

too, it would make our boys to hear of the many happy hours their fathers spent in by-gone years beneath the eye of St. Francis Xavier on College Hill!

We will try then to make EXCELSIOR worthy of our University, worthy of our Alumni, and worthy of our students of the present day. Yet we understand the grave responsibility we have undertaken, and it is only with the help of our students and Alumni that we can expect success. We will do our share and let them do the same for the honor of St. Francis Xavier's, our College home.

We thank our many friends who sent in their subscriptions, and also those who obtained for us the names of new subscribers.

THE SPECTRE-GUARD.

(Written for Excelsior.)

Where from the river's margin steep
 The clinging birches lean —
 Where the river's current is clear and deep
 As, curving, draws in its silent sweep
 The bank's loose fringe of green ;

There nightly 'neath the pallid gleam
 Of twinkling stars above,
 Where the moaning wind o'er the lurid stream
 Disturbs the night with its hollow stream,
 A ghostly light doth move.

And far across the tide below
 Its glimmering ray is seen —
 In the glancing stream it is seen to glow
 As it moves like a sentry to and fro
 On its nightly weird routine.

'Tis said far back in ages old,
 When lived the brave pioneer,
 That the pirate Kidd with his comrades bold
 Sailed up this stream with their freight of gold,
 And buried the treasure here.