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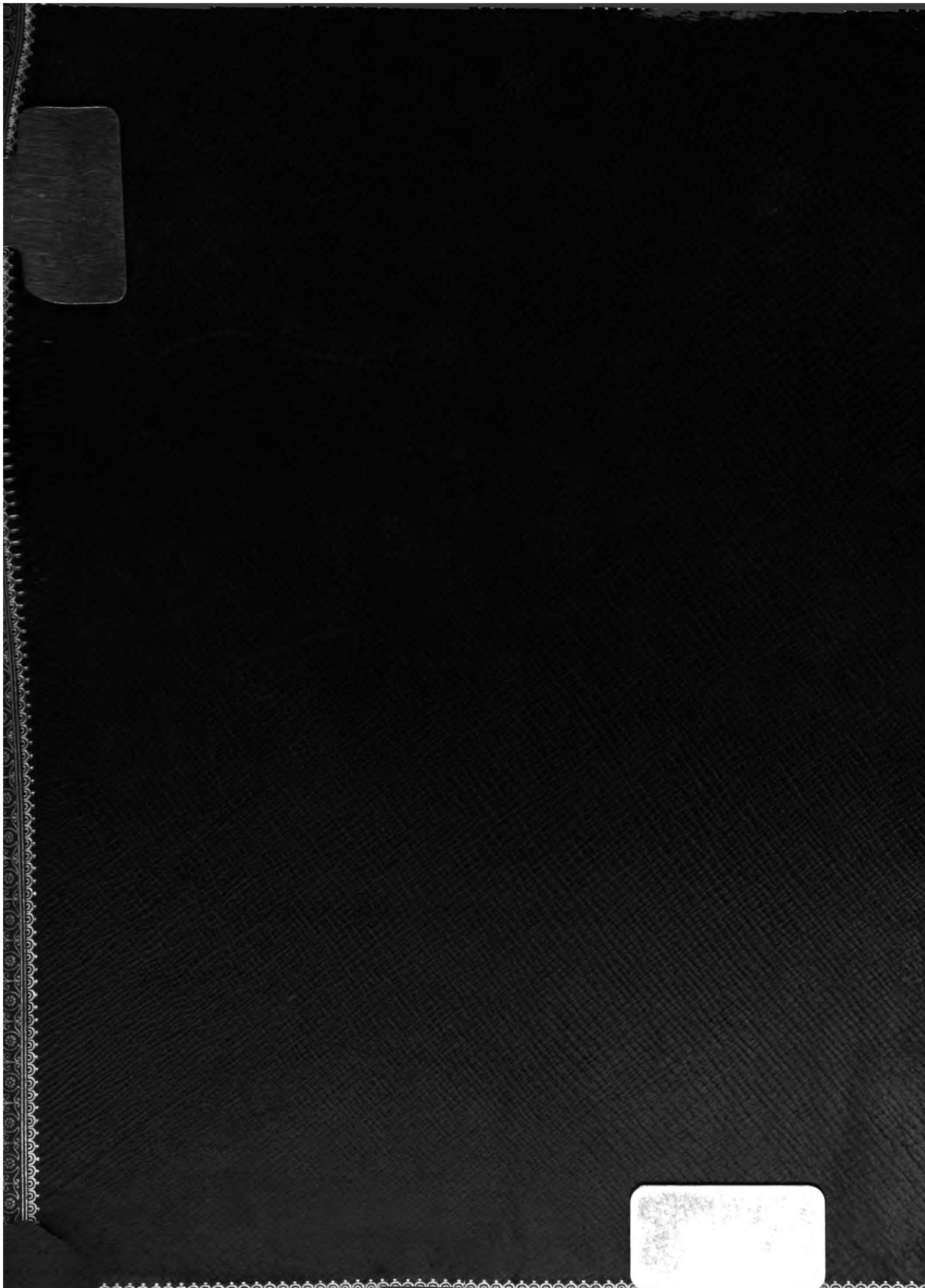
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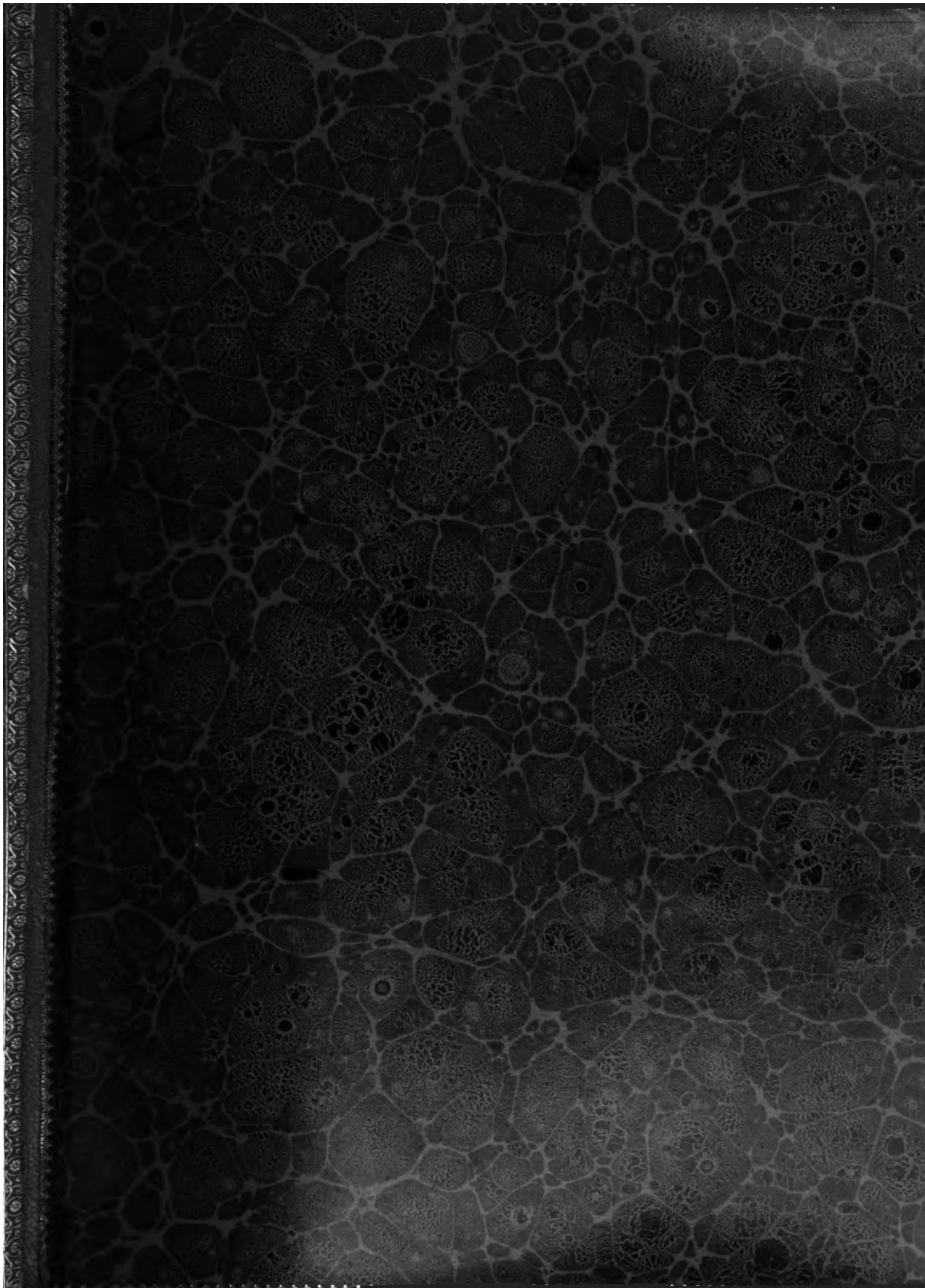


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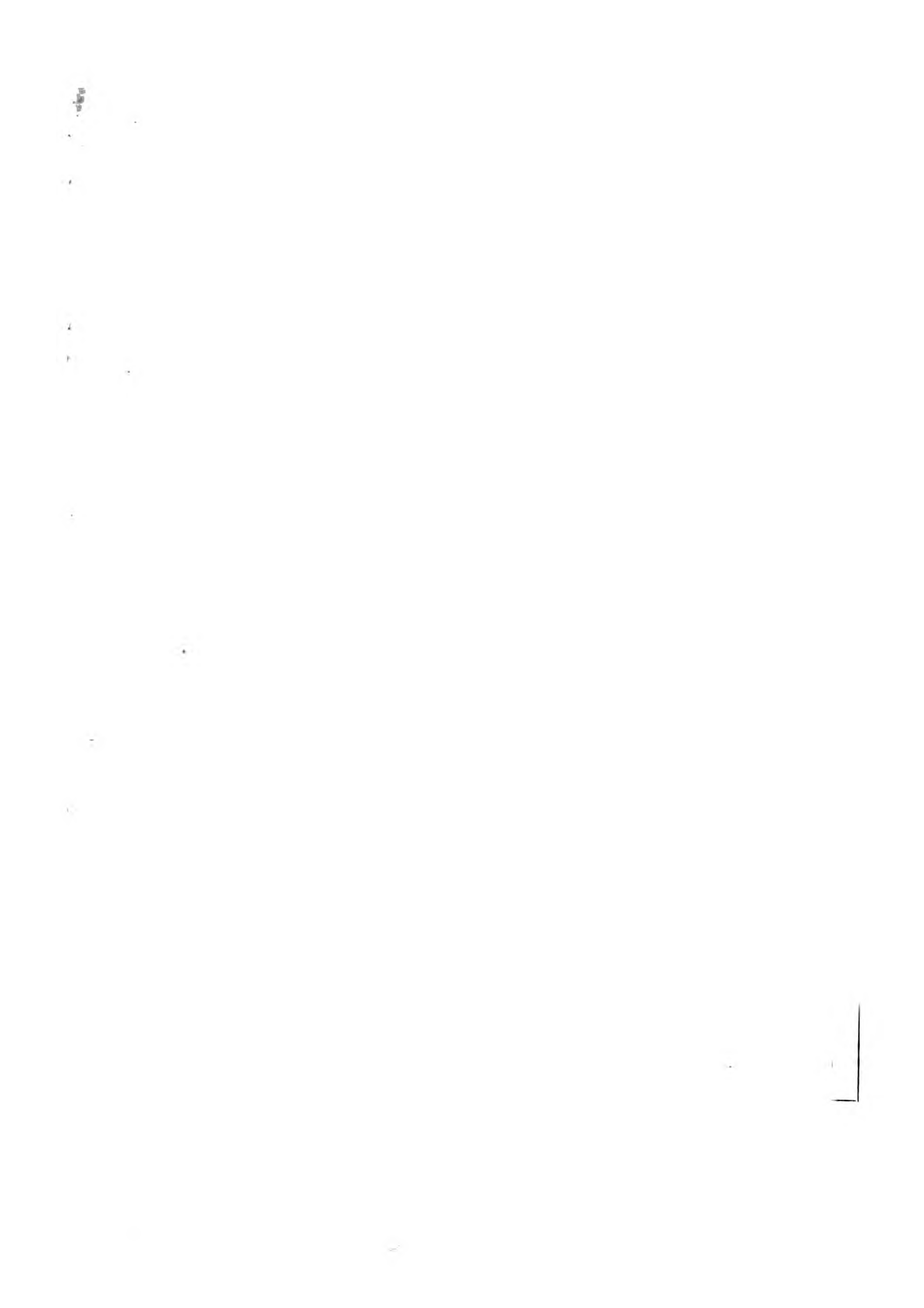


LE PELERINAGE DE L'HOMME COMPARED WITH
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF
JOHN BUNYAN



The Christian Pilgrimage is no phantasy, any more than the Gospel Promises. The one is contingent upon the other : the Promise makes the Pilgrim. A city to come has been held up to the affections and emulation of the world ; a city that hath no need of sun, nor yet of moon to shine in it—whose walls are of *Jasper*, and foundations of precious stones laid by God ; whose gates are pearls, and streets of shining gold. In the midst of it is a pure river of the water of Life, clear as crystal, and on either side the tree of Life, whose fruit is yielded every month. This is *the City* set in contrast to the *Camp* of this world, and this it is which makes the Pilgrim.

The Tongue of Time, by the Rev. Wm. Harrison.





PORTRAIT OF JOHN WESLEY

John Wesley, born 1703, died 1791. He was a Methodist theologian and evangelist.

THE ANCIENT POEM OF
GUILLAUME DE GUILLEVILLE

ENTITLED LE PELERINAGE

DE L'HOMME

COMPARED WITH THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS OF

JOHN BUNYAN

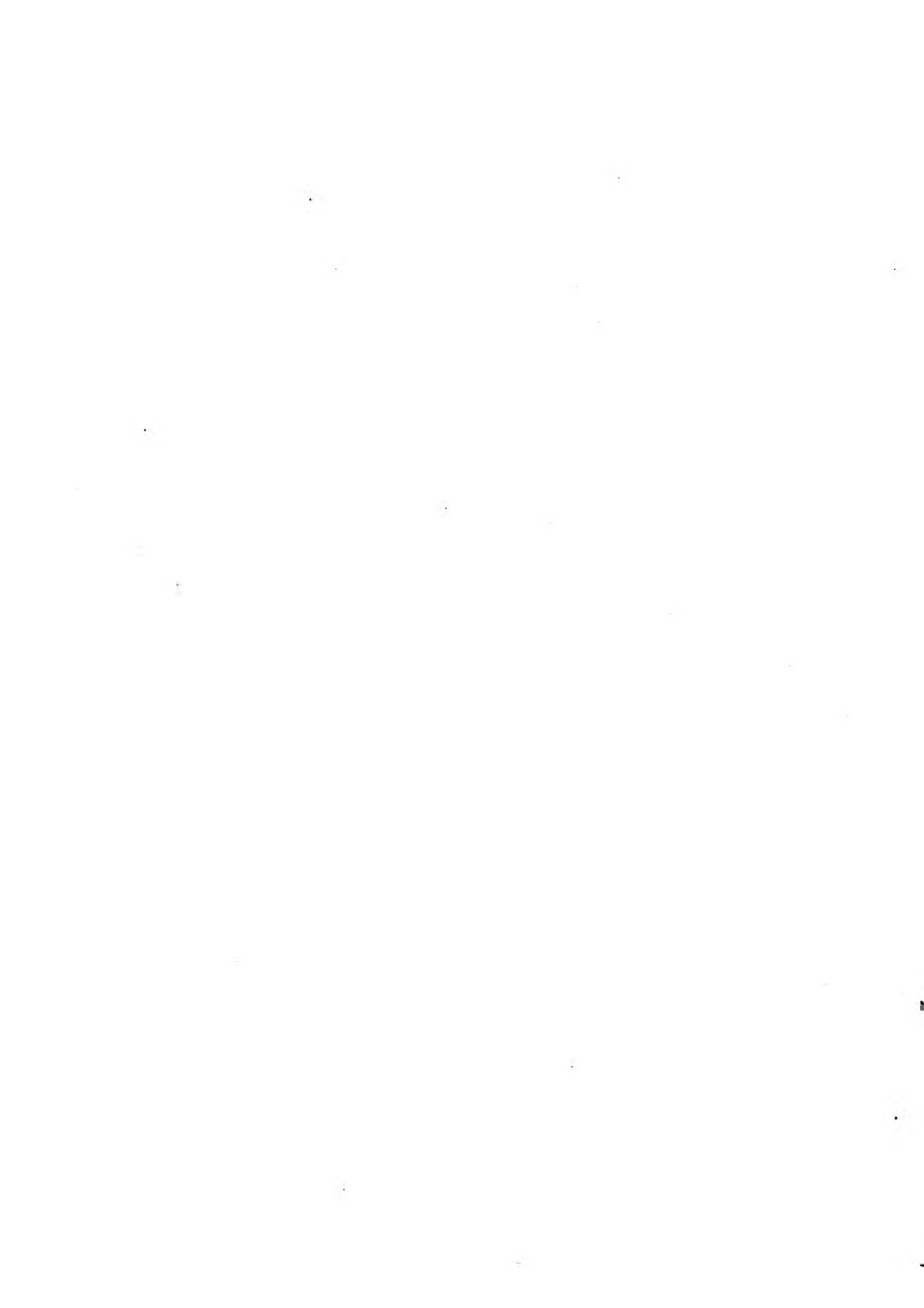
EDITED FROM NOTES COLLECTED BY THE LATE MR. NATHANIEL HILL
OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS AND AN APPENDIX



LONDON
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1858





TO
John-William-Spencer-Brownlow Egerton,

EARL BROWNLOW,

THESE PAGES ARE DEDICATED

BY THE EDITORS.



