

rank of quarter-master under General Lambert, in the Scottish campaign. Listening to the fervid appeals of Fox, he joined himself to the Society of Friends, and in company with his spiritual master bore many a storm of persecution. Speedily he became noted for his power and eloquence; and in London, profane and drunken cavaliers and intolerant sectaries bowed before the convincing might of his words, and counted themselves his disciples. Women, too, in their deep trustfulness and admiring reverence, sat at the feet of the eloquent stranger. Some of these, however, were weak and wild enthusiasts, who began to imagine that Christ was, in an especial manner, dwelling within the holy man, James Nayler, and to call upon all to recognize, in reverent adoration, this new incarnation of the divine and heavenly. Poor Nayler gradually yielded to this flattering but miserable delusion; and when these infatuated women surrounded the jail where he was confined, crying out that "Christ was in prison," and when they were admitted, knelt and kissed his feet, exclaiming: "thy name shall be no more called James Nayler, but Jesus," the unhappy man, now surely a fit subject for bedlam, received their adorations with complacent satisfaction. A mournful and pitiable spectacle surely, springing from the perversion of what is highest and best in man—his reverence, piety and love. And now, towards the close of the year 1656, one of the saddest exhibitions of wild fanaticism was witnessed in the city of Bristol. Nayler, with his miserable, deluded worshippers, entered the town, parodying Christ's entry into Jerusalem. We must let Carlyle paint the scene in his own grotesque but vivid fashion: "A procession of eight persons—one a man on horseback, riding single, the others, men and women, partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway, in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single rider, at whose bridle walk and splash two women, 'Hosannah! Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth,' and other things in a buzzing tone, which the impartial hearer could not make out. The single rider is a raw-boned male figure, with lank hair reaching below his cheeks, hat drawn close over his brows, large, dangerous jaws strictly closed; he sings not, sits there covered, and is sung to by the others bare. Amid pouring deluges and mud knee-deep, so that the rain ran in at their necks, and vented itself at their hose and breeches; a spectacle to the West of England and posterity. At the High Cross of Bristol they