

## THE PERFECT COPY.

Memory wakens mental pictures  
In the calm and solemn night;  
Teaching all-important lessons  
In a new and clearer light.

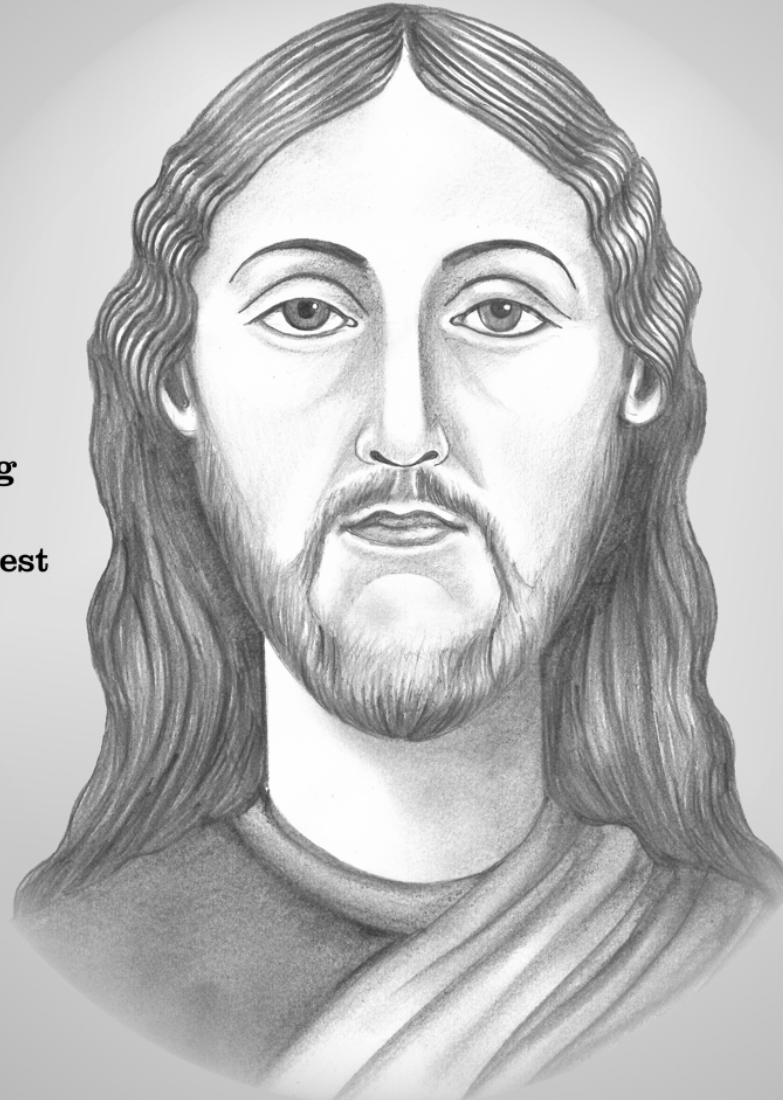
On a scroll I see a 'copy'  
Chosen from 'the book' divine;—  
Written by a master penman  
On a bright initial line.

Under it a fair creation  
Of the skilled engraver's art;  
Graceful lines and shades, assuming  
Life and form,—a human heart!

Drawing near with deepening interest  
To observe it carefully,  
I discovered 'words' I hastened  
To commit to memory.

Imitate (they said) the 'copy'  
Written on *the line above*;  
For the Golden Rule it follows  
*Is the perfect law of love.*

Might I, heeding this instruction,  
Duplicate the pattern well?  
For, although my spirit's willing  
Yet 'the flesh', so weak, would fail.



Fearful lest I mar its beauty  
I inclined to pass it by,  
When the Master Artist whispered,  
'I will help you if you try.

'Trusting you will e'er remember  
My approval to obtain;  
You should keep *your copy stainless*  
Following *closely to "the line."*'

Need I tell of blotted pages?  
Here a tear-drop, there a stain;  
Or of all my clumsy tracings  
That appeared *below the line*?

Need I here repeat the failures  
Which have caused my grief and pain;  
Or the kindness of my 'Teacher'  
When He bade me 'try again?'

In His wisdom gently prompting  
Lest I should discouraged grow;  
'Keep your eye *upon my copy*  
I forgive mistakes below.'

Covering my many failures  
With the mantle of His love;  
As my 'copy' *grew in likeness*  
To the *perfect one above.*