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NOTICE TO THE READER.

THE English quotations given in the following pages are taken from two different translations of De Guileville which are not known to exist in print, but of which two MSS. are found in the British Museum. Curiously enough, one of these is imperfect at the end, while the other, which is imperfect at the beginning, supplies the portion required. The former, Vitellius, C. XIII. is supposed to be translated by Lydgate—no account of the Tiberius, A. VII. has been discovered. Both have suffered by fire in various places; and some of the asterisks occurring in the following quotations denote the passages which have either been destroyed or rendered illegible. In some places, again, asterisks have been inserted where the great diffuseness of the English version rendered it advisable to omit some of the less striking descriptions and insert the substance of them in a prose summary.

The woodcut on the cover of the Pilgrim, with staff and cockle-shell and a clasped volume in his left hand, is taken from a rare book in the library of Queen's College, Oxford, entitled "*The Booke of the Pylgrymage of Man.*"



INTRODUCTION.



THE late Mr. Nathaniel Hill intended to have made the following Papers the groundwork of a larger publication on the "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" of BUNYAN, in which he proposed showing that Bunyan had been indebted, for many portions of his story, to some of the early Mediæval Romances.

The rough notes of Mr. Hill contain frequent allusions to the opinions put forth by Southey and Montgomery in their respective editions of that popular writer. When, however, these materials came into the hands of the present Editors, they could not but feel that the question of Bunyan's presumed plagiarism was one not likely to possess much interest for the public at large. They have not therefore deemed it advisable to print these references at any length; at the same time, they have judged the curious manuscripts, to which Mr. Hill's researches had directed their attention, well worthy of being brought before the public, on their own merits, apart from any influence they may perhaps have exercised on the composition of Bunyan's Work.

With this view, while noticing the "Pilgrim's Progress" only in a subordinate manner, they have devoted a considerable space to the Poem of *De Guileville*, the more readily as it is on this that Mr. Hill's views were principally grounded. So little is, indeed, known of our ancestors' daily life during the fourteenth century, and so welcome is any glimpse of their mental occupations or of their means of literary recreation at that remote period, that a work which enjoyed in its own day no little popularity may not, perhaps,

prove wholly unacceptable to readers of the present generation ; reflecting, as it does, considerable light on the ways of thought and the occupations of by-gone times.

Yet, though apparently so well known about the period in which he lived, the Editors have failed to discover anything that can be called a biography of this once popular writer.

The following brief sketch, preserved in the " Biographie Universelle," is all that they have been able to meet with.

It is as follows, (vol. xix. p. 168) :—

" Guillaume de Guilleville né à Paris vers 1295, prit l'habit de St. Bernard à l'abbaye royale de Chalis, en devient prieur, et y mourut vers 1360.

" On a de lui : *Le Romaunt des trois pélerinages*, le premier est *de l'homme durant qu'est en vie*, le second *de l'ame séparée du corps*, et le troisième *de Notre Sauveur Jésus Christ*. Il avoue, dans le prologue, que c'est la lecture du *Roman de la Rose* qui lui a suggéré l'idée de son ouvrage. L'auteur suppose qu'ayant vu en songe la représentation de la Jérusalem Céleste il a conçu un vif desir de contempler en réalité une ville si remplie de merveilles."

But though they have not found any fuller description of De Guilleville, they have met with some notices of those who translated or profited by his work, which may not be uninteresting to their readers.

And first, of " Dan John Lydgate," (whose translation of the first " Pelegrinage " of De Guilleville will be found in the Appendix to this volume,) there is a curious record in the Harl. MSS. 4826. 1. to which allusion is made below, (see fol. 9.) This the Editors have thought it worth while to print *in extenso* as follows :—

" John Lidgat, borne at Lidgat in Suffolke, was a Monk of ye order of St. Benet in ye famous Abbey of St. Edmundes Bury, so yt showeth Joseph Pamphilus was mistaken in his Cronicke, reckoning him among ye Augustin fryers. After hee had for a tyme frequented the Scooles of England and made a fayre Progressse in Learning, beeing desirous to acquaynt himself with ye manners and Language of strangers, he visited ye famous Univerfitye of Paris in France, and Padua in Italy, where he learned ye language of both nations, and studyed diligently in either Academy ; thus having well furnished himselfe with experience of ye worlde, umility, and learned disscipline, he

returned into his Country, and opened a Schoole of Humanity for Noble-
mannes Children: and although he were most expert in neare all the sciences
yet in the favour of youth and to instruct them in good artes, manners, and
virtues hee spent his tyme wholly in those inferiour studies. Hee was not
only an excellent Poet and eloquent Rhetorician, but an expert Mathematician
and subtil Philosopher, and a good Divine. Hee was a great ornament of ye
English tounge, imitating therein our Chaucer. To this end hee used to reade
Dante ye Italian, Alan ye French Poet, and such like, which hee diligently
translated into English—gleaning heer and there ye elegancys of other tongs
and enriching these with his owne. He wrote both in English and Latin, as
well Prose as Verse, sundry treatises, many in number, excellent for learning,
and among them these present—hee dyed about ye 60 yeare of his age,
Anno Dm. 1440, (for Pamphilus is decieved in prolonging his lyfe to the
yeare 1482,) Henry the Sixt, then raigning king of England and France, unto
whom hee dedicateth his books—hee was interred in ye church of ye monastery
of Bury, (now defaced,) where it is reported this Epitaph to have been en-
graven on his monument:—

Mortuus seculo, superis superstes
Hâc jacet Lidgat tumulatus urnâ
Qui fecit quondam celebris Britannæ
Fama Poësis.

Dead to ye worlde yet living in ye skyes
The learned Lidgate heere entombed lyes
Who whylom was assumed for to bee
The honour of our Englishe Poesye.”

With regard to the life and writings of John Bunyan, they are so well
known as to require little explanation here—yet the Editors cannot refrain
from quoting the following eloquent passages from Cheever's Lectures on
the Pilgrim's Progress, which have, naturally, attracted much attention in
the New World. They seem to echo back the sentiments of gratitude felt
in America for the benefits of that Christian Liberty, the planting of which
was in so great a measure due to the Pilgrim Fathers, one of whom expresses

himself in the following words:—"As we cannot but account it an extraordinary blessing of God in directing our course for these parts, after we came out of our native country, for that we had the happiness to be possessed of the comforts we receive by the benefit of one of the most pleasant, most healthful, and most fruitful parts of the world."

"The education of Bunyan," says Dr. Cheever, "was an education for eternity, under the power of the Bible and the schooling of the Holy Spirit. This is all that the pilgrims in this world really need to make them good, great, powerful; he has given an account of his own conversion, and life—especially of the workings of the grace of God, and the guidance of his Providence—in a little work entitled 'Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' It is powerfully written, though with extreme and studied plainness; and almost all the material obtained and worked into various shapes by his various biographers was gained in that book. In it you see at every step the work of the Divine Artist on one of the most precious living stones that ever His wisdom and mercy selected in this world to shine in the glory of His living temple. Nay, to lay aside every figure but that employed by the Holy Spirit, you see the refiner's fire, and the crucible, and the gold in it; and the Heavenly Refiner Himself sitting by it, and bending over it, and carefully removing the dross, and tempering the heat, and watching and waiting for His own perfect image. How beautiful, how sacred, how solemn, how interesting, how thrilling the process!

"You follow with intense interest the movements of Bunyan's soul. You seem to see a lonely bark driving across the ocean in a hurricane. By the flashes of the lightning you can just discern her through the darkness, plunging and labouring fearfully in the midnight tempest, and you think that all is lost; but then again you behold her in the quiet sunshine; or the moon and the stars look down upon her, as the wind breathes softly; or in a fresh or favourable gale she flies across the fleeing waters. Now it is clouds, and rain, and hail, and rattling thunder-storms, coming down as sudden almost as the lightning; and now again her white sails glitter in heaven's light, like an albatross in the spotless horizon. The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbour, the haven of eternal rest; yea, you see her like a star that in the morning of eternity dies into the light of heaven. Can

there be anything more interesting than thus to follow the perilous course of an immortal soul from danger to safety, from conflict to victory, from temptation to triumph, from suffering to blessedness, from the City of Destruction to the City of God?"—CHEEVER'S *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress*.

In conclusion, the Editors beg to express their sense of the kindness they have received from many friends during the preparation of the present work. Among these, they wish to name especially, Edward Levien, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., of the British Museum, through whose valuable assistance the following selection and arrangement of Mr. Hill's MSS. have been made, and at whose suggestion some old English translations of De Guileville's *Pelerinage* have been added to this volume: they wish, likewise, to mention the names of W. R. Hamilton, Esq. F.S.A., J. M. Atkinson, Esq., H. Foss, Esq. and W. S. W. Vaux, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., Hon. Sec. of the Royal Society of Literature—and to offer their best thanks to many other friends who have kindly supplied them with drawings and copies of woodcuts from old and rare works.

In laying Mr. Hill's collection of papers before their readers, the Editors would fain believe that the result of his many years' assiduous labour will not be wholly thrown away, but that some few ears of corn may be gleaned from them, according to the saying of Chaucer:—

“ For out of the olde feldis as men faieth
Cometh all this new corne fro yere to yere
And out of olde bokis in gode faieth
Comith all this newe science that men lere.”

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Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progress.

FOR the better understanding why Bunyan was led to choose the allegorical mode of writing, we should bear in mind that a taste for this kind of composition had prevailed for more than three centuries before he wrote, and that the most favourite literature of his own time appeared in the form of emblems and allegory. Early in the thirteenth century, before the time of Dante, the Norman "trouvères" had produced their Epics on "La Voie de Paradis"—"La Voie d'Humilité"—"Le Pelerinage de l'Homme"—"Le Songe d'Enfer," (from which Dante's "Inferno" was evidently derived,) all written under the similitude of a dream; and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries their admirers and imitators in this country made them familiar to the English reader through the medium of translations. This species of composition had its origin in the monasteries, and became the religious literature of the common people, in opposition to the chivalresque compositions of the troubadours, and was popular beyond conception.

De Guileville and Bunyan both drew and embellished their compositions from the same sources.

1. From the Scriptures, as appears from their numerous marginal references to them.

The primary source of all the Dreams and Pilgrimages to the Celestial Jerusalem is to be found in the Vision of St. John in the Apocalypse:—

"And there came unto me one of the seven Angels. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. . . . And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of

God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it."—*Rev.* xxi. 10, 11, 23, 24.

Of this origin Guillaume de Guileville furnishes us with sufficient evidence by quoting this very chapter in his description of the holy city, calling the "jasper" a "carbuncle;" and in the succeeding passage he places a precious carbuncle at the top of the pilgrim's staff, to enlighten him on his way, and says, "Le hault pommel est Jesu Christ."—*Pel. de l'Homme*, f. xxvii.

Philip, in his *Life of Bunyan*, mentions that "one Sabbath, whilst in prison, it was Bunyan's turn to expound the Scriptures, and he found himself empty, spiritless, and barren."

"Providentially, it so fell out at last," says he, "that I cast my eye upon the 11th verse of the 21st chapter of the Revelations; upon which, when I had considered a while, methought I perceived something of the jasper¹ in whose light you there find that this Holy City is said to come and descend."

2. From *chivalrous* literature;—witness the numerous adventures and combats with giants, dragons, goblins, sieges of castles, &c. De Guileville acknowledges that he founded his plan on the (dream) of the "Romance of the Rose;" and Bunyan knew, like his predecessors, the still lingering taste of the people for romantic history and adventure, and built his allegory on the plan of the Gothic romance,—a form so pleasing to our forefathers,—and thus introduced giants, lions, monsters, demons, and enchantments, into his edifice, which were familiar to him in the old chap-books. *Great-heart* was a *perfect knight* for the defence of the weak and feeble-minded.

3. From the traditional literature of the people. De Guileville intersperses his poem with popular expressions, to suit it to the taste of the public, such as "harengfor,"^a &c.; and Bunyan's description of *Great-heart's* combat with the giants, *Despair*, *Grin*, *Maul*, and *Slaygood*, may evidently be traced to the chap-books,² the *Gestes of Guy of Warwick*, &c.

In his treatise on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, Bunyan represents Dives as replying thus to Abraham:—"They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them.' This is the thing (to be short), My brethren are unbelievers, and do not regard the word of God. I knew it by myself, for when I was in the world it was so with me. The Scriptures, thought I then, what are they? A dead letter, a little ink and paper, of three or four shillings price. Alack! what is Scripture? Give me a ballad, a news book, George on horseback, or *Bevis of Southampton*. Give me some book that teaches curious Arts, that tells old Fables."—BUNYAN'S *Genius and Writings*, by the REV. ROBERT PHILIP.

The very mention of these ballads and chap-books of George on horseback, and

^a A red herring.

¹ Hampole, in his Poem entitled "The Pricke of Conscience," describing the Holy City, calls it a beryl.

² These were short story-books which were hawked about the country; the word "chap" being used in our modern word "chapman," and derived from the German *kaufen*, "to purchase."

Bevis of Southampton, and the habits of Bunyan's early life, prove how familiar this class of old literature was to him as well as to his readers.

But with regard to the originality of such works, it may be stated, as a general principle, that the faculty of *invention* is necessary to all who by means of their productions in art, science, or literature, would wish not only to inform, but to amuse those who come in contact with their works. *In what that faculty consists*, however, is a matter which is not perhaps so universally known as it should be.

"Invention has ever been esteemed the highest and most distinguishing attribute of man, as that in which 'human power shows likest to divine:' *though not creative, but founded on previous acquisitions*, it is *originative*, and seems to consist in the faculty of discovering and developing *novel combinations, extending the boundaries* of knowledge, and opening fresh sources of intellectual enjoyment. This is the true promise of *Genius*—the great privilege and characteristic of Bacon, Shakespeare, Newton, &c. (Milton, Bunyan, &c.) The *painter* must be indebted to the poet or the historian for *his theme*; but the *invention* of the picture, *as a whole*, must be as much his own as if it had altogether proceeded from his own conception."—*Lectures on Painting*, (*Royal Academy*.) Vide *Athenæum*, Feb. 25, 1843.

Mr. Eastlake, in speaking of those who imagine that the excellence of art or of writing in former ages depended for their excellence or originality on some technical advantages which have been lost, says, "Such persons *forget that materials and processes* are to the painter's art what notes are to the musician, or *letters to the author*. The *secret* lies in their combination; and it was that *combination* which made Handel, and Hayden, and Beethoven, and Mozart—as it made Shakespeare, or Milton, or Raphael, or Titian, or Rembrant—superior to all others in their respective departments."

EASTLAKE on *Oil Painting*. *Athenæum*, Jan. 15, 1848.

"There n'is no newe guise that it n'as old."

The Knight's Tale, CHAUCER.

"For vnder a coloure, a truth may arise,
As was the guise, in olde antiquite,
Of the poetes olde, a tale to surmise
To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmitye,
Or yet on ioye to haue moralitee."

Pastime of Pleasure, HAWES.

"Les abeilles pillulent de ça, et de là, les fleurs ;
Mais elles en font après le miel, qui est tout leur."

MONTAIGNE.

Dryden, in the preface to his *Fables*, says, "Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families." In like manner, Bunyan's pedigree may be traced, in numerous instances, to the olden religious poets of England, such as Hampole, Piers Plowman, Lydgate, and

^a "A dream or vision."

all the authors of Dreams and "Swevens,"^a from the translations of De Guileville to Chaucer.

"Few things appear at first sight more easy, or upon trial are found more difficult, than the clear and orderly arrangement of many and varied particulars. To class them according to their several relations, so that they may follow each other in due subordination, would seem rather an exercise of patience than of intellect; to require industry, rather than a depth of thought, or an enlarged comprehension of the subject. But we soon learn how much easier it is to *collect* materials than to *form* them into a consistent whole."—GUEST'S *English Rhythms*, vol. ii. p. 1.

"L'étude littéraire donne un résultat donc bien des gens s'étonneront: c'est que *le génie n'invente pas*. Collier, muni de toutes ses preuves erudites, vous attestera que Shakespeare n'est qu'un sublime et délicat metteur en œuvre. Comme Molière et Corneille, il ne s'est jamais fait scrupule de prendre ses sujets et ses personnages partout, dans un roman, un conte, un drame, une ballade, une mauvaise comédie, une chronique rimée ou une chronique sans rimes. Les admirateurs de Shakespeare *n'estiment en lui que les qualités qu'il n'a pas*: c'est, disent-ils, *le créateur de Lear, le créateur de Hamlet, le créateur d'Othello*;—il n'a rien *créé* de tout cela.

