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THE

HUMBLE EFFORT.



Just

BALTIMORE:
PRINTED BY SHERWOOD & CO.
N. W. CORNER BALTIMORE AND GAY STREETS.
1848.

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The author of this work
is Mr Ginet - who has
for some time ^{THE} just Resided
in a celler - - - a self
taught man

HUMBLE EFFORT.

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— Ginet



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PRINTED BY SHERWOOD & CO.
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P R E F A C E .

THE following pieces, which are few in number, and diminutive in their form, would *never*, perhaps, have appeared to the eye of a criticising world, had it not been for the solicitations of many friends, whose judgment and opinions I have a right to regard and respect. Therefore, without saying more upon the subject, I leave this HUMBLE EFFORT to the mercy and justice of those into whose hands it may chance to fall.



THE
HUMBLE EFFORT.

A SKETCH OF THE WRITER'S LIFE.

ERE yet the bud of youth had blown,
Or yet this throbbing heart had known
The sorrows of a life forlorn,
'Twas mine a MOTHER'S death to mourn.

But ere the vital spark had fled,
She placed her hands upon my head,
And raised her heart to God in prayer,
That he would of her boy take care,
And, for the sake of Him who died
And was for sinners crucified,
To be my father and my guide,
And for her orphan boy provide.
For well that dying mother knew
On earth *real* friends there are but few:
Hence she besought the God of truth
To be my friend and guard in youth,
Then bade Adieu unto her boy,
And left this world for one of joy.

But, ah, what scribe on earth can pen
What I have undergone since then—

Since first I quit my native home,
Through this cold heartless world to roam?⁷
But of the past I'll not complain,
But as it is, let it remain.

If till the twenty-eighth of June
I should be spared to see,
Of eighteen hundred, forty-six,
I shall be thirty-three.

But never till six years ago—
This truth I blush to tell—
Did I forsake the ways of sin,
That lead to death and hell.

But down I pressed, with rapid strides,
The broad frequented road,
Regardless of my mother's prayers
And the commands of God.

Ah, yes—for many, many years
In sin I took delight,
And, in the error of my ways,
Loved darkness more than light.

Yet often God, for Jesus' sake,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Did by his Holy Spirit say,
“*Ye must be born again!*”

At length I hearkened to his word—
His call I did obey;
And then he pardoned all my sins,
My darkness turned to day.

And now six years are past and gone
Since first I sought the Lord,
And still my eye is on the prize—
My face is Zionward.

'Tis true I've passed through many storms
And many conflicts keen ;
But I have found the grace of God
Has still sufficient been.

Now, for God's grace and watchful care,
I offer up the following prayer :
Almighty God of all the earth,
Who gave the universe its birth,
Who gave to man his life and soul,
And bade yon burning planets roll,
Who spoke, and darkness turned to light,
Who gave the seasons, day and night—
Thou who art lifted up on high,
In mercy let thy pitying eye
Through life on me be cast.
Grant, Lord, to be my constant guide,
And for my every want provide ;
Grant what in wisdom thou shalt see
That I have need of—give to me ;
And what I need not, Lord, I pray,
In mercy keep it far away :
And if on earth my days be few,
Help me while here thy will to do ;
But if I'm spared, O Lord, by thee,
My three score years and ten to see,
May every moment of each day
Still find me in the narrow way—

THE HUMBLE EFFORT.

Still find me favored from on high
 With grace thy name to glorify ;
 And when on earth my days are o'er,
 May I on angels' pinions soar
 To yon bright world, where I shall see
 The Lord who bled and died for me :
 And thine, O God, the praise shall be,
 Both now and in eternity.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

THERE is, beyond the starry skies,
 A land where pleasure never dies—
 A land where graves were never seen,
 A land where death has never been—
 A land where sorrows never grow,
 A land where tears can never flow—
 A land where sighing 's never heard,
 A land where grief is never feared—
 A land of friends, without a foe :
 That land is where the righteous go.
 There they shall dwell with Christ, the Lamb,
 And ever praise the great I Am,
 Who bought them with his precious blood,
 And made them kings and priests to God.

NATURAL DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

How dark the mind by nature is—
 How black the human heart ;
 How totally depraved are we,
 And vile in every part.

The soul is a polluted fount,
 That issues forth a flood
 Of sinful thought and deeds and words,
 Detestable to God.

SPIRITUAL SONG.—No. 1.

I SEE by faith a land of rest,
 Where saints in glory reign
 With Christ, the precious Lamb of God,
 Who was for sinners slain.

