

It is only measured by the degree to which the soldier himself is kingly. No soldier will ever forget the day when the King rode athwart our closed columns and looked into one's eyes with his lovely Stuart eyes. He is the final human being to whom the humblest soldier may make appeal. This instinct of the soldier of our race, that even in this world in the person of the King lies an abode of justice and mercy, is as ineradicable as the instinct which impels men of every age and race to lift beseeching hands to Our Father which art in Heaven.