

### Notes of the Month.

THE result of the late elections in Britain show a Liberal majority, which was at first claimed to be 150, but has sunk to 117 and may sink lower still. Gladstone has lost S. Lancashire—a seat which he sought for glory more than for use; as he was elected for another which he meant to have bestowed upon John S. Mill, who has lost Westminster, being more intent upon recommending others to distant constituencies than recommending himself to his own. Like many other officious people in the world, he has suffered by not keeping *his own vineyard*. The philosopher shone more in his study than in the House of Commons, where he was given to nostrums, had to offer and advice. Bright has been eloquently declaiming in sundry places and diverse manners, that all the good legislation of the past forty years has been effected by Liberals, and all the bad by Tories, and that when the Liberals did any thing good the Tories opposed them, and when anything bad the Tories helped them. This profound political creed was soothing to himself and satisfactory to his hearers. His throat became very hoarse at Edinburgh and no wonder,—considering the novelties that passed solid and square out of it. Our friend, the Rev. Robert Thomson, in his address at Port Glasgow, expected to go in at the head of the poll. “He was not going to be ground in a Mill; or sharpened on a Gladstone or polished by a Bright.” “He was for Robert Thomson. He hoped to see the day when the rose the thistle and the shamrock would be all tied together with a Welsh leak.” The result of the elections is creditable to the people on the whole. The movements of the people have not been revolutionary, and the class who sit in the new Parliament are very much the same as before. None of the working classes have obtained seats. If they did, they would be insignificant. The lower classes can be most effectually served by men of birth education and position. Thus it must be in Britain for many a long day.

The late Queen of Spain takes up her abode in Paris. Religious liberty has been proclaimed in Spain, which measure has been denounced by the Pope, who denies in one country what he virtually claims in another. Like the rats from a sinking ship, the Jesuits

have fled to the number of 2,000 from the country, where their founder Loyola was born and lived—where their deadly order was first established, and where they have undermined public and private happiness. France is become their present abode till they are detailed off for work in other countries—especially England and America. We shall have some of them in this dominion, where we have too many already. They will soon be our rulers if they are not so now. It is too bad that when the most Romish countries dread, hate and expel them, our institutions shelter persons whose presence has ever been a sure omen of misery and degradation. A legion of 30,000 British soldiers, of whom only 5,000 returned in 1835, fought and bled to place Isabella on the throne, and now see the miserable result. She has been living a profligate life, and yet the Pope has sent her a golden rose as a symbol of purity and devotion to Rome, and her saintly confessor has regularly absolved her. Spain is now freer than Rome. A site has been given for a Protestant Church in Madrid, and the B. & F. Bible Society are preparing to establish agencies. We must not expect great and rapid religious and moral improvement among a people who have sunk so low. The elements of national recovery are manifold and they do not exist in Spain. The hand of God has been manifest in the commencement, and let us hope that he will show the triumphs of his grace even in such a dark region in the end.

The obituary of the past month records the death of two very opposite characters. The youthful Marquis of Hastings has died, broken in body, mind and spirit. The heir of a great name, and estates worth £100,000 a year, he has destroyed all in about six years by horse-racing, gambling, and all kinds of dissipation. Such things are more injurious to the permanence of the aristocratic order than reform bills. They also exhibit the rewards which Satan bestows upon his servants. The late Archbishop of Canterbury upon his death-bed uttered this noble confession of faith: “A poor and guilty sinner I know myself to be; but I believe that those who kneel at the foot of the cross with this confession will never be cast out, if they look to the cleansing blood of Christ for their sole ground of pardon and acceptance.” There