

sity in the dealings of God regarding them; *'neither is there a respect of persons with him.'* This proves the fidelity of God to his unfailling word, and demonstrates the omnipotent and unyielding efficiency, rather than the failure, of his plan of moral government; ver. 6.

The Jews regarded their natural descent from Abraham as a sufficient guarantee that they should never be nationally rejected of God. This national rejection, however, was then fearfully progressing. Probably the faith of the Jewish converts at Rome required that this matter should be cleared up, and the divine conduct towards their nation justified. And this appears to be the subject chiefly discussed in this chapter.

On this point he gives quotations from their sacred national Scriptures, to shew that it was the divine mode to make fearful example of those who were unsubservient to his will. Prominently he mentions the case of Pharaoh, king of Egypt, as an instructive and admonitory instance. That haughty monarch made the fearful experiment of hardening his own heart, in perverse opposition to the Most High; and, as a just punishment, God hardened his heart still more, and *"made him to stand"* as an adamant monument of this principle of the divine government; ver. 17.

St. Paul further demonstrates, that the different branches of the chosen family of Abraham had been subjected to a diversity of allotment, as regarded their external condition; and which might be regarded as instructively typical of this. The descendants of Jacob, and those of Esau, were widely different in their circumstances; one being more and the other less favoured, in that respect. In the instance of those two more immediate children of Abraham, Isaac was selected in preference to his brother Ishmael, as originating the line by which the promised Saviour should descend to bless the world. It is in this sense we are to understand the expression *"Jacob have I loved, Esau have I hated,"* ver. 7 to 13.

To say that the holy and compassionate Jehovah, from his "sovereign good pleasure," eternally *"hated"* Esau, as an individual, and put it absolutely out of his power to be eternally saved, would be a miserable and mischievous misconstruction of this portion of inspired Scripture. And to conclude that, from having *"hated"* his person, God had, from all eternity, reprobated either Esau, or any other individual, to everlasting damnation, would be to give as perverse an interpretation to the meaning of the apostle, and as contradictory to the most plain and positive Scriptures, as could be desired by the father of lies!

In his argument on this subject, St. Paul leaves the inference that the divine procedure, both with respect to Ishmael and Esau, and also their descendants, was fully consistent with infinite goodness and equity. But the paternal election of the believing Jews and Gentiles as his evangelical Israel, and the solemn reprobation and rejection of the unbelieving, even from among the descendants of Abraham, are transactions of the divine government which have been determined, on principles long and openly avowed, and in accordance with precedents in the past procedure of Heaven, which are eternally worthy of *"the God of Abraham;"* ver. 14.

This, as we have observed, is therefore rather demonstrative of force than of failure in the divine government. It hence awfully redounds to the honour of that administration, and to the eternal dishonour of those who had thus *"fitted"* themselves for nothing else than the *"destruction"* to which, *"because of their belief,"* they had been consigned. On the other hand, the richest and most remarkable displays of divine grace and mercy are made in his compassionate dealings (irrespective of all national considerations) towards all those who believe in Christ.—Such are enrolled among the New Testament Israel, *"not of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles."*

No just objection, then, lies against the divine *"potter,"* who, on these invariable principles of righteousness, has acted towards the believing and the unbelieving moral *"clay,"* which lie found in *"the same [national] lump."* Their diversity of moral standing has been divinely and tremendously discriminated. And God has appointed *"one to be a vessel unto honour and another to dishonour."* But, by their action,

respectively, in reference to the gospel, each turned the scale of his own destiny, and solemnly and inevitably necessitated the *"Great Arbitrator,"* so to appoint him; ver. 18—26.

This is the conclusion to which the argument is brought, at the close of the chapter. That, by the cultivation of the Abrahamic faith, the once disparaged Gentiles had been brought to experience the blessings of the Abrahamic covenant: while the long favoured Jewish nation, who had denied the faith of their great and good progenitor, were also denied those privileges belonging only to such as justly claimed the character of being his children. The sinful temper of impiety that prevailed among the Jews of that generation, led them to cavil and scorn themselves into a state of absolute disbelief of *"the glorious gospel!"* For *"they stumbled at that stumbling stone;"* ix. 32.

Those expositors who teach that all this sin was pre-ordained of God, and that the Jews could no more avoid it, than a vessel can help being what the irresistible pressure of *"the potter's"* hand causes it to be; in our humble opinion most grievously misconstrue the true signification of the passage, and, though without fresh intention on their part, cast a direful discredit on the holy administration of compassionate Heaven! *"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"*

Reserving the continuation of the Analysis, I remain,

Dear Sir, yours,

AN HUMBLE BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.
Near Lake Champlain,
March 11, 1844.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE HAPPY HOME.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

HE who has truly a happy home, has almost every desirable earthly blessing. There are comparatively few happy homes on earth; and we desire, by the following remarks, to show our readers how this blessing may most effectually be secured.

