

## PERFECT LOVE.

O God! this is my plea,  
What'er the process be,  
This love to know.  
And if the prize to gain,  
Through sorrow, toil and pain  
I go, e'er self be slain,  
Amen! I go.

Rooted and grounded! yes,  
For this I plead, O! bless  
My waiting soul.  
Will not this proud heart melt  
Unless the rod be felt?  
In mercy be it dealt,  
And make me whole.

To Thee I humbly bow  
And pray Thou wilt e'en now  
The work begin.  
'Tis all that I desire  
This fulness to acquire;  
This one great purifier  
Dwelling within.  
E. M.

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