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**CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCES OF THE TAGGARTS**  
**By Margaret Whiting Taggart**

Originally Titled:  
The Early Christian Experiences of  
Margaret Whiting Taggart and John Moody Taggart

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**01 -- IDENTITY OF THE AUTHOR**

No author was listed for this publication as I received it. Apparently the material was compiled and published by "The Hawkins Family," whose name appears below the Introduction. Nevertheless, I decided to list the authoress as Margaret Whiting Taggart. Most of the content seems to have originally come from her hand. -- DVM

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**02 -- DEDICATION**

Dedicated

In Loving Memory  
of  
Margaret Whiting Taggart  
Our Spiritual Mother and Leader  
And also of those  
Companions with us in the  
Home of Peace  
Who have now reached their  
Eternal Reward as a  
result of her labors.

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### 03 -- INTRODUCTION

We are aware that memorials in stone will crumble and all that is material will decay and pass away, but that which God works in the soul is eternal. We feel, therefore, that the most fitting memorial to our dear one would be to pass on to all who read these pages the transforming power of God upon the heart and life of Margaret Whiting Taggart, who entered into her Heavenly Home on January 20, 1972. She would have been ninety-two years of age on February 13.

We count it a privilege to have been with her during the last days of her life upon this earth and to see the glory that was upon her. As we would sing and pray with her, she would rise in spirit above her frailness, sing and clap her hands, and raising her arms to heaven, a shout would go through her.

A Heavenly Presence hovered over the funeral service; and at the committal, while the whole group sang spontaneously, "I Will Meet You in the Morning," our spirits soared above as we promised to meet her on that bright morning.

Margaret Taggart's experience with the Lord is best expressed in the song she composed many years ago:

"The Lord is God, He reigns within;  
My little all I've given to Him.  
Was e'er such love and mercy shown,  
To make me His and His alone.

Chorus:

"Oh blessed rest, Oh love divine,  
Since Thou has made me wholly Thine,  
Old things are now all passed away.  
I've entered in this land to stay.

"Within myself no good I found,

Helpless and full of sin and bound;  
The carnal mind it troubled me,  
Bless God His grace hath set me free.

"Oh blessed knowledge of His will,  
How sweet to hearken and be still;  
To know His voice and then obey,  
It turns our darkness into day."

The following pages, taken from a letter written to Christian friends, contain this experience in her own words. We hope and pray that all who read these lines will be inspired to be true and faithful that we may not miss the glories of the Heavenly Land.

Home of Peace  
The Hawkins Family

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#### 04 -- EXPERIENCE OF MARGARET TAGGART

I am moved to write you somewhat of the dealings of God with my soul. I was born in the year 1880 in the little town of Mainesburg, Pennsylvania. I was the youngest of five children, the oldest one having died in childhood. As I see it now, father and mother loved and respected each other far beyond the ordinary married people of today. I remember very early in life hearing my mother say to my father with great affection, "Pa, you are the best man that ever walked this earth -- excepting Jesus." Mother was a Christian and well knew it, for she had been born again of the Spirit of God and was always called to pray with the sick and dying in the neighborhood in which we lived. Father was the best moral man I ever remember knowing, but he did not know God and did not profess to in my early life. He never smoked, chewed, drank or swore and never spent a night away from his family. He was a hard worker and a good provider. When I was a little girl, I used to say that if I ever married, I wanted to marry a man just like my father, for he was my chum in childhood. The one great question in my young life was whether father was the Christian or mother, for mother was naturally impulsive and father had trained himself to be steady under all circumstances.

Mother was a Methodist, in fact, the daughter of a Methodist minister, and I was taken to church and Sunday school all my life. I was musically inclined and began to play the organ for church services at the age of fourteen and so went from church to church -- Methodist, Baptist, Christian and others -- to help musically in the little village where we lived. About that time I went to mother one day and said, "Mother, where did all these churches come from? Why don't they all be one?" She looked at me very honestly and earnestly and said, "Margaret, they ought all to be Methodists." When I think of it now, I always have to smile, but I know she meant every word of it and was true to her convictions; nevertheless my heart was not satisfied with her answer, though I did not know why, then. This question was never answered satisfactorily to me until I was born again, and then God, Himself, answered it. Bless His Holy Name.

The facts are these. God is One -- God, the Father; God, the Son; God, the Holy Ghost -- all one Spirit. When one is born of the Spirit of God, they have partaken of the same Spirit; AND, if they both followed that Spirit of God, they would be ONE, for the God in one is the same as the God in the other. But alas, we are not able to do this until He cleanses our hearts from all unrighteousness, helps us on to the death of ourselves and renews our minds through the power of the Holy Spirit. Then we can love one another as He loved us.

Well, to go on with my Christian experience. I can never remember the time when I did not want to be good; but how to accomplish it I did not know. When I was about twelve years of age, a very beautiful Christian character came into my life. She was my aunt by marriage and was my ideal of a woman. I loved her very much and longed to be like her. She taught me that if I wanted to be good, I must learn to mind my mother quickly when she spoke to me. She had a great influence for good over my life; and whenever I was tempted to be naughty and not mind, if she came into the room, she did not have to say anything; I just felt that I must mind and try to be a good girl. I heard her husband say, after living with her twenty-five years, that he had never seen her angry or upset about anything -- quite a record for married life.

At the age of thirteen, I publicly confessed Christ as my Saviour, according to the rules and regulations of the Church of Christ (Disciples). I was given the right hand of fellowship and became a member of that church. I was not born of the Spirit of God, never having realized that I was a sinner; for the Spirit of God had never convicted me of my sins or my sin nature. However, after I took my stand with the Christians as a child, the Spirit often spoke to me saying, "You ought to mind your mother, now that you profess to be a Christian," and this I did much better, for I believe God helped me. I remember many times when I laid my head on my pillow at night, thinking I would go to sleep, my conscience would trouble me so that I would get up and go down stairs to my father's and mother's bedside and ask them to forgive me for talking back or being naughty during the day. Then I would go back to my bed and sleep well, thank God. I was brought up to avoid worldly amusements, such as dances, card parties, theaters, etc., and especially young people who were not morally straight and clean. I never was in a theater until a short time before I was converted when I attended a few Shakespearean plays; but every time I went, God brought my teaching back to my mind, and I thought I was doing wrong to go.

