

celebration we have just gone through. It is true that we watched every step of the recent preparations; the experience that we were looking forward to a few days ago was not to be an entirely new one; yet when the time came we entered into it with an enthusiasm that shows to what a depth it is possible to stir a city that is considered "slow." The affair was on too grand a scale to permit of any disappointment or any lack of relish. Besides we had the very heroes with us whose memory helped us to engage with such heartiness in the celebrations of Ladysmith and Pretoria. As a result we used our throats until they were raw and sore; then, calling in the assistance of artificial means of noise, we put the reserve force of our lungs into making melody with the tin horn; then after it was all over we straggled home and tumbled into bed more tired than ever we went there before. The city that night was like a strange mixture of fariedom and bedlam. But it was the expression—peculiar, perhaps, when we reflect upon it in more cool and sober moments—of great joy, intensified by the accumulation of rejoicing energies that went on during the two days that the transport was overdue. It marks an epoch—if the Dalhousie boys will permit us to quote from one of their banners—an epoch when Halifax emerged a little from her conservatism and cheered. Henceforth our people cannot help but live in a more responsive mood and lead a more human life as a result.

It would be useless here to attempt anything in the way of description: that has been done already and very completely by the daily press. But too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the merchants and private citizens who dressed their business places and homes in gay bunting and flags, and went to such expense in illuminating. And those ladies and gentlemen who represented the whole people in making the arrangements and preparations leading up to the celebration, are entitled to every expression of gratitude and praise that it is possible to make. It was an entire success from the time that the Idaho sailed up to her pier at the dockyard accompanied by noisy craft of various kinds, welcomed by the guns on the citadel and cheered by people gathered on wharves and tops of buildings along the waterfront, right through to the time when the great procession broke up at night and the last lingering echoes died away in the streets. Halifax has nothing to be ashamed of in the way she expressed her appreciation of our heroes. They heard it as the populace cheered them along the route in the morning, they saw it in the decorations and the triumphal arches, they were shown further evidence of it at the Armories.

And now in our imaginations we follow the men to their homes and share in the joys of many loving hearts and feel the great

comforts of being at home once more after the arduous work of the battle field. "Home, home, sweet home; there's no place like home."

All the celebrating we have done is to have a good and lasting effect. In the first instance it shows how thoroughly British we are. Nothing in the world could have tempted our townspeople to spend so much money on decorations, nothing would have induced them to go to so much trouble, were it not for the intense British feeling that has lodgment in their breasts. In welcoming the brave boys home we did more; we gave expression to our imperial sentiment. More and more do we feel how great is the community of interests between the scattered parts of the British Empire. And beneath all the rejoicing may there not have lurked the feeling that some day England will struggle for her life as she never did before—a struggle on the outcome of which our permanent security and prosperity will greatly depend and into which we must put all the energy we are capable of? Canada has shared in another of the Empire's wars. She will again have opportunity in all likelihood to participate in others in order to ensure Anglo-Saxon predominance. It is not a pleasant prospect. War never is. But when war comes there must be no flinching. And meantime we must be prepared. Perhaps within the life of the present generation that terrible cloud that has threatened Europe so long will break. What then? May we not find it necessary to send men to fight away from home in the Empire's cause and also send them to defend our own shores? There is too much in this thought to allow it to go past unheeded. The chances are too solemn to deal lightly with. Canada must keep herself in a state of thorough preparation to help maintain the integrity of the Empire. Hence it becomes every man's duty to make himself as much a man and as good a fighter as possible and to nourish the seeds of enthusiasm for all things British that are now implanted within him. Everyone who has been in Halifax this week must feel that his sentiment as a Briton is healthier and more wholesome. And surely the younger generation will never lose the inspiration of these stirring times.

What makes national greatness? Not many months ago there were prophets who went about declaring the "finish" of the British Empire as the ultimate result of the Boer war. Somehow or other the British Empire still exists. Likely they were false prophets who so spoke. Great Britain once more has her hands practically free and is ready—it is not boasting to say so—to chastise the next impudent challenger. But what is the source of our national greatness? What is the characteristic of English speaking nations that is not

the characteristic of others? This is an interesting question, and one that is both asked and answered by Mr. Edmund Noble in the Atlantic Monthly for November, a magazine which fell into our hands a few days ago.

Why should not the Great-Russian, who has already shown himself possessed of so many splendid qualities, finally dominate the world? asks Mr. Noble. What is it that insures national greatness? Is it cunning? The Indians, probably the most crafty race ever seen on the planet, have now well-nigh disappeared. Is it bravery? The Tekke Turkomans, whom the Russian campaign in Asia almost exterminated, were admitted by Skobelev to be a people "full of honor and courage;" they "fought like demons," and, until special measures of defense could be devised, were irresistible. Is it quick-firing guns and the newest appliances of war? The failure of these, even when aided by a determination not much inferior to that of the Anglo-Saxon, has been one of the conspicuous results of the struggle in the Transvaal. Is it an enormous population from which to draw combatants? What of the heroic and successful resistance made by the gallant 400 within the crumbling walls of the inclosure at Peking to the attack made on them by an overwhelming force in the name of 400,000,000 Chinese? Perhaps it is immense territory? We still read our Gibbon, and the answer is there. Turn then to the institutional bases of ethnic supremacy. Does the military spirit, proficiency in the polite arts of life, make a first-class modern power? The position now conceded to France is full of suggestion. Is national preeminence given to the land of glorious traditions in art and literature? Let Italy, with her diminishing importance for world events, give the reply. Do even democratic forms of government, in the absence of an ordered and consecutive race experience, make great nations? Consider the South American republics. Does ecclesiasticism fit a people for enduring rank in planetary affairs? The story of Spain, and of her recent collapse, is eloquent.

After thus questioning, Mr. Noble supplies his own answer. The source of national greatness, says that gentleman, is not only the results in the individual of the life now being lived by a people, but it is also—a high degree of race virility being understood—that subtle thing which we call brain structure, on which are impressed the whole experience of a people in the past. If a nation is in decay, the past goes for little, however glorious it may have been; but if a people be, physiologically speaking, in the ascendant, then it takes its strength or weakness from the character of its heredity. This is why the United States and Great Britain are today the two mightiest and most durable nations in the world. Satisfying in a high degree the conditions of social efficiency, they have both had rich race experiences, and it is these experiences which, impressed upon the structure of the individual brain, have made it strong with the whole strength of the wonderful process and story of Anglo-Saxon development.

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