

with a large body of human beings, who, if not fiends themselves, seem capable of making white men worse than fiends. Nor is it reassuring to hear an American soberly assert that more than half the white population are no more intelligent than the negroes.

There is yet another difficulty in the growing influence of the West, with its silver and agricultural questions. As a matter of fact, the Southern question seems likely to be replaced by a Western question—that is, the next sectional split, if there is to be one, will be between the East and West. Canada's interests at present are principally in the East, and it would seem unwise for her to enter a union where the weight of the West in general affairs seems to be daily growing. The Canadian West does not seem likely to be proportionately so important for many years to come; and at present there are no signs to show that a want of harmony may be expected.

Lastly, there is the difficulty we have more than once hinted at in the danger of becoming too big. The United States are within a measurable distance of one hundred million inhabitants; and with not half that number she has been rent asunder by one of the fiercest and most costly civil wars in the world's history. Canada is reckoned to be able to support almost as many inhabitants as the States; and her unoccupied territory must soon by simple force of pressure fill up more rapidly than it has been doing. The great question arises—is there a limit beyond which a country may become too large, and government unsatisfactory and inadequate? Able as the advisers of the President are, it seems as if they already had on their shoulders as much as they can well bear. It is unnecessary to recall one by one the instances of secretaries breaking down in office; they are still fresh in people's memory. Increase of population means increase of work, nor can satisfactory relief be provided by increasing the number of assistants. There is a certain quantity of official business, which only one man can perform, and which few men are capable of performing. Can the machinery of government go on growing indefinitely in capacity as the population grows in numbers? Is it wise then on the part of the United States to hasten an increase of population, which means an increase of care and labor for those who have to guide and think for the States? Not only the administration would feel the added burden, but the Supreme Court, and both branches of Congress would have their work almost indefinitely increased, both by the additional quantity of labor and by the complexity of new issues which a union would entail.

It should be remembered, too, that the larger a country grows, the more self-sufficient it becomes, and the need of foreign imports diminishes. That means a loss of revenue, and eventually leads to new methods of taxation. Thus a fiscal revolution, if not precipitated, will be hastened, and direct taxation, with all its disadvantages, will be introduced. These are some of the practical reasons which occur as worthy of every one's consideration before he commits himself finally to any scheme of union.

If the arguments adduced are sound, it must be clear that for Canadians there

is at present no standing-ground halfway between Annexation and the existing state of things. If a vast increase took place in Canada's population, and one relatively greater than that of the States, Independence might become a possibility. Under other conditions, it could be but a stepping-stone to what its advocates most dread. It is difficult to see that Annexation, apart from sentimental considerations, would be wholly an advantage. Nor is the present status, for Canadians, the worst that might be. We have as close a union with the land of our fathers, and with the traditions of the past, as is compatible with an almost independent existence. We may be called a colony, but it is nonsense to talk of being treated as colonists and dependents of Great Britain. Everyone not privileged to live in the British Isles must expect a certain amount of condescension from those who are so privileged. We fare no worse than German princes, and it is idle to expect that any political change would better us in this respect. If, on the other hand, we seek enlarged trade, we should pause before we barter for it our autonomy, and put ourselves, as it were, in commission to a people fifteen times as large as ourselves. We may seem to Americans to suffer loss unnecessarily, for a mistaken idea; but we feel that in our efforts to preserve our independence, we should be able to count on the sympathy and generosity of those, who have themselves suffered so much in the cause of freedom.

F. W. FRITH.

THE ANTAGONISM OF THE AGES.

Youth and Age are pitted against each other in the battle of life. The one "holds the fort," the other is "only an armour-bearer."

Their relation is one of reciprocal scorn. The young man repudiates with indignation the idea that he will ever become such an impersonation of homespun, bulky, satisfied quiescence as any of the semi-centenarians he sees about him. Still less willing is he to admit that the future of his other self, the graceful, white-handed damsel who walks by his side, will have the slightest resemblance to the present of those withering mentors, and withered mementoes, that blight the homes and embitter the declining years of old men. The skeletons that stand in his closet belong not to the past but to the future, and so hideous are they to his eyes, that he has walled up the door, and represents the room and its contents as the exclusive property of his next neighbour in the block.

But serene in the possession of Time's secrets, the ancient mariner on Life's voyage, casts no envious look behind on his struggling rival, but rather a knowing wink, full of storied wisdom and a kind of sinister pity. Having long haggled with years, he knows their grasping, Jewish nature, their Shylock thrusts at life and spirit, in return for paltry loans, mere tithes of the demand of youthful ambitions. He knows too, that the magic touch of their shadowy fingers is sufficient to account for all changes in himself and those about him. He can well afford to wrap himself in his cloak of calm content, aware that his detractor will soon take a place by his side, the possessor of equally moderated ideals and trivial realities, gained

by like wholesale relinquishments of youth's valuables to the pawn-broking clutch of Time. But scorn of its scorn is only a fraction of the measureless contempt which age entertains towards youth. Its stores of wise advice are duly flavoured with this bitter herb, before they are administered as a saving sacrament and extreme unction when the self-respect of the enfeebled recipient is at death's door. And while youth's scorn is often excited by the fictions of its own heated imagination, that the age has the advantage of knowing the sum and substance of what it despises. There is an accuracy and intensity about its condemnation which can only be gained by experience in folly.

The philosopher to whom the inexplicable and disagreeable facts of Nature are meat and drink, finds in this feeling of mutual repulsion one of the main elements of growth. Man progresses like a rower in his skiff rather by spurning the past than facing the future. It is necessary that Youth should regard Age with disfavour in order that its own future position, however it falls short of early dreams may at least show some slight advance on that of its predecessor. And Age on the other hand, though such near sightedness dwains to insignificance the appearance of its rival, must ever view its present as the youth of its future, if it would make good its claim to priority not merely in birth but also in progress.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

MARLOWE.

Three hundred years ago English literature lost one of its most brilliant and original minds by the lamentable death of Christopher Marlowe. Dyce, with the indefatigable labour of a scholar, has done much to place this writer before the public as he was, and any student of Marlowe must carefully examine Dyce's exhaustive work if he would know thoroughly the father of the Shakspearian drama. Nothing has been neglected by that zealous searcher, and many are the treasures that he has brought to light. Among others is the important entry in the burial register of the parish church of St. Nicholas: "Christopher Marlowe, slain by Francis Archer, the 1. of June, 1593."

Marlowe was born at Canterbury in 1564, so that at the time of his death he had not completed his thirtieth year. Yet, despite his youth, despite the stormy life that culminated in his deplorable death in a tavern brawl, no writer has left his seal more firmly stamped on our literature. English literature is strong in many departments, but in one only is it without a rival—the Drama. Chaucer, in narrative work; Milton, in epic performance; Shelley, in lyrical flights; all have their peers—nay, even their superiors in Europe, but Shakspeare in the Romantic Drama, is the one name that stands on a pinnacle high above all writers in his field. That he was able to do his work so well was largely due to Marlowe's having prepared his instrument, leaving his giant mind free to work out his master creations without having to invent the form into which he would cast them.

Very little is known of Marlowe's life, even less than is known about "Gentle Will's." He was the son of a shoemaker, and through the generosity of some patron received a school and afterwards a