I inherited from my mother a very contented disposition, naturally, and was always a very happy child, except when I became conscious of that something within which wanted its own way and did not want to be crossed. I did not know what it was then, but I know now it was that carnal nature which is not subject to God, neither indeed can be. I used to cry for a couple of days at a time; and when my sister would come and ask me what was the matter, I would say, "Oh, I don't know anything," but I see now that I was just dissatisfied with myself and could not explain it, and no one understood it. As I grew older and became a business college teacher and a music teacher, these feelings seemed to pass away, for I was completely absorbed in my work. However, I found myself coming into a different state of mind, that of self-sufficiency, contemptible conceit, and I felt I was capable of running my own affairs without God; therefore my childlike faith in God was swallowed up by my growing ego or self life.

God allowed me to prosper in everything I tried to do and I gave myself all the credit, not God. He let me have everything I desired and wished for, only to find that I did not want it at all.

Finally, I stopped going to church or Sunday School and ceased to take part in any church work. In fact, I did not profess to be a Christian any longer; for when I would be in a revival meeting where all the Christians were asked to stand, I would get up with them at times and then something would say to me, "You know you are not as good as you ought to be; why stand up here with these Christians?" So, the next time I would not stand; and then something would say to me, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself not to take your stand with the Christians." So I never knew whether to get up or sit down, and why? Because I had no witness of the Spirit that I was a child of God or had ever been born again.

I soon began to criticize professing Christians who I knew did not live a Godly life, especially those with whom I was closely associated. For instance, I saw people professing Christianity getting so angry that they were almost unbearable. I heard men swearing at their wives and cattle who were deacons in the church. However, it did not help me along any to get my eyes on that kind of people. Soon I began to say within myself, "I do not believe there is any God anyway. I believe it is all a sham and humbug." I never said anything like that to my mother, for I knew it would almost kill her, but those thoughts became very real to me. I soon began to search for literature to justify myself in my own wicked thoughts, and I found plenty of it. Just think what can happen to a person brought up in Church and Sunday School. Now, God was getting at my inward life and what I really was at heart, except for my teaching and training. How I thank Him for it all! How good and kind my Saviour was to me all this time! I know my mother, my aunt, and others were praying for me; but they did not realize what an awful condition I was in. When people asked me to become a Christian or seek God, I answered in a very sarcastic manner, "God? What do I need of God? Don't I get along all right without Him?" Oh, how wicked, wicked, wicked! I could now turn my back on the God who never bestowed anything but kindness and love upon me all my life. But, God must show us what we carry around in our own breasts before we can turn from it to our Saviour.

It is a fact that we cannot go forever on the faith of our parents or what we have been taught about God; but God, in His mercy, brings each individual to a day of decision for himself. This happened to me when I went away from my parents for the first time to teach in a normal school. Being taken away from the shelter of my Christian home, I had to stand alone; and God allowed all the unholy, ungodly, atheistic thoughts which I had harbored to form, as it were, a state of hell in my very being. I felt sure, should I die, I would drop into the real hell forever and ever. I realized this so keenly that I did not know which way to turn and longed for my parents, even though I was twenty-five years of age. I had not prayed for several years and had not intended to again, but this awful state of mind and heart was more than I could endure and it drove me to my knees, for I had been taught to turn to God when in trouble. The crisis came one night when I could not sleep and I knew I would not be able to teach the next day unless I found relief. I arose from my bed, got down on my knees, and with tears streaming down my face said to the Lord, "Oh, Lord, I don't want to feel this way, but I can't help it." My heart was crying to God to get that hellish condition out of me. He answered at once with a peace and assurance that there is a God; and if I would seek Him, I would find Him. "Him that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of those who diligently seek Him." I lay down on my pillow and never awoke until morning.

Then, I really started to seek Him in earnest, and what a hunger He created in my heart to find and know my Saviour personally. Augustine said, "The heart of man is empty unless it holds

Him who made it," and, truly, my heart longed for Christ to fill that empty place. I taught school the next day, but continually longed for God. I walked up the stairs to the top of the normal school buildings and stopped on every landing to look away in the clouds thinking I might see Him Whom my soul longed for.

My lady friend and chum came into my room in the evening and said, "Margaret, what is the matter with you, anyway? You don't act natural."

I answered, "Beatrice, I don't just know what is the matter. All I know is that I am just hungry for God." I had heard her say she belonged to the Methodist Church, so I asked her if she knew anything about it or what I ought to do.

She answered, "Oh, Margaret, forget it all and come on and let us have a good time. They are going to have a grand march down in the gymnasium and they expect all the teachers to be there."

I loved my friend, who was the head of the piano department, very much, so I said, "All right, I will go." I had not been in the gymnasium ten minutes before I turned to Beatrice and said, "Will you please excuse me? I cannot stand it to stay here any longer."

She answered, "Yes, of course, if you feel you must go."

I went to my room and prayed and cried to God that He might speak peace to my weary soul.

On Friday nights I always went to my sister's home (a distance of five miles) to spend the weekend. This particular time, I invited this lady friend and another lady teacher in the normal school to go with me. My sister had decided she would never ask me to go to church again as long as she lived, for I never gave her a respectable answer; but when I walked into her home that evening, she suddenly thought she would ask me once more. There were revival meetings just starting in the Baptist Church in that little town of Covington, Pennsylvania; and she said to me, "Wouldn't you like to go to that meeting,"

I answered very quickly, "Yes, I will go."

