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MARYLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

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From the Second Part of the OECONOMY of HUMAN LIFE.

Of the HUMAN FRAME and STRUCTURE.

WEAK and ignorant as thou art, O Man! humble as thou oughtest to be, O Child of the Duſt! wouldſt thou raiſe thy Thoughts to infinite Wiſdom? Wouldſt thou ſee Omnipotence diſplay'd before thee? Contemplate thine own Frame.

Fearfully and wonderfully art thou made: Praiſe therefore thy Creator with Awe, and rejoice before him with Reverence.

Wherefore of all Creatures art thou only erect; but that thou ſhouldſt behold his Works! Wherefore art thou to behold; but that thou mayſt admire them! Wherefore to admire; but that thou mayſt adore their, and thy Creator!

Wherefore is Conſciouſneſs repoſed in thee alone; and whence is it derived to thee!

'Tis not in Fleſh to think; 'tis not in Bones to reaſon: The Lion knoweth not that Worms ſhall eat him: The Ox perceiveth not that he is fed for Slaughter.

Something is added to thee unlike to what thou ſeeſt: Something informs thy Clay, higher than all that is the Object of thy Senſes. Behold! what is it?

Thy Body remaineth perfect after it is fled; therefore it is no Part of it: It is immaterial; therefore it is eternal: It is free to act; therefore it is accountable for it's Actions.

Knoweth the Aſs the Uſe of Food, becauſe his Teeth mow down the Herbage? Or ſtandeth the Crocodile erect, altho' his Back-bone is ſtrait as thine?

God formed thee as he had formed theſe: After them all wert thou created: Superiority and Command were given thee over all; and of his own Breath did he communicate to thee thy Principle of Knowlege.

Know thyſelf then the Pride of his Creation; the Link uniting Divinity and Matter: Behold a Part of God himſelf within thee: Remember thine own Dignity; nor dare deſcend to Evil, or to Meanneſs.

Who planted Terror in the Tail of the Serpent? Who cloathed the Neck of the Horſe with Thunder? Even he who hath inſtructed thee to cruſh the one under thy Feet, and to tame the other to thy Purpoſes.

Of the Uſe of the SENSES.

Vaunt not of thy Body, becauſe it was firſt formed; nor of thy Brain, becauſe therein thy Soul reſideth. Is not the Maſter of the Houſe more honourable than it's Walls?

The Ground muſt be prepared before Corn be planted: The Potter muſt build his Furnace before he can make his Porcelane.

As the Breath of Heaven ſayeth unto the Water of the Deep, This Way ſhall thy Billows roll, and no other; thus high, and no higher, ſhall they raiſe their Fury; ſo let thy Spirit, O Man, actuate and direct thy Fleſh: So let it repreſs it's Wildneſs.

Thy Soul is the Monarch of thy Frame: Suffer not it's Subjects to rebel againſt it.

Thy Body is as the Globe of the Earth: Thy Bones the Pillars that ſuſtain it on it's Baſis.

As the Ocean giveth Riſe to Springs, whoſe Waters return again into it's Boſom through the Rivers: So runneth thy Life from the Heart outwards; and ſo returneth it unto it's Place again.

Do not both retain their Courſe for ever? Behold the ſame God ordained them.

Is not thy Noſe the Channel to Perfumes? thy Mouth the Path to Delicacies? Yet know thou, that Perfumes long ſmelt become offenſive: That Delicacies deſtroy the Appetite they flatter.

Are not thine Eyes the Centinels that watch for thee? Yet how often are they unable to diſtinguiſh Truth from Error.

Keep thy Soul in Moderation: Teach thy Spirit to be attentive to it's Good: So ſhall theſe it's Miniſters be always to thee Conveyances of Truth.

Thine Hand, is it not a Miracle? Is there in the Creation aught like unto it? Wherefore was it given thee; but that thou mightſt ſtretch it out to the Aſſiſtance of thy Brother?

Why of all Things living art thou alone made capable of bluſhing? The World ſhall read thy Shame upon thy Face: Therefore do nothing ſhameful.

Fear and Diſmay, why rob they thy Countenance of it's ruddy Splendor? Avoid Guilt, and thou ſhalt know that Fear is beneath thee; that Diſmay is unmanly.

Wherefore to thee alone ſpeak Shadows in the Viſions of thy Pillow? Reverence them; for know that Dreams are from on High.

Thou Man alone canſt ſpeak; wonder at thy glorious Prerogative; and pay to him who gave it thee a rational and welcome Praiſe; teaching thy Children Wiſdom; inſtructing the Off ſpring of thy Loins in Piety.

The SOUL of MAN, it's Origin and Affections.

The Bleſſings, O Man! of thy external Part, are Health, Vigour, and Proportion: The greateſt of theſe is Health. What Health is to the Body, even that is Honeſty to the Soul.

That thou haſt a Soul is of all Knowlege the moſt certain; of all Truths the moſt plain unto thee: Be meek; be grateful for it; ſeek not to know it perfectly: It is inſcrutable.

Thinking, Underſtanding, Reaſoning, Willing, call not theſe the Soul! they are it's Actions, but they are not it's Eſſence.

Raiſe it not too high, that thou be not deſpiſed: Be not thou like unto thoſe who fall by Climbing; neither debaſe it to the Senſe of Brutes: Nor be thou like to the Horſe and the Mule, in whom there is no Underſtanding.

Search it by it's Faculties; know it by it's Virtues: They are more in Number than the Hairs of thy Head: The Stars of Heaven are not to be counted with them.

