long, but I am sure I was earnest. When I arose to my feet, the man was dead.

The two nurses, the physician, and I left the room in tears. When I reached the street I heard the town clock strike. From force of habit I pulled out my watch, and the hands pointed to ten.

The next day, Wednesday, after much prayer, I sat down and wrote the letter to the boy's mother, his praying mother. I told her all the details exactly as I could recall them.

On Sunday, that is yesterday, I received a special delivery letter. It was from the city in which his mother lived. I hastily tore open the envelope. I wanted to know the mother's reply. It was not from her. It was from her sister. The letter read:

"I opened your letter to my sister, Roy's mother. It gave us real and much joy. We can now understand why Clara -- that is, Roy's mother -- died with such peace. She closed her eyes to be with Jesus two minutes before ten on the same day Roy died."

Now, my dear mother, I have told you all about the circus man. I cannot comment upon what occurred. I do not know how. It is all with God. "He moves in mysterious ways His wonders to perform."

Last night in my sermon I told the story as I have written it to you. It broke the hearts of the people. I gave the invitation for sinners to accept Jesus. A great many were saved. Praise God!

Remember me at the throne of God. I never felt weaker and more unworthy. I need God.

Your Converted Preacher Boy,
Jack

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09 -- LETTER -- HOW I AM A BILLIONAIRE CHRISTIAN

My Dear Mother:

I am writing to you this morning just after my devotions. I read the One Hundredth and Thirty-second Psalm. Have you ever noticed in the middle of this Psalm that it reads, "And let thy saints shout for joy?" And then along toward the close are these words, "And let her saints shout aloud for joy."

I am glad the word aloud is written in God's' Book, else I could never understand why my heart wants to cry out its praises. Mother, I am wonderfully happy -- no, I should not say happy -- happiness depends upon what happens. The word "happiness" has as its root that English word "hap," which means that it came

by chance. I should have said I am joyous. Joy comes from God. In Christ Jesus I know the peace which "passeth all understanding," and the "joy which is unspeakable and full of glory." Just think! I am only a young man and so overflowing with the love of God that I want to shout and sing out loud. I am not boasting, mother, except in the Lord. The great third chapter of Ephesians says:

"That Christ may dwell in your heart by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love."

How could I help being filled with joy when Christ is literally dwelling in my heart. I know now, as I have never known before, that the true beauty of Christian manhood does not depend on things from without, but on the things that are within. Paul says in Philippians 4:11 --

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." He meant, I am sure, that his contentment was never-failing because Jesus lived in his heart. It did not matter to him whether he (himself) lived in a mansion or in a jail. In fact, he wrote this epistle from a jail where he was imprisoned.

I wonder, mamma, if you ever heard much about Billy Bray? He was born in England in 1794, and grew up to be a very sinful man. By occupation he was a miner. So low did he sink in sin that he was given up as past redemption. But God, who saves to the uttermost, touched his hardened heart, and when the wicked man cried for mercy, God, for Jesus' sake, forgave his sins. Billy Bray became one of the happiest Christians in all the world: He has done untold good for the cause of the Master.

I want to tell you a few things about him, and while you read, please bear in mind my soul responds to Billy's unspeakable joy. In, one prayer-meeting where a number of halfhearted Christians had gathered, Billy Bray sat and listened to their gloomy testimonies. Suddenly, he jumped to his feet, and exclaimed:

"Well, friends, I have been taking vinegar and honey, but, praise the Lord, I've had the vinegar with a spoon and the honey with a ladle!"

"I can't help praising God," he said another time. "As I go along the street I lift one foot and it seems to say, 'Glory!' and I lift up the other and it says 'Amen!' and so they keep on all the time I am walking."

Even when his wife died, Billy jumped about the room with joy, exclaiming: "Bless the Lord! My dear Joey has gone up with the bright ones! My dear Joey is gone up with the shining angels! Glory! Glory! Glory!"

Mother, that's "counting it all a joy."

Sometimes people objected to this man of God shouting. He defended himself in this way: "If they were to put me in a barrel, I would shout glory out of the bung-hole! Praise the Lord!"

Oh, mother, I am so glad I am a happy Christian. I wouldn't want to be any other kind. And I know you, too, are joyous, because you have the same Jesus dwelling in your heart by faith. I have discovered, glory to God for it, that a victorious and joyous Christian life brings fruit. Unsaved people are convicted of sin when they hear Christian people testify to their joy in Christ.