She was very much surprised with my answer, but she did not know how God had been dealing with me, or what an intense desire had been awakened in my heart to find my Saviour. Well, we went to the church; and as we were entering the door, they were singing and the music sounded just like Heaven to me. Only a short time before, I would have run from it all. We took our seats and soon a Gospel singer arose and sang a solo called, "A Clean Heart." That was just what I wanted; and as he began to sing, it seemed as though God Himself were singing every word through my heart as a prayer.

"One thing I of the Lord desire,  
For all my path hath miry been,  
Be it by water or by fire,

O make me clean, O make me clean.

Chorus:

"So wash me, Thou, without, within,  
Or purge with fire, if that must be,  
No matter how, if only sin  
Die out in me, Die out in me.

"I watch to shun the miry way,  
And stanch the springs of guilty thought,  
But, watch and struggle as I may,  
Pure I am not, Pure I am not.

"Yea, only as this heart is clean  
May larger vision yet be mine,  
For mirrored in its depths are seen  
The things divine, The things divine."

As soon as he began to sing, the Son of Righteousness began to shine on my cold, hard heart; and He melted all the icebergs with tears of deep heart repentance. My eyes were a fountain of tears and I cried so hard and long that a man who sat next to me asked me if I were sick and wanted to be taken home. I shook my head, but never a word could I say until He spoke to my heart. By the time this man was through singing the last verse and chorus, I was a new creation. I hardly knew myself, for I was so full of peace, rest and joy. I couldn't cry any more so I sat and listened to the sermon and enjoyed it all. At the close of the service, the evangelist invited all the Christians to come to the front of the church to pray for the success of the meetings; and I was glad to go with them up to the very front seat. Any other time I would have run out of the church. I sat down and then God moved that evangelist to open a testimony meeting. This was very unusual at a time like that, and I always will believe it was done especially for me. Anyway, I was the first one on my feet and I never will forget what I said, for it came directly from God. I did not have to think it up. I said, "I love Jesus and I know He loves me," and sat down. I never had known that before in all my life. It is surely the greatest knowledge one can have. Oh, what a privilege to meet personally this same Jesus who walked this earth. He forgave all my sins and gave me the witness of the Spirit that I was His child, and my heart was satisfied at last. Hallelujah!

I went home to my sister's after the meeting was closed and someone said to me, "Margaret, you do not look like the same person that you were when you went to church."

I answered, "I am not the same person, for I have been born again of the Spirit of God. I am all new." Thank God for the promise, "Seek and ye shall find."

Before going further with my own experience, I wish to tell you what God did for my father when I reached home and told what God had done for me. He never went to church. I never heard him pray or saw him read the Bible; but when he saw the change in me, something happened to him. The same God who saved me began to talk to him. He at once began to ask the blessing at

every meal; and on Sunday mornings he gathered the family together, took down the old family Bible and read and prayed with us. Oh, how glad and happy my mother was, for she had always wanted him to do this.

Now that I had found my Saviour in reality, as every new born soul does, I wanted everyone to know Him. I also had a very great desire to know Him better and go on into the deeper things of God. I was advised to go to the Moody Bible Institute and prepare myself for Christian work, so I resigned my position at the normal school and went home to get ready to go to Chicago.

I was soon on my way to the Moody Bible Institute. On the very same day in which I entered the school, God sent a sister to the school, Jennie Crouch of Conneaut, Ohio, to take care of me spiritually all the time I was there and straighten out all the tangles of their different interpretations of the Bible. She was sanctified wholly and God opened the scriptures to her by His Spirit in a wonderful way. Sister Jennie was there to study music.

I worked two hours in the general office as a stenographer each day to help with my tuition fees and then we all had to work an hour a day in the kitchen. The first night I helped to wipe the supper dishes in the kitchen, I saw this Sister Jennie, who seemed so different from all the others. Nearly all the girls were talking about being homesick that evening except Jennie and she looked so peaceful and happy. I was very much attracted to her, so I stepped up to her and said, "What is the reason you are not talking about being home sick like the others

She answered, "Oh, I have the Comforter."

I said to myself, "Comforter? What does she mean?" All I knew about was my mother's bed comforter. Though I had never looked into her face before until that evening, I asked her if I could come to her room when we were through with the dishes. She said that she would be glad to have me.

I was in her room by 7:30. We talked a little and then she took the Bible and began expounding the scriptures to me and also telling me her Christian experience. It all seemed so very wonderful, for I had never heard anything like it before in all my life. Then we both knelt at her bedside and she prayed with me. She asked God to sanctify me wholly and send the Comforter to my heart. She prayed with such earnestness and tenderness that I opened my eyes to look at her (and I have always been glad that I did) ; for as I looked in her face, I saw the image of Jesus. Her face shone with the brightness of Heaven, even, through her tears. I was thoroughly convinced that she had been with Jesus and learned of Him, and so could believe every word she told me and longed for a similar experience.

She used to come to my room at 4:00 A.M. and get me up so we could take a walk to the lake and thus give her an opportunity to tell me more about the Comforter. We did not have time during school hours for we were always too busy. After a time, she wanted me to attend a holiness camp meeting, but it was against the rules of the school to go to such meetings, so I packed my trunk and left the school in order to go. I had been there just four months, but that did not matter to me, as long as I was following God.

I returned home to Elmira, New York, not having received the Comforter; for, not comprehending what God required of me, my consecration was not complete. I then went to Brooklyn, New York, to a Holiness meeting; but returned home more hungry and thirsty than ever for the fullness of God. Soon after this, God sent an evangelist to Elmira Heights, my home town, to hold some meetings in a little despised mission -- and he preached what he had experienced, not what he had learned.

