

while we look on a softer, a more simple and more dignified picture. "The decree went forth from Cesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed, and all went to be taxed, every one to his own city." This is the note which introduces our better theme, and before proceeding to muse on the pomp of the Roman, or the degradation of the Jew, we gaze delightedly on the infant King, who amid the turmoil of earth lay in a manger; and who gave his name as 'one having authority to all future years. We glance at the simple travelling of the Holy family, and the progress of Cesar is forgotten; Bethlehem, surrounded by its gardens and sheep cotes, displaces Rome; the Shepherds and the Babe and the Virgin, and the Wise Men, give us Raphael ideas, and places far in the back-ground the thunder of the Captains, and the shouting of the armed men. Naturally indeed does the Christian dwell on these topics, an hundred thousand fanes now rise to *him*, who then found not room in an inn. The sceptre which was then a mockery, is now verbally acknowledged as in some mystical sense the source of all power, though its real dominion is yet a stumbling block; for the empire of the mind is one of impalpable powers, and the sceptre of the Prince of Peace refuses the paltry sphere of outward pomp, and of physical might. Go on thou better than Aaron's Rod, until the magicians of earth are constrained to acknowledge thy supremacy; as other sceptres become most decayed and crumbling to the touch, thou buddest and blossometh as the rose; thine empire is to everlasting, and it will eventually engulf all others, and be alone every where supreme, as it was before the world revolved.

About the middle of the first century, a few years after the crucifixion of our Lord at Jerusalem, London is supposed to have been founded. The foundation of the modern Babylon was laid under Roman auspices, and little did the improving conqueror know, what immortal germs he was then casting into the earth. Well did the Queen of Cities advance with that Gospel which is about coeval with her, and which she early espoused; until looking at her in the present day, the supposition of her first rude lines would seem as involved in the mist of time, as the original formations from Chaos. London, the beautiful, and the might