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forget that day. 'I must pray for the valley,' said Mr. Foster, and instantly he dropped upon his knees. And such a prayer. It is too sacred to relate. For more than an hour he prayed, first for the aged, just on the edge of the grave, then for the middle-aged, then for the children. He labored like a man seeking to rescue the perishing from some overwhelming disaster. The perspiration rolled over his face as he pleaded for the people in Margaree. It was so solemn and sacred I moved away about one hundred feet so as not to disturb the man of God. Finally he arose and said: 'Come on Mr. Tingley, God has given me the valley,' and Mr. Foster led the way down the mountain at a rapid pace, with the tread of a conqueror going forth to further conquest." The hour arrived and father consented to my going to the service. The attendance was small, only about thirty persons, mostly composed of the deacons and their families. But it proved to be a memorable hour in the history of that church. The preacher entered and immediately went into the old-fashioned pulpit, high up against the wall, with its two winding stairways. He opened the service on the minute, and conducted it in a most becoming manner. His text was Isa. 21:11-12. "Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman said: The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come." 4). M Aulo Parhe Phis SAF-WAY AUTO PARTS LIMITED AUTOMOTIVE - INDUSTRIAL BODY SHOP SUPPLIES SYDNEY 361 GEORGE NEW WATERFORD 45610THST. 539-99701862-6491 539-0707 Fax 539-9741 TOLL FREE 1-800-565-5044 Mr. Foster was a man of striking appearance. He stood as erect as a British Redcoat and looked like a true prophet of God, though some critics said he would pass for an actor, or a patent medicine man. His forehead was intellectual, towering high over his twinkling grey eyes. He wore a light brown beard of foxy tinge which fell in graceful waves down over his chest. His shoulders were slender but square and hung on his back as if on swivels, and his arms were straight, tapering gracefully to his finger tips. In every inch, movement and expression Mr. Foster was a man of ease, grace and action. After giving his text its historical setting, he plunged into his discourse, emphasizing every point with eyes, head, hands and beard. Each successive climax was most touching and tender, almost overcoming the preacher himself. From beginning to end his little audience was spell-bound. The crisis was over for Mr. Foster and the deacons for both were on trial that night and the problem was happily solved for the Baptist Church. The impression made was so unusual that the congregation walked quietly from the building without speaking a word, but they gathered in little knots outside to express to each other their delight over the sermon. On the following day, throughout the entire valley and glens far beyond, flashed the news regarding the wonderful preacher in the Baptist Church. On Tuesday evening many of the farmers left their grain in the fields and the chores undone in order to get to the church by seven o'clock to hear the new strange preacher who came uninvited. The church was crowded and curiosity was on tip toe. Again the impression made was powerful. On Wednesday night many persons were unable to gain admission, and thus it continued for some weeks until



the close of the revival. Mr. Foster was not in any sense a sensational preacher. His sermons were plain. Scriptural, evangelical and delivered in a passion for souls. Christ was the substance of every message. No one needed to advise him, as an old saint once counselled the writer, after hearing him preach when a student, "Brother, preach Jesus." Nothing I received in the seminary was more valuable than that pointed rebuke. It stuck and from that hour I resolved to make Christ the substance of my ministry, and this has been the secret of any success I may have had. On Thursday night, for the first time, an invitation was given to men and women to confess Jesus Christ by simply standing and speaking that which their hearts prompted. There was no mourner's bench nor after service, but there in the audience the people were asked to make their confessions. No such sight had ever been seen in Margaree. There was, apparently, no excitement; the service was quiet and dignified; but it was evident that the power of God had laid hold on men's minds and hearts most marvelously. Many arose among whom were not a few of the most outstanding sinners in the community, and men of the

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