

26.

## VI.

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.

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.

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.

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

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.