Now, mother, let me be a bit more concrete. I am in a writing humor, and so bear with me while I give vent to my great joy. Instead of saying I am a "joyous Christian," let me say I am a "Billionaire Christian." Maybe a smile flits over your face, and you whisper, "Jack is getting fanciful."

No, I'm not -- I'm stating facts. I am a Billionaire Christian! I can prove it. God's Book says in 1 Peter 1:18-19 -- "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as a lamb without blemish and without spot."

Now, mother, hear my argument. If I have something -- and I have, redemption through the blood -- and it cannot be bought with silver or gold, then am I not justified in saying I am a Billionaire Christian? I would have said something more than a billion, but I never studied higher mathematics, and a billion is the end of my arithmetical knowledge.

Do you know how much a billion is? A billion dollars ? Why, it bewilders one's mind. Just say a silver dollar is an inch and a half in diameter. Lay a billion of them down, side by side, and they will reach 23,674 miles, or almost around the earth. And yet if I possessed a billion I could not buy what I received when I came to Jesus. And people want to keep me from shouting. Glory! Hallelujah! So there!

And, again, mother, let us say a silver dollar is an eighth of an inch thick. Lay them, one upon another, and they would reach 1,972 miles into the air. Now wouldn't that make Jack's beanstalk look like thirty cents? And if I really had that billion, it would not buy forgiveness for my sins, or a home in heaven.

Of course, I'm a Billionaire Christian! How dare any one dispute it!

I remember when I went to New York City I crossed the bay from Hoboken, New Jersey, on the Ferry. As the boat approached Manhattan Island, or New York City proper, I heard a fellow-passenger say: "That's the billion-dollar front just before us."

There were hundreds of massive buildings before my gaze. I saw the Metropolitan Building, with its great tower. It is more than five-hundred feet high,

and they say cost millions to build it. There was the Woolworth Building, said to be the highest in the world. It cost a great fortune to construct it. And there was the World Building, and there another, and another, and hundreds of them.

While I looked at the billion-dollar front in wonderment, this thought came to my mind: If by some chance all those buildings were deeded over to me, and I could turn them into cold cash, could I with all that money buy what I have in my heart -- Jesus? I had to answer, "No -- a thousand times no!"

And so I repeat, I am a Billionaire Christian!

No one will ever hear me say I am poor. No, I am rich. My Father is rich. Jesus is His Son, and Jesus is my Elder Brother. He is the Heir of God, and I am a joint-heir. Amen! Praise God!! Hallelujah!!!

I preached at the Railroad Shops several days ago at the noon hour. I used the theme, "I'm a Billionaire Christian." The Lord backed up my words with His Holy Spirit. It was a splendid service. The men were good listeners. One rarely finds better attention.

One young man with auburn hair was brightly converted. I know he is really born of the Spirit because he has become a witness for God. I am always doubtful about a conversion unless the new experience leads the convert to go and tell others. This young man tells his story of redeeming grace at every opportunity, and he is not at all bashful about making opportunities.

What do you suppose he calls himself? You couldn't guess: -- "Hallelujah Jack's, twin brother." Here is the way he words it:

"Jack says he is a Billionaire Christian, because he has something in his heart which he cannot buy with a billion dollars. Well, I've got that same thing. And so I'm Jack's twin brother."

Oh, my mother, I do wish I had many more twin brothers. I am more than willing to be a triplet, or quadruplet, or anything if I can only get people to accept Jesus and be saved. Oh____! How can they refuse to be a child of the King! But I'm not going to give up. I can touch some one most every day, and I am going to work my best to find the missing heirs of a great Kingdom.

There -- listen! The clock struck one. I did intend to write more, but if I am to get this off on the afternoon train, I must go immediately to the post office.

Good-Bye,
Your Happy Boy,
Jack

P.S. Mother, my twin brother just called me on the telephone. He said: "Brother Linn, I want to tell you something." "All right, go ahead," I returned. "Well, you have another twin brother." "Is that so?" "Yes. He came last night. You remember the fellow who spit in my face the other day because I tried to get him saved. He came to me last night and apologized, and God let me lead him into full salvation." Isn't that fine, mother? I'm a triplet!

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10 -- LETTER -- HOW REAL REPENTANCE GETS INTO THE FEET

Dear Mother:

Did ever a boy have so sweet a mother as I have? I do appreciate your love and prayers; my regret is that I did not awaken to your great love sooner than I did.