They have from all their labors ceased,
 And reached that happy land ;
 There they shall never, never take
 With friend the parting hand.

Oh, happy, happy, happy place—
 Shall I at last get there ?
 Shall I, with all the saints of God,
 In glory have a share ?

Ah, yes—through grace I may secure
 A seat at God's right hand,
 And with that spotless host at last
 Dwell in that happy land.

L I N E S .

THROUGH many a dark and stormy night
 And adverse scenes I've passed,
 Since first this little barque of mine
 Was on Life's rough sea cast.

SPIRITUAL SONG. — No. 2.

ALL hail, ye Gospel sailors,
 Whose courage never fail!
 There is from Canaan blowing
 A sweet refreshing gale;
 The time to favor Zion
 Has come to us at last—
 Unfurl the flag of triumph,
 And nail it to the mast.

Come, whet your sword for battle,
 And brighten up your shield,
 And, in the strength of Jesus,
 March to the battle field;
 The foe has long asserted
 His right to land and sea,
 But soon we'll teach the tyrant
 That this can never be.

For Jesus is our captain—
 And this is his command,
 Be faithful to your duty,
 And by your leader stand.
 Press forward, then, to conquest,
 Nor give the struggle o'er—
 Fight valliantly for Jesus,
 And victory is sure.



ON THE DEATH OF C. T.

FAREWELL, farewell, a long farewell
 To sorrow, grief and pain;
 And you, my weeping friends, farewell,
 Till we shall meet again.

All glory to the Lamb of God,
 I am from sickness free ;
 Let sighing cease, dry up your tears,
 And weep no more for me.

Though in the bloom of life and youth,
 I have by Death been slain ;
 Yet let this comfort all—your loss
 Is my eternal gain.

It is appointed once to die,
 To all the human race ;
 But after death the Judgment comes,
 And soon it may take place.

Then, in the name of Jesus Christ,
 And through his precious blood,
 And by repentance, prayer and faith,
 “Prepare to meet thy God !”

~~~~~  
 WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.—No. 1.

SWIFT down the rolling stream of Time  
 Thy moments constant fly ;  
 Come, tell me, lady—tell me now,  
 Art thou prepared to die ?

If Death were now to lay his hand,  
 This moment, on thy heart,  
 Could you, with joy, say to all,  
 I'm ready to depart ?

These questions, which are to the point,  
 Don't set aside as naught,  
 But for His sake who died for thee,  
 Give them a proper thought.

## A CHORUS.—No. 1.

I HAVE a place in my Father's house—  
 By faith its delights I explore ;  
 Come, let us unitedly journey on  
 Where parting shall be no more.

~~~~~

TO MRS. R. H.,

(WHO SENT ME A PRESENT.)

FAIR lady, by this humble mean,
 My gratitude I tend
 To thee, for thy most worthy gift,
 Which thou to me didst send.

That bright and spotless purity
 That they to me unfold,
 Are naught but emblems of that worth
 That I in thee behold.

May He who spake this world from naught,
 And bade the planets roll,
 Provide for thee and thine through life,
 For body and for soul.

~~~~~

L I N E S .

FAR, far beyond yon gilded cloud,  
 The saints in glory sing aloud  
 To Christ all praise be given,  
 Who turned our darkness into light,  
 And washed our robes and made them white,  
 And brought us safe to heaven.

TO J. W. W.,

ON HIS RETURN TO BALTIMORE.

WE hail thee welcome, brother,  
As e'er we've done before—  
It gives us joy to greet thee  
Once more in Baltimore.

The heart that throbb'd with sorrow,  
And mourn'd thy absence long,  
Leaps now with inward joy,  
And welcomes thy return.

May He who brought thee safely  
To thy beloved friends,  
Bring thee and them to heaven,  
Where friendship never ends.

~~~~~  
A CHORUS.—No. 2.

OH, come, oh, come, and go with me
Where pleasure never dies—
There we shall see the sinner's Friend,
And reign above the skies.

~~~~~  
WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.—No. 2.

THERE is, beyond the gloomy grave,  
A land of love and light,  
Where all is peace and joy and bliss,  
And beautiful and bright.

There all the streets with glittering gold  
And precious stones are laid ;  
There verdant fields are ever green,  
And flowers never fade.

There golden fruit on every bough  
 Of every tree is seen ;  
 There living waters ever roll—  
 A constant flowing stream.  
 That land is where the righteous dwell,  
 And crowns of glory wear :  
 Oh, let us strive, by grace divine,  
 To meet each other there.