After four weeks of attending the meetings, afternoon and evening, and continued consecration of my whole life and all the powers of my being, I finally came to the place where I had the assurance my all was on the altar according to St. Paul's words in Romans 12:1. The sacrifice was complete, but I was still waiting for the promise of the Father spoken of in Acts 1:4. On this particular evening as I was playing the piano for the meetings, we were singing the old hymn:

"There's a great day coming, a great day coming  
There's a great day coming by and by,

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left, Are you ready for that day to come?"

While we were singing this first verse, the thought came to me, "Oh, God, I am not ready until the Holy Ghost comes."

We started the second verse:

"There is a bright day coming, a bright--"

and that bright day and that bright day came to me right then; for suddenly great power and glory were poured out from Heaven upon me. it seemed to me that this power came from every direction and I was filled with the Holy Ghost as in Acts 2:2. The power laid me out upon the floor and it was as though I were dying. My breath became shorter and shorter. I was, indeed, dying to the old man. When I took my last breath, I got up and sat upon the seat. I was not conscious of anything except the presence of the Lord for three hours and continued to shout His praises, while saying between times, "This is Heaven! This is Heaven !" My body sat in the mission, but I had left it in spirit for another country. While I sat there shouting and shouting, an old backslidden lady came down to me and said, "Margaret, if you would just say, 'Praise the Lord,' you would feel better." All I said to her was, "I love you; I love you." She then returned to her seat and I went on shouting. There was an old man in the mission that evening, who, like Simeon of old waiting for the promise before he died, was also waiting for one more manifestation of the Spirit before he went to Heaven. When he saw the power of God come upon me, he was satisfied and said, "Lord, now I can go; I have seen Your glory."

It would have been beautiful to have stayed there forever, but that was only a beginning. God wanted to lead me on to the renewing of my mind and teach me how to walk in the Spirit, so I could be made ready to live in His presence throughout all eternity. How I thank Him for it.

I had to be led to my home when the meeting closed, for I was so overpowered with the Spirit that I could scarcely keep my feet. When I entered the house praising God, father was very much offended and wanted to put me out on the street; but mother came and put her hand on his shoulder and said, "Don't do that, Charlie; Margaret is only getting blest of God," though she knew nothing of the Baptism of the Holy Ghost through experience. Then I knew who had been the Christian all through the years, for mother was quick to recognize the Spirit of God. He immediately released his hold on my arm, but he did not speak to me for three days. At the close of the third day he came and apologized, saying, "Daughter, I was mistaken about it all."

Now, you might ask, "Wasn't father converted when he started reading the Bible and praying at family worship?" No, he was only doing what he knew he ought to do at that time. He had not been born again, hence did not recognize the God Who manifested Himself through his own daughter. I really think he was ashamed of himself for the way he treated me, and he seemed surprised that he would do such a thing, but God forgave him and made him ready for Heaven. Bless His Holy Name.

I had a sister who had been very ill for seventeen years and had been under the care of all the competent physicians we could find, but they had done nothing for her except to relieve her at times. She first had scarlet fever, followed by heart disease, stomach trouble and many complications. When the Spirit came to me, she believed my testimony, made a complete consecration, went to the altar and was baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. A couple of nights later she was miraculously healed in body. She had not been able to keep anything but the lightest kind of food on her stomach for years, neither was she able to do any work whatever. The next morning after her healing, she went to the table and ate with the rest of us and enjoyed it all. She took the broom and swept the floor and worked around the house all the forenoon. God also wonderfully blessed my other sister; and I saw my brother, who had been a disobedient, wandering boy all his life, saved and made ready for Heaven. When he was nearing the end, he said, "If I could live, I never would stop telling it." Glory to His most Holy Name! Mother passed on to Heaven in harmony with me and her God. Amen!

After the Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost, He showed me that He must needs work that Heavenly experience all through my whole life, or in other words, teach me to know His voice and obey it. What wonderful things He has done for me since that day of days! He has taught me what it means to be crucified with Christ, experiencing Galatians 5:24. He has taught me what it means to live in His perfect will and to be wholly abandoned to Him and walk in the Spirit, experiencing Romans 8:24. In so doing He has let me see many others get out of trouble and distress in spirit, mind and body. Glory to God!

The Lord led me to dedicate my home and all which was left to me on the death of my first husband to be used as a Home for the Development of Higher Christian Living. Since that time I have never owned anything in this world and never expect to again. The Home belongs entirely to God and He has directed the support of it.

My second husband, Rev. J. M. Taggart, was a holy man of God, separated entirely from the world and the flesh with victory over the devil. He was the founder and spiritual leader of the Home until he passed on to his Eternal Reward in 1935. Through Brother Taggart's instrumentality,

I was led on to walk in a more perfect way before God; and was thus enabled to see devils cast out, the sick healed and numbers become entirely holy and learn to walk in the Spirit. Many people do not know why the promises of God are not fulfilled in their lives and they wander around in the wilderness many years. In the Home, God has untangled and straightened out the confused and broken lives of many such people and led them on to the perfection of Holiness in the fear of the Lord. II Corinthians 7:1; Ephesians 4:13.

Someone has said, "No one knows where God would lead a man, if he would but follow Him." Let us hearken diligently unto the Voice of the Lord, Our God, and follow where He leads. Amen!

Written by Margaret Taggart  
Spencerport, New York, April 24, 1941

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## 05 -- EXPERIENCE OF JOHN MOODY TAGGART

At the time of the death of Rev. John Taggart, his wife had his experience published, and it seems only fitting that we here reproduce it again in connection with her experience.

"Jesus called the rugged fishers  
By the sea of Galilee,  
If thou wouldst be my disciple,  
Leave thy nets and follow me;"

So His gentle voice is calling  
Weary sinner, calling thee,  
'Leave the world and sin behind you,  
Take thy cross and follow me.'"

John Moody Taggart was born in the Village of Little Valley, County of Cattaraugus, State of New York, April 10, 1851. His father's name was John Merrit Taggart and his mother's name, Lucinda Lydia Larabee Taggart. There were eight children, born to them.