In your last letter to me you said you would like to hear me preach. And I would love to have you in my congregation -- it would indeed be an inspiration. It is sometimes hard for me to realize I am a preacher. Just a few years ago I was a deep sinner, and had no use for the Church. But now I love God and His Church.

I recall this incident of several years ago. I was in Chicago when Gipsy Smith, the famous evangelist, was there holding a large meeting. You coaxed me to go and hear him, but I never darkened the door. I would now walk miles to hear him preach. Such is the wonderful change that is brought about by conversion.

Since it is impossible for you to hear me preach, I am going to write you a sermon. This message has been used of God to win precious souls.

The subject is, "Old-Fashioned Repentance."

**The text: "I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."
(Luke 13:3.)**

Sometimes people say to me, "Brother Linn, you are such an up-to-date fellow, why do you preach on such an old-fashioned subject as repentance?"

Well, I am up-to-date. When I buy a suit of clothes, I want the very latest. When I get a hat, it must be the most modern pattern. I like up-to-date conveniences of all kinds. The electric light always suits me better than the old style kerosene lamp, and a Packard always goes better with me than a Ford. In fact, I am so up-to-date that not long ago the ambulance took me to the hospital where the surgeons eliminated my appendix. So I belong to that modern order, "The Heroes of the Knife."

But there is one thing I am old-fashioned about -- that is repentance. God has never changed the terms of admission into heaven, and I dare not do so.

"Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and today, and forever." (Heb. 13:8.)

I am characterized at times "spectacular" because I continue to preach repentance for sin. " My argument is: John the Baptist was spectacular; his message was repentance. Jesus was spectacular; His first and last message was repentance. And the first thing He did, once seated at the right hand of God, was to call Paul who preached repentance. Peter preached on this subject on the Day of Pentecost when three thousand were saved. It is the burden of God's heart, for "The Lord is. . . not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." And my text says, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

You say: "If repentance is so important, tell us something about it. What is repentance?" All right. I will.

I. Repentance Gets Into the Head -- that is, it touches the intellect.

Jesus tells us about a man who had two sons. He said to the first, "Son, go work today in my vineyard." He answered and said, "I will not." But afterward he repented, and went. In other words, he changed his mind. His repentance got into his head.

The same thing was true of the Prodigal Son. "He came to himself." He began to think. The life of sin, independent of his father, was not all he had pictured it to be. Many a young man starts out to serve the devil, believing the life independent of God the Father is the ideal way of living. But they soon change their minds, And so genuine, old-fashioned repentance touches the intellect, or it gets in the head.

II. Repentance Gets Into the Heart -- that is, it touches the emotions.

How much emotion is necessary in repentance? I do not know. I do not know how many tears must be shed. I know the Publican when he repented beat upon his breast. The Prodigal was sorry for his sins. Paul, in writing to the Church at Corinth, said:

"Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance."

We are all emotional by nature, although some are more demonstrative than others. It surely means something to be convicted of the awfulness of our sin and our lost condition. It brings a burden upon our hearts which nothing else can do. Many people are convinced, in their heads, of their sins, but it never gets into their hearts, and they are not saved.

III. Repentance Gets Into the Feet -- that is, it touches the will and disposition.

It is a "crisis with a changed experience in view." Too many folks are convinced of sin, sorry for sin, but it goes no further. Repentance demands that we get right with God and man.

How does repentance get into our feet?

1. "In the confession of sin to God. The Psalmist cried: "I will declare my iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin." The Publican said: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner." The Prodigal confessed: "I have sinned against heaven."

Everyone is a sinner; this fact must be confessed to God. The moral man, the thief, the educated, the illiterate, the cultured, the uncultured. We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. Not to acknowledge we are sinners is not to be saved. The best testimony any Christian can make is: "I am only a sinner saved by grace."

If we have wronged man, we must confess it, and make our wrong right, if it is in our power to do so. In the confession of sin to God there is no distinction between the moral person and the one who is living in gross sin. But in the confession of sin to man, the moral person has no confession to make, while the man deep in sin has.

Right at this point many people miserably fail. Repentance does not go deep enough. It gets into their heads and hearts, but not into their feet. They refuse or neglect to make crooked paths straight, and they die in their sins.

2. Again, repentance gets into the feet in the forsaking of sin. "Let the wicked man forsake his ways and the unrighteous man his thoughts." (Isa. 55:7.) Not only must we straighten up the past, but must have done with sin for all time.

