

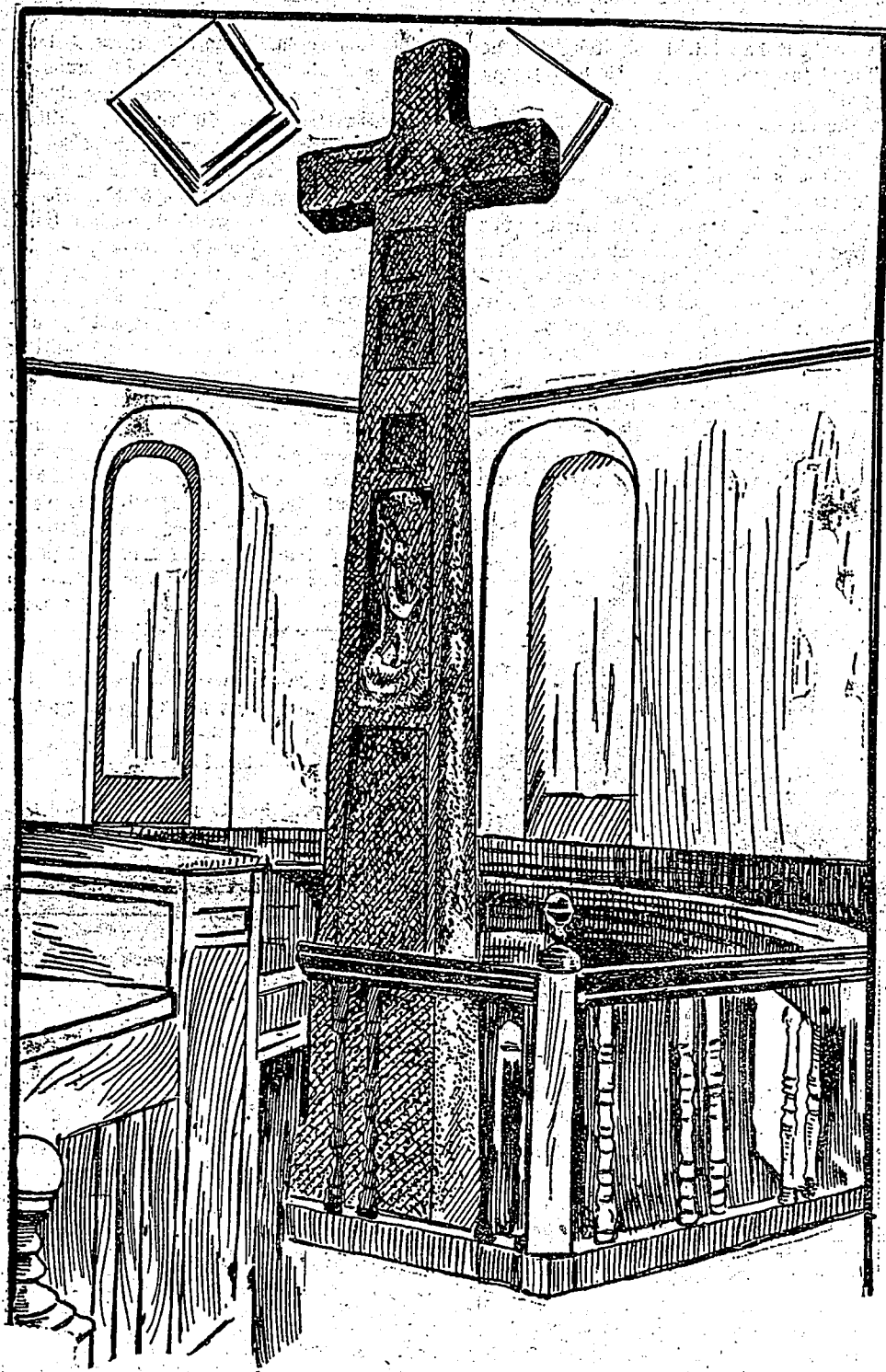
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Huge Stone Cross in the Centre of a Church,

(A Relic of the First British Poet who sang the Story of Redemption.)