The parents of John Taggart were old-fashioned staunch Presbyterians and named all their children after a Presbyterian minister or his wife. His mother was a very devoted Christian woman, standing like a soldier through all the troubles and trials which came to her after her husband and two sons entered the Civil War. The father never returned from the war and she alone with the help of God brought up to manhood her children and also a niece who needed her kindly care. A number of his brothers and sisters died in childhood and youth, but those who lived became notable and useful citizens.

John Taggart or Jack, as the boys always called him, started to learn the trade of carriage painting in Taylor & Day's extensive carriage works at Fredonia, N. Y., and at seventeen years of age he was promoted to foreman of the same shop. He became a dissolute sort of character,

drinking, gambling, etc., for the next ten years. His mother had told him many times that his drinking was a birth mark and that he could never stop. He was filled with all manner of vulgarity and filthy, blasphemous talk, according to his own testimony, so much so that he had not talked to his own mother for over two years while living in the same village, for he was ashamed to. He was keeping a saloon on one side of the street and a poker room on the other when Dr. Dio Lewis started the great Woman's Christian Temperance Union crusade at the Baptist Church in Fredonia, and their first visit was at his saloon. He thought it was all a foolish fad of some kind when fifty or sixty W. C. T. U. ladies came into his saloon to interview him. He invited them to have a drink, which, of course, they refused. They talked and prayed for about one-half hour and then passed on to visit other saloons.

Within a few months from that time, in the year 1878, Dr. Bacon from Syracuse came to Fredonia in the interest of the W. C. T. U. He created a great stir religiously. The churches were all united in holding meeting with Dr. Bacon as their leader until the TRUTH struck home so hard that some of them wanted to run him out of town. Yes, some wanted to even tar and feather him. The churches were finally decidedly divided in their opinions and those who really believed in him and wanted him to stay, hired the opera house for \$25.00 a night and the meetings continued for one year and a half. Dr. Bacon was discussed and talked of in every home and at every table, even at the saloons, and it was in the midst of this turmoil and awakening that the religious experience of John Taggart begins, which he tells in his own words at the age of eighty-four years.

The boys from religious and non-religious homes came into the poker room in large numbers every night and discussed freely of this man, Dr. Bacon. Some people were saying he was completely destroying the churches, some calling him all kinds of dissolute names, others thought he was doing a wonderful work, etc. But one night, where we were talking these things over, George Tiffany, the leading spirit among the young men, stood up from the card table where we were playing and said, "Hold on boys, we have blathered about this man Bacon long enough; let's make up a pot of \$1,000 and put it in Judge Lambert's hands and give it to someone who will go and put a head on him." I said, "Yes, George, you have said a whole mouthful; put up your money and I'll go and do it."

Within five or ten minutes the money was in Judge Lambert's hands and I started out on the street to do my errand. I picked up four tough fellows to protect me from the crowd while I licked Dr. Bacon, to me now one of the best men who ever put shoe leather in the town of Fredonia. At about 7:00 o'clock in the evening we were up in the opera house on the stage behind the curtains preparing for the evening service. I inquired of someone where this man Bacon was and he was pointed out to me as the man with the lock of hair down on his forehead.

I stepped up to him and said, "Are you this man Bacon?"

He answered, "Yes."

I said, "Well, then take care of yourself for I am going to do you up."

He turned around and grabbed me by the hand and said, "God bless you; you are just the man I have been looking for. Now sign the pledge," which I did and the four tough fellows which I took with me for protection also signed it.

Then he said, "Go out on the stage and tell those people (which were about 1,000) that you have signed the pledge and that you are going to keep it."

As I stepped out there I saw in the audience George Tiffany, Judge Lambert and all the boys who had been in the poker room and had heard me say I would lick Dr. Bacon. I turned to them and said, "It's no use, boys; it's all off. He's a hell of a good fellow. We don't want any of his damned religion, but nobody hits him until they hit me first."

The next thing I realized I was home in my own bed where I had not slept for over two years. In the morning how I did want a drink. I threw on my clothes as quickly as possible; I rushed downstairs and over to the saloon and asked Joe Graham, the bar-keeper, to give me a little tanzy and whiskey. He set it on the bar and began giving me a temperance lecture, advising me to go out in the woods somewhere and keep away from drink and bad company, especially Rufe Parker. He asked me if I didn't know that I signed the pledge last night. I answered, "No," but looked down on my coat, and sure enough they had pinned a white ribbon on me.

I took his advice and started to walk out in the country. After walking a short distance, I came upon some mud puddles and to me they were full of little snakes, pollywogs, etc. As I walked on down the street, the snakes kept coming at me and grew to be as long as a fence rail, with froth and blood coming from their mouths as if they would tear me to pieces. My suffering was too great to describe. Finally, being exhausted, I sat down on a log beside the road, searched my pockets for a knife with which to cut my throat, but didn't. happen to have one, so I looked for a file or a broken piece of glass, but didn't find anything. My misery was such that I didn't want to live any longer.

After a while John H. Aiken, a milk peddler on his way home from town, stopped and lifted me up on his wagon seat, with me cursing him continually and took me home with him. He called his son and sent him on horseback to Dr. Gifford's drug store to get some medicine to settle my nerves. In the meantime he took me in the house and seated me by a small center table in the living room. I reached over and picked up a book which proved to be the Bible, though I didn't know it at the time. I opened it and read these words, "The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth unto council is wise." Immediately I said to myself, "What a fool I am; that was written for me."

I was next invited to dinner and no one could have been treated better or more kindly than I was, though I realized I was very unworthy of it. While at dinner, one of the members of the family said to me, "We are going down to prayer meeting this afternoon and we want you to go with us."

I answered, "You want me to go with stood there singing, crowds gathered and filled the whole square. After the singing, I began to tell them what a wonderful Christ we had; and if they would only go with Him, oh, what a life!

