

[Page 27 - The Foster Revival in the Margarees](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 71](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1996/12/1

loudly as I could in the silent solemn hour of that glorious night: "There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. "The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins away. "E'er since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die, "Then in a nobler sweeter song I'll sing Thy power to save. When this poor lispng stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave." On retiring that night I wondered whether I should awake on the following morning with the former feeling of indifference to? wards God. I feared that the rest of brain and nerves might effect change in my spiritual enjoyment. But on the next mom the con? sciousness of God was as real as the night before, and instantly on rising I dropped upon my knees to pray. I was as changed in the morning as on the previous night, and this confirmed me in the conviction that my experience in the backlands could not have been a mere gush of emotion, self-hypnotism, or the effects of mind influence resulting from my nightly contact with the servic? es. Formerly prayer was forced, now it is perfectly natural, easy, delightful, glorious • a very conscious communion with God. Next to Jesus Christ whom I met on the footpath, I thought of Frank and wondered whether he would give himself to the Mas? ter as I did. When Mr. Foster preached the final sermon in the revival from the text: "The harvest is passed, the summer is end? ed, and ye are not saved," Frank who was present was still re? jecting God's call. Time flew on at rapid pace. Frank, like hundreds of other young men, left Cape Breton for the West. The last I had heard of him he was shot dead in the barroom of a small hotel which he was conducting, and his remains were buried just outside the place where the dear fellow met his tragic end. When I heard of the sad death of this most promising young life, for Frank was one of the popular and beloved of the youth of Margaree, my thoughts went back to that hour of momentous decision in the Baptist Church • when I accepted and poor Frank rejected the invitation to become a follower of Christ. Here came the parting SALES ?? SERVICE ?? INSTALLATION m J??T WELLS & PUMPS "?? • Water Wells: DriUed O Dug' • • Pumps • Test Holes • Water Conditioners Serving Cape Breton 8642145 WESTMOUNT (Licence No. 264) "The Baptist Church in which the 'Foster Revival' centred, and where the author, at the age of 13, made his confession. The home of Brother Ralph is in the picture." in the way. It seemed a very simple thing for a mere lad, only thirteen years of age, to take a stand for Christ in a religious ser? vice, nevertheless that act decided my future Hfe and destiny, for it was the beginning of my acquaintance with God. NOTE TO OUR READERS: Can anyone tell us more about G. W. McPherson? We know he was president of the Old Union Tent Evangel in New York City. When did he leave Cape Breton? Also, he refers to playing "killing pig" behind the stove while his fa? ther led services. Can anyone describe this game for us? If you can, please write or call. We are always interested in learning de? tails about games Cape Breton children played. Our thanks to Ian Macintosh of the Cape Breton Regional Li? brary,



who first told us about this remarkable bit of writing. It is from a chapter called "The Great Discovery" in G. W. McPherson's A Parson's Adventures, published in 1925. For help in preparing this article, our thanks to Don Nugent, who worked with Cape Breton's Magazine as part of his Co-operative Education Program at the University College of Cape Breton. Labour Minister Manning MacDonald Congratulations to Cape Breton's Magazine on 25 extraordinary years! You have given Cape Bretoners a voice and an authentic sense of pride and history. You have told the stories of the steel plant, the coal families, the unions, the companies, the workers and the people of this great island. Their stories have shown us the strength and character of our people and our place in this world. This creates a lasting legacy for our children, and the impact will last far longer than one lifetime. With Cape Breton's Magazine on the coffee tables of homes across the island and around the world, we are far richer. Thank you for giving Cape Breton a living and lasting voice. Here's to 25 more successful years to come! Department of Labour