

### RAYS.

Those who can to any extent assimilate the Master, to that extent they are the representatives of the Master, and have the help of the Lodge in their work.—W. Q. Judge.

He who plays truant in one thing will be faithless in another. No real genuine MASTER will accept a child who sacrifices anyone except himself to go to that Master.—H. P. B.

The time has come when class can no longer stand aloof from class, and that man does his duty best who works most earnestly in bridging over the gulf between different classes, which it is the tendency of increased wealth and increased civilization to widen.—Prince of Wales.

Modern respectability is so utterly without God, faith, heart; it shows so singular ingenuity in assailing and injuring everything that is noble and good, and so systematic a preference for what is mean and paltry, that I am not surprised at a young fellow dashing his heels into the face of it.—James Anthony Froude.

England can never have a home in India until the English are as high in morals as the natives. English missionising means too often the introduction of flesh eating, beer-drinking, and fortunemaking, at all costs; and so long as this exists the English will ever be outcasts and aliens among the chaste and holy tribes of India.—Col. Wintle

Speak not evil one of another, brethren. He that speaketh evil of his brother, and judgeth his brother, speaketh evil of the Law, and judgeth the Law: but if thou judge the Law, thou art not a doer of the Law, but a judge. There is one law giver who is able to save and destroy: who art thou that judgest another?—James iv, 11-12.

I care not for this world's treasures; they cannot bring contentment. 'Tis hard to cross the swamps of human passions; they are the root of fear, of sorrow, of despair. I seek to conquer, not to indulge desires; happy, free from sorrow, is he who has cast them far away. The treasure I am seeking is that wisdom which knoweth no superior.—Gautama, the Lord Buddha.

### PRAYER OF A BENGALI DEVOTEE.

1. Like a drop of water in the hot sand desert of the society of children, friends and women,

I forgot thee and was devoted to them; and now of what use are they to me?

2. Madhava (Lord)! thou art the last place of my refuge; thou art the savior of the world, merciful to the miserable; I lose all fear when I believe in thee.

3. Half the days since my birth have been lost in sleep, how many more in infancy and disease!

Enchanted with the pleasure of the company of the fair sex I have found no time to devote myself to thee.

4. How many Brahmas (Creators) die! But thou hast neither beginning nor end.

Like the waves of an ocean, they come from thee and they again enter into thee.

5. Vidyapati says, I have no refuge but thee when Death calls me at last.

Lord! thou art the origin of everything; thyself without an origin; be kind to me, I rely on thee to take me across the sea of physical existence.—Vidyapati.

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