When I had spoken some little time, I looked up and there stood two fine looking gentlemen. They asked me if I could be there tomorrow; and I said, "Yes." One of these gentlemen was Mr. Henry Watson, President of the Y. M. C. A. and President of the Buffalo Street Railroad Company. The other one was Mr. J. W. Wells, retired Presbyterian minister, They immediately got possession of the building in front of which I was talking, set men to work cleaning it out and the Canal Street Mission in Buffalo was started; and what wonderful things we saw there.

One evening during a regular mission service, a young man came and sat on the front seat and no one could get him to say a word while the crowd was there. He stayed until everyone was gone but me. I went to him and had a long talk with him; and he finally said, "Say, mister, if I was to get what you are talking about, I would go to state's prison for twenty years." That was about 11 o'clock in the evening and we stayed there until about 2 o'clock, praying, talking and reading until he told me he was wanted in Lowell, Mass., for robbery and embezzlement. He promised me that the next morning he would meet me at a certain place and go to the police headquarters and give himself up to be sent back to Lowell, which he did. The next morning we appeared at police headquarters. He walked up to the desk sergeant and told him he was Frank DeVere, wanted in Lowell, Mass., and wished to be sent back there. Telegrams went back and forth, and at about five o'clock in the evening, the deputy sheriff took him to Lowell and I saw them off.

About one year and a half later, one night at the same mission, a fine looking, well-dressed young man stepped inside the door and the house was full of toughs and thugs. He stood for a moment and hurried down the middle aisle, up on the platform and threw his arms around me and laughed and cried. He was so glad to see me that I didn't know what to make of it.

He said, "Don't you know me?"

I answered, "I don't believe I do."

He said, "I am Frank DeVere; don't you remember you stayed here with me until two o'clock in the morning and I went to police headquarters and gave myself up to be sent back to Lowell, Mass., for robbery?" I then remembered him fully.

He turned and told that crowd of low-downs how he had gone back to his old employer, confessed his sin and expected to be sent to prison, but his employer put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Frank, they didn't make prisons for such as you." And now he was back in Buffalo on a business trip for his old employer handling \$25,000 to \$50,000. This is only one of the many wonderful things that occurred at the Canal Street Mission. I was there over two years and Canal Street was no more a red light district. All the bawdiness and filthiness was gone so that decent people could walk along it without insults.

Some time after this I was appointed conference evangelist and was asked to go to Morgantown, Pa., a newly opened anthracite coal mining town. They wanted me to be sure to see Dan Huffman. I went to his home and his little wife came to the door all excited.

I asked to see Dan, but she said, "No, you cannot see him; he is very ugly." She only opened the door a very little, but I put my foot in the door and pushed my way in. He was lying on

the floor in a drunken rage. He was not going to have anything to do with anyone who professed religion. After talking with him a little while, I prayed and then asked him if we could have a prayer meeting in his house that night.

He said, "Yes, but I don't want to be in it, so don't say anything about me."

I went out and told several women and children to tell everyone we were going to have a prayer meeting there, and in the evening the place was completely filled. I started the service and looked around and

Dan Huffman was right behind me, standing up. I told the people we were going to have church service somewhere; and Dan said, "Have it here. Half the house is yours and while I have a crust of bread, half of that is yours." Dan was a changed man for God had touched his heart.

After that we had bush meetings and house meetings and a great many were converted to God. Then the Pennsylvania Coal Company gave me a deed to the surface lot on a corner of the best location they had, on which we built a church. The Pennsylvania Coal Company was not paying regular wages to their employees, no regular paydays, but they could have anything they wanted from the general store of the Company. However, the church was built, furnished, etc., and dedicated free of debt. All Glory to God!

A little later I went to Washington, D.C. and did some street preaching and while engaged in that, I became acquainted with some good friends near by and started a mission. For some time, we rented and then began to gather funds to buy the building and today that building is the Central Union Mission in Washington, D. C., which for years, has been the largest and most prosperous mission there.

I had some very good friends there and among them were George Wheeler and Sam Hadley. George Wheeler was then superintendent of the American Treasury Building. We three went over to New York City and in the course of our looking around, down at Castle Garden, we saw a man lying drunk. I got hold of him and he wanted very much to get out of his trouble. The man was converted to God and proved to be Jerry McCauley of the Water Street Mission who was well known for years in extensive mission work in New York City.

The following is a reproduction of a sermon by Rev. J. M. Taggart which further emphasizes his preaching and living the Spirit led life.

By Rev. J. M. Taggart  
Dedicated to Margaret Whiting Taggart

Romans 8:14, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God." If this were only to be found in an almanac or in the writings of men, we might well pass it by and say that was one of the things among the impossibilities, but it is emblazoned upon God's Word from Genesis to Revelation. Upon the quoting of this text arises multitudes of thoughts of all kinds and character, but here we find it plainly written in the plain open Word of God, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God." A plain statement of a very wonderful life to

which all may attain; for God is no respecter of persons; for, "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God."

God is a Spirit and seeks such to worship Him and live with Him as worship Him and live with Him in the Spirit; God who made Heaven and earth and all that in them is and set in motion all that is, would invite you to hear plain, every day, common sense facts, that He has power to give voice to the wind, the sighing of the wind, which we hear and know; the rippling of the rivulet has its voice, we hear it and know it; the cooing of the dove, the song of the nightingale, the call of the whippoorwill; we hear them all and know them; the rolling thunder, the clash of storm, we hear them and know them; the clash and clamor and grind of the great city with its multitudes of sounds, we hear them and know them; the bark of our dog, the neighing of our horses, we hear them and know them; the voices of our loved ones, we hear them and know them. Do you think you would not know your little daughter's voice? If you were to hear it among a multitude of voices, you would know it. The great God has made these and all the voices of the earth and given them all a certain sound or intonation by which we recognize them individually and shall the clay say to the potter, "What makest thou?" Or shall I say, "I cannot understand God?" Notice how we struggle to understand things that are practically of no value to us. How little we seek to know the voice of Him who said, "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me and another they will not follow." Behold our willful rejection of all that is best, for God has said in the plainest and most distinct terms, "Hearken diligently unto me and eat ye that which is good and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