~~~~~  
 TO MRS. T . . . ,

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

THE tender bud is often nipped
 Ere yet 'tis seen to bloom,
 And all that would most lovely be
 Meets with a fatal doom.
 So, in the days of childhood, fall
 The lively and the gay,
 And by the cold and chilly hands
 Of Death are torn away.
 But, oh, the consolation that
 Flows from the Word of God !
 'Tis this—those little ones were bought
 By the Redeemer's blood—
 Were by the Saviour bid to come
 To his beloved arms—
 Were bid by him who while on earth
 Possessed ten thousand charms.
 Cease, cease at once thy mourning, then,
 And weep, oh, weep no more—
 For thy loved one is now with Christ,
 On Canaan's happy shore.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM BALTIMORE.

OLD Winter, with his haggard form,
 Has bid the world Adieu,
 And Spring with her ten thousand charms,
 And flowers of every hue,
 Sits high upon her gaudy throne,
 In grandeur most sublime,
 And bids the world, with music voice,
 Bow down at Beauty's shrine.

But while all nature seems to smile,
 And bid the world be glad,
 This throbbing heart feels more inclined
 To sorrow and be sad.
 The time has come when we must part,
 To meet perhaps no more ;
 But let us strive, by grace divine,
 To meet on Canaan's shore.

TO REV. DR. C. G. L.

KEEP on the Gospel armor,
 And face the stoutest foe,
 And for the sake of Jesus
 All toils undergo.

TO MISS S. J.

THE lily and the verdant rose
 Must wither, droop and die,
 And all the beauties earth affords
 Will soon in ruins lie.

The noble-hearted, generous youth,
 The maiden fair and gay,
 Will by the chilly hand of Death,
 From earth be torn away.

Already millions at a meal
 Have been by death consumed,
 And millions more by nature are
 Destined to be entombed.

And *you* must in the silent tomb
 Be bound by Death's cold chains;—
 But Christ, the Lamb, has conquered Death,
 And thou shalt rise again—

Shalt rise triumphant from the grave,
 No more to slumber there—
 If thou wilt still in Christ abide,
 By faith and constant prayer.

ROCK OF AGES.

THOU Rock of Ages, can it be
 That thou wast ever cleft for me?
 Was there a fountain opened wide
 For me, my Saviour, in thy side?—

For me, a crawling worm of earth,
 Sinful by nature—by practice worse?
 Yes, Lord!—my God, thy Son was slain
 To save me from eternal pain.

Then for his sake, and his alone,
 Who did for all my sins atone,
 Wash my poor soul and make it clean,
 And pure, and spotless all within

HYMN.

MY heart is fixed, it is at rest—
 With perfect love I feel I'm blest ;
 My hope is full, my sky is clear—
 I'm free from all tormenting fear.

To me the world is crucified,
 And I by faith in Christ abide ;
 In him I live, in him I move,
 And all my soul is peace and love.

A NARRATIVE.

ONE evening in the month of May,
 All nature seemed to smile,
 And bid the troubled heart of man
 To be at rest awhile—

When Salus fair, with nimble steps
 And cheerful heart, was seen
 Enter the house of God, where she
 Before had never been.

For though she long had served the Lord,
 And loved the house of prayer,
 Yet that occasion was the first
 That she had worshipped there.

But scarcely had she found her way
 Into a proffered pew,
 When *Cupid*, with his bow and dart
 In hand, had entered too.

'Twas there she first before the shrine
 Of young Adonis bowed,
 While he, Isaiah-like, in prayer
 To God was crying loud.

But she the musings of her heart,
 Like one of old, concealed,
 Till in the providence of God
 They were at length revealed.

But here I must the story end,
 No more I dare unfold—
 And what the issue is to be,
 Remains yet to be told.



SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.—No. 1.

THIS is God's holy Sabbath Day,
 And I'm again at Sabbath School,
 And I must neither work nor play,
 But I must be at Sabbath School,
 But I must be at Sabbath School,
 But I must be at Sabbath School.

This day my heart to God I'll raise,
 While I am in the Sabbath School,
 In supplication and in praise—
 Oh, how I love the Sabbath School:
 Oh, how I love the Sabbath School,
 Oh, how I love the Sabbath School.

Help me by thy good Spirit, Lord,
 While I remain in Sabbath School,
 To read and understand thy Word—
 Oh, come and bless our Sabbath School,
 Oh, come and bless our Sabbath School,
 Oh, come and bless our Sabbath School.
 To each and all thy blessing give,
 While we are in the Sabbath School,
 That we may serve thee while we live,
 And live to love the Sabbath School,
 And live to love the Sabbath School,
 And live to love the Sabbath School.