Let us, in imagination, enter this splendid mansion on Beacon street, in Boston. It arrests the admiring eye by its massive grandeur. Passing through the spacious hall you enter early in the evening, the parlor, adorned with every convenience and luxury which wealth can furnish. The most costly paintings, in rich gilt frames, ornament the walls. A brilliant chandelier is suspended from the lofty ceiling, illuminating with its clear flame, the whole room, with a radiance hardly surpassed by that of the noon-day sun. Imperial carpets are spread over the floor, so thick and soft, that a velvet cushion would be hardly more yielding to the pressure of the foot. Crimson damask curtains, mingled in delightful contrast with the finest embroidered muslin, hang in graceful drapery over the windows, glazed with plate glass, almost as transparent as the atmosphere itself. Sofas, and lounges, and divans, of the most luxuriant patterns, and of satin covering, invite to soft indulgence. Mirrors, extending from the floor to the ceiling, reflect the light of this gorgeous apartment, and invests the whole resplendent scene with mysterious and bewildering magnitude. Italy and China have furnished vases to adorn the rich mantel. Statuary from the chisels of Greenough and Chantrey, embellish appropriate niches. Plate of massive silver glitters upon the side board. Costly engravings, and books in the richest editions of the London press, are lying upon the centre table; and arm chairs, of luxurious capacity and soft as down, entice to voluptuous enjoyment.

There are ladies moving about the apartment, ladies who were cradled in sumptuousness, and have ever been lapped in indulgence; and they are adorned with the richest fabrics of French and Italian looms. Each pleasant day the carriage is at the door, and they take their morning ride, through the delightful rural districts of Brooklyn and of Dorchester, with obsequious servants, obedient to every desire. There are children in this family, and in the bright and sunny mornings of summer, a careful servant draws them in their little carriage, rocking upon steel springs, along the gravelled walks of Boston Common, under the shade of the over-arched elms. The owner of this magnificent establishment, and the

father of this family, has property invested in all valuable stocks, and his ships are exploring every sea. The nett annual profits of his business are, perhaps, fifty or sixty thousand dollars. *"Surely,"* says the reader, *"this must be a happy family."* Here all the ingredients of earthly joy. Such a family may be happy, but these externals do not make it so. We had almost said, they have no tendency to constitute happiness.

Let us suppose that the passions of the members of this family are uncultivated and unsubdued. The father comes to his home in the evening, irritated by the petty annoyance of business.—Always accustomed to domineer, he is the tyrant in his family, and when thwarted in any of his plans, the ebullitions of his rage cast their gloom around his fireside. In his fretful humours, he stalks through his parlour like the chanted hyena, and neither wife nor child can win from him a kind word. His children, accustomed to these outbreaks of petulance and rage on the part of their father, have lost all respect and affection for him. They regard him with no reverence. They greet him with no kind attentions. Their only object is to tease from him as much money as they can, to squander in extravagance. Brought up under such influences, they are heartless, empty minded girls—mere fancy articles; and are strangers to any joy but that of outshining their rivals in the pomp and pride of life. They hardly know the meaning of the word happiness.

"Father," says one to another, *"has come home to night as cross as he can be. I do wish he would go to England again and stay there.—There is no living in the same house with him."*

The mother is, perhaps, a vain and weak minded woman. Her husband has so often detected her in petty acts of deceit, to accomplish her wishes, that he treats her with the most contemptuous neglect. She is accustomed to be trampled upon at home, and though she dresses her countenance in smiles when her fashionable friends call, she passes many hours in moping melancholy.

Now and then, the thoughts of death will force themselves—unwelcome intruders—to the minds of the members of this family. They ride to Mount Auburn, and there is the embellished tomb, where moulder the remains of one who a few days before met them in the gay assembly, where *"music's voluptuous swell"* dispels for a time all thoughts of death and judgment. An acquaintance dies, and cold courtesy compels them to attend the funeral. And there, in the darkness, they cannot repel the terrible reflection, that they too must die. The gloomy thought sends faintness to the heart, and paleness to the cheek. They are living in the world without God. They are rejecting the Saviour. And death, the terrible foe to the unprepared soul, is coming with giant strides upon them. Thus are the truly joyless. All this external show of wealth and splendour, is but as the garnishing of the sepulchre. It but veils the desolation of the empty heart. We often read of misery in rags. There is also misery clothed in purple and fine linen.

From this scene of outward luxury and splendor, but of real wretchedness, let us, in imitation, visit this log house, in one of the vallies encircled by the White Mountains. The Saco river, there a little streamlet, ripples over its pebbly bed a few rods in front of the dwelling. The humble edifice is built of unhewn logs, and contains but one room. Two rough pine boards, nailed together, constitute the only door; and a wooden latch, opened by a leathern string passing through a gimblet hole, is the only fastening. The fireplace is rudely fashioned of stone, in one corner of the room, and a large flat slate stone, makes a smooth and pleasant hearth; and the bright flashes of an immense wood fire blazing on the hearth in a cool October evening, illuminate the whole apartment. Among the articles of furniture you see a spinning-wheel, and two or three straight-backed chairs, with bottoms braided with the thin fibres of the ash tree. There is smoking before the fire, in a small tin pan, a cake of Indian meal, which is to compose the supper of this lowly family. Two little children, a girl and a boy, are sitting in one corner of the spacious fire-place, building little bonfires with splinters of pitchpine. The mother is busily making preparations for the evening repast. The father having just returned from the labours of the day, is sitting before the hearth, cheerfully talking with his wife, and by the bright glow of their rock maple fire repairing