

A junior went into Chapel last Sunday morning with his shirt bosom sadly ruffled and several long hairs dangling from his studs. Mend your ways young man.—*Ex.*

—“And so we go,” said a member of a Boston school committee; “our great men are fast departing—first Greeley, then Chase, and now Sumner—and I don’t feel very well myself.”—*Ex.*

“A Senior stuffing for examination has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation unnecessary. He reasons that if the Lord justifies a man for trying to help the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would He justify the ass for trying to get out himself.”—*Ex.*

—The ladies of a certain village in Ohio are serenading the saloon-keepers, with the following stanza of Saxe’s:

You have heard of the snake in the grass, my
boy,
Of the terrible snake in the grass;
But now you must know,
Man’s deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class,
Alas!

’Tis the venomous snake in the glass.—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

The Index Niagarensis is true to its creed. It contains many excellent things. The article on “The Sacerdotal State and Society,” while good of the kind, does not nearly coincide with our ideas on this subject. We cannot conceive of a Catholic Priest being endowed with more supernaturalism than any other mortal may possess; or of being so holy that the meanest personage, with enlightened ideas, to say nothing of angelic beings, may not approach without any of that *shrinking away* from a sense of awe. The article on Luther is a desperate affair. We think that instead of “all the basest parts of his nature” being aroused to self-gratification, he was actuated by a holy desire to renovate and cleanse his mother church, which had become void of true spirituality, and characterized by avarice, bigotry, and worldly domination. As to his being worsted in his encounters with the Papacy, results do not testify to the truth of this assertion; and we have the clearest historic evidence to exactly the reverse. The following sentence is sufficient to indicate the feelings of the writer in respect to this man, who is regarded by the Protestant