

with feet upon the Professor's table, calculus tables and geometry diagrams upon the wristband, moral philosophy read in an open book behind a comrade's back, screws and nails drawn out of Dr. Johnny's apparatus, and he wondering why it "don't appear to work to-day." No. No. But rather a charming matinee, bright eyes, sharp responses, healthy emulation, and a lively, spirited recitation. Then the evenings! Ah! who shall picture the delights of those charming hours of "study." One lexicon and one text-book for us both. *She* holding the books and *I* holding—the lamp,—yes I believe—the light, something or other dazzling and brilliant. Verily who would not be an undergraduate of '72?

Kimp, you are a "fraud" to object to this coming event. Pray don't spoil a glorious record by the advocacy of any such notion that the admission of ladies to the Wesleyan University is going "to take from our boys their present college privileges and from their fathers their choicest memories." On the contrary it will present to the boys increased facilities for culture, refinement and education of the nobler traits of a student which now to a certain extent lie dormant. Our "choicest memories" will be supplemented with the happy realization that our children can enjoy even greater opportunities for physical, intellectual and spiritual growth than ever their fathers dreamed. Do you know how many our class numbers now? Eighteen girls and eight boys! I warn you in season. Come take it right home, what does your Master Fred say to my little Kitty, entering some time that hallowed enclosure upon the hill at Middletown? With hand upon his heart, the cap gracefully raised, a "true" chip of the old block, I hear him gallantly cry—Place aux Dames!

"RANDOM."

### SOME OLD BOOKS.

#### SECOND PAPER.

Our collection of early exegetical works, though not large, contains some rare and valuable books. Among these may be mentioned the "Glosa Ordinaria" of Walafrius Strabo, 8 vols., folio, Basiliae 1501, the Paraphrases of Erasmus, Basiliar, 1540, the Bibliotheca Sacra of Ravanelli, Geneva 1650, the Biblia Illustrata of Calovius, Dresden, 1719, the Critici Sacri of Bishop Pearson, 13 vols., folio, Amsterdam 1698—1732, and others.

All these are valuable works in editions now scarce.

Among the army of commentators there is not one more witty than John Trapp, a Puritan minister of the times of Charles I. His extensive classical reading furnished him with a fund of illustration as copious as that of his illustrious cotemporary Jeremy Taylor, and he uses it with equal indiscrimination; while he combines with the ordinary Puritan bluntness of expression, and the fondness for rhetorical conceit characteristic of so many writers of his time, a quaint wit and a solemn drollery quite irresistible. There is more quiet laughter in his book than in any other theological work we know of. Trapp had a rectory at Weston-upon-Avon, and opened a school in Stratford a few years after Shakespeare had drunk his last last brimmer with Michael Drayton and rare Ben, at New Place; but we may be sure enough that the demure old Puritan held the memory of our Shakespeare in little esteem and had little respect for the tribe of play writers which hovered about the court of Charles, till Cromwell drove them and their patron away together. And to say the truth, the Puritan was right, and it was a precious little esteem that crowd of literary rakes deserved. Trapp's Commentary is, by the way, an extremely rare book, and we are fortunate in possessing an excellent copy, 4 vols., London, 1648.

Near by stands Hammond's Testament, which always reminds one of courtly Sir John Evelyn and his "excellent and Christian" daughter. "She had written out many of the most useful and judicious periods out of Dr Hammond on the New Testament," writes her father of her, in that passage in his Diary—as beautiful and touching as anything in all the literature of the Restoration—in which he recounts her virtues, her graces, and her wonderful acquirements, lingers with loving fondness over her "little history," and mourns her early death. One is glad to find a little purity and a little pathos amid the unchaste frivolity and the maudlin sentiment with which the records of those days abound.

One of the quaint books in Biblical literature is Stackhouse's History of the Bible, two big folios, London, 1762. It is illustrated with lavish profusion, and many of its strange pictures evince a straining after exactness of representation worthy a Pre-Raphaelite. The author while giving a connected history of the events recorded in Scripture, carefully rakes together with an excess of