

## The Registrar

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Here with a feathered Quill at Learning's gate  
I hold the fort in Paradisal state;  
At nine a.m. I don my Halo smartly  
And until five I answer questions tartly.

'Tis thus I spend the dreary winter days,  
Interpreting the Calendarial Maze;  
My eyes beam forth a frigid steely glitter  
That silences all undergraduate twitter.

But ever as the seasons bring the spring  
I feel at one with every sentient thing,  
And supervise a sort of Incubation  
The net result of which is Graduation.

Thus once a year I really vie with God  
And bring forth Graduates like peas in pod;  
By sheer creative act I make Mentality  
Which goes in time to form a nationality.

But, truth to tell, the strain of it is great,  
To God I'd gladly leave it to create;  
For I by temperament do find it meeter  
To emulate on earth the Holy Peter.

JANUARY, 1915.

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