THE SONG OF OUR SYRIAN GUEST

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The song of our Syrian guest by William Allen Knight

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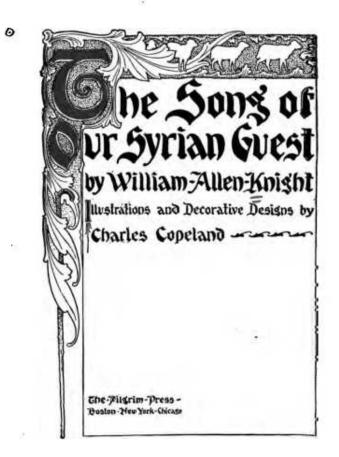
WILLIAM ALLEN KNIGHT

THE SONG OF OUR SYRIAN GUEST

Trieste

he Gord is my shepherd: I shall not want." He maketh me to lie down in sreen pastu res: he leadeth me beside the still waters. "He restoreth my soul: be leadeth me in the paths of righteoveness for his name's sake. * Yea. though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death. I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. "Thou preparest a table before me in the preseluce of mine enemies: thou ~~ anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely 2000 ness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the ford for ever. and and and and and

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Three months have gone by since this little child of my heart went out into the world, a strayling in the scanty dress of a booklet. In that time many thousands have looked kindly on the little wanderer and welcomed it into their homes. Letters from everywhere have come in, saying in effect: "It came to my door yesterday, and its voice has been sweet to me, and I am glad to have it stay with me." For all this I am most thankful. But it is hard to realize that the small circle of those who loved this story a few months ago has grown now to a multitude.

Surely none of us ought to be surprised that our story has itself grown under all this kindness, after the manner of children. In-