

self interest of the servant is always found in his master's business. Creatures know nothing of independence. That which is *made* is made *dependent*: its *independence* would be its ruin. The angels that kept not their first—their dependent estate, in seeking their freedom from his yoke, found instead the chains of darkness and eternal misery. How deep is that fall when the chain of dependence is severed: how fearful is that ruin when outer darkness is its prison walls! Six days shalt thou labor—the seventh thou shalt rest;—rest from thy worldly cares, that thou mayst work the works of God. As the sleep of the labouring man is sweet and refreshing; so is the Lord's day to him that "thirsteth for the living God." The interval of six days but sharpens desire, and prepares the soul both to receive and to digest the word of life. The seventh day is hallowed to the Lord; but still those six days are profaned when that one is forgotten, and man spends them as for himself. A portion of their labor is surely due to the Lord;—due for preparing the temple of his worship, and the various things connected with his service. The people of the Lord must provide for the priests of the Lord, and never appear in his courts while his offerings are withheld.

But this is the *Lord's day*—a day of "holy convocation in all your dwellings." Lev. xxiii. 3. They now call it *SUNDAY*. Ignorantly did the heathen idolators worship the sun of heaven on that day, little aware that the *SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS* should as at this time arise from the dead with healing in his wings, and reclaim to himself not only the day but its name, and the worship on it paid to his own creature. The Sun is the fountain of light. The heavens rejoice and the earth is glad when he pours upon them the silver flood, and fills them with the bright beams of DAY. Light and life go hand in hand; and the beam that rends asunder the veil of darkness, ministers to the increase of life, and the enjoyments of existence. If the sun of day is so glorious and so beneficial, what in comparison is the *SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS*? His glory is seen by the light of his truth; and his truth is known by its enlightening power. It reproves the works of darkness, and they skulk from its inspection; they flee from its presence as from the face of an enemy. But to as many as receive it, to them it gives power to become the sons of God. He that is the *light*, is also the *life*; and where the light shineth in and enlighteneth the darkness of nature, there is the life already begun. The true light shineth but to give life, as the beams of summer are shed but to give life to the vegetable world.

SUNDAY is the especial day of the Lord, on which we are to rest from our worldly labours, and repair to his courts, and bask in the more immediate beams of the Sun of Righteousness. He has promised to be there, even in the midst of only two or three. How should he be absent when he fills all things! His presence will dispel the clouds of anxiety and care, and refresh the exhausted powers of the soul. "It is good for us to be here" in the house of his worship, that we may fall low on our knees before his footstool, and listen to the words of truth from his mouth. We assemble for all spiritual purposes—to confess our sins—to hear the terms of pardon—to pray for ourselves, our friends, and our enemies—to repeat the songs of Zion, and to sing aloud of his praise—to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and to rejoice in his mercies—to receive instruction from Moses and the prophets, from the Lord and his holy Apostles,—and to hear their word illustrated and enforced by his appointed servant.

Sunday is one of the festival days of the Church of God. "Six days shall work be done; but the seventh day is the sabbath of rest, an holy convocation.—These are the feasts of the Lord, even holy convocations, which ye shall proclaim in their seasons." Feasts are not for mourning and sadness, but for joy and thanksgiving. The Lord's feasts are not for "chambering and wantonness,"—not to fulfil "the lusts of the flesh,"—not to gratify the desires of ungodliness;—but to feast the soul and the understanding on the word of eternal life, and to drink in wisdom, and knowledge, and instruction. (He that attends a feast adorns himself in "godly apparel," that his outward appearance may correspond to his business. The garments proper for appearing at the Lord's house are humility, meekness, and godly fear. Those who come thus clad are doubly welcome—welcome, because he giveth grace to the humble—welcome, because the humble are prepared to receive instruction. How many attend on this feast day in total neglect, in the "vile raiment" of thoughtlessness and levity, of impenitence and unbelief. None

should appear but such as are duly prepared, and yet none should be absent on the joyful occasion. It is a shame for a full grown person to be unprepared, or to have any plea of excuse. Had he no instructors in his youth to train him up in the way he should go? Or if he had, has he been a disobedient child, refusing to obey his father, and despising the law of his mother?

How should we rejoice on this festival day when, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, we are called to come before God and be filled. He will fill the mind with instruction, and the heart with holy joy: he will impart wisdom and understanding to the satisfaction of him that seeks them: and no good thing shall be withholden from those who love his ways.—"Come and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob: and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths."

A DRUID.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL MISSION TO GREECE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

Boston, September 30, 1830.

Dear Sir:—I had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Mr. Robertson's farewell discourse at St. Paul's last night, the eve of his departure with his colleague, Mr. Hill, as a missionary for Greece. Many of his statements were of a kind to be useful, and I think interesting to those of your readers who feel for this proud and beautiful, but most desolate country—the byword of the ancient earth, for its intellect and glory, and of the modern, for its shame and suffering. I shall communicate such as occur to me. Mr. Robertson's opportunities of observation have been peculiarly favorable. He has seen the people from one end of Greece to the other, in hut and hall, mountain and valley. Some of his most striking remarks went to illustrate the miserable aspect of the country. In the whole of his travels for months through Roumelia and the Morea, he saw not a town or a village that did not bear marks of the terrible current of war that has swept and withered the country like a simoom. The great majority of these provincialists live in the most wretched huts, without floors, and with scarcely room enough to admit of motion for the confined and ragged families within them. Others are glad to secure themselves a shelter among the rocks and "caves of the earth," Mr. R. frequently during the travels through the country, lodged upon the bare earth. All this class of population subsists in a great measure upon roots, weeds, berries, and where the localities allow of it, upon shell fish, snails and almost every other creeping thing on the face of the earth. There is scarcely any thing like a village, as we should understand it, in this country. Tripolizza, which formerly accommodated comfortably a population of 30,000 is a mere bleak and voiceless ruin. No smoke goes up from its fallen chimneys; no shout or song is heard from its walls; no sail is seen on its bright waters. The whole face and form of the whole country remind of the *vastum silentium*, which Tacitus describes as reigning over those sections of Britain which suffered, long ages since, from the advances of a conquering army as formidable if not as barbarous as the Turks.

As to the character of the Greeks, Mr. R. seemed to have taken a peculiar interest in studying it; and his conclusions may be relied on as correct and thorough. He thinks there is an unjust prejudice among us, and especially in this quarter of the country, on this subject. We have imbibed prejudices from the accounts of travellers, incompetent to judge fairly, uneducated, superficial, hasty, far worse, in a word, than the mass of the conceited and common place tourists who carry off to Europe wretched and vulgar portraiture of our own country. There are but few exceptions to this remark, though there certainly are some. Mr. R. spent many months actually among the people—slept, ate, drank, conversed with them in their own language, travelled with them in all directions over the roads, if mere mule paths may be called such, that cover the country. He found them in every instance, however poor, hospitable to the extreme. They were always ready to sacrifice their miserable but precious comfort to accommodate a stranger, especially one of Mr. R.'s profession; and of all other people an *American*. They are remarkably honest