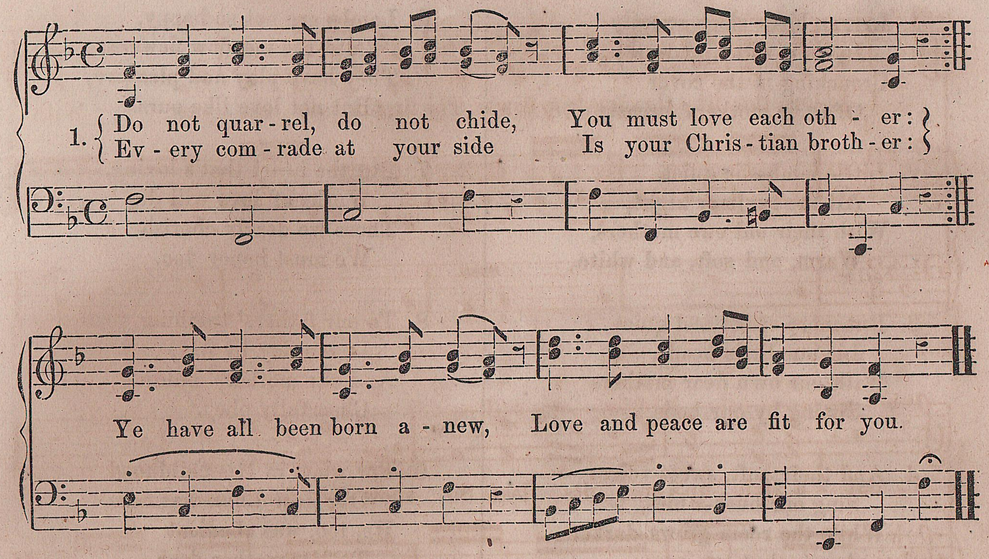
No. lx. Do not quarrel, do not chide.



1. Do not quarrel, do not chide,
   You must love each other:
   Every comrade at your side
   Is your Christian brother:
   Ye have all been born anew,
   Love and peace are fit for you.

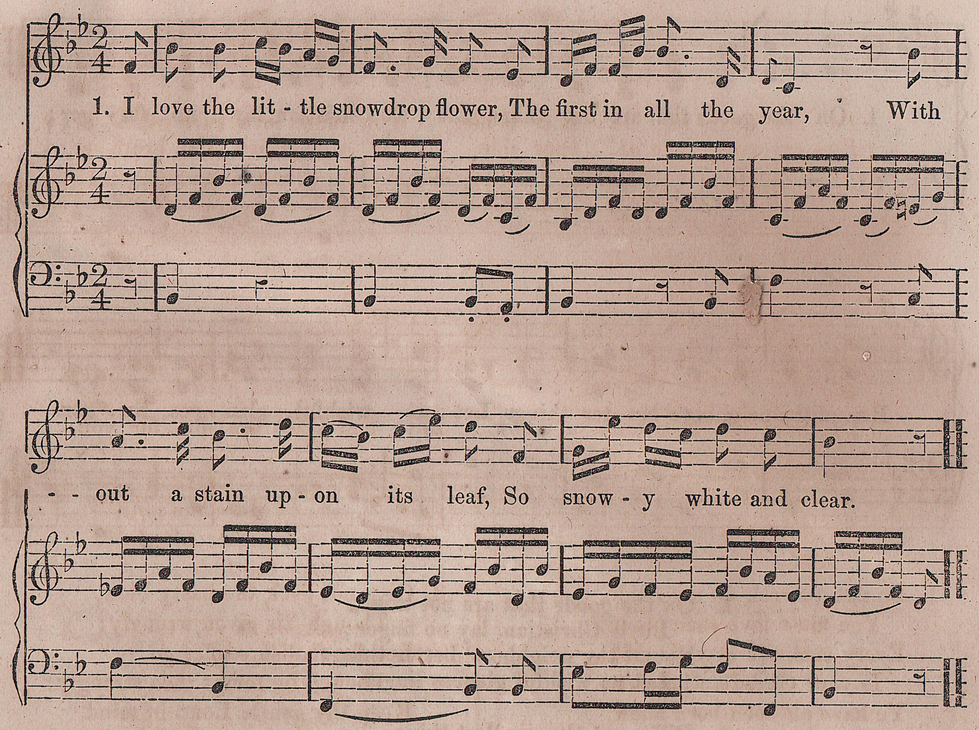
2. Ye became by that new birth
   To the Lord most holy,
   And His sainted ones on earth
   Peaceful are and lowly:
   Ye are saints, and ye must be
   Worthy of such company.

3. Give not back the hasty blow,
   Though 'tis given wrongly;
   Let the foolish scoffer go,
   Though he tempt thee strongly:
   Keep thy gentle Lord in mind,
   Who was always meek and kind.

4. He gave back no angry word,
   When they did offend Him;
   He that was the angels' Lord
   Called none to defend Him;
   Not when hated and abused,
   Scorned, and spitted on, and bruised.

5. But He suffered patiently
   Pain and cruel chiding:
   Meek and patient you must be,
   In His Church abiding:
   Pride and anger would be shame
   For the Saints who bear His Name.

No. lxi. I love the little Snowdrop Flower.



1. I love the little snowdrop flower,
   The first in all the year,
   Without a stain upon its leaf,
   So snowy white and clear.

2. I love a little modest child,
   That speaketh quietly,
   That blushes up to its blue eyes,
   And hardly answers me.

3. I sometimes think the Church's Saints
   Are flowers so fair and bright,
   And that her little children are
   Her snowdrops sweet and white.

4. For pure of heart, and innocent,
   And teachable, and mild,
   And modest in its ways and words,
   Should be a Christian child.

5. I do not like a loud rough tone,
   A look too boldly set,
   A greedy hand outstretched to seize
   Whatever it can get.

6. I'd rather meet with downcast eyes,
   Sweet voices low and faint;
   For gentleness and modesty
   Become a little Saint.