THE BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

(From Hood's Magazine.)

The beautiful dream of my boyhood is past;
The din of this life hath awaked me, at last;
I started, and wept—for my bright world of bliss
Was suddenly changed for the sadness of this!

'Twas foolish to dream it; but no one can tell
How oft I enjoyed it, how long, and how well;
It lasted the days of my childhood all through,
And ting'd every thought with its exquisite hue!

Ask not what it was: 'tis enough to avow
I see, to the full, all its fallacy now:
But still, in its falseness, the dream of my youth
Was brighter than other dreams are, in their truth!

When Mirth was around me, oh! scarce did I seem
To heed her fair presence, for dreaming that dream.
When Mirth and her crowd of adherents were gone,
To me it was nothing, because I dreamt on!

And now it is past—it is past—and I'm told
My dreams must be visions of glory and gold:
I try; oh! I try to be patient, in vain!
Shall I ne'er dream the dream of my boyhood again?

The Summer came on, with its bright sunny hours;
The locks of the maidens were woven with flowers;
But I—I was wandering by forest and stream,
And murmuring, "Alas, for my beautiful dream!"

It comes not a fresh; it will never come more:
Yet let me be calm, where 'tis vain to deplore;
Such joys as the earth hath to give me, are given;
God grant that my next dream may mount up to heaven!

Cambridge, Nov. 1846. B. A.

EDWIN, THE EXILE OF DEIRA.

BY C. S. HALL.

(From the Amulet.)

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

Oswald departed, and the unhappy prince was left alone. He paced his dreary chamber for nearly two hours, reflecting on his now almost certain fate. But his resolution remained unchanged; he was determined that no consideration should induce him to forfeit the pledge he had given to his royal host; he felt that the certainty of death was preferable to the daily and hourly anticipation of it; and he knew that if Redwald were unable or unwilling to protect him, he had no hope but that of passing a miserable existence among the woods and the wilds, surrounded on all sides by dangers which must sooner or later be his destruction. It wanted but an hour of midnight, when he wrapt his mantle round him, and went forth. The night was dark and stormy. He walked beneath the shadows of the ancient tree, whose branches spread over a vast extent of ground, and whose topmost boughs were lost in the dark clouds, and seated himself on the large stone at the base of its trunk, to wait the coming of his friend.

In the palace of his host, to which his attention was naturally drawn, all was silent as the grave; behind him was the outer gate, unguarded by a single sentinel; as he looked towards it, he saw, by the light of some solitary star, the extended plain, and thought that he could distinguish the sounds of familiar voices. He knew that his sworn friends were within a short distance, that escape was easy, that pursuit was impossible until he was far beyond its reach, and he was strongly tempted to fly from his doubtful friends and certain enemies; once more to trust his safety to the forests and the mountains. The wind passing through the tree, bearing down its branches that rose again with a low moaning sound, and shaking from their leaves the heavy drops of rain; the silence and the gloom that pervaded all around; and, above all, the uncertainty of his fate, made a momentary dread come over him, which was increased when he recollected the various legendary tales that superstition had connected with the spot. The old tree had been consecrated by the ancient Druids, and was still considered as an object of veneration. It was believed, that around its base, the departed priests were permitted to assemble, and to repeat their sacrifices. And few could pass it, even in the day-light, without pausing to pay some tribute of respect to those whom they imagined its guardians. Edwin was brave, and he had too often confronted danger in many forms to dread it under any; but the new belief that had found its way into Redwald's court, where it had to struggle with the horrors and the bitterest opposition of paganism, had left his mind in that uncertain state—that "halting between two opinions," which made him now shudder when reflection was forced upon him. He rose and paced round the tree, glancing occasionally through the gate over the wide plain on which he knew was freedom, and endeavouring to recollect the few observations he had heard from the strangers who had brought those new doctrines into Britain.

He had been again seated for some minutes, while a variety of thoughts crowded upon him, when, suddenly raising his head, he beheld before him a strange figure, whose garb of perfect white was powerfully contrasted with the surrounding darkness. Edwin rose, shook off the rain-drops from his mantle, and unconsciously laid his hand upon his sword.—But when he saw the mild and dignified attitude of his visitor, he resumed his seat, and with a mixed feeling of superstitious awe, and of anger at being intruded upon at such a moment, gazed upon him in silence.

The stranger stood for a few moments, but spoke no word; at length he said, "Wherefore, at this dark hour of the midnight, wherefore, when other men are within and in their deep sleep; wherefore, alone and sorrowful upon the stone abroad, watching?"

