

Every day men are heard abusing this or that political party; not merely for the sake of strengthening their own party, but because they really believe that they are attacking a great evil. Why do such men not consider, that their own opinions were formed by circumstances; and that the opinions of members of the other party were formed by different circumstances? In choosing his party, the son follows the father, unless some extraordinary circumstance occurs, unless some influence more powerful than a father's example is brought to bear upon him. Hence we see the folly of the abuse or ill feeling that originates in convictions of right and wrong. Each party judges the other from its own stand point, and neglects the causes which led its opponent to a different course. This want of consideration, this failure to allow for indirect influences is the source of much bitterness among men, and the cause of our lack of faith in humanity. K.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

We visited the theatre. We marvelled at the shifting scenes. Now there is presented to our gaze a view of a forest; we see giant trees, centuries old, which bid bold defiance to wind and weather. Between their gnarled and knotted trunks, pendant with shaggy bark, we catch the gleam of distant water. We can almost hear the hoot of the owl, the caw of the crow, and inhale the perfume of the pennyroyal.

But the scene changes, and grand old Ocean is brought before us.

"The breaking waves dash high
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

And they lash into wild waste and wreck the white-sailed ship with its freight of human souls. And again the scene changes, and in mind we mingle with the crowd that throng the streets of the city. Now it is a bar-room scene. The drunken rioters and the leering glances of the beastly sot suggest the

need of a Mr. Finch and a red ribbon movement.

Again, it is a picture of by-gone days. In the background is a sunny sky. Against this is a grim turret of a still grimmer castle, with its moat and draw-bridge. Before this, beneath the arches of the ancient elms, are brave knights and fair ladies. The former, clad in arms and armor, are seated upon fiery steeds. The latter, clad in long, narrow dress waists and immense ruffs, look charming, and are giving rosebuds to their noble lords.

So it continues. One scene after another, as the necessities of the actors require, is placed before our wondering and admiring vision. But what is behind the footlights and tinsel, the gilding and glare? We step behind the scenes and are confronted by cold, damp, bare, walks ropes and pulleys. Yet over all this presides a master mind. The stage master understands it all. He pulls the ropes, adjusts the pulleys, manages the machinery, and out of confusion brings forth beautiful and harmonious action.

We step out into the starless night and with music still ringing in our ears and light still gleaming in our eyes, we can easily imagine "All the world's a stage," and how magnificently grand is the scenery. How infinitely beautiful, and at times how perfectly awful, are the pictures we behold. Nature is constantly presenting scenes to us, and these are ever changing and shifting. We have sunrise and sunset, night and day. Now spring is before us, only to be followed by summer, with its harvests and brilliant flowers. This gives place to autumn, who comes to us trailing over all the earth, a robe of many colors. Perchance she is nature's best beloved. But winter reigns, and the picture of the seasons is completed only to be produced again. Sometimes the scene is an awful earthquake, or hurricane. Sometimes it is a calm, or a rain. In the sky are curious and beautiful pictures; rainbows, northern lights, and eclipses.