MALACHI, CAPÍTULO 1

1 The burden of the word of Jehovah to Israel by Malachi.

2 I have loved you, saith Jehovah. Yet ye say, Wherein hast thou loved us? Was not Esau Jacob's brother, saith Jehovah: yet I loved Jacob;

3 but Esau I hated, and made his mountains a desolation, and [gave] his heritage to the jackals of the wilderness.

4 Whereas Edom saith, We are beaten down, but we will return and build the waste places; thus saith Jehovah of hosts, They shall build, but I will throw down; and men shall call them The border of wickedness, and The people against whom Jehovah hath indignation for ever.

5 And your eyes shall see, and ye shall say, Jehovah be magnified beyond the border of Israel.

6 A son honoreth his father, and a servant his master: if then I am a father, where is mine honor? and if I am a master, where is my fear? saith Jehovah of hosts unto you, O priests, that despise my name. And ye say, Wherein have we despised thy name?

7 Ye offer polluted bread upon mine altar. And ye say, Wherein have we polluted thee? In that ye say, The table of Jehovah is contemptible.

8 And when ye offer the blind for sacrifice, it is no evil! and when ye offer the lame and sick, it is no evil! Present it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee? or will he accept thy person? saith Jehovah of hosts.

9 And now, I pray you, entreat the favor of God, that he may be gracious unto us: this hath been by your means: will he accept any of your persons? saith Jehovah of hosts.

10 Oh that there were one among you that would shut the doors, that ye might not kindle [fire on] mine altar in vain! I have no pleasure in you, saith Jehovah of hosts, neither will I accept an offering at your hand.

11 For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name [shall be] great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense [shall be] offered unto my name, and a pure offering: for my name [shall be] great among the Gentiles, saith Jehovah of hosts.

12 But ye profane it, in that ye say, The table of Jehovah is polluted, and the fruit thereof, even its food, is contemptible.

13 Ye say also, Behold, what a weariness is it! and ye have snuffed at it, saith Jehovah of hosts; and ye have brought that which was taken by violence, and the lame, and the sick; thus ye bring the offering:

should I accept this at your hand? saith Jehovah.

14 But cursed be the deceiver, who hath in his flock a male, and voweth, and sacrificeth unto the Lord a blemished thing; for I am a great King, saith Jehovah of hosts, and my name is terrible among the Gentiles.

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