

THE CITY'S POOR.

THE wintry winds are blowing through the willows
in the street,

And, up the snowy pavement, comes the tramp of
weary feet.

O footsteps of the homeless, sounding far into the
night!

The stars, in the blue heavens, clear, are list'ning
with delight.

O hearts with hunger breaking for the sound of a
kind voice!

Hark! hark! the winds are calling:

"Love is near—poor ones rejoice!"

O eyes tear-stained and longing for the smile on
some bright face!

O lips in pray'r glad moving in yon dismal market-
place!

O souls in love now yearning for that peace,
eternal rest,

High o'er you there is watching, from the dear
home of the blest,

A mighty King and Father, standing at night's
jeweled door,

His eyes a-flame with pity

As He watches o'er HIS poor.