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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1996/12/1

y'e couldn't RETIREMENT Cape Breton I ast night we cooked lobsters on the beach. We ate them hot, right from the pot. Our neighbour played the fiddle and we must have sung "Out on the Mira" a dozen times. Before we came back to Cape Breton to retire, we tried to imagine what our life would be like. Now that we're here, we can't imagine being anywhere else. The taste of those freshly cooked lobsters. The smell of the sea air. The sounds of a strathspey, and our laughter, floating out over the ocean. Friends ana family singing in the glow of a beach fire. Can you imagine a more perfect way to spend an evening? Retiring to Cape Breton wasn't just a good decision ... it was the best decision of our lives. - Bob & Alice Clarke, Mira To find out how you can make the best decision of your life, call for the Retire to Cape Breton information package: 1-800-818-2201 TOLLFREE H?me of}5ur Heart A project of partners in economic development: Cape Breton County Economic Development Authority, Enterprise Cape Breton Corporation, Nova Scotia Economic Renewal Agency, Cape Breton Regional Municipality, University College of Cape Breton, Human Resources Development Canada This project is supported by the Canada/Nova Scotia Cooperation Agreement on Economic Diversification 5791.jpg /cbu_mag/image/5791.jpg

Page 21 The Foster Revival in the Margarees Literature -- Canada -- Nova Scotia -- Cape Breton Island; History -- Canada -- Nova Scotia -- Cape Breton Island Cape Breton's Magazine Limited Wreck Cove (Nova Scotia) Dec-96 G.W. McPherson; Ian MacIntosh; Don Nugent Image/jpg Text Magazine The Foster Revival in the Margarees from G. W. McPherson's 1925 Autobiography, A Parson's Adventures IN THIS CHAPTER, I shall tell the story of my greatest discovery, and also give a sketch of one of the most remarkable revivals of religion of which I know. You see I am as old-fashioned as Peter and Paul for I believe in conversion and revivals.... The purpose of this chapter is to show that God may be known as our Father, Saviour, Helper, Friend, and that all contentions to the contrary are only the hallucinations of a diseased mind, that man's basic disease of selfishness and sin can be cured.... I now come to illustrate how men may find God in their own ex? perience. In order to do this I shall relate at length the story of one of the greatest revivals of religion, though I do not mean to convey the impression that in order to know God a revival of re? ligion is necessary, for men have found God in every circum? stance and walk in life.... But I shall tell of this revival because it furnishes several illus? trations of the truth I am emphasizing. Let the reader have pa? tience and follow me closely, dismissing from his thought any prejudice he may have regarding revivals of religion. It is un? necessary to argue in defense of this spiritual phenomena, though we might do well to remind ourselves that men believe in revivals of business, of physical health, of spring and fragrant flowers, yet they sometimes hesitate to declare their faith in re? vivals of religion. Astonishing as it may seem, oft' times those who say they believe in religion are really opposed to revivals of religion. I was thirteen years of age when this moral revolution swept over North East Margaree and other parts of Cape Breton. They called it a revival, though the term



was new, seldom heard before in that country. There were here and there a few critics, especially among the most irreligious, and also among the most conservative members of the churches. As one expressed it: "I would sooner go to a madhouse than to a revival." My father, deeply religious as he was, while he indulged in no word of unfavorable criticism, nevertheless absented himself from the services during the opening week until he was assured that the preacher was safe and sane. But while father hesitated to express any opinion, nevertheless, he was broad-minded and did not object to his children going to the services. He had his own strong convictions, but he never tried unduly to force his views upon his children. He had family worship, taught us much of the Bible, had us commit to memory the Shorter Catechism, set us a wonderful example, and trusted that God in His own good time would lead us to grace. The revival began in the Baptist Church, and the preacher was the Rev. P. R. Foster of Nova Scotia. Mr. Foster was a total stranger on Cape Breton and he even dared to come to the G. W. McPherson Church without an invitation • a bold venture indeed. This was how it happened: The preacher's health had been impaired, and he was obliged to discontinue his ministry and resume his early trade as a carpenter. One day while reading a religious paper and noticing that the church in Margaree was without a pastor, he said to his wife that he felt the Lord wanted him to go there and preach the gospel; but on account of his nervous condition Mrs. Foster dissuaded him. Months later, however, on noticing in the same paper that the Margaree church was still pastorless, the conviction seized him that this opportunity to serve was his call, so he said to his wife, "I must go." All her efforts to detain him were futile. Away he went, taking the first train. He sent a telegram requesting that they open the church for him to preach on the following Monday night, for he expected to arrive at noon of that day. This was the strangest news of a religious nature that had ever come to the people of Margaree. A meeting of the brethren was held, and after some discussion and hesitation it was decided to open the church. "We shall hear him once," they said, "and if he proves to be an unworthy minister we shall lock the church against him." Seven o'clock was the hour for the service. It was in the early autumn, the business season with the farmers, for they were harvesting their grain, and no one had any desire to leave work undone and go to hear a stranger preach. Mr. Foster arrived at noon, took dinner with Mr. George Tingley, who had charge of the choir in the church, after which he requested his host to accompany him that afternoon to the top of the Sugar Loaf mountain, for he said that he desired to get a view of the famous Margaree Valley. Sugar Loaf was four miles up the river, and from its lofty summit of 1,000 feet the visitor could see one of the finest sights in eastern Canada. Together they went to the top of the mountain, and here is Mr. Tingley's recital of that memorable experience: "I shall never We were at your Christening. We took your Class Picture. We were at your Wedding and your Silver Anniversary. We've been taking your picture for 50 Years. YOUR Special pictures are still available ... order an 8 x 10 copy now! Family Portraits at Abbass Studios 170 Townsend St., Sydney • 564-8234 or 564-6491 -- Another Cape Breton Tradition "