A RESTING PLACE FOR THE WEARY.

WELCOME, welcome, weary sinners,
 To a throne of heavenly grace;
 Welcome to the side of Jesus,
 There you'll find a resting place.
 Now cast in your plea for pardon,
 Now commence the Christian race;
 And when ended, then in Jesus
 You will find a resting place.
 Now repent of all your follies,
 While you still have time and space;
 Come at once, and bow to Jesus—
 He will be your resting place.
 Then, upon the throne of heaven,
 You shall see, with open face,
 Him who bled and died to save you,
 And became your resting place.

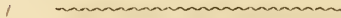
THE DAYS OF OTHER YEARS.—No. 1.

WHEN sorrow like a torrent rolls,
 And fills the soul with fears,
 The mind flies back, with lightning speed,
 To days of other years—

Flies back,—and on its golden wings
 Fond Memory quickly bears
 To us again the joy we knew
 In days of other years.

And, oh, how welcome to the heart
 Are such fond messengers—
 The bliss, the pleasure which we felt
 In days of other years.

When noontide lasted all the day,
 And life was free from cares;
 Oh, how I'd love to live again
 A life of other years.



THE DAYS OF OTHER YEARS.—No. 2.

HOLD, Memory, hold! thy restless form
 And ceaseless tongue declare
 To me the sorrows I have known
 In days of other years.

I pass through many conflicts keen—
 My life is strewed with cares;
 But, oh, for ever let me cease
 To think of other years.

Fain would I blot, for ever blot
 From Memory's book of tears,
 The hours I have wept and mourned
 In days of other years.

But never till the chilly hand
 Of Death to me appears,
 Shall I forget what I have felt
 In days of other years.