The strange cross, a sketch of which will be found on this page, is perhaps the oldest and most remarkable cross in the country. Eleven hundred years ago, when it was first set up, our ancestors were still heathen. Strange adventures have happened to it, and part of it was even at one time solemnly buried in a grave. But perhaps the strangest and most remarkable incident in its career is the romantic story of how this cross solved a problem.

The strange story of this cross begins more than twelve hundred years ago. In the monastery of Whitby, in Northumberland, there was a lay brother distinguished by Divine grace. Caedmon, as he was called, had learned nothing of verse-making, and in the feasts, when he saw the

harp coming round to him, he used to retire, ashamed, to an outhouse or barn.

Once when he had done so he fell asleep in the stable, and in his dream a strange, majestic figure appeared to him.

'Sing, Caedmon,' it said, 'some song to me.'

'I cannot sing,' he said 'for this reason left I the feast.'

'However that may be,' said the visitor, 'you shall sing for me. Sing the beginning of the world.'

Then in his dream, we are told, Caedmon made some verses in praise of God. In the morning the story was told to the abbess, and from that moment the humble lay brother began to make verses, which told the Bible story to our wild heathen ancestors.

Hundreds of years passed, and men began to say that the strange story of Caedmon was a myth. Fierce discussion took place as to who made the verses attributed

to the humble lay brother. Then, on the ancient cross they found, in strange, old-fashioned letters that they never seem to have observed before, the words, 'Caedmon me fawed' (Caedmon made me), and on the sides of the cross some of the verses which had been attributed to the lay brother. The cross had solved the question and proved the truth of the story which attributed these poems to the lay brother.

On the edge of the cross, which is turned to the spectator in the illustration, the verses describe the crucifixion.

This cross is now erected in the parish church at Ruthwell, not far from Dumfries. The cross, however, was found to be too tall for the present edifice. A large hole was accordingly dug in the floor, and part of the cross, as will be seen from the illustration, stands in a kind of pit.—'Sunday Companion.'

I Knew You Would Come:

A writer in the 'Central Christian Advocate' records an incident in the experience of Dr. A. H. Tuttle, of Newark, N. J., who had several years before preached on a single Sunday in his pulpit in Altoona, Pa.

Four or five years after Dr. Tuttle had spent that certain Sunday in Altoona, he chanced one summer to be off with some friends in the woods, two or three hundred miles distant from Altoona, he being at that time a pastor in New Jersey. One morning he felt disposed to try his hand at fishing, and it so happened that none of the company could go with him; accordingly he started off alone, being directed to travel down the road a mile or two where he could find a certain country inn, well furnished with guides, boats, and fishing-tackle. When he reached the place the landlord refreshed him with a glass of lemonade, and indicated to him that he should have good service. So with hooks and rods and bait, with a guide and a boat, he started out to seek recreation on the water. He found some black bass, enjoyed the day, and late in the afternoon returned to the inn to ask for his bill.

"I have no charges to make," said the landlord.

"What do you mean?" was the preacher's inquiry.

"Your name is Tuttle, and you are a Methodist preacher—am I not right?" inquired the landlord. Dr. Tuttle assented, and waited for further developments. The landlord went on to say:

"I am glad you have come. We have been expecting you. I knew you'd be here!"

"You knew I would be here!—Why, I did not know that I would be here until I came. I never heard of this place until this morning," said Dr. Tuttle.

"We have been looking for you for weeks," said the landlord. "My wife's been praying that you might arrive before she passes away. I recognized you as soon as you came, and I knew your voice—I can never forget that. I felt that you would come, because the Lord always answers my wife's prayers, and she has been praying that you might soon arrive."

The preacher stood in astonishment, not