

holy books of the Hindus, and were expounded by learned Brahmans. The life and character of Christ, though often spoken of before in terms of the greatest love and reverence, were never referred to in the services. In everything it was evident that the adaptation of Hinduism to what was deemed an enlightened time, not its radical reform, was the object aimed at. Instead, however, of remaining in Calcutta to watch over the interests of the young society, Ram Mohun Roy, within a year of its foundation, left the country for England. There he received great attention and notice ; but he was chiefly, as was perhaps natural, attracted by the Unitarians, so much so, indeed, that at this time he might almost be considered one of their number. He continued his religious studies, and published a book in which he spoke of Jesus as "the Founder of truth and of true religion," and of His precepts as "the sole guide to peace and happiness." But though he called himself "a follower of Christ," who is "the spiritual Lord and King of Jews and Gentiles," he refused, when dying shortly afterward in Bristol, to be baptized, and gave special instructions that he should not be buried as a Christian, lest the interests of his heirs should be prejudiced. His visit to England was in itself a violation of caste ; but from his time to our own Christian baptism has been the one final breaking of caste rules, from which no recession is possible.

The early death of its founder was an irreparable loss to the little society in Calcutta. It lingered on for some years without much life or influence, known only to a narrow and ever-narrowing circle, until new impulse and life were given to it by the rise of another reformer, a man of much the same stamp and spirit as its original founder.

Babu Debendro Nath Tagore was born in Calcutta in 1818, the son of millionaire parents, and was, in his early youth, surrounded by all the sensual indulgences which especially beset such a family in an Eastern city. The account of his awakening to serious things—an account given in words which would seem appropriate to some mediæval mystic—may be best given in his own language :

"From my sixteenth to my twentieth year I was intoxicated with the pleasures of the flesh, regardless of spiritual interests, and dead to conscience and to God. Once, on the occasion of a domestic calamity, as I lay drooping and wailing in a retired spot, the God of glory suddenly revealed Himself in my heart, and so entirely charmed me and sweetened my heart and soul that for a time I continued ravished, quite immersed in a flood of light. The world outside and the world within both seemed bathed in a sweet and serene stream of celestial effulgence. What was it but the light of truth, the water of baptism, the message of salvation ! Was it a vision that so charmed me ? No ! The living presence of the living God, who could doubt ?" But this season of ecstasy was followed by a long period of struggle, and it was not till he reached the twenty-fifth year of his life that he felt his "inferior propensities curbed," "the wildness of passion abated," "conscience reinstated in its exalted place,"