

THE NATION'S NATAL DAY.

The republic is well on its way. One hundred and thirty-two years ago the United States of America was born, with war for its cradle and the echoes of Lexington ringing in its infant ears. Prophets said the youngster could not live. They were false prophets. Never was the republic so puissant and so strong as it is at this hour, more than a century and a quarter after its birth.

There were many republics before now that were born but to die. Rome crumbled and Venice perished amid her shining waters. The dusts of time are thick above free nations that are lost and long forgotten. Shall our republic also go the way of the dust? We do not think so; and God forbid!

The early republics that sprang up on the pathways of history, and afterward sank to oblivion, were but the innate principles of free government struggling for expression. They were not strong because they were new and in advance of their times. Kings crushed them at will. But now the world is longer on the road. It has passed many milestones. We have come, at last, upon a day when the "divine right of kings" cannot be sustained against the will of free-born men who claim no divinity but the divinity of the right to be free and to govern themselves after their own lawful and orderly desires.

But if there is anything that might be regarded as a menace to the perpetuity of this, the greatest of all republics, past and present, it is the presence in our body politic of that dangerous element that feeds on foreign ideals of anarchy and plunder. Perhaps another element, consisting of the dishonestly rich, would welcome the destruction of our present form of government; and the ignorant alien anarchist or irresponsible socialist would prove their most useful tools. But we should not fear these foes. They are impotent and must remain so.

The Fourth of July, as it recurs with each passing year, marks the milestones on the republic's course. Every milestone we pass makes us safer. Every year that the republic lives makes it possible for it to live longer. We have but to be sane in our good fortune and humble in our greatness to live forever. As long as we do not forget liberty under the law and God as the Supreme Ruler of men and nations, we shall survive.

When one looks back on the puny little republic that was born in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, and compares it with the giant nation that now stretches between the two oceans and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, not to speak of the islands of the seas, the imagination is staggered. The United States is today the foremost power of the world from every point of view. We stand this morning absolutely unconquerable and invincible.

For the blessings that heaven has showered upon our dear country no American should fail to be grateful. Especially should the people of Los Angeles and California of the South lift their voices in hosannas. Here lies the garden spot of the world—the place of destiny. Out of a past bright with glory we face a future pregnant with immeasurable possibility. On the nation's natal day let us rejoice and salute the flag with proud and thankful hearts.