"And what have you to do with me?" asked Edwin, "and if I pass the night within doors or without, what have you to do therewith?"

"Think not," replied the stranger, "but that I knew the cause of your heaviness, and why you watch here, in this gloomy place, at this solitary hour. For I know, certainly, who you be, and why you be sad and sorrowful, and therefore know I well the danger you dread.—Shall I tell him," he continued, in a low moaning voice, as if he communed with himself rather than addressed a hearer; "shall I tell him of one who was sought by his enemies in the wilderness of Engedi, and pursued among the rocks where the wild goats had their dwellings; who was sheltered by the accursed, and who begged a morsel of bread from the hireling, and from the heathen a drop of water—for he was hungered and athirst? Yet was *he* the Lord's anointed, and him the Lord raised to be king over the thousands, and the tens of thousands of Israel's children;—but no, the clay must be softened before it can be moulded." Then turning again to the prince, he said, "tell me now, exile of Deira, what reward would you give to him who should persuade king Redwald that he should neither hurt you himself, nor deliver you up to your merciless enemies."

"If you know me," said Edwin, "you know that the means of recompense are not with me; but such reward as one who is a prince in all but wealth and lands, could give, would *I* give for so good a turn."

"'Tis well," said the stranger; and again he paused and looked earnestly on the countenance of the young prince.

"'Tis well," he repeated; "and now tell me, if beside all this, he shall warrant you that you shall be a king; that all your enemies shall be vanquished; and that not only so, but that you shall excel in worth and power all who have gone before you, all who have ever swayed the sceptre of any British kingdom—tell me what then?"—

"What then," exclaimed Edwin, rising and looking boldly and joyfully into the stranger's face, "then, when I had the power, what would I not do for such a one? Doubt not," he continued, more tranquilly, "but that at all times, and in all places, I would be ready to give him such gratitude as such a king could give."

"'Tis well," said the stranger; and again he paused for a few moments.

He spoke a third time, "But now tell me again—if, besides all this, he who now showeth you truly and unfeignedly that which surely and undoubtedly you shall hereafter be, can give you better counsel—counsel more profitable for your soul's health and salvation than was heard by any of your parents or ancestors. Tell me, would you hearken to his wholesome sayings and obey them?"

Edwin answered eagerly, "surely would I listen and obey the counsel of him who should deliver me from the straits and dangers that now surround me, and afterwards exalt me to be king over mine own country—surely would I listen to such a one, for his counsel must be good."

"'Tis well," said the stranger, a third time; and again he regarded longer and with more attention the countenance of Edwin—full of animation and hope as it had now become.

"'Tis well; and when these things have happened, remember the answer I have heard and taken; remember that your promise be fulfilled and accomplished—remember well this time, and this our talk; and remember *this*, which shall be for a sign between us."

So saying, he laid his right hand on the head of the young prince.

When Edwin raised his eyes, the stranger was gone. A moment scarcely passed; he felt as if the hand still gently pressed his brow; yet he saw no one. He gazed anxiously around, and listened to hear some departing step; he beheld nought but the boughs of the oak, that bent on all sides of him, and heard only the wind among its branches.

"Edwin, prince Edwin!" It was the voice of the young erle; and it was loud and fearless. Oswald drew near, and grasped his friend's hands, then bent his knee, looked upwards and exclaimed, "Now blessed be the Good Being who prompted our king to virtue; blessed be the Unknown God!"

"*The Unknown God!*" murmured some voice near them. The friends started, and Oswald looked terrified around; "Surely," said he, "'twas but the echo of the decayed tree; there is no one near us: but let us hasten, and take counsel together within."

"Who is this *Unknown* God?" inquired Edwin; there was no answer and he passed on. The young erle then briefly explained to the prince, that the queen had joined with many of the nobles, in effectually reasoning with the king against the infamy of delivering up their royal guest to certain destruction: that the Uffinga had resolved to preserve his honour, and to despise equally the gold and the threats of Adelfrid, whose ambassadors had received their final answer, and were to leave the palace of Redwald at day-break.

Edwin and his friend sat together, in the prince's chamber, until the grey twilight had passed from the face of earth; and the morning had risen calmly and beautifully after the last day's storm. They regarded the change in nature as a type of the wanderer's destiny; and while they spoke of the gloom that was gone, it was in happy anticipation of the sunshine that was approaching. The trampling of horses beneath the outer wall, soon announced the departure of the Northumbrian ambassadors from the East Anglian court, and the friends retired to rest.

