

Adam Smith, many things did know
Of free-trade and the protection-game,
Against Honor Phil. his schemes would go,
Why not win ourselves great fame?

Those Kant men are arrogant; of this they should repent,
So 'twas agreed a challenge should be sent;
In wings of poesy this word let us convey,
Come forth! come forth! and with us hockey play!

Don't let your awesome fears of us cause you to pass us by,
This challenge we have sent to you, "Come forth and do or die";
Our line-up we have chosen, a husky one you bet,
So we'll be ready for you any day you set.

Mike Flannigan will have to be consulted re loaning us the rink,
But you just get your men together and sit back and think;
You've many things to account for, many, many sins,
And they'll increase in number when you get it on the shins.

So, farewell until we see you sprawling on the ice,
Uglow's glowing o'er the prospect, my won't it be nice!
Bring your Kant books with you and don't forget your skates,
Pray, pray all day to-morrow—propitiate the Fates.

The Reply.

My Dear Sir,—

Your foolish, presumptuous letter
Came duly to hand. I've seen things that were better
In a purely poetical light. In my judging
You might have attempted the task of dislodging
The sun, or the stars, or the moon, I confess,
And with equally brilliant prospects of success,
As attempt to defy, in your wand'ring tetrameter,
Kant and his capable critics. Why, dam' it, Sir,
All that is needed to strangle a dunce
Is permission to use all the rope that he wants.
'Tis a far cry from Hegel to matters athletic;
But think what would happen if all antithetic
Occurrences lapsed from our everyday life,
And the humdrum affairs of the world and his wife.
Philosophy stands, Sir, the queen of the Sciences,
And enforces her sway by such mortal appliances
As the brawn and the brain of each doughty apostle.
Though her foes may forget that their strength in the tussle
(When either prepares for a bout with the other)
Like Antaeus's springs from the touch of their mother,