God has spoken by all teachers, by all leaders of His people in all ages, and the ringing object of it all has been, hear my voice and obey my voice and it shall be well with you. Moses, after having led the Children of Israel up out of Bondage and after having seen the mighty signs and wonders of God and after having held holy converse with God Himself, spoke as the oracle of God, saying, "It shall come to pass if thou wilt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God to observe and to do all His commandments which I command thee this day, that these blessings shall come on thee and overtake thee." God, to caution His people and to hold them to Himself by strong cords, after lavishing blessings upon them if they obeyed His voice, said these words: "It shall come to pass if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God that these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee," and all the blessings that were to be in the obeying of His voice, now in the disobeying of His voice are made a curse. Deut. 28th chapter.

Jesus, the greatest of all teachers, taught us when we prayed to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven," or in other words, in us as it is in Heaven, which means our earthly tabernacle. How can we know His will concerning us if we know not His voice? How can we do His will or how can His will be performed in us except we hear and obey? God is very minutely and definitely interested in all we do and say. Has the tenor of life brought about such a wonderful decay that we rarely hear one giving clear testimony as to being led of the Lord? Are we too full of commerce and materialism and poetry and fiction and nice stories about Christ and Heavenly things? Have we become so absorbed in these lesser things as to forget God? Was there not a time in your life and mine when we sought God for salvation and in the midst of deep distress and anguish of soul, His voice came very clearly to us and spoke our sins all forgiven? This voice came so vividly clear and beautiful and so alluring to us that we were only too glad to leave everything to know

more and more of Him; and while we were obedient and true and loyal to Him, He led us, though we knew it not, and by a way we knew not, until He had brought us to the place of Golgotha, where all the old man in us, all that was carnal, all that was lustful, all that was evil, died, that we might attain unto Him. We sanctified ourselves and when the work was complete in His sight, He sanctified us wholly and baptized us with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Then all the powers of darkness conspired to sidetrack us, and in every step along life's journey, the subtle enemy of our soul has been hard pressing us, making us think that what we could not comprehend and apprehend was not for us and by His subtlety, has carried us away into a strange land where we rarely, if ever, hear His voice.

Are we not inclined to pray after this manner? "Oh, God, I am going down to meeting; go with me and bless me and bless the prayer meeting and make it a good meeting" and is not that about the sum total of our prayer? How much more divinely beautiful would our life be, if we, in our secret closet, asked Him if He wanted us to go to such a meeting and if He had any message for us to deliver to such a meeting and if He would give us an unction in the Holy Ghost, so that we might in deed and in truth be witnesses unto Jesus Christ. Oh, the fog and mists and misery and wretchedness that encompass a path of the former kind. Haven't we proven that all forms of religion and all religious ceremonies are unsatisfying and full of delusion without the guidance of the Spirit?

In my early Christian life, a day of prayer was set for the recovery of a martyred President of the United States who had been shot down by the hand of an assassin. That day I was at camp meeting and in the early morning hours went away in the woods to pray. After praying as people usually did, thinking I had done my duty, for I had prayed for the martyred President, returning to the camp ground through the thickly wooded woods, I sat down upon a log to meditate and had been seated but a few moments when a holy man of God came that way and sat down beside me. His first question to me was, "Did you pray for the President?" I replied that I did. The next question was, "What did you get?" That, I think, to me, was one of the greatest questions that was ever asked. What did I get? What did I get? What did I get?

What do Christians get when they pray? Do they get anything or do they just pray formal prayers? What did I get? The question lingered about me until it became so great that I determined, if possible, to get something when I prayed. We were seated there but a few moments when dear old Father Cole, one of the holiest men I have ever known, sat down on the log on the other side of me. They discussed the praying for that martyred President and what a great wrong was being perpetrated on the Lord Jesus Christ to appoint such a day, whether He will or no, without His direction. They discussed what the Spirit of God had witnessed and made plain to them and even went so far as to say that on such a day, five days later, the President would go out from this life. That was a momentous affair to me and I watched it; and true to their testimony the day came around and Mr. James A. Garfield, on the day that the Spirit of God had told those holy men he would, went out. Those things made a very deep impression upon me and I began to consecrate for that life and to that life and oh, the multitudes of mercies and wonderful things that God has shown me these forty years that have followed. Perhaps a little personal experience would not be amiss. I might give you multitudes of them, but will only give a few.

I was a mechanic, foreman of a large shop. The work of our shop demanded our presence every day, but there were times, weeks and weeks together, when we did nothing but just report on time and report off because the company wanted our permanent employment. On one such occasion I went into my secret place in the stock room which the Lord had sanctified to me for secret prayer. I knelt and He made it very plain to me that I was to go to Philadelphia. This was in Buffalo. When I went home to my wife and asked her to pray about it, it was corroborated very clearly and plainly what I had already gotten and I began to make preparations to go and to go immediately. We had in the house between \$100 and \$200, part of which was in the Lord's tithe money and part of which was our own personal expense money. The Lord said I should go with Him. He would pay the bill; and when I inquired how much I should take, I was told to take about one-third of the regular fare from Buffalo to Philadelphia. In other words, I should take \$3.65 and that was all. I was to go to the depot and buy a ticket by the Lehigh Valley Railroad to Philadelphia or as far that way as it would take me. When I got to the depot I didn't know what to make of it, but the Lord kept saying, "They that trust in the Lord shall never be ashamed nor confounded."