3. And, lastly, repentance gets into the feet in turning to God. Paul tells us in his first Thessalonian letter of those who had genuinely repented. "Ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God."

How do you turn to God?

Accept Jesus Christ as personal Saviour -- own Him Lord and Master of your life -- confess Him publicly before men -- show your faith in Him by your obedience to His commands.

Well, mother, what do you think of your preacher-boy's sermon? I know you will like it -- that's just the dear, sweet mother you are. But let me give you this incident, and I am sure you will like the sermon better.

Tom M_____ is one of my staunchest friends. He is a convert God gave me. If there ever was a loyal Christian, Tom is one. Before his conversion he was a cigarette fiend, a curser, an adulterer, and a thief, and everything that goes with a dissipated life. He traveled in so-called good society; he wore the finest clothes, and always seemed to have plenty of money. Many times before he found Jesus he openly ridiculed me and my work, saying I would be following my calling if I was "carrying the hod."

He came to Church one night. It afforded me a splendid opportunity. The girl who was with him insisted that I preach the sermon which I have written to you. The Holy Spirit did His convicting work, and my words went to Tom's heart. He made no demonstration of any kind, but from that night he was a different person; every one saw a radical change in him. A few weeks passed by and the great change continued to manifest itself in Tom's life.

One Wednesday night, to my surprise, I saw Tom at prayer-meeting. We always have testimonies, and when several had testified, Tom arose. Here are his words:

"I want to publicly confess Jesus Christ. By that I mean I have taken Him to be my personal Saviour, and God helping me I shall own Him Lord and Master of my life. I heard Brother Linn's sermon on 'Old-Fashioned Repentance' three weeks ago. I had come to criticize, but his words gripped my heart. I was then a deep sinner. I now realize it more than ever before. God's love broke over me.

"I began to think. Repentance got into my head. I changed my mind about lots of things. Then repentance got into my heart, and I was genuinely sorry for my sins. And repentance got into my feet. I went home and confessed my sins to God, and promised to forsake them all. The next morning, as some of you know, I began to make crooked paths straight. It was not easy -- in fact, it was the biggest job I ever had on my hands.

"I had defrauded my employer. That's the reason I always had money in my pockets. It took great courage to go and tell him I was a thief. But I did. I knew I might have to be arrested and sent to the penitentiary. But God knew I was sincere, and so did my employer when he heard my confession, and my motives for making it. God had already forgiven: me, and my employer did likewise. He is a Christian. I want all of you to pray for me that my life will count for God."

Wasn't that fine, mother? Tom preached my sermon all over again, only his was practical, and nearly every day his converted life is being used of God to convict others of sin. Our Church is booming for God, and I am living in happy anticipation. I believe God is going to do wonderful things for us. More and more I want to hide myself behind the Cross, and let the glory of Jesus be made known unto men.

**Good-Bye, Dear Mother.
Jack**

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11 -- LETTER -- THE SERMON DID NOT SEND HIM TO HEAVEN

Dearest Mother in the World:

I just returned from the cemetery and my heart is heavy. I have gone to Jesus in prayer, and now I want to come to my mother. I would prefer a thousand times to talk to you in person, because, humanly speaking, there is nothing so inspiring and comforting to me as when I can look into your beautiful face and unburden my heart Go you.

I seem to see now, as I write, the added wrinkles that play on your forehead and on your cheeks, and the silver white in your hair. Yes, my darling mother, I know my past sinful life put them there. I know also what you are saying in your heart as you read these lines. You are saying: "There, there, my boy! Don't worry about mother's wrinkles, or her gray hair. Just think of the immovable tears upon Jesus' face which He received during His contact with the world while putting away sin. But now He is in the power of His glory, at the right hand of God the Father. No -- do not mind the wrinkles and the gray hairs. I am dwelling in the love and the glory of Jesus because He saved my boy and gave him a burden and a passion for the lost."

Tears are flooding my eyes, mother. One or two have dropped upon my paper as I write. But despite the tears there is joy in my heart, for I have learned to say with the Apostle Paul:

"This one thing I do, forgetting those i things which are behind, and reaching forth to those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

But I set out to tell you of an incident which has saddened -- yes, literally broken my heart.

As I have said, I just returned from the cemetery, where, as a minister of the Gospel, I committed the body of a young man -- barely 23 -- to the ground, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the hope of a blessed and glorious resurrection unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Mother, listen! I feel like a hypocrite. I read the committal from my funeral book, and all the time I read it I knew there would be no "glorious resurrection." The young man died -- or was killed -- unsaved.