"*L'invention*, vous dit-on de toutes parts, c'est la grande qualité, *c'est le génie!* Voyons donc. Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Bacon, Molière, Corneille, le Tasse, l'Arioste, Cervantes;—parmi les anciens Eschyle, Sophocle, Homère; ces noms semblent-ils assez grands? Et s'ils ne sont pas *inventeurs*, qui osera l'être? Qui marchera le front plus haut que ces hommes, proclamés par la voix populaire, par le cri des siècles et la vénération de tous, maîtres de la pensée, guides du troupeau humain, qu'ils éclairent en marchant sur les hauteurs?

"Qu'ont-ils créé? Commençons par Dante. De son temps, une tradition vulgaire a cours, moule commun, formule épique, aussi triviale que l'est aujourd'hui un vaudeville à tiroir; c'est une vision chrétienne, vue générale et mystique du triple royaume:—ici les damnés; là les bienheureux; plus loin les âmes qui expient leurs crimes dans le Purgatoire. *Tout le monde s'est servi de cette forme*. Le peuple ne connaît qu'elle, tant elle est usée et rebattue. Un moine, après bien d'autres moines, a décrit à son tour l'Enfer, le Paradis, et le Purgatoire. Un frère Alberic du Mont-Cassin a rimé sa vision qu'il a disposée en triple entonnoir, et traitée grossièrement, lourdement et sans génie. *Toute la charpente de la Comedia divina, est littéralement dans l'œuvre du frère Alberic*. Dante n'a fait *qu'une seule dépense, celle du génie*; dans la pierre brute il a trouvé l'or.

"Ainsi des autres *créateurs*; Eschyle et Sophocle sont dans Homère, qui lui-même est accusé d'avoir recouffé des chants plus anciens. L'ouvrage capital de Cervantes n'est qu'une parodie, par conséquent une imitation. Milton traduit de longs fragments de *la Sarcothée de Masenius*. (This assertion is taken from *Lauder*, R. H.) Molière doit ses meilleures scènes, non seulement à Plaute et aux Italiens, mais à Cyrana de Bergerac.

"Qu'estimez-vous dans Shakespeare? Est ce *le Roi Lear*? Shakespeare a emprunté le roi Lear à une vieille tragédie publiée en 1594, jouée sur plusieurs théâtres: *The Pitiful Chronicle of King Lear*. Le fou, le roi, les deux filles, l'abdication du monarque, *tout*

se trouve dans ce vieux drame. Ce grand homme retravaillant de mauvais drames surannés, les a rajeunis de sa verve et ranimés de sa touche puissante.

“ Les faits constitutifs du roman et du drame sont un fond *matériel* et commun dans lequel tout le monde va puiser. Le génie arrange et imite, étudie et approfondit, il *n'invente* JAMAIS.

“ Le génie consiste à mieux *comprendre*, à mieux pénétrer, à environner de plus de lumière ce que chacun fait superficiellement ou comprend à demi. Un des singuliers caractères de Shakespeare, c'est sa souveraine indifférence quant au sujet qu'il doit traiter. Il *n'y regarde pas* : l'excellent ouvrier fait tirer parti de tout. Il prend au hasard une pierre, un morceau de bois, un bloc de granit, un bloc de marbre. *Peu lui importe que son prédécesseur ait fait agir et parler* sur la scène un vieux roi déshérité par ses filles ; c'est un fait comme un autre, qui ne vaut ni plus ni moins. Shakespeare va trouver tout ce qu'il y a de larmes et de puissance dans *l'âme* de ce vieillard.

“ On court après *l'invention* aujourd'hui que l'originalité intime manque ; elle réside dans *l'artiste*, non dans *les matériaux* qu'il emploie. A tous les grands hommes c'est la *tradition*, c'est le peuple, c'est l'héritage commun des idées et des usages qui ont légué *les matériaux*. Ils les ont reçus tels quels ; puis ils les ont *fondus, transformés, immortalisés*.

“ Si ce que l'on nomme *invention*, n'était pas une qualité illusoire, il faudrait estimer à bien plus haut prix que *Dante* le premier moine oisif qui écrivit en style de carrefour la vision de Paradis et de l'Enfer ; les grossiers auteurs des canevas Italiens l'emporteraient sur Molière ; les écrivains inconnus de quelques chroniques, divisées en actes, éclipsaient Shakespeare.

“ Dans les *décadences littéraires* on prend pour *inventeurs* ceux qui, poussés par un certain ardeur de sang et une certaine fougue de *paroles* déplacent les mots et les images, et croient avoir fait voyager les idées. Ces gens se proclament *créateurs*. Montaigne, Shakespeare et Molière ne s'attribuaient d'autre mérite que celui d'étudier la nature, l'homme et le monde.

“ Le propre du génie, c'est de féconder.”—*Etudes sur W. Shakespeare, &c.* par Philarète Chastes, 1851, p. 88.

Evidences of the popularity of de Guileville's Dream in England.

1. *The use made of it by Chaucer.* Chaucer's “ *A, B, C,*”—also entitled, “ *La Priere de nostre Dame ;*” made, as some say, “ at the request of Blanch, Duchefs of Lancaster, as a praier for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout,”¹—has usually been considered his own composition. It is, however, a translation from De Guileville's *Prayer to the Virgin*, published in 1330, of which the first three stanzas are given as a specimen. Each stanza, it will be observed, begins with a letter of the alphabet, and this alphabetical order is preserved throughout.

¹ Brit. Mus. MS.

De Guileville.

A TOY du monde le refuy
 Vierge glorieufe men fuy
 Tout confus car ne puis mieulx
 faire

A toy me tiens a toy mapuy
 Relieue moy abatu fuy
 Et vaincu par mon aduerfaire
 Et puis qua toy ont tous repaire
 Bien ie me doy vers toy retraire
 Auant que plus feuffre dennuy
 La luite neft pas neceffaire
 A moy fe tu tresdebonnaire
 Ne me fecours comme autruy

B IEN croy que par toy conforte
 Sera mon cueur desconforte
 Car tu es de falut la porte
 Si ie me fuis tres mal porte
 Par sept larrons pechez morte
 Et foruoye par la voye torte
 Esperance me reconforte
 Qui a toy ennuyt me raporte
 A ce que ie foye deporté
 Ma dolente ame a toy iaporte
 Sauue la ne vault plus que morte
 En luy tout bien eft avorte

C ONTRE moy font grant aétion
 Ma vergoigne et confufion
 Que deuant toy ne doy venir
 Pour ma trop grant transgression
 Raifon de desperation
 Contre moy veulent maintenir
 Mais pource que veulx plait finir
 Deuant toy les faiz conuenir
 En faifant replication
 Cest que ie dis appartenir
 A toy du tout et conuenir
 Pitie et miferation

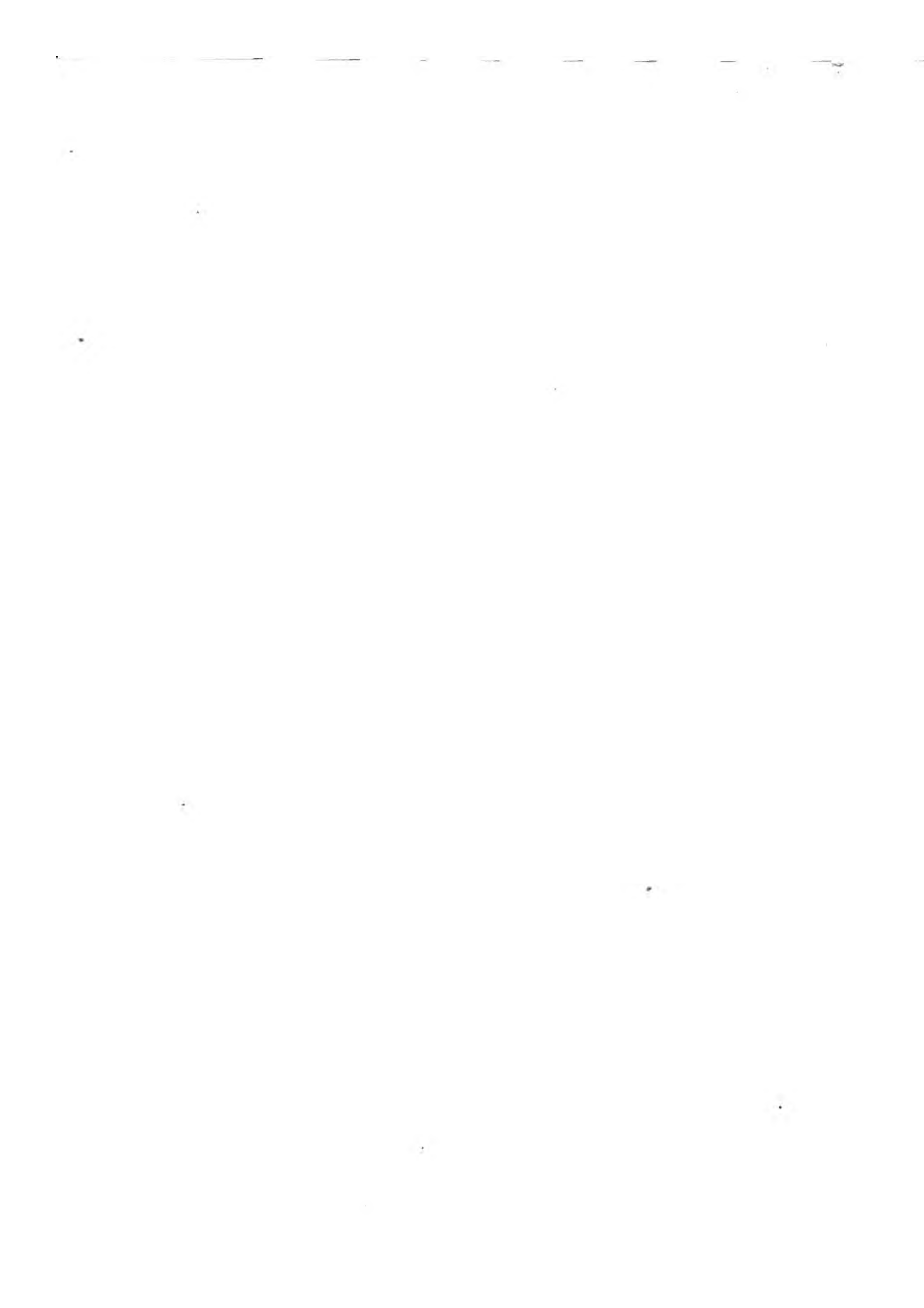
Chaucer.

A LMIGHTIE and all-merciful
 quene
 To whom all this world fleith
 for succour

To have relese of finne of fo'row oftene
 Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour
 To the I fle confoundid in errour
 Help and releve almighty debonaire
 Have mercy of mine perillous languor
 Venquift me hath my cruill aduerfaire

B OUNTIE fo fixe hath in my
 hert his tent
 That well I wote thou will my
 succour be
 Thou canst not warnin that with gode
 entent
 Axith thine helpe thine hert is aye fo fre
 Thou art largeffe of plaine felicite
 Having and refute of quiete and rest
 So how that Thevis fevin chafing me
 Helpe ladie bright or that mine fhipe to
 breft

C OMFORT is none but in you,
 Lady dere!
 For lo! mine sinne and mine
 confufioun,
 Which ought not in thin prefence for to
 apere,
 Han taken on me a grievous aétion,
 Of veray right and disperatioun,
 And as by right they mighten well sustene
 That I were worthy mine damnatioun,
 Ne were it of thy mercy, blifsfull Quene!



Lidgat presenting his booke called y^e Pilgrime, unto y^e Earle
of Salisbury.



J. Thomas Montacute Earle of Salisbury

2. Chaucer's evident imitation, at the end of his dream called "The Book of the Duchefs," of De Guileville's description of being awoke by the convent-bell.

De Guileville.

Ce me sembla en ce moment
Si que de lespouement
Esueille et desdormy fu
Et me trouuay si esperdu
Quauiser ie ne me pouoie
Si ia mort ou en vie iestoie
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner
Lorloge de nuyt pour leuer
Et aussi lors chantoient les cocqs
Pour quoy leuer me cuidoy lors
Mais ne peu car fuy retenu
De la grant pensee ou ie fu
Pour le myen aventureux songe
Ou quel se quelque vne mensonge
Estoit meslee ou contenue
Ou qui fust de peu de value

Chaucer.

Right thus me mett, as I you tell,
That in the castle there was a bell,
As it had smitten houres twelve,
And therewith I awoke my selve,
And found me lying in my bed,
And the book which I had read
Of Alcyone and Ceyx the King,
And of the goddess of Sleeping,
I found it in my hand full even ;
Thought I, this is so quaint a sweven,
That I would, by proces of time,
Fond (strive) to put this sweven in rhyme
As I can best, and that anon :
This was my sweven, now it's done.

3. To these may be added the different English translations of De Guileville, both in prose and verse, which are still existing, printed and in manuscript.

The most important of the metrical translations is that by the "venerable monk Dan John Lydgate," mentioned above as being now in the British Museum Collection of MSS., and numbered Vitellius, C. xiii. It is, however, but little known ; and, curiously enough, not even a single passage of it has been quoted by Warton. Stowe, the only writer who has alluded to it, casually mentions it, and has stated correctly the date of its translation. It was made, as Lydgate himself informs us, in 1426, by the command of [Thomas de Montacute] the Earl of Salisbury, "being bound," as he says, "to be his man."

I mene the book, "Pilgrymage de Monde,"
Morall of vertu, of materys ful profonde,
Maad and compyled in the Frenche tonge,
Full notable to be rad and songe.
To every pylgreme vertuuous of lyff,
The mater ys so contemplatyff
In all the book ys not lost a word,
Thys consydred full wyfly of my lord
Of Salybury, the noble manly knyght
Wych in fraunce, for the kynges ryght
In the werre hath many day contunyd.

And of the tyme playnly, and of the date,
 When I began thys booke to translate,
 Yt was a thousand by computacion
 After Cryfte's incarnation
 Ffour hundryd and nouthur far nor nere,
 The surplus over syxe and twenty yere;
 My lord that tyme being in Parys,
 Wych gaff me charge by his dyscrete avys,
 As I feyd erst to settle myn entent
 Upon thys booke to be dyllygent, &c.

The following passage is curious, in a literary point of view, for the conclusive evidence it contains of the poem, quoted above, entitled "A, B, C, or a Prayer to the Virgin," having been previously translated by "hys mayster, Chaucer," which Lydgate says "he will ympen after hys translation (as he is bounde of dette), in order that it may enlumine:"—

"Thys lytyl booke, rude of making
 With some clause of hys wryting."

He then proceeds as follows:—

And touchynge the translation
 Off thys noble oryson,
 Whylom, yff I shal nat feyne^a
 The noble poete of Breteyne,
 My mayster Chaucer in hys tyme,
 Affter the ffrenche he dyde yt tyme,
 Word by word, as in substance,
 Ryght as yt ys ymad in France,
 Ffull devoutly in sentence,
 In worschepe and in reverence
 Off that noble heavenly quene,
 Bothe moder and a mayde clene,
 And sythe he dyde yt undertake
 Ffor to translate it ffor hyr sake
 I pray this, that ys the beste
 Ffor to bring hys soule at reste
 That he may through hyr¹ — prayer
 Above the starrys bright —
 Of hyr mercy and hyr grace,
 Apere afor y hyr sonys face

^a "Not flatter."

¹ The missing words are quite illegible, from the MS. having been partially destroyed by fire.

With feyntys ever for a memorye,
Eternally to regene in glorye,
And ffor memorye of that poete,
Wyth al hys rethorykes fwete,
That was the ffyrste in any age
That amendede our langage ;
Therefore, as I am bounde off dette
In thys book I wyl hym sette,
And ympen thys oryson
After hys translacion,
My purpose to determyne
That yt shal enlumyne
Thys lytyl book rud off makyng
Wyth some clause off hys wryting,
And as he made this oryson,
Off ffull devout entencion,
And by maner of a prayere
Ryght so I wyl yt setten here,
That men may know and pleynly fe
Off our ladye the A, B, C.

In the MS. Vitellius, C. xiii., there is a blank left for the insertion of the above-mentioned "A, B, C," or oraison to the Virgin; but it is bound up with a volume of Lydgate's Poems, which belonged to Humphrey Wanley, and now in the Grammar School of Coventry, under the title of "A Preiour to our Ladye, made by Geffreie Chaucer, after the order of the 'A, B, C.'"—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Tom. ii. p. 23.

