

THE SONG of OUR SYRIAN GUEST



this. God's care is not for the wounded only
it is for those who are just worn and weary.
*'THOU ANOINTEST MY HEAD
WITH OIL, MY CUP RUNNETH
OVER.'*

"And then, when the day is done and the
sheep are snug within the fold, what con-
tentment, what rest under the starry sky!
Then comes the thought of deepest repose
and comfort: *'SURRLY GOODNESS
AND MERCY SHALL FOLLOW ME
ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE,'* as they
have through all the wandering of the day
now ended.

"As the song dies away the heart that
God has watched and tended breathes this
thought of peace before the roaming of the
day is forgotten in sleep: *'I WILL DWELL
IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD FOR
EVER.'* The song is hushed, and the sheep
are at rest, safe in the good shepherd's fold."

Do you wonder that ever since that night
we have called this psalm The Song of Our
Syrian Guest?

