
The Shepherd's Question

Howard Burt Estes

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Author: Howard Burt Estes

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By
Burt Estes Howard

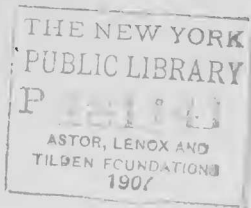


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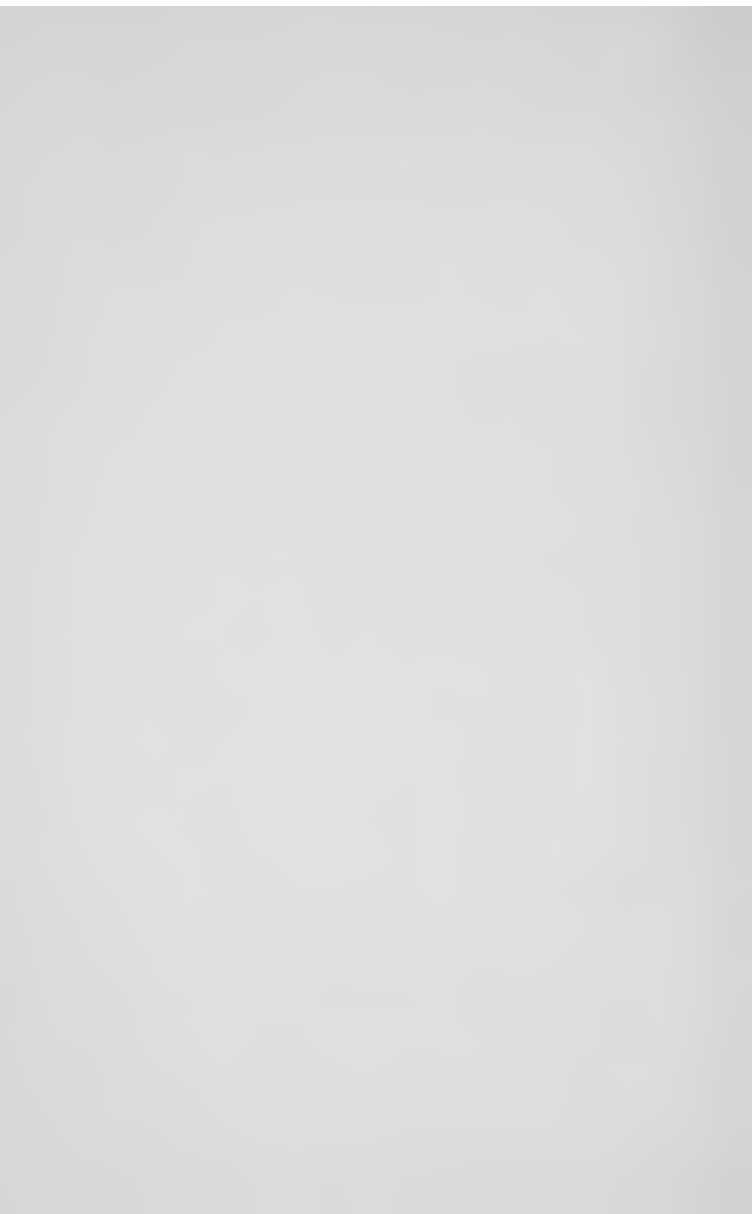


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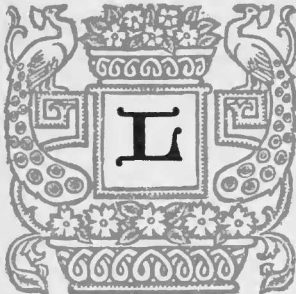
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When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy
fingers,
The moon and the stars which thou hast or-
dained ;
What is man that thou art mindful of him ?
And the son of man that thou visitest him ?



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YING out under the Syrian skies, where the great watch-stars burned like night-lamps which Jehovah had lighted and swung there in the dusky dome, that his children might not be fearful in the dark; looking with wistful eyes into the somber deeps, where, as the sun went down, the Spirit of Vastness seemed to bend over the earth and fold all men and things in its shadowy bosom, the Shepherd-poet, with the infinite faith of a little child, "prattles of his tiny life

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to the Creator of the ends of the earth," and sings into speech the music that croons in his soul.

Not in the garish day, when the light reveals the myriad bars of our prison-house and the fettering meshes of life's multitudinous business; but in the night when the sound of the conflict has ceased and the hearts of men are still; when the eyes are no longer filled with the dust of strife nor the ears with the rumble of traffic in the streets; in the night, when the souls of men are freed for a season and the gates are open in the Garden of Dreams; the thoughts of men grow large and holy, the skies melt into the shadow-veiled face of the Infinite, the Mysteries of Life take shape and God walketh on the wings of the wind. It is the time when we grow honest with ourselves, and the unfaith with-