Faculty for a Christmas vacation, that it would be granted, the lost time to be made up at the expense of the vacation week following the Semies, and at the end of the year. At a meeting of the class, it was voted not to petition for this, but to let well enough alone. As it is now, the last term of the Institute ends in May, at least a month earlier than at any other college, and this is an advantage which we do not wish to resign. The hard work of our course here could not be carried on advantageously in the warm days of June, as, in addition to our studies, which have to be worked up at home, so much of our time has to be spent in the Chemical Laboratories, or working around the engines of the Mechanical Engineering Laboratory, or over the fires in the Assay Laboratory. Such work as this, in conjunction with our other studies, would be too much for any man, and it is a fact that we think the Faculty fully appreciates.

**The Harp-String.**

Thou tell'st me, when entranced I stand
To hear thy harp's sweet tones awake,
It matters little if thy hand
With hurried touch a string should break,
Since thou canst readily restore
With practiced skill the severed tie,
And rouse the world of sound once more
To all its former harmony.
O, versed in Music's magic art,
Yet little versed in Feeling's thrill,
Say, didst thou deem the human heart
Could thus be played on at thy will?
Mine with thy harshness learn'd to bear,
But thou hast rent the chords in twain;
And now thy life's long toil can ne'er
Repair the shattered strings again!

**A Highland Tale.**

The following is a traditionary tale of the West Highlands; and in relating it the writer has adhered closely, with slight changes in the phraseology, to the book of the old legends from which it was taken.

Calum Dhu was the bravest warrior that followed the banners of the Chief of Colquhoun, with which clan the powerful and war-like M'Gregors were at inveterate feud. Calum lived in a sequestered glen in the vicinity of Ben Lomond. His cottage stood at the base of a steep, ferny hill: retired from the rest of the clan, he lived alone. This solitary being was the deadliest foe of the M'Gregors when the clans were in the red, unyielding battle of their mountain chiefs. His weapon was a bow, in the use of which he was so skillful that he could bring down a bird when on the wing. No man but himself had ever bent his bow; and his arrows were driven with such resistless force that their feathery wings were always drenched with his foeman's best blood. In the use of the sword, also, he had few equals; but the bow was the weapon of his heart.

The son of the chief of the M'Gregors, with two of his clansmen, having gone to hunt, and their game being wide, they wandered far, and found themselves, a little after midday, on the top of the hill at the foot of which stood Calum Dhu's cottage.

"Come," said the young chief, "let us go down and try to bend Calum Dhu's bow. Evan, you and I have got the name of being the best bowmen of our clan. It is said no man but Calum himself can bend his bow; but it will go hard with us if we cannot show him that the M'Gregors are men of thews and sinews equal to the bending of his long bow, with which he has so often sent his arrows through and through our best warriors, as if they had been but men of straw set up to practice on. Come, he will not know us, and if he should we are three to one; and I owe him something," added he, touching the hilt of his dirk, "since the last conflict, where he sent an arrow through my uncle's gallant bosom. Come, follow me down," he continued, his eye gleaming with determined vengeance, and his voice quivering with suppressed passion. "The will of a Highland chieftain was law, at the time of which we speak.

"We will go down, if a score of his best