

# THE ALLEGHANY MAGAZINE,

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BY REV. TIMOTHY ALDEN.

NUM. V.]

[VOL. I.

## THE DEAD LANGUAGES, NUM. III.

THERE is no one, who has greater inducements for becoming master of the Latin and Greek, than the clergyman. It is his task to teach the duties of life, to lead the mind from pain to ease, and from the vain and trifling pursuits of time to the permanent joys of eternity. Nothing, therefore, which has a tendency to throw light on his path, or the interesting subjects, which his profession directs him to discuss and enforce, can be indifferent. It is hardly to be expected that the minister of the gospel should convince, who is not himself convinced. It follows, that he ought to be well versed not only in every science, but in every language, which is necessary to elucidate, or to give an insight into the truths of religion.

The same reasons, which operate in favour of investigating the originals of the heathen, are equally cogent in behalf of the sacred classicks; for, it has been shown by the learned that all the graces of language, which abound in the former, are to be found, at least, in equal degree, in the latter; and these are the writings, which contain the words of eternal life.

A knowledge of the Greek is expedient for every one, who would explore with accuracy the truths of the christian dispensation.

All, who are acquainted with the originals of sacred writ, are sensible it often happens, that a word, a clause, or a sentence is capable of several different interpretations. It is by no means certain that the translator, who could preserve only one, has selected the best.

If we take a passage from almost any part of scripture, examine it carefully in our vernacular version, and take into consideration every contingency, it will frequently be the case, that, when we recur to the original, if we do not see it in a different, we shall see it in a much stronger and more convincing light.

In the apostolick writings we notice frequent allusions to certain heathen customs, such as the Olympick games and gladiatorial combats. If we advert to the ancient pagan publications for an explanation of these agonistick feats, the scrip-

## ON THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL DAVIES.

THOU little wondrous miniature of man,  
 Form'd by unerring wisdom's perfect plan;  
 Thou little stranger from eternal night  
 Emerging into life's immortal light;  
 Thou heir of worlds unknown, thou candidate  
 For an important everlasting state,  
 Where this young embryo shall its powers expand  
 Enlarging, rip'ning still, and never stand.  
 This glimm'ring spark of being, just now struck  
 From nothing by the all-creating rock,  
 To immortality shall flame and burn,  
 When suns and stars to native darkness turn;  
 Thou shalt the ruins of the worlds survive,  
 And through the rounds of endless ages live.  
 Now thou art born into an anxious state  
 Of dubious trial for thy future fate;  
 Now thou art listed in the war of life,  
 The prize immense, and O! severe the strife.  
 Another birth awaits thee, when the hour  
 Arrives, that lands thee on th' eternal shore;  
 And O! 'tis near, with winged haste 'twill come,  
 Thy cradle rocks toward the neighb'ring tomb;  
 Then shall immortals say, "a son is born,"  
 While thee as dead mistaken mortals mourn;  
 From glory then to glory thou shalt rise,  
 Or sink from deep to deeper miseries;  
 Ascend perfection's everlasting scale,  
 Or still descend from gulph to gulph in hell.  
 Thou embryo-angel, or thou infant fiend,  
 A being now begun, but ne'er to end,  
 What boding fears a father's heart torment,  
 Trembling and anxious for the grand event,  
 Lest thy young soul so late by heav'n bestow'd  
 Forget her father, and forget her God!  
 Lest, while imprison'd in this house of clay,  
 To tyrant lusts she fall an helpless prey!  
 And lest, descending still from bad to worse,  
 Her immortality should prove her curse!  
 Maker of souls! avert so dire a doom,  
 Or snatch her back to native nothing's gloom!

## MARRIED,

AT Meadville, on the 7 inst. by rev. mr. Johnston, Richard  
 Bean, esq. to miss Augusta Crary.