In the official catalogue of the Cotton MS., in folio, this MS. of "The Pilgrim," translated from De Guileville by Lydgate, is described as "A Poem in old English verse, containing Directions for a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It appears to have been written in French, by a monk of Calais (for Chaliz), and translated into English about the year 1426." Thus the compiler of the catalogue leaves others in the same ignorance of the names of both author and translator as that in which he himself was, although the introduction to the translation contains three distinct proofs of its being the production of Lydgate. 1. The mention of his mayster Chaucer as the "poete of Breteyne;" giving him the same title he had already used in the thirty-fourth chapter of his "Life of the Virgin Mary," where he calls him "poete of Breteyne, who used to amende and correcte the wronge traces of my rude penne." 2. His testimony that Chaucer translated the "Hymn to the Virgin." And 3. That he was commanded to translate "The Pilgrim" by the Earl of Salisbury, which is confirmed by an ancient illuminated drawing—probably coeval—of Lydgate presenting this poem, called "The Pilgrim," to the Earl. See Harl. MS. 4826.

Notwithstanding all this, and though Warton quotes Stowe's words, where he

speaks of "Lydgate's 'Pilgrimage of the World'" (the very title given to it by Lydgate), written "by the commaundement of the Earle of Salisburie, 1426," it is surprizing that both he and Sharon Turner should have been so utterly unconscious of its existence as never to have quoted a line! At the head of it are the following verses:—

"Qui peregrinaris hunc per librum docearis,
Quæ bona vel dubia fit fugienda via."

"O worldly folk avyse yow be tymes,
Wych in thys lyff ben but a pylgrymage,
Lyk straungerys far fro yowr contre,
Unfranchysed and voyde of libertie."

The popularity of De Guileville's works is further proved by the numerous English translations, both in verse and prose, still contained in our public libraries, which it has cost great pains to discover, as the catalogues are almost universally mute upon the subject. These translations influenced our literature down to the time of the Great Rebellion, which formed, as it were, a chasm between our ancient and modern literature.

A list of these, both in print and MS., is herewith given, in the hope that it may prove interesting to those who are disposed to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with De Guileville and his works.

MSS.

Among the Cecil MSS. at Hatfield is "*Ye Dreame of the 'Pilgrimage of ye Soule,'* translated out of French into English, with some additions, ye yere of our Lord M iii. 'and prittene.' (1413). This is a folio MS. on vellum, adorned with many humourously designed illuminations."—W. READER, *Gent. Mag. Nov.* 1843. p. 488.

Cod. MSS. of Samuel Pepys.—*The Pilgrim, Moral Discourse*, illustrated with drawings, and written originally about the year 1330, fol.—*Vide* Bernard's Cat. Lib. MSS. Angliæ et Hiberniæ. Folio, Oxford, 1697, V. 2. p 209, No. 6797, Art. 78.

Cod. MSS. penes R. P. *Joannem Morum*, Ep. Norvicensem.—"*The Pilgrim*, or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World;" wherein the author sets forth the wretchedness of Man's Life without Grace. Written 1331.—*Vide* *ibid.* p. 390, Art 64.

In the British Museum.—"*Grace Dieu*, or a dreame of the pilgrimage of the Soule." On vellum. Written in 1413. Egerton, No. 615.—"*The Pilgrimage to Jerusaleme*," on vellum, *imperfect at the beginning*; xv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Vitellius, C. xiii.—"*The Pilgrim*," on vellum, *imperfect*; xiv. Cent. Cotton Coll. Tiberius, A. vii.

At Oxford.—"*The Pilgrimage of the Soule*," in the library of University Coll. —"*The Dreame of the pilgrymage of the soule*, translated out of French into English," in the library of Corpus Christi Coll.

At Cambridge.—At Caius College, "*The Dreame of the Pilgrimage of the Soule*, translated out of French, 1414."

In the Public Library.—"*The romaunce of the monk of Chailis*, of the pilgrimage

of the lyfe of the manhode, which ys maad for good pylgryme that in this world swich way wole holde that he go to good havene, and that he have of hevене the joye; taken upon the 'Romaunce of the Rose,' wherinne the art of love is al enclosed." *Imperfect.* On vellum. xv. Cent. This copy has the following Colophon:—

"Here endeth the Romaunce by the Monk of the Cisteaux, in France; of the pilgrymage of the lyffe of the manhood, which is made for good pilgrymes yt^a in this world such waye wol holde that w^d goo to good haven, and that they have hevens Ioye, ymaged after the manner of the Romans of the Roos,^b which al parte of love doth cloose, translated oute of frenshe in to Englyshe by oon that cleped him *Johan the preefte*, preyeth for the maker, the translatur, the wryter, the reders hereof and thys waye goon or in wille to goo."^c—*Vide* J. O. Halliwell's MS. Rarities of the Univerfity of Cambridge, 1841, p. 166.

^a That.

^b Romance of the Rose.

^c Either go this way or wish to go.

Printed Books.

"The Pylgremage of the Sowle: translated oute of Frenshe in to Englyshe." Printed by W. Caxton, at Westminster, 1483. *An imperfect copy.* This edition is in the library of Lord Spencer, at Althorp Hall, Northamptonshire.—*Vide* Dibdin's "*Bibliotheca Spenceriana*," vol. iv. p. 263.

A fine copy (but wanting last leaf) was purchased at the sale of White Knight's Library for £152 5s. by Mr. Evans.

According to Herbert, (the Antiquary,) copies were apparently in the libraries of Sir Hans Sloane, Mr. Brandon, and his own.

Vide for specimens, &c., Dibdin's Edition of "*Herbert's Ames' Typographical Antiquities*." (London, 1810.)

"The Peregrination of Mannes Lyfe," by Guillaume de Guileville, appears from the following lines of Skelton—

"Off mannes lyfe the perigrinacion
He dyde translate, interprete, and disclose"—

to have been translated by him. John Skelton was poet laureate to Henry VIII., but the translation referred to above has not come down to us. Warton, however, mentions it in his History of English Poetry, vol. ii. f. 489, in (Ed. 1844.)

The following French Editions may also be mentioned as existing in the Brit. Mus.:—

Le Romant des trois Pelerinaiges, 4to. Goth. Bartholde et Jehan Petit, Paris. *Sans date.*

Le Pelerinage de l'homme—avec des figures en bois. Fol. Goth. Anthoine Verard. Paris. *Sans date.*

"Le premier de l'homme durant quest en vie."

"Le second de lame separée du corps."

"Le tiers de notre Seigneur Jesus Christ en forme de monotesseron."

The following are examples of the illustrations contained in the Delft and Harlem editions:—



Facsimile of the engraving representing the Pilgrim turning his back on the *City of Destruction*, and looking up towards the *Celestial City*, as reflected in a mirror.

Delft Edition.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the meeting of the Pilgrim with the Celestial Lady.



Facsimile of the engraving representing the passage of the Pilgrim to the castle of the Celestial Lady, through water.

The Royal Library at the Hague contains a manuscript on vellum, of about the end of the XIVth century; it is adorned with twenty-three miniatures. In the Prologue it is entitled, "*die pelgrimage von der menschliker creaturen;*" and it is said there that it was translated from the *Walschen* in the *vlaemschen tale*; which was composed by a holy monk in a monastery called *Chaalie*.

In the first dialogue of *gracie gods* with the *Pilgrim* it is said that *gracie* founded her house *ouer XIII. en XXX. (1330) iuer*; and in that part of the 1st Book where *redene* (reason) reads her commission to *rude verstanneffe*, this commission has been given in the year *M. CCC. en XXXI.*

The Dutch Edition is an extract from the MS. translation in prose; it was never printed *in extenso*.

The celestial lady who appears to the *Pilgrim* is, through the whole edition, called *gracie gods*.

In none of the woodcuts is the *Pilgrim* represented in armour or *fighting with drawn sword*; in one only he occurs *in armour*, which directly after he pulls off, not being able to bear it any longer. In the before-named woodcut the *Pilgrim* has no sword at all, and he is not in presence of any enemy. He is leaning on the *Palster*;^a only *gracie gods* is with him.

^a A Pilgrim's staff.

In the Royal Library at the Hague exists another edition of this story. It is in folio size, printed in double columns. Except some very little difference in spelling, the Delft edition has been faithfully copied in the Haerlem edition. One little part only is omitted in the edition of 1498; in the last chapter of the Haerlem edition the *Pilgrim* having breathed his last, *the author awakes from his dream*; this part is left out in the Delft edition. The woodcuts are the same in both editions.

The following attempt to translate a portion, C. 1., of the "*Boeck van den Pelgrim,*" printed at Delft, in Holland, in 1498, was made by the *King's Interpreter*; imperfect as it is, it will be sufficient to show that the Dutch translator took it from De Guileville's Poem of the "*Pélerinage de l'homme durant quest en Vie, ou le Pélerinage de la Vie humaine,*" which was afterwards done into prose by S. Gallopez, and printed at Lyons by Math. Hufy in 1485.

"Then she took a pourpoint or doublet made in a wonderful manner: * * * * * Will you know how it is called? Men call it Patience, which is made to bear pains and to begin great strides without murmurings or Anger, but to be therefore more thankful.

"The king Jesus had this pourpoint on, for thy sake, as he hung on the Cross, and was covered with this Doublet which is Patience, for he suffered all patiently.

"Thus it is well to remark that it is good, since that the great King had it on, thus should ye strive. Then take it, and put it on I advise, for of all arms it behoves first to know how to put it on, whoever will arm himself rightly."

In order, however, still further to show the concurrence—at least of ideas, if not of diction—between De Guileville and Bunyan, the following passages may be quoted from amongst many others of a similar nature:—

DE GUILLEVILLE. 1330.

Pour qui a bon sens cōprendre
Tout ce que ce livre contient
Moralement le fault entendre
Et *non pas litteralement*
Car l'acteur la fait cointement
Tenant forme parabolique
Pour aguifer l'entendement
A tout chascun scientifique.

*Prologue, Ed. de B. et J. Petit, imp.
par Berth. Runboldt, s. d.*

une foiz
Lan mil trois cēs dix p trois foiz
Ung songe vy bien merueilleux
Lequel ainfi com sommeilleux
Jescripiz a mon reveillement.

Description of the Holy City.

Il n'est nulle cite si belle^a
Ne qui de rien lui soit pareille
Maffon en fut feullement *dieu*
Nul autre ne feroit tel lieu
Car les chemins et les alees
Dor fin estoient toutes pauees
En hault affis son fundement^b
Estoit et son maffonnement

BUNYAN. 1678.

I have used similitudes.—*Hof.* xii. 10.
Motto in title-page.

The Prophets used much by Metaphor
To set forth Truth: Yea, who so considers
Christ, his Apostles too, shall plainly see
That Truth to this day in such Mantles be.
* * * * * Holy Writ

Is every where so full of all these things
Dark figures, allegories yet there springs
From that same book, that lustre and those
rays

Of Light, that turns our darkeſt nights to
days

BUNYAN'S Apology for his book.

Nay, I have leave,
(*Examples* too, and that from them who
have

God better pleased by their words and ways
Than any man that breatheth now-a-days)
Thus to expreſs my mind, thus to declare
Things unto thee that excellentest are.

Ibid.

As I walked through the wilderness of
this world, I alighted on a certain place
where was a den, and laid me down in
that place to sleep: and as I slept, I
dreamed a dream.

*Christian's description of the Holy City
to Pliable.*

“ There is an endless kingdom to be
inhabited, and everlasting life to be given
us, that we may inhabit that kingdom for
ever.

“ There are crowns of glory to be given
us, and garments that will make us shine
like the sun in the firmament of heaven.

“ There shall be *no more crying* nor

^a Heb. xi. 10.

^b Rev. xi. 12,
18, 19.

DE GUILLEVILLE. 1330.

De *vives pierres* fait estoit
 Et hault mur entour la clooit
 Deffus lequels *anges* estoient
 Qui tous temps le guet y faisoient
 Et gardoient tresbien que lentre
 Nullement fust abandonnee
 Fors *aux pelerins* seulement
 Qui y venoient deuotement^a
 Leans auoit moult de *mansions*
 De *lieux* et *habitacions*
 Illec estoit *toute lieffe*
 Et toute joye sans tristesse

^a John xiv. 2.

* * * * *

^b Gen. iii. 24.

Cherubin portier en estoit^b
 Qui ung glaiue forby tenoit
 Bien emolu a deux taillans
 Tout versatile et tournoyans
 Dont il se scauoit bien aider
 Nest aucun tant se sceust targer
 Qui par la porte passer peust
 Que occis ou naure¹ ne fust
 Mesmement car executeurs^c
 Y auoit et tirans crueulx
 Qui tres durs tourmens pourpensoient
 Et tous les plus griefz quilz pouoient
 Moult y eut grant occision
 De pelerins de grant renom

^c Acts xiv. 22.

BUNYAN. 1678.

forrow, for *He* that is owner of *the places*
 will wipe away all tears from our eyes.

“There we shall be with *Cherubim* and *Seraphim*, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There, also, you shall meet with thousands and tens of thousands that have gone before us to that place. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns; there we shall see the *Holy Virgins* with their golden harps; there we shall see men that by the world were *cut in pieces, burned in flames*, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, clothed with immortality as a garment.”

¹ *Worldly-wise-man* tempts *Christian* not to go up to the *Wicket-gate*, because of the dangers of the way, assuring him he is like to meet with *wearisomeness, painfulness, hunger, perils, nakedness, sword, lions, dragons, darknes*, and, in a word, *death*, and what not!

Christian arrived at the *Wicket-gate* (which he had left to follow *Worldly-wise-man's* counsel) saw written over it, “Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;” he knocked, therefore, more than once or twice. At last there came a grave person to the gate, named *Good-will*, who asked who was there? and whence he came? and what he would have?

Christian “Here is a poor hardened sinner; I come from the *City of Destruction*, but am going to Mount *Zion*, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, Sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are *willing* to let me in.”

“I am *willing* with all my heart,” said he; and with that he opened the gate.

So when *Christian* was stepping in, the other gave him a pull. Then said *Christian*, “What means that?” The other told him, “A little distance from this gate there is erected a strong castle, of which *Beelzebub* is the Captain; from thence both he and they that are with him shoot arrows at them that come up to this gate, if haply they may die before they enter in.” Then said *Christian*, “I rejoice and tremble.”

* * * *

Puis vne grant merueille vy
De grans maistres et prelaz qui
Aux crenaulx tout en hault estoient
Monstrans semblant quilz enseignoient
Plusieurs des pelerins daual
Qui a grant peine et grant trauail
Selon ce quapris ilz estoient
Aeles pour voler leur faisoient
Par eles de bon exemplaire
Telles comme ilz les deuoient faire
Que ces grans maistres leur monstroient
Monstrant que moult chier les auoient

* * * *

¶ Puis vy en vng autre coste^a
Dessus les murs de la cite
Vaillans hommes auctorizables
Mais quant a moy peu congnoissables

* * * *

Entre lesquelz aduis me fu
Que sainct benoist y recongneu

* * * *

¶ La endroit sainct francoys auffi

* * * *

Moult dautres ie vy sur les murs

* * * *

Mais tant dire vueil briefuement
Que nul nentroit en la cite^b
Par quelque part quaye compte
Qui de hors les murs ne laiffast
Lefcharpe ou bourdon que portast
Acomply lors estoit leur veage
Et fait tout leur pelerinaige

* * * *

“ Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them.

“ Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lift them up by the arms, &c.

“ Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid me call at the gate, the which, when they did, some one from above looked over the gate: to wit, *Enoch*, *Moses*, and *Elijah*, to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the city of *Destruction* for the love that they bare to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his *Certificate*,¹ which they had received in the beginning.”

^a Rev. vii. 9.

^b Rev. xxii. 14.

Before we proceed to give an analysis of, and to trace a parallel between, the two works of Bunyan and De Guileville, we must premise that the allegory, which becomes in the hands of the former a fascinating narrative, full of vitality and Christian doctrine, is in the work of the latter only a cold and lifeless dialogue between abstract and unembodied qualities.

