



A Retrospect written for my thirtieth Birth Day which was on Sunday August 27th 1786

If, from the present Day, I now could Rowl
Backward full Thirty Years, the wheels of Time,
Then might I see, when, first I did appear,
An actor, on this buised Stage of Life,
When first I made my ingress to this World
How weak, how feble, then Demanding help,
From my kinde Parents, and my tender Friends,
By whose assiduous Cares, and helping hands,
Assisted by the kinder Providence,
Of that Almighty Being who doth Rul,
In justice, and in Mercy, ore his works,
How by his Aid, from Infancy at first,
By slow Degrees, to Childhood, I advans'd,
When Infant Reason, first began to Dawn,
And shew the Traces, of a pow'r Divine,
In the formation, of the soul within,
If onward then, we should advance to Youth,
Thare might the trace of a God, be seen,
In the formations, our passions, which,
Is the greate Source, from which doth Daily Spring
Our safest, and our most, sublime Desires,
There might be seen, the traces of that Pow'r,
Of the Almighty Father, which does work,
With fource and Energy, that is Divine,
In guarding Evry son of prudence, through,
Youths Thorny Paths, to mans mature Estate,
In which that Reason, he's in mercy giv'n,
Must then be Exercised, for his guard.
But if from Vice, or Pride, or negligence,
omit
He shall ^ to hear to Reasons Voice,
These Passions which, th' Almighty in his Love,
And Infinite Benevolence, has given.
To prompt us on, to actions good and greate,
Then these Auxillars of our Happyneß,
Will Turn to be our Bit'rest Ennemies.

Contributed to Maine Memory Network by an individual through
Maine Historical Society
Date: 1786
Description: Josiah Pierce on his 30th birthday

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Will Turn to be our Bit'rest Ennemies.

They'l push us on, to perpetrate such acts,
As when, we come to recollect them o'er,
Will fill our souls, with anguish and remorse.
Such is the goodness, and Benevolence,
Of the Supreme Creator, and the Lord,
Of universal Nature, and he Reigns,
Sov'reign and Lord, o'er all her varied Spheres,
And holds the Balance, of the Steady whole,
And to us has Reason giv'n, for our guide,
Through all the Changing Scenes of humane Life,
'Tis by the Reas'n, that's, giv'n us from above,
That we at first, are taught to understand,
The Being, and Existence, of a God.
And 'tis by the same Reason, that we see,
The sup'ring tending pow'r, of's Providence,
That doth in wisdom, and in goodness rule,
And Order all the Changes here below,
In such a way, though 'tis to us unknown,
As doth promote the wellfair of the whole,
And 'tis by Reason, that we'r taught to know,
Our Duty to our God, and fellow men,
Though 'tis ^{from} passion, that we'r taught to Love,
Yet it is Reason, must direct our choice,
Or we shall miss, of Happyness at Last,
Passions blinde impulce, without Reasons aid,
Can never sol'd Happyness, Produce.
And thus 'tis Reason, that mus guide us through,
All the varied Scenes, of humane Life.
And shall not we, in humble reverence bow,
Before the preadents, of our God Supreme,
And shall not we, pour fourth our souls to him,
Which has in goodness, and in Mercy Giv'n,
Reason that Brightest Gem of Heaven to men,
And now my soul, with all thy pow'rs unite,
To render praises to my God, Supreme,
For all his goodness, and his kindness, shown,
To me, in Childhood, Infancy, and Youth.

P.S. P [page torn] to Excuse the folly of this Scrawl.

This my Dear with my Cincerest Love, Truest Esteem, and Tenderist-
Regard, is humbly inscribed to you from the wildes of Flintstown
To Miss Phebe Thompson
Woburn
nday August 27th 1786

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To render praises, to my God. Supreme,
For all his goodness, and his kindness, shown,
To me, in Childhood ' Infancy, and Youth

[written along right side]

This, my Dear, with my Cincerest Love, Truest Esteem, and Tenderist
Regard, is humbly inscribed to you from the wildes of Flintstown
[page torn]nday August 27th 1786

To Miss Phebe Thompson
Woburn

P.S. P [page torn] to Excuse the folly of this Scrawl.

His goodness guarded, and his kindness fed,
 And nourish'd me ^{through every} Stage of Life,
 In which his goodness, has seen fit that I
 Should bear a part, among the Sons of Men,
 And now I have attain'd, to mans Estate,
 His goodness still attends me where I goe,
 'Tis from his liberal Bounty, that I'm fed,
 'Tis from his ample Vestry, that I'm clad,
 The Earth is his, on which I walk abroad,
 'Tis in the fluid air, that heaves my Lungs,
 And his the water, that allay my Thirst,
 And from his goodness, 'tis that I Enjoy,
 The Company, and Converse, of my Friends,
 Was it not his goodness that did Direct,
 Me how to chuse, the partners of my Love,
 With whom I might Enjoy, the greatest Bliss,
 That is bestow'd, on mortals, here Below?
 Thus let us turn our views, which way we will,
 The Love, and goodness, of our god, appear
 In all his dispensations, here Below.
 O! Thou Supreme, thou ever good, and wise,
 From whom our powers, and understanding flow,
 With thou Breathe Inspiration, or, my souls
 And fill my mind, with Reverential awe,
~~And teach me, how to sing thy Praises forth,~~
 And teach me, how to sing thy Praises forth,
 In more sublime, in more exalted strains,
 And when I cast, my Eyes around and see,
 How, thy kind Providence, Extends to all,
 May I, by observation, here be Taught,
 The duties, that I'm Called to perform,
 Unto, my my fellow Creature here on Earth,
 And may I, to the utmost of my Powers,
 Grant succour, and Relief, to the Distress'd,
 And thus by doing good, to Mortal men,
 In feably, immitating Love Divine,
 May I thereby, Bring glory to my God!

This my Dear wife my sincerest love, sweet esteem, and tenderness
 together, is humbly inscribed to you from the window of Westminster
 the 14th of the Month of August 1788

McBarn

P.S. A to receive the glory of his name,

His goodness Guarded, and his kindness fed,
 through
 And nourish'd me ^[crossed out] every Stage of Life,
 In which his goodness, has seen fit that I,
 Should bear a part, among the Sones of Men.
 And now I have attain'd, to mans Estate,
 His goodness still attends me where I goe,
 'Tis from his lib'ral Bounty, that I'm fed,
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