Think not with *Arabia* that one Soul is parted among all Men; neither believe thou with the Sons of *Egypt*, that every Man hath many: Know that as thy Heart, ſo alſo thy Soul is one.

Doth not the Sun harden the Clay? Doth it not alſo ſoften the Wax? As it is one Sun that worketh both; even ſo it is one Soul that willeth Contraries.

As the Moon retaineth her Nature tho' Darkneſs ſpread itſelf before her Face as a Curtain; ſo the Soul remaineth perfect even in the Boſom of the Fool.

She is immortal; ſhe is unchangeable; ſhe is alike in all: Health calleth her forth to ſhew her Lovelineſs; and Application anointeth her with the Oil of Wiſdom.

Altho ſhe ſhall live after thee, think not ſhe was born before thee: She was concreated with thy Fleſh, and formed with thy Brain.

Juſtice could not give her to thee exalted by Virtues, nor Mercy deliver her to thee deformed by Vices. Theſe muſt be thine, and thou muſt anſwer them.

Suppoſe not Death can ſhield thee from Examination: Think not Corruption can hide thee from Enquiry. He who formed thee of thou knowſt not what; can he not raiſe thee from thou knowſt not what again?

Perceiveth not the Cock the Hour of Midnight? Exalteth he not his Voice, to tell thee it is Morning? Knoweth not the Dog the Footſteps of his Maſter? And ſlyeth not the wounded Goat unto the Herb that healeth him? Yet when theſe die, their Spirit returneth to the Duſt: Thine alone ſurviveth.

Envy not to theſe their Senſes, becauſe quicker than thine own: Learn that the Advantage lieth not in poſſeſſing good Things: But in the knowing to uſe them.

Hadſt thou the Ear of the Stag; or were thine Eye as ſtrong and piercing as the Eagle's; didſt thou equal the Hound in Smell; or could the Ape reſign to thee his Taſte; or the Tortoiſe her Feeling; yet without Reaſon what would they avail thee? Periſh not all theſe like their Kindred?

Hath any one of them the Gift of Speech? Can any ſay unto thee, therefore did I ſo?

The Lips of the Wiſe are as the Doors of a Cabinet; no ſooner are they opened, but Treaſures are poured out before thee.

Like unto Tre[illegible] Gold arranged in Beds of Silver, are wiſe [illegible] uttered in due Season.

Canſt thou think [illegible] greatly of thy Soul? Or can too much be ſaid in it's Praiſe? It is the Image of him who gave it.

Remember thou it's Dignity for ever; forget not how great a Talent is committed to thy Charge.

Whatſoever may do Good, may alſo do Harm: Beware that thou direct it's Courſe to Virtue.

Think not that thou canſt loſe her in the Croud: Suppoſe not that thou canſt bury her in thy Cloſet: Action is her Delight, and ſhe will not be withheld from it.

Her Motion is perpetual; her Attempts are univerſal: Her Agility is not to be ſuppreſs'd: Is it at the uttermoſt Part of the Earth, ſhe will have it: Is it beyond the Region of the Stars, yet will her Eye diſcover it.

Enquiry is her Delight: As one who traverſeth the burning Sands in Search of Water, ſo is the Soul that thirſteth after Knowlege.

Guard her, for ſhe's raſh; reſtrain her, for ſhe's irregular; correct her, for ſhe is outragious: More ſupple is ſhe than Water; more flexible than Wax; more yielding than Air: Is there aught then can bind her?

As a Sword in the Hand of a Madman; even ſo is the Soul to him who wanteth Diſcretion.

The End of her Search is Truth: Her Means to diſcover it, are Reaſon and Experience: But are not theſe weak, uncertain and fallacious? How then ſhall ſhe attain unto it?

General Opinion is no Proof of Truth; for the Generality of Men are ignorant.

Perception of thyſelf; the Knowlege of him who created thee; the Senſe of the Worſhip thou oweſt unto him; are not theſe plain before thy Face? And behold! What is there more that Man needeth to know?

Of the Period and Uſes of HUMAN LIFE.

As the Eye of Morning to the Lark; as the Shade of Evening to the Owl; as Honey to the Bee, or as the Carcaſe to the Vulture; even ſuch is Life unto the Heart of Man.

Tho' bright it dazzleth not; tho' obſcure it diſpleaſeth not; tho' ſweet it cloyeth not; tho' corrupt it forbiddeth not: Yet who is he that knoweth it's true Value?

Learn to eſteem Life as it ought; then art thou near the Pinnacle of Wiſdom.

Think not with the Fool that nothing is more valuable; nor believe with the pretended Wiſe that thou oughtſt to contemn it: Love it not for itſelf, but for the Good it may be of to others.

Gold cannot buy it for thee; neither can Mines of Diamonds purchaſe back the Moment thou haſt now loſt of it: Employ the ſucceeding Ones in Virtue.

Say not that it were beſt not to have been born; or if born, that it had been beſt to die early: Neither dare thou to aſk of thy Creator, Where had been the Evil had I not exiſted? Good is in thy Power: The Want of Good is Evil: And if thy Queſtion be juſt, Lo! it condemneth thee.

Wou'd the Fiſh ſwallow the Bait if he knew the Hook was hid therein? Would the Lion enter the Toils if he ſaw they were prepared for him? So neither were the Soul to periſh with this Clay, wou'd Man wiſh to live; neither wou'd a merciful God have created him: Know hence thou ſhalt live afterward.