¹ “ Lecharpe et le bourdon ” represent the Certificate of pilgrimage. The latter is thus explained in the *Diët. de l'Académie Française*, “ *Sorte de long bâton qui est fait au tour, avec un ornement au haut, en forme de pomme, et que les Pèlerins portent ordinairement dans leurs voyages.* ”

The poem of De Guileville opens by informing his readers that, in the year 1330, being then a monk in the monastery of Chaliz, he had a dream, in which he saw afar off, as if reflected in a mirror, similar to the "shining light" of *Evangelist*,¹ the celestial city of Jerusalem, and felt himself excited to go thither on a pilgrimage.^a He dwells on the wondrous beauty of its construction, on the elegance of its mansions, on the character of its inhabitants, and their happiness and blessedness after their trials and sufferings (even such a description as *Christian* gives to his unstable friend *Pliable* on their setting out); and particularly points out the little wicket-gate, which he recognizes for the one described by our Lord, as being so strait, that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter in thereat.^b "*Homme vestu n'y pouvait passer.*" He then bethinks himself that a *staff* and a *scrip* will be necessary for his journey, like those in the hands of the pilgrims he sees before him on his way. Anxious to supply himself with them, *he rushes out of his house, weeping and lamenting to know how he shall obtain them in the manner Christian is described as doing, when he left home and made as if he would run. "I dreamed," says Bunyan, "and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, &c. I looked, and saw him open the book and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled, &c."* His prototype thus introduces his pilgrim:—^c

Lors men yffy de ma maison^d

* * * *

Bourdon commancay a querir
Et escharpe qui neccessaire
Mestoit a ce quauoye a faire
¶ Ainsi comment querant aloye
Et en pleurant me guermentoye
Ou ce bourdon peusse trouuer
Et celle escarpe pour porter³
Une dame de grant beaulte
Et de tresgrant nobilite⁴
Je rencontray droit en ma voye
De qui au cueur me vint grant ioye
Fille sembloit dun empereur
Dun roy ou dun tresgrant seigneur
Vestement auoir dor batu
Et cincte estoit dun verd tiffu
Qui tout au long ce me sembloit

^a Rev. xxi. 2—9.²
Heb. xi. 10, 33—39.

^b Matt. xi. 12; xix. 24; v. 3.
Ecclef. v. 15.

^c f. 3, b. Appendix, f. iv. "And I roos vp."

^d Ecclef. xlv. 8.
Baruch v. 2.

¹ In Bunyan.

² The texts referred to in the margin are those given by De Guileville in *his* marginal references. Extracts from the MSS. descriptive of the Holy City, &c. will be found in the Appendix.

³ See Woodcut I.

⁴ *Christian* describes *Evangelist* as "a man that appeared to me to be a very great and honourable person."



I



II



Le parrain du pelerin III



Le ioumencel et ioumencelle IV

De charboucles feme estoit
Sur le fein auoit ung fermail
Dor fin et deffus vng esmail
Sur lequel vng estoille auoit
Qui grant clarte par tout rendoit
Ung coulou lui yffoit du fain
Quelle applanioit sur fa main
Son chef dor couronne estoit ^a
Et tout en entour lenuironnoit
Grant foison destoilles luisans
Moult fut certes cil bien puiffans
Qui telle lui auoit donnee
Et qui ainfi lauoit paree
Moult courtoise et de douce chere ^b
Me fut grandement car premiere
Me faulua en demandant
Pourquoy nauoie meilleur semblant¹
Et pour quel cause ie pleuroye
Et saucune defaulte auoie

^a Ezek. xvi. 12.

^b Song of Sol. iv.
3.

Adonc ie fuz comme surpris
Pource que pas nauoye apris
Que dame de si grant atour
Daignast vers moy faire vng seul tour ^c
Fors et seullement pour autant
Que cil qui a bonte plus grant
Plus a en foy dhumilite
Grant douceur et benignite
Car plus a le pommier de pommes
Plus bas fencline vers les hommes
Et ne scay signe de bonte
Si grant comme est humilite
Qui ne porte ceste baniere
Na vertu ne bonte entiere

^c Eccluf. iii. 18.

The same gracious salutation is made by *Evangelist* to *Christian* whilst he is weeping. "I looked then," says Bunyan, "and saw a man named *Evangelist* coming to him, who asked, 'Wherefore dost thou cry?' 'Because I fear,' replies *Christian*, 'that *this burden* that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet.'"

A similar reply is made by De Guileville's pilgrim (taken by De Guileville from

¹ Being, like *Christian*, in a bad plight.

Ephesians iv. 17—24; for he, like Bunyan, built his poem on the Scriptures, and quoted his texts in the margin), who complains to *Gracedieu* when he feels that the burden of his sins and the weight of his body prevent him from rising to the skies:—

^a f. 39, b. Appendix, f. v.
"Certys quoth I."

A larmoyer et a plorer^a
Commencay et a soupirer
A dire helas
Adonc me dist grace quas tu
Pourquoy te desconfortes tu
Certes dis je pource je pleure
Car de present en moins dune heure
Jay perdu trestoute ma joye

* * * *

Ainsi comme ung cinge acroche
A ung bloqueau et atache
Lequel en hault ne peut monter
Que tost ne faille reualer
Ainsi *mest ung bloqueu pesant*¹
Le corps et ung retenail grant
Il me rabat quant vueil voler
Et retire quant vueil monter^b

* * * *

Le corps corrompu et pesant
Griefue lame et opprime tant
Que la tient en chetiuoison
Et luy fait perdre sa saison
Par quoy merueille ce nest pas
Sen plorant je dy dieux helas
Desconforte moult grandement
Je suis et doy estre dolent

^b Eph. iv. 17—24.

The Pilgrim having said to *Gracedieu* that he is in search of the heavenly city, which he had had a sight of in a glafs, but that his grief was he had no means of getting thither, she replies, if his search be sincere, she will be his guide; having been sent into that country by the Lord of the way to guide halt and lame, but willing pilgrims in the way of salvation, to relieve the fallen, to support the lame, to strengthen the doubtful, and to open the eyes of the blind. *Gracedieu* then proceeds to warn him that he is going to travel through a country beset with difficulties, trials, enemies, and adversities; and, as he will doubtless often be in trouble and stand in need of help, he must always call upon her.

^c f. 4, Appendix, f. vi. "To pylgrymes."
John i. 9.
² Sam. xxii. 7.
Titus ii. 11.

Je suis celle que tu dois querre^c

¹ This *bloqueu pesant* is the burden on the back of *Christian*.

Quant tu vas en estrange terre
Jenlumine les non voyans
Et donne force aux recreans
Je relieue les trebuchiez
Et radrece les foruoyez
Je fuis *grace dieu* appelle
Par le coulou blanc designee

She bids him keep in view the straight and only entrance,¹ that wicket-gate, which none ever entered till they had put of their own clothing²—that is, *mortality*; and then only by her grace and favour.

The Pilgrim humbly thanks her, and prays that she will guide and support him on his journey. *Gracedieu* then kindly leads him towards her house—a magnificent building, which had been founded 1330 years ago.

Lors elle me prift en celle heure ^a
Et tost me mena fans demeure
Vers une maison quelle auoit
Qui sienne estoit comme disoit
Et la me dist que trouueroie
Tout ce de quoy mestier auroie
Laquel maison auoit fundee
Selon son dit et maffonnee
Treize cens et trente ans auoit
Comme bien lui en souuenoit
¶ Ceste maison, volentiers vy
Et a la veoir fuz esbay
Car toute en hault en lair pendoit
Et entre terre et ciel estoit
Tout ainsi que sel fust venue
Du ciel haultain est descendue
Il y auoit clochiers et tours
Et moult estoient beaulx-fes atours
Ainsi comme fust vng lieu royal
Et sur tous autres principal ^b
Deuant vne riuere auoit
Ou passaige ne nef nauoit

^a "Tho hyr lyft."
Appendix, f. vi.
P'salm cxii. 3.

^b Ecclus. xxvi.
16.

This is the *church* of Christ, for the expounding of the Scriptures; it is, in fact, the

¹ As *Evangelist* says to *Christian*, "Keep that light in your eye."

² Bunyan says, "They had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them."

Interpreter's house of Bunyan. But the Pilgrim is alarmed at finding himself stopped by a stream without bridge or ferry, and *desponds*.¹

“Dolent en fu et fort pleuroie.”

This stream, in De Guileville's dream, represents the water of baptism² at the entrance to the church, but is transformed by Bunyan (agreeably to his views) into the Slough of Despond, the duration of which he gives as ‘above these sixteen hundred years’—the age of the Christian church in *his* time.

Gracedieu expostulates with the Pilgrim on his want of firmness before so small an obstacle, when he has so many greater waters to pass through before arriving at the celestial city. He then inquires why it should be necessary to bathe in this water? To which she replies, that, as sin came into the world, it is necessary to be cleansed from it—that water is an emblem of purification, and that a *King* has passed through this Jordan. Then a person appears who *helps* him out to the other side,³ and, being purified, he is admitted into the house of Grace. Here a number of pilgrims are assembled, and Moses—or the *Law*, the *Legality* of Bunyan—in despite of *Gracedieu*,⁴ who reproves him, offers them many things for their relief on the journey—such as ointments for curing their wounds after their conflicts with their enemies.

Moses is succeeded by personifications⁵ of *Reason* or *Prudence*, and *Nature*, corresponding to *Worldly-wise-man* in Bunyan, who is ‘*obstinate*’⁶ and railing. These are followed by *Sapience* or *Discretion*, by *Repentance* or *Piety*, and by *Charity*⁷ or *Love*; the latter presenting to her auditory the last Will and Testament of Him who, for love of mankind, died upon *the Cross*; which runs thus:—

“I, who am the way, the truth, and the life, make this my last *testament*, and voluntarily bequeath my soul to my Father, to be in his safe keeping, whilst I descend into hell to release those who love me. My body I bequeath to be interred in the *sepulchre* Joseph has made, and to the pilgrims who keep in the right way, in order that they may be nourished by it, and helped on their way. My heart I leave to those who love and keep my commandments. To John I leave the care of my mother, and my blood I leave for the *salvation* of all those who had compassion on me.”

A *cross* is here represented with the letters *P A X*, at the angles.

Ces trois lettres font assavoir^b
Qua trois choses doit auoir paix
Icelluy a qui est laisse
Ce beau ioyel et octroye

² John xiv. 6, 21.
¹ Cor. xi. 24.
John xix. 27.
Matt. xxvi. 28.

^b f. 18. Appendix, f. xx. “And evermore.”
John xiv. 27.
² Cor. xiii. 11.

¹ *Christian* also *desponds* at the sight of the lions, and thought of going back, till *Watchful*, the porter, cried unto him, saying, “Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained.”

² See Woodcuts II. and III.; and cf. the account of *Baptism*, Appendix, f. vii.

³ As *Help* comes to the assistance of *Christian* at the Slough of Despond.

⁴ “*Law and Grace*” is a favourite work of Bunyan's.

⁵ See Woodcuts V. VI. VII. and VIII.; Appendix, f. xi—xx.

⁶ *Obstinate* accompanies *Christian* and *Pliable* over the plains, and rails at them both.

⁷ *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Prudence*, and *Charity* inhabit the palace called Beautiful, and entertain *Christian*.



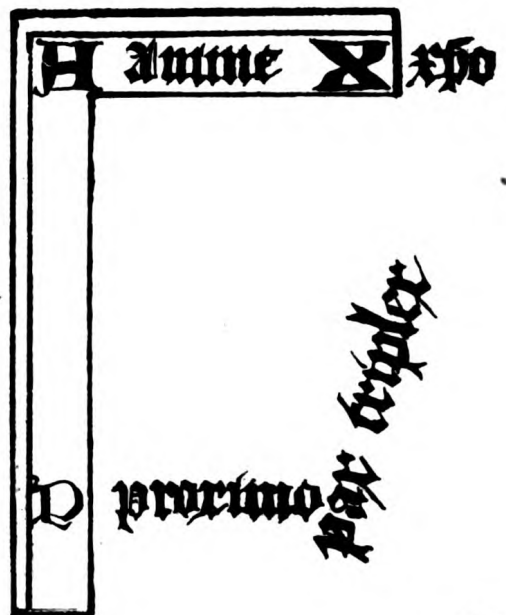
V



VI



VII



VIII



Ceſt que premierement en hault
Du X eſt mis en eſchauffaut
Par qui ie ſuis ſignifie
Briefuement et en ſobriete
Il doit auoir parfaicte paix ^a
En tel maniere que tous faiz
Commis et faiz oultre mon gre
Si foient reſtraints et amende
Après en langlet bas affis
Du A eſt colloque et mis
Par qui lame de foy entent
Doit auoir paix entierement ^b
A celle fin que point ny morde
Sindereſis ne ne remorde
Après encor a ſon prochain
Qui par le P mis primerain
Eſt entendu doit paix auoir
A quoy le doit moult eſmouuoir
Le meſme degre ou il eſt
Car point plus hault ne plus pas neſt
Tous deux en vng degre les mis ^c
Quant au commencement les fis
Tous ſont mortelz et lun et lautre
Vers et fiens eſt lun ſi eſt lautre
Rien ny vault cueur felon ne fier
Ne riens orgueil ne riens danger
Tous paſſeront par *vng pertuis* ^d
Groz et menuz grans et petis
Or facent tant que ce ioyel ^e
Ne perdent pas par leur orgueil
A ſon prouchain chaſcun ait paix
Si fera le patron parfaiz
Tel que doit eſtre par raiſon
Ceſt vng *ſeing* de tabellion ^f
Duquel doiuent eſtre ſignez
Tous bons teſtamens et marquez
Et *de ce ſeing* publicquement
Ay ie ce preſent teſtament
Signe et tabellionne
Puis que lent eſcript charite
Paix ay donne a toute gent
Or la garde chaſcun deuement

^a Rom. xiv. 17.

^b Pfalm lv. 18.

^c Heb. xii. 14.

^d Strait gate.

^e Rom. xii. 18.

^f Seal of engroſſment.

“ Now I saw in my dream,” says Bunyan, “ that the highway, up which *Christian* was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called *Salvation*. Up this way did burdened *Christian* run till he came to a place on which stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre; and, just as he came up with the cross, his burden loosed from his shoulders, and fell from his back into the mouth of the sepulchre. Then was *Christian* glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, ‘ He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by his death.’ ”

And it is here that *Christian* sees the ‘ three shining ones,’ who saluted him with “ *Peace* be to thee; ” and the first said to him, “ Thy sins be forgiven thee ” (here is *peace* and *pardon*); the second stripped him of his rags; and the third set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll (the above *testament*) with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate.

In the dream of De Guileville, as soon as *Charity* had made an end of her oration, many of the pilgrims appeared very desirous of accepting her proffered conditions, and addressed themselves first to her, and afterwards to *Repentance*. But he also perceived many unfortunate ones amongst them, who, secretly concealing themselves from the eye of *Charity*, and eluding the observation of *Repentance*, addressed themselves exclusively to *Moses* for relief, to whom he granted it without exception. But it happened ill for them; for, as soon as they had left him, they looked as if they had come out of a miry slough,

“ Yffys du boubier ou dun noir sac a charbonnier; ”

like *Pliable*, ‘ bedaubed with dirt,’ or had been ‘ dipped into a sack of charcoal.’ They were black, filthy, vile, says De Guileville—*enhordiz et encore tous familleux*; but when they were tired of this relief they returned trembling, and begging to accompany the other pilgrims. So *Christian*, after having ‘ turned out of his way, to go to *Mr. Legality*’s house for help,’ from his brethren, stands trembling before *Evangelist*; and Bunyan, from his familiar knowledge and love of Scripture, from the resources of his genius, and his acquaintance with the human heart, has wrought out a striking picture of the insufficiency of the law to take off the burden of sin. Hence, when *Evangelist* meets *Christian*, and shows him that no man can be justified by the deeds of the Law, that *Mr. Legality* was a cheat, &c. *Christian*, like the trembling pilgrims, falls down at *Evangelist*’s feet as dead, and prays to be put again into the right way.

The monk of Chaliz afterwards introduces a long allegorical description of the Eucharist, and the Pilgrim expresses a wish to be furnished with some of this spiritual provision, to support him on his journey, and eagerly desires to proceed. *Gracedieu* replies, that she has everything necessary for him, and for his journey, in her palace;¹ but that he must wait, before he sets out, until she has shown him the curiosities contained therein, or, as Bunyan has it, ‘ the rarities of the place; ’ and that afterwards he shall receive a staff and a scrip, with provisions to put into the latter. She then leads him into a cabinet, where she points out to him a great collection of precious jewels;

¹ The Church, or House of the Interpreter.





IX



X



XI



XII

(and here Bunyan must have revelled in allegory to his heart's content, for every article is described with the same mystic and symbolic precision as in Durand's "Rationale of the Church.") The first things shown to him are the scrip and staff, which *Gracedieu* takes out of a casket of curious workmanship. The scrip, or scarf, is made of green filk, with fringe of the same colour sprinkled with *scarlet* spots, like gouts of blood.

"These,"^a said *Gracedieu*, "are things necessary for thy journey: look well to them, for thou wilt stand in need of them. The name of the scrip is *faith*, and in it thou wilt carry thy provisions; and if thou wouldst know more of its virtues, consult the prophet Habakkuk, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, chap. x. where thou wilt learn that the just indeed *live by faith*."¹

^a f. 23, b. App. f. xxi. "Thys lady goodly."