In view of all life's blighted hopes—
 Of all its ills and fears,
 Who, who could say they'd live again
 A life of other years?

~~~~~

### THE BEGGAR BOY.

'Twas eve, and Winter's stormy blast  
 Poured forth a fleecy flood,  
 "And all around wind warred with wind"—  
 Enough, alas, to chill the blood:

The angry clouds rolled swift and low—  
 Deep murmurs, long and loud,  
 Broke forth—for, lo, the earth was wrapt  
 In one tremendous shroud:

The feathered tribes had sunk to rest—  
 The cattle sought repose;  
 The rich was musing on his wealth,  
 The poor man on his woes:

When all alone a lad was seen,  
 And heard make this complaint—  
 "Oh, God, my God, what shall I do?  
 I'm weary, worn and faint.

“All day I’ve begged from door to door,  
 Nor scarcely thought of rest,  
 And still unpitied I remain—  
 Unpitied and unblest.”

Just as the last lone sentence dropped,  
 For chilled was every breath,  
 He bade adieu to all below—  
 Then all was cold in death.

And why was youth thus doomed to feel  
 Such anguish keen of soul?  
 It was because his *father* drank  
 Deep of the damning bowl.

Thus hunger, wo and want  
 Are made on one to fall  
 Whose sire long had been the slave  
 Of Tyrant Alcohol.

Arise, ye noble sons of light,  
 Stand fast with sword in hand,  
 And drive the hydra-headed fiend  
 Of Bacchus from our land.

---

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.—No. 2.

COME now on this hallowed day,  
 And let us unitedly sing  
 The praise of our Father above,  
 And Jesus, our heavenly king.  
 Thus far he has led us safe on—  
 Thus far he has been our friend:  
 Oh, Father, for Jesus’s sake,  
 Continue with us to the end.

We thank thee for all we've received—  
For friendship, instruction and health;  
We prize all such blessings far more  
Than fame of the world or of wealth.  
Oh, grant, we beseech thee, to guard  
And shield us from every blast,  
And then, for the sake of thy Son,  
Receive us to heaven at last.

---

## THE EXILE.

ALL alone do I wander, from morning till eve—  
All alone do I mourn, all alone do I grieve;  
All alone do I weep, all alone do I sigh—  
All alone I've to live, all alone I'm to die.

Far, far from the scenes of my youth I've to roam,  
No friend to console me, no comforts of home;  
All, all that was dear to my soul I have left,  
And of all earthly blessings for ever bereft.

The bright star of Hope, that gives pleasure to pain,  
Hath gone down in despair, and will ne'er rise again;  
And the soft hand of Mercy shall never pass by,  
To give ease to my pain, or illumine my sky.

But alone to endure the horrors of gloom,  
Which I welcome far less than the night of the tomb;  
In the deep shades of solitude ever to lie—  
For alone I'm to live, and alone I'm to die.

## P R A Y E R .

THERE is a place, a sacred spot—  
 Oh, how I love to linger there ;  
 'Tis where the Lord my soul released  
 From sin, in answer to my prayer.

There is an hour that's dear to me—  
 With it there's none I can compare,  
 More precious far than all the rest—  
 It is the hour of private prayer.

There is a voice I love to hear—  
 The time it matters not, nor where ;  
 Its strains are ever dear to me—  
 It is the voice of fervent prayer.

There is a life I wish to live,  
 And far and near its joys declare ;  
 No other life to live is safe—  
 It is a life of constant prayer.



## SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.—No. 3.

BOYS.—Where should a boy so young as I  
 Be found each Sabbath day ;  
 What should I do, how should I pass  
 The sacred time away ?

GIRLS.—If you with us would please the Lord,  
 And learn his golden rule,  
 You must be found, each Sabbath day,  
 In time at Sabbath School.





There we'll reign for evermore,  
 On fair Canaan's happy shore,  
 And the God of love adore :

Praise ye his name.

Sing aloud and praise him,  
 Shout aloud and praise him,  
 Prase him, praise him, praise him—  
 Praise ye the Lord.

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#### HYMN FOR WEEK-DAY SCHOOL.

OH, how I rejoice to commingle my voice  
 With my schoolmates, to sing of Immanuel's grace,  
 And with notes loud to praise the great Ancient of Days,  
 With angels who feast on the smiles of his face.  
 To him shall all praise and dominion and power,  
 All glory and honor and ceaseless thanksgiving  
 Be ascribed by the blest, who enjoy such favor,  
 On earth without end, and for ever in heaven.

Thou hast strewed all around us thy mercies unnum-  
 bered—  
 Thou hast been our guide through this wilderness  
 way ;  
 Thou hast been our guard, and our constant protector,  
 And a sure hiding place both by night and by day.  
 O Thou, who art mighty and strong to deliver,  
 Be thou our high tower, till life's chains are riven,  
 And then bring us to reign with the saints of all ages,  
 And to rest from our labors for ever in heaven.

## THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOY.

WHEN for the Sunday School I steer,  
Each Sabbath morning in the year,  
With steady steps I onward move,  
To reach in time the place I love :  
'Tis then I raise a thankful heart  
To God, that I have any part  
In Sunday School.

With cheerful hope and gladsome eyes,  
I enter on each exercise ;  
I sing his praise, engage in prayer,  
And read his holy Word while there ;  
And my glad soul leaps high for joy,  
For, oh, I'm such a happy boy  
In Sunday School.

Then let us join our cheerful lays,  
And give to Jesus all the praise ;  
He all the earth for good o'errules—  
He's blest the world with Sunday Schools  
Again my soul leaps high for joy,  
For, oh, I'm such a happy boy  
In Sunday School.



TO A. E. M.,

(WHO SENT ME A PRESENT.)

How blest the soul that hath the heart  
To others' wants relief impart,

And render help to such who need,  
 In lawful time and lawful speed.  
 Such will, by him who said, "To give  
 'Tis blessed more than to receive,"  
 In proper time rewarded be  
 For all such acts of charity.  
 And may his choicest blessings be  
 Awarded by his hand to thee—  
 Not only while you sojourn here,  
 Subject to pain and grief and fear,  
 But when you bid this world adieu,  
 And heaven opens to thy view,  
 May He command thy soul away  
 To joys untold, in endless day.

---

A N O D E.

SOME love to roam away from home,  
 Upon the Sabbath day,  
 And spend their time in acts of crime,  
 In idleness and play :  
 But they who would be wise in God,  
 And scorn to be a fool,  
 Will find their way, each Sabbath day,  
 Into a Sunday School.

Some love to stay and spend the day  
 At home, in sport and fun ;  
 And, like bad boys, they'll make a noise,  
 And into mischief run :

But if you would be great and good,  
Make this a constant rule,  
To pass away, each Sabbath day,  
Your time in Sunday School.

---

## ON THE DEATH OF MRS. A. R. W.

SHOUTING, she bade the world adieu—  
Through grace she conquered Death,  
And happy in her Saviour's love,  
She yielded up her breath.

To sorrow, want and grief and pain  
She's bid a long farewell,  
And gone to realms of endless bliss,  
Eternally to dwell.



















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