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be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation,...the Son of man also shall be ashamed of him when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." I knew I had done my duty, my best, so far so good, but I experienced no special change in my life. Converts had told of how they "came into the light," but I could give no such testimony. On returning to my home I left my chum at the wagon road and took a short cut across the backlands over a small footpath. It was one of the great nights in that northeastern clime. The milk-Noonecomes outthesame. The YMCA has a way of changing people's lives. And it doesn't seem to matter if you're young, old, or somewhere in between. For example, with our fitness programs you might have a change in your body. Or because of our youth, family and volunteer programs, you might feel a change inside, about yourself and your relationship with others. In any case, the Y affects different people in many ways. With all kinds of different programs and activities. Yet one thing doesn't seem to ' change. And that is, when you go into the YMCA, you don't come "r TheYMCA.IfsfQranofjwu. out the same. You come out a little better. For Further Information, Call the YMCA 539-7880 399 Charlotte Street • Sydney maid's path was in full bloom, the sky was ablaze and the myri? ads of stars seemed like gimlet holes in the sky to let the glory through. Coming along on the path to where a cherry tree lay across the way, I sat thereon, removed my homespun cap, and looking up I worshipped the good Creator for having made such a wonder? fully beautiful world for men. I thanked God for His marvelous Universe and for His good? ness, but I had not "come into the light." What is that light of which I had heard so much in the revival? My wor? ship, I fancy, was like that of a devout Jew, or Unitarian, or Mohammedan, or member of some secret society, who with the mind seek to worship the great Creator through His works by the aid of those symbols which may suggest in some way the fact of God. I think I was in about the same attitude of mind and heart toward God as are many of those who in their churches worship by means of symbols or ritualism only. Though I did not feel that I was a great sinner, nevertheless, I had a conscious? ness of sin, and this was the thing from which I sought freedom. With an intel? lectual conception of God, I tried to thank Him for His goodness. But to me this was not salvation, for I had no sense of peace, no rest, no conscious? ness of freedom from sin. Someone has said that the greatest question that man can ask is: "How can a guilty man be just with God?" This was what I longed for • to be right with God and to know this beyond a doubt. While sitting on the tree across the trail, my mind tumed to Jesus Christ. I had now ceased praying. I was quietly med? itating on Christ, and in this I thought of His Cross. I lay no claim to having had a special vision, but I did visuaHze Je? sus in the long ago dying on the Cross, robed in blood and awful agony as He cried: "Father, forgive them.... It is fin? ished." Christ was there on the Cross, as real to me as if I was present when He died. And with this vision of Him I be? came aware for the first time of my un? belief, of the sin of not believing in Him who died as my Substitute, and instant? ly I cried aloud: "Lord, I beheve!" As quick as the Hghtning



flash there came a flood of peace, joy, full, satisfying, deep down at the bottom of my life, and I became as restful as the surface of a mountain pool. What was it? It was the voice of God in my soul giving me the new consciousness of forgiveness, salvation, free, full, complete, simply because I believed on Jesus Christ, as I was unaided by the unseen Spirit to cast myself upon His finished work. Now I knew I was saved, "born from above," by the-power of an endless life. I was completely satisfied. I know I met God, and I found Him, or better He found me at the Cross. I arose and went on my way singing as Y Ask about our new Weight Programs & Aqua Fitness Programs