¶ Voy cy lescharpe et le bourdon
 Que promis tay ie ten foiz don
 Mestier tauront en ce voyage
 Garde les si feras que faige
 Lescharpe si est foy nommee
 Sans laquelle nulle iournee
 Tu ne feras ia qui rien vaille
 Car tout ton pain et ta vitaille
 Doys en tous temps dedans auoir^b
 Et se tu veulx cecy fauoir
 Par autre dit que par le myen
 Sainct paul ten informera bien
 Qui racompte quil est escript
 Que iuste de lescharpe vit^c
 Lequel mot en abacuh prift
 Qui ou second chapitel gift
 * * * * *
 Le sang esmeut et achoisonne^d
 De prendre cueur et faire ainsi^e
 Que les glorieulx martirs qui
 Trop mieulx amerent a respandre
 Leur sang pour leur foy fort deffendre^f
 Quaucunement leur feust osee
 Pour sa vertu quaauoient goustee

^b Rom. x. 4—6.

^c Hab. ii. 4.
 Rom. i. 17.

^d f. xxiii. b.

^e Heb. xi. 33.

^f Eph. ii. 8.

¹ See Woodcut IX.

Gracedieu further enlarges on the *scrip* by saying, "It is true that in olden time these scrips were plain and simple in their form, and without these emblems; for then it sufficed that faith should be pure and holy. But since many errors and heresies have crept in, and each foolishly would believe of his own fashion, (some being *Arians*, some *Pelagians*, and others such as I will not name,) it became necessary to establish a unity of belief, and these twelve clochettes will serve to keep thy faith awake."

Bunyan tells us that the shepherds, from the top of *Mount Error*, showed the pilgrims the bodies of *Hymeneus* and *Philetus* dashed to pieces at the foot of the hill.

Cest pour te donner exemplaire
 Que se tu trouues qui souftraire
 La te vueille point ne oster
 Auant occire et decouper
 Te laiffes plus tost que ten voyes
 Descharpey car trop y perdroies

This allocution of *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim, with an allusion to the 'glorious martyrs,' as an example for him to follow, corresponds with the exhortation of *Evangelist* to *Christian* and *Faithful*, before they arrive at the town of *Vanity*:—

"My sons, you have heard, in the words of the truth of the gospel, 'that you must, through many tribulations, enter into the kingdom of heaven;' and again, that 'in every city bonds and afflictions abide you:' and, therefore, you cannot expect that you should go long on your pilgrimage without them, in some sort or other. You have found something of the truth of these testimonies upon you already, and more will immediately follow; for now, as you see, you are almost out of this wilderness, and, therefore, you will soon come to a town, that you will, by-and-by, see before you; and in that town you will be hardly beset with enemies, who will strain hard that they may kill you: and be you sure, that one or both of you must seal the testimony, which you hold, *with blood*: but 'be you *faithful* unto death, and the King will give you a crown of life.' He that shall die there, although his death will be unnatural, *and his pain, perhaps, great*, he will yet have the better of his fellow; not only because he will be arrived at the Celestial City soonest, but because he will escape many miseries that the other will meet with on his journey. But when you are come to the town, and shall find fulfilled what I have here related, then remember your friend, and '*quit yourselves like men!*'"¹ The same counsel is given by *Gracedieu* in the above passage to the

¹ Ridley thus addresses Latimer at the stake:—

"Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

"And now *the chariot of fire*, which was to transport the martyrs to glory, began to be illuminated. A blazing faggot was placed at Ridley's feet, upon which Latimer addressed him, with a degree of composure which passes all understanding, in those memorable words of almost prophetic import:—'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, *and play the man*; we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust shall never be put out.'"—*Lives of Eminent Christians by the Rev. R. B. HONE.*

Similarly, in a stanza under the woodcut of the trial of *Faithful* in the 33rd edition, (see plate f. 33), Bunyan writes:—

"Now Faithful, *play the Man*, speak for thy God;
 Fear not the wicked's malice, nor their rod:
 Speak boldly, man, the truth is on thy side,
 Die for it, and to life in triumph ride."

Again, Bp. Ridley says to Latimer in prison:—

"Hitherto, you see, good father, how I have, in words only, made (as it were) a flourish before the fight which I shortly look after; and how I have begun to prepare certain kinds of weapons to fight against the adversaries of Christ; and to muse with myself how *the darts of the old enemy* may be borne

Pilgrim, and she says that he is to serve as an example, and to suffer himself rather to be killed and cut in pieces, than lose his scrip, or his faith. And this counsel is followed by the fellow-traveller of *Christian*, when he is condemned, in the town of *Vanity*, "to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented. They, therefore, brought him out to do with him according to their law: and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and, last of all, they burned him to ashes at the stake!" Thus came *Faithful* to his end.

"Now," continues Bunyan, "I saw in my dream that *Christian* went not forth (from the town of *Vanity*) alone; for there was one whose name was *Hopeful*, who joined himself unto him; and entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion. Thus one died to make testimony to the truth, and another rises out of his ashes to be a companion with *Christian*."

In like manner, the second companion of De Guileville's *Pélerin*, given to him by *Gracedieu*, is the Pilgrim's staff, whose name is *Hope*; on which she bids him lean with confidence, telling him it will sustain him in all slippery places.

This staff is light, strong, and straight, and is made of Shittim wood, which is imperishable; and on the top is reflected the whole country, as far as the Celestial City itself—the whole illuminated by a brilliant carbuncle.

Or entens bien de ce bourdon^a
 Qui est bon en toute faison
 Car trebucher ne peut celluy
 Qui fermement sappuye a lui
 A lui appuyer te deuras
 A tous maulx pas ou tu iras
 Esperance le dois nommer

* * * * *
 Le hault pommel est Jhesu Crist^b
 Qui est comme la lectre dit
 Ung miroer du tout sans taiche
 La ou chascun peut voir sa face
 Ou tout le monde se mirer
 Doit toujours

^a f. 27. App. f. xxii. "But ffyrft tak." Gen. xxxii. 10. Prov. xxiii. 17, 18.

^b John xii. 16. Wisdom vii. 26.

The Pilgrim now proposes to proceed on his journey; but he is told by *Gracedieu* that he must first be armed at all points, in order that he may be proof against the many

off, and after what sort I may smite him again with the sword of the Spirit. I learn also hereby to be in use with armour, and to essay how I can go armed."

This language may be compared with *Christian's* fight with *Apollyon*, and many of the expressions of these two martyrs remind us of *Christian* and *Faithful* in the "Pilgrim's Progress," and show us also how intimate Bunyan was with Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

^a Isaiah xi. 5.
Luke xii. 35.

^b f. 30, b. App.
f. xxiii. "Come
ner."
¹ Kings xxii. 30.
Numbers xxxii.
29
Zech. viii. 9.

^c Rom. vi. 13;
viii. 18.
Heb. x. 36; xi.
34.
Rev. ii. 11; xiii.
10.

^d f. 31.

^e Isaiah liii. 7.

^f Psalm cxxix. 3.

dangers which he will meet with by the way. She puts on him the girdle of *Righteousness*,^a to keep him in the path of rectitude and temperance; and also furnishes him with a writing, or scroll,¹ (containing the *credo* written in Latin rhymes,) which she enjoins him to consult to take the film from his eyes.

We now come to the prototype of the armoury contained in the 'stately palace called *Beautiful*,' which Bunyan thus describes:—"The next day they had him into the armoury, where they showed him all manner of furniture, which the Lord had provided for pilgrims—as sword, shield, helmet, breast-plate, all-prayer, and shoes that would not wear out. And there was here *enough* of this *to harness out as many men*, for the service of their Lord, as there be stars in the heaven for multitude." Armour² of precisely the same description is earnestly recommended by *Gracedieu* to the Pilgrim.

Or regarde dist-elle hault^b
A ceste perche fil te fault
Pour chercher armes loing aller
Asez en voys pour bien tarmer
La font heaulmes et gambefons
Gorgerettes et haubergeons
Targes et *quanque* faillir peut
A cil quil deffendre se veult

She first presents to him a '*gambeson*' or coat of mail called *Patience*, saying, "This was wrought by the great armourer above, who, without tools, created the sun and starry host; it is of such excellent temper that it will be proof against all kinds of adversity and tribulation, and will withstand to the death. It was worn by our Lord on the Cross—by holy martyrs since—and will resist, like an anvil, all the strokes of thine enemies."^c

^d Ce gambezon vestit iesus^d
Quant pour toy fut en croix pendus
Sur luy fut poinctoye et poinct
Et mesurey a son droict poinct
Tout souffrit et tout endura^e
Nul mot ne dist ne ne sonna
Enclume se monstra et fu
A chascun coup dont fut feru
Et lors fut sur luy monnoyee
Ta ranfon batue et forgee
Dessus son doz la monnoyerent^f
Les crueulx feures et forgerent
Par quoy tu doys bien supposer
Puis que le roy sen vult armer

¹ *Christian's* roll, which he loses in the arbour.

² See Woodcut X.

Quil est bon et bien esprouue
Et grant loz est den estre arme

“ And now put on this helmet, which is *Temperance*, to defend the eyes from folly and vanity, the ears from murmurings and detraction, and the heart from evil imaginings. It is the helmet called, by St. Paul, the helmet of *Salvation*.”

¶ Le heulme comme dois fauoir^a
Est atemperance de veoir
Descouter auffi de odorer
Choses qui te puissent greuer
Car sicomme cœuure et refraint
Le heulme tes sens et refraint
Tout ainssi atrempance fert
De garder loeil que trop ouuert
Ne soit ne trop abandonne
A folye et a vanite
Car se loeilliere assez nestoit
Estroiçte entrer dedans pourroit
Telle *sagete*^b qui occire
Pourroit (the arrows of Satan.)

^a f. 32. App. f. xxiii. “Thys helm.”
Isaiah lix. 17.
Eph. vi. 14—17.
Prov. iv. 23.
Psal. xxxv. 2 ;
cxix. 37.
Job xl. 24.

^b Dart.

“ This ‘*gorgette*’ is called *Sobriety*,^c which is akin to *Temperance*, and is to prevent gluttony. These gauntlets^d are the third part of *Temperance*, and their name is *Continence*: therefore, take example of St. Bernard. So be sure to arm thyself carefully, as did formerly *Saint Guillaume*, Abbot of Chaliz, who knew how to fast even at a feast.¹

^c 1 Pet. v. 8.
Wisdom ix. 11.

^d Psal. cxliv. 1.
James iv. 8.

“ But the best weapon of all is this sword, for if thou hadst no other armour this would suffice.^e Its name is *Justice*, (Righteousness,) and a better blade was never forged or girded on the loins—and it far exceeds those of an Ogier, a Rowland, or an Oliver.”

^e Ezek. xxxviii. 4.
Psal. xxxv. 27.
Prov. x. 2.
1 Mac. iii. 3, 58.
Ecclesi. xiii. 13.

Par son nom *iuslice* elle est dicte^f
Entre les autres plus eslite
Et la meilleur quonques ceignist
Roi ne conte ne ne tenist
Ducquee ne fut lespée *ogier*
Celle de *roland noliuier*
Si vertueuse ne puissant
Si noble ne si excellent

^f f. 32, b. App. f. xxiii. “Take a sword.”

“ This sword thou must wear to defend thyself against those who attack thee, and against thy hidden enemies in particular—for there is nothing worse, or more perilous, than a concealed foe. And here, also, is the scabbard, the true name of

¹ De Guileville's object in adding this last paragraph seems to be to introduce the names of St. Bernard and St. Guillaume, the former as the founder of his monastery, the latter, probably, as his ancestor.

^a John xviii. 11.
Pl. cxxxvi. 23,
24.
Luke xviii. 10.

^b Prov. xxxi. 17.
Joshua xiv. 11.
Song of Sol. iv.
4.

^c 1 Kings iv. 29;
xi. 4.
Prov. ix. 6.

^d 2 Cor. vi. 7.
Hab. iii. 19.
1 Pet. ii. 5; iv.
12.
Rom. xii. 16.
Gen. viii. 21.

^e 1 Sam. xvii.
38—50.

which is *Humility*, for it must conceal thy *justice* or *vengeance*.^a Remember the *Publican* and the *Pharisee*. The name of the girdle is *Perseverance*, and of the buckle, *Constancy*, &c. But forget not the shield^b—for without this no one can defend himself well—it serves to protect both the warrior and his arms. The name of this is ‘*Prudence*,’ (Wisdom or Understanding,) and it was once worn by King Solomon; but when he lost it he lost his honour along with it, and, in comparison with it, all his other golden shields^c were not worth a red herring:—

(Toutes ses autres targes dor
Et ses escus ung haren for
Des oncques puis ne luy valurent.)

“And now,” continues *Gracedieu*, “it is time to arm.” So the Pilgrim proceeds to accoutre himself; but when he is panoplied^d he complains that the armour is too heavy for him, pleads his ignorance of the use of arms, and implores her to allow him to follow the example of David, who found himself obliged to put off the armour he had essayed to wear before going to combat the Philistine. She consents: but warns him that he has not, like David, the courage to encounter the enemy armed only with his staff and five stones in a scrip.^e

Gracedieu then leaves the Pilgrim, and, in her absence, he forely laments his having refused her good counsel. During his lamentations she returns, and, severely rebuking him for his want of energy, when there is no enemy to combat, she presents him with the *identical pebbles that David had in his scrip when he fought against Goliath*.¹

In Bunyan’s narrative, the damsels of the Palace called *Beautiful* “showed *Christian* some of the engines with which some of the Lord’s servants had done wonderful things. They showed him Moses’ rod; the hammer and nails with which Jael slew Sisera; the pitchers, trumpets, and lamps, too, with which Gideon put to flight the armies of Midian. Then they showed him the ox’s goad, wherewith Shamgar slew six hundred men. They showed him also the jaw-bone with which Samson did such mighty feats. They showed him, moreover, the *sling and stone with which David slew Goliath of Gath*.”

Bunyan *shows* these treasures to *Christian*, but wisely prefers sending him on his pilgrimage armed at all points. De Guilleville *allows* his pilgrim to go forth armed merely, like David, with a shepherd’s sling; and then, by a less happy allegory, furnishes him with an attendant, (called *Memory*),² who is to carry and produce the armour which he had refused to wear, whenever he found himself in the presence of an enemy.

Having thus provided him with the necessary means of defence, she tells him it is now time to apply himself to his journey, as soon as he has stored his scrip with a

¹ The 1st stone, called “Memoire de la mort Jesu,” is “un *Rubiz*.”

2nd. “Remembrance de la Dame, une pierre blanche, La *Blancheur*.”

3rd. “Saincte eternelle Gloire, un *Saphir* azure.”

4th. “Memoire du feu d’Enfer, Abeston, *couleur de fer*.”

5th. “La Saincte Escripiture, qui en foi a telle *verdure*. Cest une *esmerauld* moult fine.”

² See Woodcut XI. Appendix, f. xxiii.

supply of the *bread* (of life) necessary for his support during his long journey, and then *accompanies him on the way*, giving him good counsel on the best mode of defence against his enemies, and bids him be of good courage.

Gracedieu also exhorts the Pilgrim to be vigilant, and constantly on his guard against an enemy of which he seems to be the least aware, though he carries that enemy about with him—that is, his own carnal desires. She also explains to him the conflict, which never ends, between the flesh and the spirit—shows him the best means of combatting the carnal will by fasting and prayer, and counsels him, with the Apostle, to take upon himself the whole armour of God, that he may be able to withstand in the evil day. Thus she exhorts him to *perseverance* in the great struggle; and to impress this more powerfully on his mind, she calls his attention to an ant-hill which lies in their path, and shows him (as the *Interpreter* does in the Pilgrim's Progress) that, like the persevering ant, which rolls, again and again, down the slippery sand-hill, but, ultimately, attains her object, so he, by struggling against temptations, will conquer, if he will only persevere: whilst, to the indolent, the wise man says, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and learn wisdom."¹

Bunyan says:—"Then *Christian* began to go forward; but *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Charity*, and *Prudence*, would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. Then said *Christian*, 'As it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down.' 'Yes,' said *Prudence*, 'so it is; for it is a hard thing for a man to go down into the valley of *Humiliation*, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore,' said they, 'are we come out to accompany thee down the hill.' So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two.

"Then I saw in my dream that these good companions, when *Christian* was gone down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

"But now (in this valley of *Humiliation*) poor *Christian* was hard put to it, for he had gone but a little way before he espied a *foul fiend* coming over the field to meet him; his name is *Apollyon*. . . . Then *Apollyon* said, Prepare thyself to die; for I swear, by my infernal *den* (he speaks as the fiend of hell of Wicliff), thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul; and with that he threw a flaming *dart* at his breast, but *Christian* caught it on his shield. Then did *Christian* draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him, (that is, to *assail* the enemy, as Wicliff says;) and *Apollyon* as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail!"

