



Take them to the reeking haunts
Of foul, wicked men ;
They may turn some sinful heart
To the right again.

'Take them to some darkened room,
Where, on humble cot,
Some poor, lonely sufferer
Thinks herself forgot.

Take them as an offering,
From God's loving hand ;

Let them breathe their fragrance
Over all the land.

So shall many weary ones
Look up, and be glad ;
So shall many saddened ones
Be less darkly sad.

So shall many wicked ones
Get some hint of good,
And God's June run round the world,
As He meant it should.