When Edwin rose from refreshing slumbers and cheering dreams, he found that king Redwald and his principal thanes were assembled in the council-room of the palace, and he soon ascertained the subject of their deliberations. The Uffinga knew that he had now no choice between war and destruction; and the ambassador was scarcely gone when he summoned his officers together, explained to them the part he had taken, and called on them for assistance. So much loved was the exiled prince, and so deeply hated was his oppressor, that an immense army was raised to avenge the one and punish the other, almost as soon as the messenger had arrived at the tyrant's court.

King Redwald knew that if he gave time to his enemy, the superior force and resources of the Northumbrian monarch must ensure his success. He therefore instantly marched his army towards the Humber. Adelfrid advanced to meet him; but with an army hastily collected, ill provided, and discontented. A battle was fought on the east side of the river Idel, in Nottinghamshire, where a victory was obtained over the tyrant of Deira, who was killed almost at the commencement of the encounter. In this engagement Edwin held a distinguished post, and before the soldiers of his friend, as well as those of his own hereditary kingdom, conducted himself with so much courage and gallant bearing, that his oppressor had no sooner fallen than the battle terminated, and Edwin was proclaimed on the one side, and welcomed on the other, as monarch of Deira and Bernicia.

Thus, according to the prophetic words of the strange visitor who communed with him under the old oak tree, was Edwin not only saved from the malice of his deadly enemy, but given the crown of Northumberland.

For some years Edwin governed his kingdom with justice and integrity, reclaiming his subjects from the licentious courses to which they had been accustomed, and giving an example of virtue and uprightness to the other monarchs of the island; so that, "such was the peace and tranquillite throughout all Britannie, that a weake womã might have walked with her new borne babe ouer all the yland, euen from sea to sea, without anie dammage or danger."* But still Edwin was not a Christian; he had listened to the Missionaries who preached the faith of Christ, and he reflected upon its nature; yet, although he offered no sacrifices to his idols, he hesitated concerning the new creed, and doubted whether it were holier and more worthy of the Deity, than the service of those Gods whom he worshipped after the manner of his forefathers.

After some years of peaceful and happy reign, he obtained in marriage, Edilburga, a princess of Kent; into her family and kingdom the light of Christianity had been successfully introduced. She was accompanied to her husband's court by Paulinus, one of the earliest of the Missionaries to Britain. He is described by the venerable historian, as being "in personne a taule man, somewhat crooked backe, and black of heare, lene in face, and having a hooked and thin nose; in countenance bothe dredful and reuerent;" and his mind was active, intelligent, and upright.

One day, when Edwin was sitting alone in his chamber and brooding over the important truths that had been pressed upon his attention; this Paulinus entered, and approached him.

He stretched forth his right hand, and laid it upon the head of the king, while he said in an impressive but gentle voice, "Does the Monarch of Northumberland remember this sign?"

The king started from his seat, as if a spirit had addressed him, and fell on his knees, while his eyes were fixed on the Missionary, as if endeavouring to recognise in his strange garb and his solemn countenance and bearing, the visitor who had so mysteriously accosted him under the old oak, during his exile in the kingdom of East Anglia. While he thus gazed and trembled, the Missionary pressed his hand more firmly on his brow, and repeated the question, "Does the Monarch of Northumberland remember this sign?"

"I do well remember it," replied the king in an agitated and broken voice.

"And does the king remember the pledge he gave when this sign was passed?"

"So surely as I remember the one do I remember the other!"

"Behold then," said Paulinus, raising him from the ground, "by the bountiful hand and power of our Lord and God, have you escaped the rage of your most deadly enemy; behold, also, by His grace and mercy have you obtained rule over your kingdom. Now have not the promises made to you by the messenger of the Almighty, been truly and faithfully fulfilled?"

"Most truly and faithfully!" replied the king, and again he knelt and bowed his head.

"Remember now," continued the Missionary, "the promise which you then gave, and let your promise also be fulfilled. And He who so delivered you, and so exalted you, shall deliver you from greater enemies and exalt you to higher honours: even to the saving you from eternal misery, and giving you reign with him in heaven—his eternal kingdom."

"I do remember my promise," said the king, "and now let me hear of that good and merciful Being, by whom I have been so blessed. Tell me of that God of whom I have heard so vaguely; but of whom I have dreamt in my dreams by night, and dwelt upon in my meditations by day; and let me be a true believer in that living God, that I and my people may be his worshippers!"

