

Pantheism—A belief that the universe is God. Spinoza was a Pantheist, and so was Hegel, a recent German philosopher.

Unitarianism—A belief in the unity of God, as opposed to the orthodox belief of a trinity in unity.

Materialism—A belief that there is nothing but matter in the universe. What we call mind and soul are to Materialists only properties of matter. Of course Materialists deny immortality to man. Death is annihilation of existence.

Spiritualism—The opposite of materialism, originally was a belief that all matter is really spirit, and that, therefore, the universe is only God's concentered thought. Latterly it means those who believe in intercourse with the spirit world.

Fatalism—A belief that all events necessarily happen—that is, are ordered and cannot be altered.

Mohammedanism—The doctrine of the Mussulmans, who believe in the unity of God, and that Mohammed was His prophet. They are Fatalists.

Calvanism—The leading doctrines are original sin, particular election and reprobation, particular redemption, effectual grace in regeneration and perseverance of the saints.

Arminianism—Is nearly the opposite of Calvanism. Its beliefs are (1) conditional election and reprobation; (2) universal redemption, limited in its benefits only by man's act in his failing to believe and obey; (3) regeneration is absolutely essential and immediately follows justifying faith. It is the work of the Holy Spirit given of God. There is no irresistible grace, and apostatism possible. Both Calvinists and Arminians believe in total depravity and future eternal punishment.

Universalism—A belief that all men will be finally saved.

Buddhism—Nominally believed by one-third of the human race, teaches that there have been so far four successive incarnations of Deity, followed by stages of unconsciousness. The highest good is Nirvana, or the state of unconscious repose. The last incarnation was called Guadama, 500 years before Christ, and in after ages another will come to lift men up.

Minor isms are almost as plentiful as the leaves of the forest; but most of them like falling leaves have had their day.

Delicate Charity.

Dr. Romances, of England, tells a charming story of the father of the late Charles Darwin. For the benefit of the district in which he lived, Dr. Darwin offered to dispense medicines gratis to any one who applied and was not able to pay. He was surprised to find that very few of the sick poor availed themselves of his offer, and, guessing that the reason must have been a dislike to become recipients of charity, he devised a plan to neutralize the feeling. Whenever any poor persons applied for medical aid, he told them that he would supply the medicine, but they must pay for the bottles. This little distinction made all the difference, and ever afterwards the poor used to flock to the doctor's house for relief as a matter of right.

Two Faces.

A girl with two faces! I wish you could see her and hear her. When speaking to mother she is snapping and cross, looks lofty and proud, lifts her head with a toss; but when company comes she is all melting with goodness, her face lights up cheerful, and her words come with sweetness. She is a regular hypocrite—ugly in private, but just like an angel before all the public. When she marries, if ever, she will be her husband's tormentor, pout and scold, and make home a place dreadful to enter. When her husband appears, she will always be grunting: but happy enough when he is gone and she hunting for other dear friends whom she loves to make happy. The girl of two faces, wherever you find her, is a mixture of serpent and dove, so do not imitate her. Her cruelty makes her a tormentor. Neither mother nor husband can cure her foul temper.

A scientist claims that no man living walks in a straight line, and that the squarest-footed walker walks to the right or left a distance of thirty-six feet in a mile. In case there is a saloon on the way he may diverge as much as one hundred and fifty feet.

The Recognition.

Home they brought her sailor son,
Grown a man across the sea,
Tall and broad and black of beard,
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake, and mouth to kiss,
Both he offered, ere he spoke;
And she said, "What man is this
Comes to play a sorry joke?"
Then they praised him—called him "smart,"
Brightest lad that ever stept;
But her son she did not know,
And she neither smiled nor wept.
Rose, a nurse of ninety years,
Set a pigeon-pie in sight;
She saw him eat—" 'Tis he! 'tis he!"
She knew him—by his appetite!

Had Suffered Enough.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansas justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, and proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore?" said the justice.

"Yes sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long-term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for no mercy?"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have, please your Honor."

"You wanted to steel money enough to take you away from Arkansaw?"

"You are right, Judge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store, you would have said, 'Thank you sir!'"

"Yes, sir, I would. But, Judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Some time ago," said the Judge, with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly afterward you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this fifty-dollar bill. You have suffered enough."

A Question of "Intentions."

A Clinton-street young man who has been for some months a regular caller at a certain East Broadway house, the attraction being a very pretty young lady of some twenty years. On Wednesday evening last he sent up his card, was ushered into the parlor, and a few minutes later heard a step on the stairs, very unlike the light foot-fall of the object of his affections. The door opened; there was no rustle of silken draperies, no extended hand, no smile of welcome. Instead, entered the father of the family, with mild, yet determined visage. Without seating himself, or inviting his visitor to do so, he said: "Mr. Tompkyns, you have been a regular visitor at my house for five months; to-night you have sent up your card. I wish to ask you one question. If it is satisfactorily answered Ethel will come down, and I may ultimately do the same, handsomely. What are your intentions?"

Tompkyns shuffled uneasily as he stood, blushed and stammered. He was a nervous young man. But at the bottom of his organism was a stratum of that invaluable earthly substance known as sand. Hence he finally answered:

"Mr. Robson, I am not—am not aware that I—I have any."

Then answered Robson: "You may not have any intentions, young man, but I have. I give you one second in which to get your hat, and if that front door doesn't click behind you in less than five seconds, it is my intention to kick you so high that the telegraph poles will look like hitching-posts. Get!"

Tompkyns got.