

**FAST OR FEAST, A
PASTORAL-IDYL**

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Fast Or Feast, a Pastoral-idyl by Various

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VARIOUS

**FAST OR FEAST, A
PASTORAL-IDYL**

FAST OR FEAST:

A Pastoral-Idyl.

REV. A., B., AND C., IN COUNCIL,

FOLLOWING THE FAST

OF 1873,

ON THE QUESTION: PRAY OR PLAY.

A TRIPARTITE COUNCIL.

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1877

Rev. Amos A. Phelps

Jan. 8, 1877

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Inscribed

TO THE

REVEREND D—, D. D.,

LONG THE MODEL, NOW THE PATRIARCH,

OF

"OUR FAIR-RIVER" MINISTERS.

PROEM.

THE interest of the discourse, upon which this idyllic form of report is founded, was necessarily due to the peculiar attention with which the Fast-Day exercise of a favorite pastor is always anticipated, and especially to the course of illustration pursued in it, from incidents sufficiently familiar to those addressed to touch the chord of curiosity. This feeling was tested in one or both of the neighboring parishes referred to in the text, with similar effect ; and when the report was communicated, in the form here presented, to a popular religious newspaper of the vicinity, as a contribution to its current discussion of the question of Christian liberty in personal enjoyment, in the line of which its argument was developed, an unexpected local gratification was the result, with less of critical objection than the attempt could have deserved.

As a memorial of the circumstances referred to, as an illustration of the relations of the pulpit to social life through the channels with which it is so intimate, of private affection, more than all, as an incidental expression in detail of those grateful relations of personal friendship, by which the feelings of public instructors are so greatly and so essentially attempered for their professional duties, the article is now yielded to a more indifferent tribunal, for such disposal as partial affinities can no longer affect, and for such benefit to others as their own better natures may incline them to assimilate.

A PASTORAL-IDYL.

WHERE Power has laid aside its crown,
And Hate its bows and arrows down,
And gentle Trust the traveller guides,
And Industry at home abides, —

The crystal of the mountain springs
In our fair river shines and sings,
And every verdant hue is laid
O'er all the scene of light and shade.

Our towns along the river meet,
The green the centre, or the street,
Or make, by rail and waterfall,
A common centre for them all.

The scene in summer's charm is still
The loveliness of vale and hill,
And where the crested ridges fail,
The sweetness of the intervale.

With softer grace than waterfall's
The country's glamour tints the walls
Of church and homestead, 'mid the green
Of flowing field and forest seen.

Here are the seats, the freest hearts
Of man supply with peaceful arts,
And here the ministry divine
Tends branches of the living vine.

Nor gentle bosom ever knew
A scene more fair, a home more true,
Nor manly spirit found reward
In purer garden of the Lord.

'T is mingled labor, thought, and care, —
The better, these are everywhere, —
And, God consenting, just as true
The pleasures of affection too.

The clergy have their works and ways,
Their days of toil, and other days ;
Sundays they preach and then keep Monday,
And Saturday after government Sunday.

The extra labor brings more rest,
Exchanges make it doubly blessed ;
At times, when neighbors meet together,
We exchange notes and save bad weather.

Two³ friends were here on Saturday,
One came to preach and one to play ;
But e'er the preacher's text was done
The player's music had begun.

My nearest friends, a friend in college,
Well read, but more for wit than knowledge ;
And one, he calls our reverend double
In lore and faith, without the trouble.

Each has his home, for home remains
With tenderer plants for sorrow's rains ;
A home the cheerful bachelor makes,
Whose joke, if cracked, no crockery breaks.

Each has his study, too, of course,
And each as colleague keeps a horse,
That at his post till dinner frets,
Which, since the war, he feels he gets.