Wicliff, who, doubtless, was a favourite author of Bunyan's, has also left us, in a tract entitled "The Lantern of Light," a description of an armoury, the phraseology of which seems likely to have suggested many of the peculiar expressions which occur in the description of *Christian's* battle with *Apollyon*.

"Peace-makers in Christ's Church move men to the rest that Christ promised to his

¹ "Whilst *Christian*," says Bunyan, "was sleeping in the harbour, one comes and awakes him, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise.'"

disciples when He was here among them, John xi. 4. Christ hath left among us peace, that we should love together, hating sin and loving virtue; for thus He loved us. For there is no charity unless sin be hated and plucked up by the roots, in us and all others.

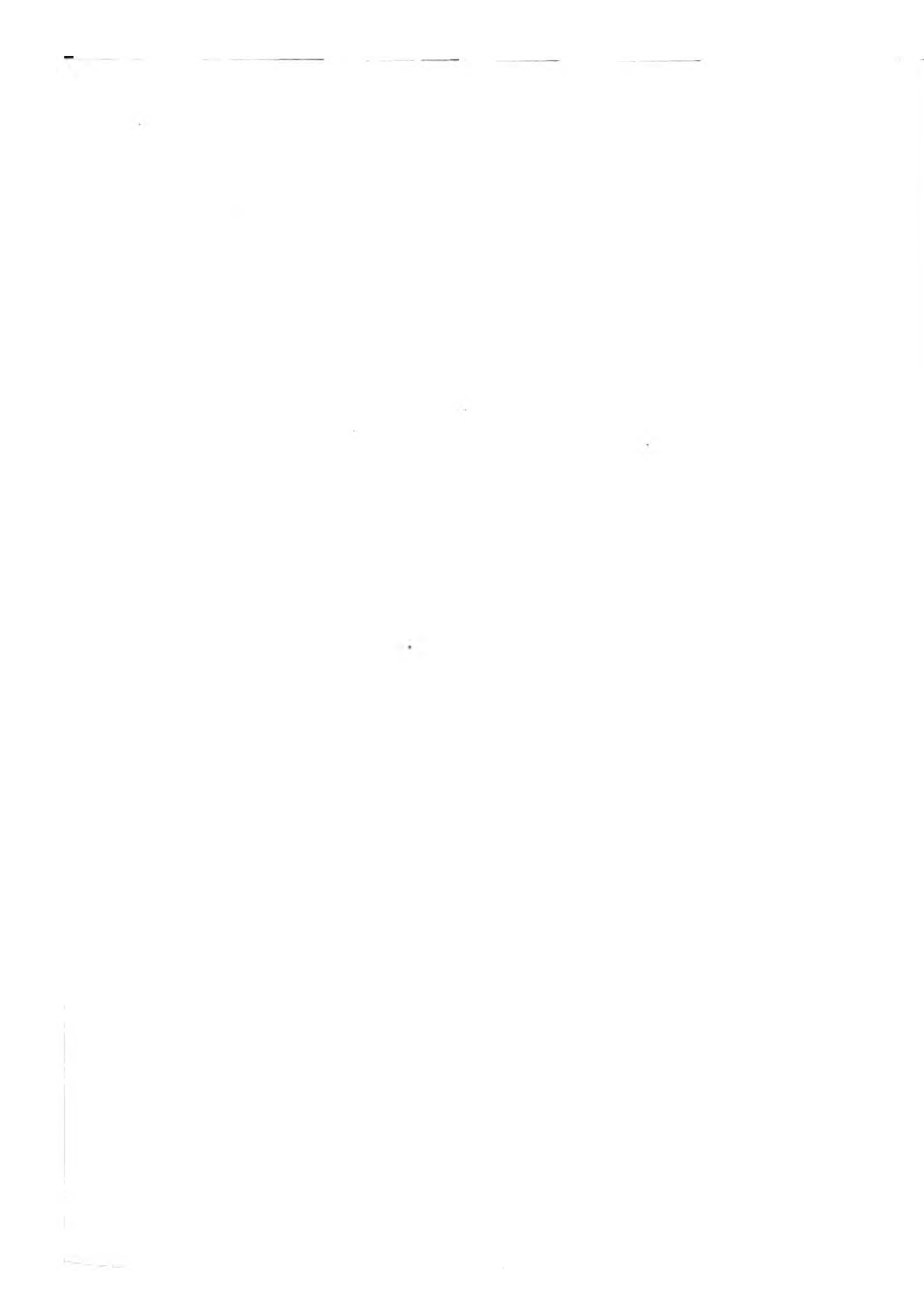
“ These *peace-makers* stand armed at all pieces, for dread of their enemies, in the armour of Jesus Christ, that Paul teaches, Eph. vi. Six armours, the Apostle rehearseth, that arm the soul, five to defend, the sixth to *assail*. 1. A girdle of chastity, (truth.) Take up this girdle, that ye may stand perfect in the peace of your soul, against all fleshly stirrings. 2. An habergeon of righteousness that is thickly mailed, for falsehood should not enter to grieve God or man, or disturb this true peace. 3. Leg-harners, (*gambiere*,) or showing of affections in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and then they are disposed to make peace among men. Not as the world asketh, but that they stand perfectly in all adversity, with Christ and his Gospel to the death-day. 4. A shield of faith. In this they shall quench *all the fiend's burning darts*, that are his temptations. Then may no deadly blow steal upon that man who hath the shield of true belief hanging on his heart. 5. A helm of health, (or helmet of salvation,) which is called trusty hope; for it bears off *the strokes the fiend throws at man's soul*, with pitiless *gins*; the one is obstination, or hardness of heart; the other is desperation, or *wanhope*. But whoso hath the helm of hope, though strokes light on him, they shall in no wise burst his head-piece, or sink into his soul. Therefore, he liveth peaceably in hope of God's mercy. 6. Is the sword of the spirit, that is God's word. With this sword Jesus Christ *assailed the fiend of hell*, when Christ said, ‘Go, Sathan;’ and he fled *away*. For this sword is full sharp, and biteth on both sides; it parteth, at a stroke, the soul from the body; and it parteth, in this life, virtue from sin; and it shall part at doomsday the good from the evil. God give us grace to take this sword, for all that take up this sword, and stand in this armour, Christ, our Captain, bleisseth them, and calleth them his children, Matt. v.: ‘Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the sons of God.’ And Christ saith, ‘Love ye your enemies, do ye well to them that hate you, and pray for your pursuers and your slanderers. That ye may be the sons of your Father that is in heaven.’ ”

It may be observed that Wicliff's sixth arm is one of *offence*; and it is with this “*two-edged sword*” that *Christian* (who had previously acted only on the *defensive*) *assails*, wounds, and makes *Apollyon spread forth his dragon wings, and speed himself away*.

Spenser also, in the exposition of his “*Faerie Queene*,” refers to the same Epistle as Wicliff:—

“ A faire lady (*Una*) in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, beseeches the Faery Queene to assign her a knight for the deliverance of her parents; a person desires the adventure; but the lady tells him, unless the armour she has brought would serve him, (that is, the armour of a *Christian* man, specified by St. Paul, Eph. vi.,) that he could not succeed in the enterprize.”

From this text, and the vision of St. John in the Apocalypse, are derived all the allegories of De Guileville, Wicliff, Spenser, &c.—down to Bunyan; and this slight



Sperest quod supraest.



ADVE deceitfull worlde, thy pleasures I detest;
Nowe, others with thy shoues delude, my hope in heaven doth rest

Inlarged as followeth.

EVEN as a flower, or like vnto the grasse,
Which now dothe stande, and straight with sith dothe fall,
So is our state: now here, now hence wee passe,
For, time attendes with shredding sith for all.
And death at lengthe, both oulde, and yonge dothe strike:
And into dust dothe turne vs all alike.

Yet, if wee marke how swifte our race dothe ronne,
And waighe the cause, why wee created bee;
Then shall wee knowe, when that this life is donne,
Wee shall bee sure our countrie right to see
For here wee are but stravngers, that must flitte:
The nearer home, the nearer to the pitte.

O happie they, that pondering this arighte
Before that here their pilgrimage bee past
Resigne this worlde: and marche with all their mighte
Within that pathe, that leades where ioyes shall last.
And whilst they maye, there, treasure up their store,
Where, without rust, it lastes for evermore.

This worlde must change: That worlde shall still indure
Here, pleasures fade: There, shall they endlesse bee;
Here, man dothe sinne. And there, hee shall bee pure,
Here, death hee tastes: And there, shall neuer die.
Here, hathe hee grieffe: And there shall ioyes possesse,
As none hathe seene, nor anie harte can gelle.

Peregrinus
Christianus
Loquitur

Iacob 1.
Ecclesiast. 14.
Ilaia 40.

2 Corinth. 5.

Via veritas
vita.
Ioan. 14.
Matt. 6.

Apocal. 6.
Apocal. 21.

1 Corinth. 15.
Apocal. 21.
1 Corinth. 2.

introductory exposition of De Guileville's allegory will show that it contains sufficient *subject-matter*, as well as *personages*, to have suggested to Bunyan the outline, at least, of his own.

Mr. Montgomery (in his Introductory Essay to the Pilgrim's Progress) has suggested that a print in Geoffrey Whitney's book of Emblems, published in 1586, representing a Christian pilgrim spurning the world, may have given Bunyan his first idea of his Christian pilgrim.

We cannot doubt that the popular book of emblems were great favourites of his, and we here insert the facsimile of one, (with three small prints taken from an old edition of the Pilgrim's Progress,) which is sufficient of itself, to his inventive imagination and natural love of allegory, to have excited him to write the appalling details of the Christian's progress through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But a parallel still stronger may be found where perhaps it would be least expected, and that is in the "Valley Perilous" of Sir John Mandeville.—See his "*Voiage and Travaille to Hierusalem*," chap. 28.

"SPIRITALE XIANI MILITIS CERTAMEN."

The engraving of the Christian Warrior is one of those emblematic prints so constantly issued by the artists of the Low Countries at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century. They were spread very generally over Europe by the book and printfellers of Holland and Germany; and it was no unusual thing for the English bookfellers to employ these copperplates or woodcuts to illustrate the works they published. Jerome Wierix, the designer of the present engraving, was born in 1548, and passed an industrious life in the production of a large number of engravings, remarkable as well for vigour of design as for extreme elaboration of finish. His Christian Warrior is here armed in accordance with the words of St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, (chap. 6,) and is surrounded by the various dangers and temptations which hinder his progress to the New Jerusalem, seen dimly in the distance. The Spirit of God hovers over him,¹ and he treads under foot the sins of the flesh;² beside his right arm, Christ, as the "corner-stone," has crushed the head of the Serpent. The World, arrayed in attractive garb, appears before him, holding in one hand a money-bag, in the other a

¹ The dove, the token of the Holy Spirit, hovers over the head of the *Christian*. So, in De Guileville, this token of love is often sent to relieve the "pelerin" by *Grace Dieu*—like the key *Christian* finds in his bosom to open the gate of *Doubting Castle*.

² Bunyan says, "One of the wicked ones got behind him, and, whispering, suggested grievous blasphemies to him."

Diabolus assaults him with flaming darts at his breast; but *Christian* had a shield in his hand with which he caught them. "Then," says Bunyan, "did *Christian* draw—for he saw it was time to bestir him."

The *World* is *Madame Bubble*, so truly described by *Standfast*. (2nd Pt. p. 165.)

The *Flesh* is *Madame Wanton*, (Bunyan, p. 82;) *Death* denotes the valley itself.

In these and other features of the Engraving there are many points of resemblance to Bunyan.

drinking-cup, whilst cards and dice are at her feet. Behind him the Devil aims his arrows, and in front Death prepares his scythe for the inevitable blow. In the background, and in advance of his path to the city of rest, Sin awaits to obstruct him, and remorselessly thrusts forth "the worm of conscience"¹ to his view. Between the different figures in this Plate are a great number of texts of Scripture taken from the Vulgate.

It has been already suggested² that, independently of De Guileville's writings, the works also of the author of "Piers Plowman's Vision,"³ "Hampole's Pricke of Conscience," and similar old English poems, furnished to John Bunyan his idea of the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is indeed natural to suppose that this was the case, not only from the method in which the latter author treats his subject generally, as, for instance, in the personification of the vices, &c. but also from the particular way in which he introduces it to the reader, under the similitude of a dream.

In order, however, to show how close this similitude is, it will perhaps be best to quote such passages from those earlier writings which bear most closely upon the point—and the reader will thus be enabled to judge for himself as to the extent to which Bunyan was indebted to his predecessors both for the "plot" and treatment of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

The *Vision of Piers Plowman*, then, contains a series of visions, which the author imagines himself to have seen, while he was sleeping, after a long ramble on the Malvern hills in Worcestershire.

Than gan I to meten a marvelous sweuen
That I was in wildernes wyft I never where
As I beheld into the aste^a on highe to the sonne
I saw a tower on a toft rychlych ymaked
A *depe dale* beneath a dungeon therin
With *depe diche* a darcke and dreadful of syght

* * * * *

And thus I wente wide wher walkyng myn one^b
By *wilde wildernesse* and by a *wodes syde*
Blisse of the briddes^c *broughtte me a slepe*
And undir a lynde upon a launde^d lened I a stounde
To lythe the layes the lovely fowles made

^a East.

^b Mine own self.

^c Happy melody uttered by the birds.

^d Reclining on an open plot of ground under a lime-tree.

¹ But why must they be thought to 'scape that feel
Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,
Which *conscience* shakes?—*Creech's Juu.*

² See *supra*, p. 3.

³ There has been some dispute as to who the author of *Piers Plowman's Vision* really was. On the whole, however, it appears almost certain that it was written by Robert Langland or Longland, a secular priest, who was born at Cledbury Mortimer, (co. Shropshire,) and was a fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. According to Bale he finished his book in 1369; and Wood says of him, "Robertus Langland, Johannes Malvernus nonnullis appellatur; fertur autem inter sui sæculi poetas maxime facetos excelluisse."—*Wood's Hist. and Antiq. Univ. Oxon.* l. 11, p. 107.



THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

Mirthe of ire mouthes made me ther to slepe
 The merveilous metets^a me mette than
 That ever dremyd wyghtte in world as I wene
 A much^b man as me thoughtte and lik to my silve
 Com and callid me be my kinde name
 What art thou coth I tho that thou my name knowest
 That thou woft wel coth he and no wyghtte better
 Wot I what thou art *Thoughtte* seide he thanne
 I have suwid^c thee this sevene yere sey thou me no rather

^a Dreams.

^b Humble.

^c Sought.

Similarly, in the 2nd Part of Pilgrim's Progress, Bunyan sleeps and dreams in a wood—and he fancies an aged gentleman comes and enters into conversation with him, whose name is *Sagacity*.

Walter Mapes, who flourished in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., in his satire on the misused learning and corrupt state of the church, entitled "Apocalypsis Goliæ Episcopi," (Harl. Lib. No. 978,) fancies in his vision, that, as he is lying in a grove, he sees the form of *Pythagoras* standing before him. In like manner, Dante sees *Virgil*,—and De Guileville's Pilgrim sees *Ovid*.

Again,—a translation of Walter Mapes's *Apoc. Goliæ*, written about the year 1623, opens in a similar manner to that of "Piers Plowman."

When as the sunnes hot lamp out of the Bull
 Darted his burning beames unto the full
 I tooke the way to a woodes shady grove
 The gentle west winds favour for to prove
 Just at the middle of a summers day
 Under Joves tree as all along I lay
Pythagoras his forme I saw stand by &c.

A similar exordium precedes a poem which was exceedingly popular throughout the Middle Ages, from the tenth century downwards, entitled, "Debate of the Body and the Soul."

Als I lay in a winteris nyt
 In a dronkening before the day
 Vor fouth I sau a felly fyt
 A lady on a bere lay

It may be remarked also, by the way, that a decided similarity occurs between the preamble of Lydgate's *Temple of Glas* and Dante's *Inferno*.

Me dyd oppresse a sodayne dedely slepe
 Within the whiche methought that I was
 Ravyshed in spyrite into a Temple of Glas
 I ne wyft howe, ful ferre in wylderness
 That founded was all by lyyckelyness

Not upon stile but on a craggy roche
 Lyke yfe yfroze
 Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
 Mi ritrovai per una felva ofcura

* * * * *
I non fo ben ridir, com' io' v'entrai
Tant 'era pien di sonno, &c. (Dante, Inferno.)

