

For near her stood the little boy,
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing;

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word,
I hate to go above you,
Because—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because you see I love you!"

Still memory to a gray haired man
That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

Music.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

1. Nothing, eith-er great or small, Re-mains for me to do; Je-sus died, and
2. When he from his lov-ly throne, Stoop'd down to do and die; Ev-ery thing was
3. Wea-ry, work-ing, plod-ding one, Oh, where-fore toil you so? Cense your do-ing—

CHORUS.
paid it all,—Yes all the debt I owe. }
ful-ly done; "His finished," was his cry. }
all was done; Yes, a-ges long a-go. }
Je-sus paid it all.....

All the debt I owe, Je-sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.
Je-sus paid it, paid it all.

- 4. Till to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.—Clio.
- 5. Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down all at Jesus' feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.—Clio.