

**PASSING THOUGHTS
AMID LIFE'S WORK AND
LIFE'S TEARS; OR, POEMS,
SACRED AND MORAL**

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Passing Thoughts Amid Life's Work and Life's Tears; or, Poems, Sacred and Moral by Mrs.
Eliza Mote

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MRS. ELIZA MOTE

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OR,

Poems, Sacred and Moral.

BY THE LATE

MRS. ELIZA MOTE.

Go forth, thou little thing,
Drop a seed here and there,
Whence healthful life shall spring—
God's glory to declare.

London:

S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO.,
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1838.

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P R E F A C E .

The Author of these poems is now in the realms of which she delighted to sing. She was the mother of a large family, of whom six are now living; and being of a nervous temperament, she suffered during the latter part of her life from various ailments. She was, nevertheless, of a cheerful disposition, and her Christianity enabled her to sing amidst the trials of life, and bravely to discharge the duties of a loving wife and devoted mother.

As the author wrote her poems whilst actively engaged in her domestic duties, they were often hurriedly written on small pieces of paper, and are somewhat difficult to decipher. Had her life been spared, she herself would have revised her writings, a few of which are somewhat unfinished: for these the reader's indulgence is claimed.

Although the writer made no pretensions to poetic skill—and her verses are the simple effusion of her heart and mind—it is hoped that they will be thought to have some claim to true poetry.

The author believed that the Lord would bless her labours, if only to her own family. Her husband has therefore decided to publish these pages. He is desirous, above all, that God may bless the perusal to the heart of the reader, knowing well that that alone would have satisfied his beloved partner.

JOSEPH MOTE.

SOUTHWOOD LODGE,
FOREST HILL.

31st March, 1883.

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AMID LIFE'S WORK AND LIFE'S TEARS;

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—◆—
A RETROSPECT.

O'er the world of mind my soul was fired
To flutter her little wing,
And, from the paths of man retired,
God's way and works to sing;

And, not content to rest on earth,
My daring soul would haste,
Where songs of Angel's have their birth,
And men God's glory trace.

Desire was strong—but strength was weak,
I, pensive, dropped my wing;
Dejection seized my mortal cheek,
My soul refused to sing.

My Father came and took my hand
And said, my child—"not there,"
And bid me meekly take my stand
'Midst life's domestic care.