He was very popular, the only child of well-to-do parents. They idolized him, but while bestowing their love upon him, they forgot the greater love, the love of God. No, he was not such a bad fellow. He smoked cigarettes, played baseball on Sunday; was inclined to make fun of the young men who attended Sunday-school, and when he heard me preach, which was not often, he told people that I was unduly alarmed. "There's plenty of time to get saved after you've had a good time," was a common expression with him.

He had a pleasing personality. Nearly everyone liked him, and of course that meant he had influence with others. I, too, liked him, and every time I had a chance I talked to him about his soul's salvation. I appealed first to the highest motive -- service; I told him how happy he would be and how much good he could do were he to give his heart to God and become a Christian. But he sort of smiled at me, and my appeals were useless. At other times I would appeal to the lower but legitimate motive -- fear. I tried to impress him with the fact that he might gain the world but it would be an idiotic bargain if he should lose his own soul in the transaction. If he had any fear of an eternity banished from God, he was able to cover it up. He would always say, "There is plenty of time." Oh, mother, through all eternity those words will haunt him. "There's plenty of time!" It is an awful paradox -- one can die absolutely fearless, but nevertheless doomed and damned.

He owned a fine auto -- a roadster. It was a gift from his parents. He enjoyed it very much. Day after day he could be seen flying about the roads -- and he did fly. The people called him a reckless driver. He was warned many times to be careful, and I believe he was fined at least three times for speeding. He paid his fine without a murmur, and seemed to consider it a huge joke.

It is the same story we read in the papers almost every day. The bells on the railroad crossing were out of order. He did not see nor hear the approaching passenger, the 5:30. The auto was completely demolished, and Dick -- everyone called him Dick -- was instantly killed.

The news of his death spread like wildfire. Many hearts were genuinely saddened. For me it was torture. The first thing which came to my mind were his words: "There's plenty of time."

They prepared for a great funeral. I never saw so many flowers. And they were costly and beautiful. Hundreds of dollars were spent for them. They sent to another town for an auto-hearse, and also for a pastor of a large church -- he was a D. D., a Doctor of Divinity, famed for his eloquence. No -- I was not hurt because I was not selected to officiate. How could I have preached Dick's funeral sermon, knowing what I did? The church was crowded to the doors, and some of the people had to remain on the lawn outside.

The great pastor delivered a beautiful sermon. His text was found in Philippians 1:21 and 23--

"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better."

I had been asked to read the Scripture lesson. At the preacher's request I read a portion from the first chapter of Philipians, and also the Twenty-third Psalm.

Hearing his text I was very anxious to know how he would develop it. His outline, divisions and sub-divisions, were faultless. I remember this because he announced it as an introduction to his sermon. As for the sermon I heard very little. I was buried with Christ in prayer. All I know was this -- he sent Dick to heaven.

The people all about town are saying: "It was a wonderful sermon;" and "How well he described the glories of heaven." I am thinking, with heavy heart, of Dick's words to me, "There's plenty of time to get saved."

Mother, listen to my heart. (I would not breathe this to anyone else.) A beautiful sermon from the lips of a distinguished preacher will not send a soul to heaven who has rejected Jesus Christ.

I had to go to the cemetery. I rode in the same auto with the preacher. He asked me to make the committal prayer. I wanted to refuse, but I didn't know how. If I had only dared jump from the car and rushed to my room, I would have done so.

The beautiful casket was lowered into the grave. Trained singers sang about heaven. Then I read the committal from my book. How could I have done otherwise?

Here is the thing my heart is saying: "Dick was a good fellow, but he was not prepared to die. He is lost -- lost -- lost!"

I can write no more now, mother. I must go to God in prayer. I need His comfort. It is a time when human sympathy will not satisfy. Oh, I do thank God for His Holy Spirit.

**Your Heart-Broken
Jack**

P.S. Since writing this letter I have been, alone with Jesus for a long time. He has spoken to my heart. I am determined to be a better Christian; I shall live closer to my Saviour. And I shall be a better preacher. I shall be more fearless to cry out against sin. I am already planning to make a sermon for Sunday on this text: "How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation." That Word "neglect" is where I shall put my emphasis. Pray for me.

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12 -- LETTER -- 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 a 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 shore 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 war-path. I need your prayers. So many believers to be sanctified, and so many sinners to be saved.

Your Sanctified Boy,
Jack

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THE END