Upon that I went into the depot and inquired of the ticket agent how far toward Philadelphia \$3.65 would take me. He replied it would take me to Elmira, so I bought a ticket and got on the train and rode down to within about fifteen or twenty minutes of Elmira, when an old gentleman came from the car in front of the one in which I was riding and said to me, "I have two tickets I bought in Leavenworth, Kansas, and Elmira is as far as I want to go on them. One goes to Philadelphia and one goes to New York and you are just as welcome to them as you can be if you can use them." I could but say the Lord is in this somehow, some way. He handed me the tickets and I raised to my feet and said, "Is there anyone in this car who wants a ticket to New York cheap?"

A man lying in a seat raised up and said, "Here, yes, what have you got?" I went down to him and showed him the ticket and he said, "What will you take for it?"

I answered, "What will you give?"

"If it is good, I will give you \$5.00 for it."

I said, "Here is the conductor, ask him." The conductor said it was good on that train to New York. He gave me \$5.00 and I still had the ticket to Philadelphia.

I went to the old gentleman and tendered the money and ticket back to him, and he said, "No, that is yours," but finally he consented to take \$1.00. Fifty cents each would pay carfare for himself and wife to some little suburban place near Elmira. We bade each other good-bye after a little conversation about Heaven and Heavenly things. We parted to meet in Heaven and I went on to Philadelphia. This was a train in the night and the next morning about 7:30 I got off the train in Philadelphia with \$4.00, which was more than I had when I started from Buffalo.

It would take too much time to tell you all the incidents relative to that trip. Some few hours after my arrival in Philadelphia I found myself at the foot of Arch Street on the Delaware River wharf. Feeling that I needed a place to pray, for I wanted to get somewhere alone with God,

I got into a pile of lumber and the Holy Ghost came with such melting power and glory that I was filled unutterably full of the glory of God.

I came out to see two men who were seated on the bulwarks of an ocean going vessel. I began to tell them of the wonderful things that I felt and saw and realized and in a few moments I was invited on board a vessel. I have in forty years attended some camp meetings, some prayer meetings and quite a good many revival meetings, but that was one of the greatest meetings I ever attended. We had a meeting in the mate's cabin, at which every man on board, some fourteen or fifteen, sought God with all their soul, mind and being.

After spending a few hours with them, I came down across the gang plank along the wharf; and as I shook hands with each man, I think every man left some token in my hand. One gave me a twenty dollar gold piece. The rest gave me in silver until I had \$38.75 when I came on to the wharf. A couple days followed and I cannot enter into all the details of those days.

I was in New York down at old Castle Garden standing on the battery, which is a stone wall protecting the bank of the river. Stone posts with a chain running through them ran all along the battery front and I stood there with my heart uplifted to Heaven, praying, and oh, such wonderful things came to me. How very plainly the Spirit of God spoke to me and said, "God made the Heavens and earth and land and sea and all that in them is." It filled me with such adoration and glory and praise that I found myself at the next post talking with a very finely dressed gentleman, and almost immediately the tears were running down his face. He stood on the outside of the chain preparing to take his own life. He had a gun in his pocket and was going to shoot himself, but he said the Lord got me there just in time to save his life.

He took me up to his rooms and told me his condition in life, rich, but oh, so wretched. He told me he had a wife and two children living on Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn. Then he pointed across the other side of the Statue of Liberty, Jersey City, and there located in a certain part of the city, he had another wife. Then again if we could look through solid walls straight up Broadway to Central Park to about 107th Street, there was another wife, and what possible chance of hope was there for him?

I confess that I was somewhat astounded myself, but I prayed and the voice of Jesus came, oh, so clearly and so sweetly, saying, "All manner of sin and blasphemy under Heaven shall be forgiven unto men excepting the blasphemy of the Holy Ghost, which shall not be forgiven in this world nor in the world to come." Then the voice of God talked to that man and how he gave himself to God and consecrated his life to God to go and make restitution and reconciliation, to clean up all the past so far as in him lay. He would do what he could. Some hours later we bade each other good-bye. He paid my railroad fare home and gave me a very excellent piece of money, took my address and gave me his.

We corresponded after my arrival at home for a few weeks. He told me in his correspondence some of the details of his making restitution and reconciliation; how the Lord was hearing and answering prayer. Some few months after this occurred, I received a letter stating that he would be at my home in Buffalo, at such a day and he came and the three ladies who had been his wives were with him. All had repented of their sins and decided to follow Jesus Christ. This

man remained with his first and only wife and the other two ladies took their places in the religious world. One of the ladies has been mother to more ruined and fallen women than all the rest of the women I know anything about in the United States. She gave her life up to the work of helping the lost and ruined girls, so it pays to follow God.

This is but one of the multitudes of experiences that would take too much of your time to narrate. That was long years ago and all these years, how many are the multitudes of just as clear leadings of the Lord as that was, that I would be lost, awfully lost, not to have them every day. One man said there was no limit to the possibilities of the wonderful things God would lead to, if we would but follow Him. There is no limit to God and the possibilities in God are limitless.

Suffice it to say that all God has promised is verified in this life and this life alone. No other phase of religious life gets the promises all fulfilled as they are in this life: "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." And, there is no limit to that, if sons, then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. As many as are led by the Spirit of God may reach a plane co-equal with Jesus Christ, perfect as He is perfect, holy as He is holy, merciful as He is merciful. Here only is life. All outside of it is base and false and untrue. Here is social, sex, religious and spiritual purity. Herein, is verified the words of Jesus when He said, "Hereafter I call you not servants, but friends." Here all the powers of darkness must give way and are held in subjection to the great God in those who walk in the Spirit. Oh, God's salvation is deeper and broader and richer and more complete than has ever been breathed into the air. Herein is verified the words of Jesus when He said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father."

Now in closing let me say, that the man who lives here, who is led of the Spirit of God, must be dead to all that is carnal in him, the lust of the flesh, the pride of the eye. ALL must be dead in him. Amen.

Rev. John M. Taggart,  
Spencerport, N. Y.

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THE END