That day and the next, the king and the missionary remained closeted; the divine book was opened; its hallowed words were read; and the king no longer doubted the truths it contained. He left his chamber—a Christian; and within a short period was baptized with the principal officers of his court, and a vast concourse of his people—so vast, that the ceremony employed the rejoicing and grateful Paulinus six and thirty days, from sunrise until sunset; commencing on the Easter Sunday of the year six hundred and twenty-seven, in a church hastily built of wood, in the city of York, and dedicated to the apostle Saint Peter.

Such is the history of the introduction of Christianity into the Saxon kingdom of Northumberland, and such the story of its FIRST CHRISTIAN KING.

* The Venerable Bede.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

How simply and beautifully has Abd-oll-Kadir, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to allow him to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:—

I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then taking out eighty dinars, she told me that I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it to me, *never to tell a lie*, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming—

"Go my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment."

I went on well, till I came near Hamandnai, when our Kafillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me "what I had got?" "Forty dinars," said I, "are sewed up in my garments." The fellow laughed, thinking no doubt I was joking with him. "What have you got?" said another; I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?" said he.

"I have told two of your people already," I replied, "I have forty dinars sewed in my garments!"

He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you," said he in surprise, "to declare so openly, what had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because," I replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised *I never will tell a lie!*"

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance upon it."

He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path of virtue."

"And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand.—*History of Persia.*

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Royal Mail Office,
Toronto, April 15, 1847. 509

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Plate 2—London, Talbot, and Brock Districts.
Plate 3—The Huron Tract.
The Home, Simcoe, Niagara, Midland, Newcastle, and other Districts, will follow in succession, one every two months.—Price to Subscribers, 10s. each plate, who will receive Proof impressions. Subscribers' names will be received by the Engravers, J. ELLIS & Co., 8, King Street, Toronto, (from 15, Broad Street, Bank of England, London), and at the Office of this Paper.
Toronto, Oct. 1, 1846. 480-t

J. P. CLARKE, Mus. Bac. K. C.
PROFESSOR OF THE PIANO FORTE,
SINGING AND GUITAR,
62, CHURCH STREET.
Toronto, Jan. 13, 1847. 495-tf

Mr. ROBERT COOPER,
SOLICITOR AND ATTORNEY,
Wellington Buildings, King Street,
TORONTO.
☞ ENTRANCE NEXT DOOR TO MR. DIXON'S SHOP.
Toronto, Nov., 1846. 486-tf

DONALD BETHUNE, Jr.
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Solicitor in Chancery and Bankruptcy,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
DIVISION STREET, COBOURG,
CANADA WEST.
Cobourg, Oct. 21, 1845. 432-tf

MESSRS. BETHUNE & BLACKSTONE,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, &c.
OFFICE OVER THE WATERLOO HOUSE,
No. 134, King Street, Toronto,
ONE DOOR EAST OF RIDOUT, BROTHERS & Co
December 1, 1842. 282-1y

D. E. BOULTON,
BARRISTER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY AND BANKRUPTCY,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
AND
MASTER EXTRAORDINARY IN CHANCERY,
COBOURG, CANADA WEST. 439-tf

J. W. BRENT,
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,
KING STREET, KINGSTON.
PHYSICIAN'S AND FAMILY PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.
July 14, 1842. 262-tf

Lands for Sale, in Upper Canada.
THE FOLLOWING LANDS are offered for sale by the Executors of the late JOHN S. CARTWRIGHT, Esq., viz.:

District.	*Township.*	*Lot.*	*Con.*	*Acres.*
Wellington	Amaranth	15	6	200
Johnstown	Bastard	8	5	200
Western	Brooke	Broken lot 27, and E. part of broken lot 26	6	200
Do.	do.	E. half 11	10	100
Do.	do.	19	11	200
Do.	do.	W. ½ 17, W. ½ 27	12	200
Do.	do.	19	13	200
Midland	Camden East	Broken lots 39 & 40	6	200
Niagara	Cayuga	5 and 6, North side Talbot Road, South		400
Simcoe	Collingwood	25	5	200
Do.	do.	8	10	200
Eastern	Cornwall	34	9	183
Newcastle	Cramahe	7	6	200
Western	Dawn	E. half 14	7	100
Simcoe	Essa	28	2	200
Midland	Fredericksburgh	Part N. half 20	6	50
Home	Georgina	13	3	200
Gore	Hamilton, (Town of)	5, 6, 7 & 12, Block No. 2		
Do.	do.	14 & 15,	16	
Do.	do.	11,	17	
Do.	do.	3 & 4,	35	
Newcastle	Haldimand	19	7	200
Victoria	Hungerford	18, 22, 24 & 34	1	800
Do.	do.	23 28 front ½ 33	2	500
Do.	do.	12, 17, 18 & 34	3	800
Do.	do.	W. ½ 19	4	100
Do.	do.	15, & E. ½ 25	5	100
Do.	do.	N. half 30	7	100
Do.	do.	S. half 28	8	100
Do.	do.	27	9	200
Do.	Huntingdon	W. half 19	4	100
Do.	do.	10	5	200
Do.	do.	8	6	200
Do.	do.	9	8	200
Do.	do.	13, W. half 14	9	300
Do.	do.	7	10	200
Do.	do.	12	13	200
Midland	Kingston	Part 24, (in lots)	1	16
Do.	do.	Part 15	3	16
Do.	do.	1	6	200
Do.	do.	11 7, W A.		119
Johnstown	Leeds	E. half 9	5	100
Midland	Loughborough	13	3	200
Western	Moore	E. half 17	12	100
Newcastle	Murray	W. half 12, 16	3	300
Do.	do.	2	4	200
Johnstown	North Crosby	13	6	200
Gore	Nassagaweya	E. half 8	3	100
Simcoe	Notawassaga	8	7	200
Do.	Orillia South	N. half 7	2	100
Prince Edward	Picton [Town]	6, on Portland St.		
Midland	Pittsburgh	23	10	200
Do.	Portland	South half 14	3	100
Western	Plympton	22	3	200
Do.	do.	13	4	200
Do.	do.	23	8	200
Do.	do.	23	13	200
Victoria	Rawdon	W. half 14	5	100
Do.	do.	6 & 20	11	400
Do.	do.	9, 11, 12, 13 & 14	12	1000
Do.	do.	19	13	200
Do.	do.	11, 18 & 19	14	600
Midland	Richmond	Part 4	10	48
Do.	do.	1	11	152
Victoria	Sidney	½ 10, 12	8	300
Prince Edward	Sophiasburgh	Part 62	1	144
Western	Sombra	21	7	200
Niagara	Stamford	5 on Clifton Street		4½
	City of the Falls	2 & 5, N. E. side St. Mary Street		1½
Do.	do.	Lot bounded by Division & St. Mary Streets,		7½
Simcoe	Tay	7	7	200
Victoria	Thurlow	N. half 19	5	100
Simcoe	Tiny	17	11	200
Do.	do.	S. half 13	16	100
Do.	do.	11, S. ½ 13, S. ½ 17	18	400
Home	Uxbridge	17	6	200
Western	Warwick	4	5	200
Johnstown	Wolford	6	6	200

For Terms of sale and other particulars, apply,—*if by letter, free of postage*, to
FRANCIS M. HILL.
Kingston, 1st December, 1845. 439-tf

LANDS FOR SALE.
THE FOLLOWING LANDS, the property of several Gentlemen in England and Canada, are offered for sale by the undersigned.

District.	*Township.*	*Lot.*	*Con.*	*Acres.*
Bathurst	Bathurst	7 11 & 12		365
Home	Brock	21	6	200
Western	Brooke	16	1	200
Do.	Chatham	10	14	200
Do.	Collingwood	22	5	200
Brock	Dereham	22, 24, 25, 26, 28	4	1000
Do.	do.	20, 21, 22	5	600
Home	East Gwillimbury	Part 25	8	88
Western	Enniskillen	29	4	200
Colborne	Fenelon	9	1	200
Do.	do.	14, 17, 22	6	600
Do.	do.	14, 16	7	400
Do.	do.	22	8	197
Do.	do.	18, 20	9	400
Do.	do.	15	10	193
Newcastle	Manvers	7	8	200
Western	Moore	11	3	200
Do.	do.	7, 11	5	400
Do.	do.	W. half 11	7	100
Do.	do.	9	8	200
Do.	do.	11	9	200
Gore	Nassagaweya	W. half 9	11	100
Simcoe	Oro	26	6	200
Newcastle	Percy	19	7	200
Western	Plympton	W. half 23	12	100
Midland	Portland	23	1	200
Home	Scott	18	11	150
Colborne	Smith	11, W. side of Com'r. Road.	—	200
Western	Sombra	N. half 10	6	100
Do.	do.	N. half 7	13	100
Bathurst	South Sherbrooke	Part 21	2	76
Wellington	Woolwich	Block No. 3, on the Grand		

River, containing 3000 acres, now being laid out in 200 acre lots. For terms of sale and other particulars, apply,—*if by letter free of postage*,—to
FRANCIS M. HILL,
Kingston, 1st December, 1845. 439-tf

Farm for Sale.
FOR SAL