In the midway of this our life below,
 I found myself *within a gloomy wood*,—

* * * * *
How first I enter'd it is hard to say,
In such deep slumber were my senses bound. (Wright's Transf.)

The mention of Dante's *Inferno* will call to the recollection of the lovers of ancient English poetry the names of three of our northern middle-age poets, who have, in their *Dreams*, had similar *Visions*. The first of these was Richard Hampole, a doctor of divinity, better known as "the hermit of Hampole," who, about the year 1349, wrote his poem called "*The Prycke of Conscience*," divided into *seven* parts—the number of *Limbes* in Dante's *Inferno*, and of the deadly sins—in which he treats of *Death*, of *Judgment*, of the torments of *Hell*, and of the joys of *Heaven*; subjects often treated by both poets and painters under the title of the *Four Last Things*; or, as the Italians call the celebrated frescoes of *Orcagna*, in the Campo Santa of Pisa, the four *Novissima* or *Ultimamenti*.

Hampole, in *his* *Inferno*, gives a shuddering description of the torment of those he calls "the *syn-folke*," in that monkish legendary hell of fire and ice, described by Dante in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, and since adopted by our two greatest poets, Shakespeare and Milton. Thus Hampole's description is:—

The syn-folke schulleth as I haue afore y-told
 Ffele outrageous hete and afterwards to much colde
 Ffor now he schulleth *freoze* and now *brenne*
 And so be ypynd that non schal other kenne
 And also be ybyte with dragonnes felle and kene
 The whuche schulleth hem destrye outrigte and clene
 And with other vermyn and bestes felle
 The whuche beothe nougt but fendes of helle &c.

"One of the torments of the damned, in Dante's *Inferno*," says Warton, "is the punishment of being eternally confined in lakes of ice:

'Eran l'ombre dolenti nell ghiaccia
 Mettendo i denti in nota di cicogna.'

"The ice is described to be like that of the Danube or Tanais. This species of

infernal torment, which has been adopted both by Shakespeare and Milton, has its origin in the legendary hell of the monks. The hint seems to have been taken from an obscure text in the book of Job, (xxiv. 19,) dilated upon by St. Jerome, and the early commentators. The torments of hell, in which the punishment by cold is painted at large, had formed a visionary romance, under the name of St. Patrick's Purgatory or Cave, long before Dante wrote."—*Warton's Hist. Eng. Poet.* v. 3, p. 208.

In Act III. Sc. 3, of "Measure for Measure," Shakespeare makes Claudio exclaim:—

Aye, but to die, and go we know not where !
 — and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in *fiery floods*, or to reside
 In thrilling *regions of thick-ribbed ice*, &c.

And Milton thus describes that "dismal world:—"

The parching air
 Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
 From beds of raging *fire*, to starve in *ice*
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

Par. Lost, B. II. l. 600.

Sir David Lyndefay of the Mount is another of our northern dreamers who has left us descriptions of the infernal and purgatorial regions, and the exordium to his poem called "*The Dreame*," produced in 1528, is modelled upon those of his predecessors.

The poet ascends the cliffs on the sea-shore, and *entering a cavern, high in the crags*, sits down to *register in rhyme some mery matter of antiquitie*. He compares the fluctuation of the sea with the instability of human affairs; and, at length, being comfortably shrouded from the falling sleet by the closeness of his cavern, *is lulled asleep* by the whistling of the winds among the rocks, and the beating of the tide. He then has the following vision.

He sees *a lady of great beauty*, and benignity of aspect, who says she comes to soothe his melancholy by showing him some new sights. Her name is *Remembrance*. Instantaneously she carries him into the centre of the earth. Hell is here laid open—which is filled with popes, cardinals, abbots, &c. and a long satire on the clergy ensues. She then gives the poet a view of *Purgatory*:—

A lytill above that dolorous dungeoun
 We enterit in ane cuntrie full of cair

^a Weeping and howling.

^b Many an unhappy fore, or trouble.

Quhare that we saw money ane legioun
Greitand^a and gowland with money ruthfull fair^b
Qhat place is this quod I of blis so bair

But the most extraordinary production of all that have appeared under the similitude of a *Dream* is that of William Dunbar, a native of East Lothian, about the year 1470, who, under the title of "Dunbar's Daunce," has given us a picture of the *Inferno*, in a *burlesque* style, in which he exhibits groups of figures worthy of Callot's pencil. Burns must have taken him as his model.

The poet in his *Dreme* sees a display of hell, and Mahomet or the Devil commands a dance to be performed by a select party of fiends: immediately the seven deadly sins appear, and present a mask or mummery.

The method which they take to introduce their allegory to the reader was so strictly adhered to by the ancient *Dreamers*, that we are naturally led to suppose it must have been founded on some conventional plan. The following passages from De Guileville's *Pilgrim*, and Chaucer's *Dream*, called the "Book of the Duchefs," form a curious parallel in support of such an inference. Chaucer dreams, whilst he is in his bed, in the same manner as De Guileville describes himself to have done—and the illuminated MS. of his poem represents him as sleeping on his bed in the cell of his convent. Chaucer is also aroused from his dream by the turret-clock of the castle, as De Guileville is awoken by the found of the matin-bell:—

POURTANT le dy car vne foiz
Lan mil trois cens dix par trois fois
Ung songe vy bien merueilleux
Lequel ainfi com sommeilleux
Jefcripz a mon reueillement

Thus also Chaucer:—

So when I saw I might not sleepe
Now of late this other night
Upon my bed I fate upright
And bade one reachen me a booke
A *Romaunce* and it me tooke
To rede and drive the night away

After the reading of the Romance he falls asleep; and, according to his usual custom, dreams:—

Methoughten thus that it was May
And in the dawning where I lay
Me met^c &c.

^c Dreamed.

De Guileville thus describes his "*reveillement*:"—

Ce me sembla en ce moment
Si que de lespouement
Esueille et de dormy fu
Et me trouuay si esperdu
Quauiser ne me pouoie
Se ia mort ou en vie iestoie
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner
Lorologe de nyxt pour leuer
Et auffi lors chantoient les cocqs
Pour quoy leuer me cuiday lors
Mais ne peu car fuz retenu
De la grant pensee ou ie fu
Pour le myen aduenteux fonge
Ou quel se quelque vne mensonge
Estoit meslee ou contenue
Ou qui fust de peu de value


And Chaucer follows in a similar strain:—

Right thus me mette as I you tell
That in the castell there was *a bell*
As it had smitten heures twelve
And therewith I awoke myselve
And found me lying in my bed
And the book which I had read

He adds:—

Thought I this is so quaint a sweven
That I would *by process of time*
Fond to put this sweven in rhyme
As I con best *and that anon*

But this is only an echo to what De Guileville says at the opening of his poem:—

OUENTEFFOYS il aduient bien
Quant on a fonge quelque rien
Quon y pense sur lefueiller
Et fil ne fouient au premier
De tout le fonge proprement
Bien aduient que son y entent
Quapres a plain il en fouient
Et tout a memoire reuient
Au leuer on est sommeilleux

Et font les fens fi pareceux
 Que fon fonge point on nentent
 Si non *en groz* fommierement
 Mais quant on feft bien aduife
 Et on ya apres penfe
 Lors en fouuient il plus a plain
 Mais *quon naetende au lendemain*
 Car trop actendre *le feroit*
Oblier et nen fouuiendrait

There is, moreover, a similarity between the "Envoye," or "way of fending forth their books," of Bunyan and De Guileville, which appears to be sufficiently deserving of a passing remark: though it must, of course, be regarded as a circumstance perfectly fortuitous. De Guileville informs us that the first rough sketch of his *Pilgrim* had been stolen from him, and numerous copies circulated by the culprit—of which he thus complains:—

Afin que ie ne lobliaffe
 Et quapres le *recorrigeaffe*
 Quant mieulx esueille ie seroye
 Et que penfe plus y auroie
Ce que ie cuidois moult bien faire
 Se ie neusse eu en *ce contraire*
 Car fans mon sceu et volunte
 Tout mon escript me fut *oste*
Par tout diuulge

Not being able to root out the copies of his original sketch, he resolves on publishing an *amended* edition of his dream, and fending it forth with an "Envoye" tied round its neck!

Tout entour le col luy pendray
 Pource quenuoyer le voudray
 Par tous les lieux ou a este
 Sans mon voloir et fans mon gre

And he thus addresses his book:—

¶ *Doncques fonge tu ten yras*
Par tous les lieux ou este as
 A tous tes *prouuains*^a ie tenuoie
 Pource que bien y scez la voye
 De par moy va les tous tailler
 * * * *
Va doncques tost ou ie tenuoye
 Car mieulx y scez que moy la voye

In like manner, Bunyan fends forth HIS *Second Part*, with an "Envoye" round its

^a The *offsets*, or copies of his 1st MS.

neck! to "every place in which his *first pilgrim had already shewn his face*," and thus denounces the numerous counterfeits of it in circulation.

Bunyan. "Go now, my little Book, to every place
Where my *first Pilgrim* has but shewn his face :
Call at their doors, &c."

Book. "But how, if they will not believe of me,
That I am truly thine—'cause some there be
That *counterfeit* the Pilgrim, and his name ;
Seek, by *disguise*, to seem the very same,¹
And by that means have wrought themselves into
The hands and houses of I know not who."

Bunyan. "'Tis true, some have of LATE, to counterfeit
My Pilgrim, to their own, my Title set ;
Yea, others, half my name and title too,
Have stitiched to their books to make them do ;
But yet, they, by their features, do declare
Themselves not mine to be, whose e'er they are."

* * * * *

"Wherefore, my Book, let no discouragement
Hinder thy travels ; behold, thou art sent
To Friends, not Foes—to Friends that will give Place
To thee, thy Pilgrim's, and thy word embrace.
—Go then, my little Book, and shew to all
That entertain and bid thee Welcome shall,
What thou shalt keep close shut up from the rest,
And with what thou shalt shew them may be blest
To them for Good, and make them chuse to be
Pilgrims, by better far than thee and me."

This close similarity in the mode adopted by the early poets and dreamers, whether English or foreign, of "sending forth" their books, amounting almost to an identity of expression, can by no means be regarded as accidental. Though the subjects of their Dreams differed essentially, they were all formed in the same mould. From Jean de Meung, Rutebœuf, and De Guileville, down to Piers Plowman, Chaucer, Lydgate, and Hawes—they all followed in each other's wake ; and Bunyan, in admiration of his model, constructed and launched his unrivalled *argosy*, saying :—

O, let my little bark attendant fail,
Enjoy the triumph and partake the gale.

¹ This may refer to the publication of a pretended "*Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress*," published by Thomas Malthus, a year before Bunyan published his own. Vide Southey's Life of Bunyan, p. lxxvii. and Offer's edit. of the Pilgrim's Progress, p. cxxiv.

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme and the Pilgrim's Progress.

Stephen Hawes, in his "Pastime of Pleasure," published in 1506, which he entitles "The Courfe of Man's Life in this World," thus addresses his book, in what he calls an "Excufation of the Author," a title much like the preamble to the 1st part of Pilgrim's Progress, which Bunyan calls "The Author's *Apology* for his Book."

Go, little boke ! I praye God thee save
From misse metrying by wrong impressiõ,
And who that ever list thee for to have,
That he perceyve well thyne intencion,
For to be grounded without presumption,
As for to eschewe the synne of ydlenes ;
To make such bokes I apply my busines.
Beseeching God for to give me grace,
Bokes to comyle of moral vertue.

The following is from Lydgate's Poem in honour of St. Edmond, the patron of his monastery at Bury St. Edmond's :—

Go, littel boke, be ferfull, quak for drede,
For to appere in fo hyhe prefence.

And Chaucer thus addresses his Book, at the clofe of his poem of "The Flower and the Leaf :"—

O little book ! thou art fo unconning,
How dar'ft thou put thyself in pres^a for dread ?
It is wonder that thou waxest not red,
Sith that thou wot'ft full lite^b who shall behold
Thy rude language, full boistously unfold.^c

These passages are not only sufficient indications of the sources from which Bunyan drew his description, at the *opening* of his allegory, of the place in which he chose to dream, (a den or valley,) and the mode he adopted of "sending forth" his book, in the form of the ancient "Envoye," but also good evidence of his taste for, and attachment to, our old vernacular literature.

^a In public, or in the crowd.

^b Little.

^c Roughly displayed or unfolded.



APPENDIX.





Appendix.

Containing the Description of the Holy City, &c. and Explanation of the Woodcuts from Vitellius C. xiii., also Translations of the original French quoted in the Analysis.

The Woodcuts are copied from "Le Pelerinage de l'Homme," imprime en Goth. par Anthoine Verard, fol. Paris, 1511.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOLY CITY.

THE seyde yer ho lyst take kep^a
I was avysed in my slep
Excyted eke and that a noon
To Jerusalem for to goon
Gretly meved in my corage
Ffor to do my pylgrymage
And ther to steryd inwardly
And to tell the cause why
Was ffor me thouht I hadde a syght
With inne a merour large and bryght
Off that hevenely ffayr cyte
Wych representede vnto me
Ther of holy the manere
With inne the glas ful bryht and cler

And werrayly as yt so thouhte me
Yt excellyde off bewete^b
Al other in comparyson
Ffor god hym sylff was the mafown^c
Wych mad yt ffayr at ys devys^d
Ffor werkman was there noon so wys

Yt to conceyve in hys entent
Ffor al the weyes and paament
Was ypavyd all off gold
And in the sawter^e yt ys told
How the ffyrst ffundacyon
On hyllys off devocyon
The mafounry wrouht ful clene
Off quyke stonys bryht and schene
Wyth a closour rounde a bowte
Off enemyes ther was no dowte
Ffor awngell the wach ykepte
The wych day nor nyht ne slepte
Kepyng so strongly the entre
That no wyht kam in that cyte
But pylgrymes day nor nyht
That thyder wentyn evene ryht
And ther were many manfyouns
Placys and habytacyouns
And ther was also al gladnesse
Joye with ovten hewyneffe
And pleynty who that hadde grace

^a The faid year
(let whoever list-
eth give heed.)

^b Beauty.

^c Mafon.

^d After his own
plan.

^e Pfalter.

	<p>Ffor to entre in that place Ffond on to hys plefaunce Off joye al maner suffysaunce That any hert kan devyse And yet the entre in swych wyfe Was strongly kepte ffor komying in Ffor the awngel cherubin Off the gate was cheff porter Hauing a swerd fflawmyng as cler</p>	<p>The fellouns wern on hem so felle That yt ys pyte for to telle And ther ys no man now a lyve That kan the penys halff descryve Nor a fermon ther off make That they suffrede ffor the fake Off crist ihu vnto the deth Ffor love tyl they yald vp the breth Myd ther mortal peynes smerte</p>
<p>^a Slain.</p>	<p>As any ffyr evene at the gate And who that wold erly or late Passen the wal he was yflawe^a There ne was noon other lawe Ne bet helpe ne bet refut^b</p>	<p>Ffor ther ys noon so hard on hert So despytous nor so fflon That he wold ha compaffyon Ben agryfed^c off pyte And specyally ffor to se That they suffrede for no synne But only off entent to wynne The love off cryst and ffor hys sake All they han up on hem take Seyng how full long aforn Cryft to suffre was yborn And fforbar not to be ded And sythen he that was her hed Suffrede paynys deth and woo The membrys wolde endure also And ffolowe ther hed in al thyng As feyn Gregori in his wretyng Recordeth pleyntly who taketh hed Of al those wyse ys had^f For wyth the membrys as was due After ther hed lyst to sue^g Wyth by example went afore To whom thentre was not forbore Ffor swych as deyde ffor hys love By wyketyes entrede in above Vp the gate hih a lofte Thogh there was passage was not foffte The porter lyst hem nat to lette And ther pencillys^h vp they sette On cornerys wher them thouhte good All steined with ther oune blood And whan that I perceyved yt I conceyvede yn my wyt That who schold ther with inne Entre by fforce he most yt wynne By manhood only and by vertu For by record of feyn Mathew</p>
<p>^b Better refuge.</p>	<p>The vengeance ay was execute In the passage thyder ward The weye was so streiht and hard Ffor giauntys with ther felonye And with ther mortel tormentye Devyseden on ther entent</p>	
<p>^c Slaughter.</p>	<p>Fful many wonderful torment Lyggyng awayt fro day to day To slan pylgrymes in ther way</p>	
<p>^d Together.</p>	<p>Makyng ful grete occyfioun^c Off pylgrymes of grete renovn Off men and wommen both yfere^d Whos martyrdom as ye shaal here Was ful grevous to endure Ffor somme of hem I yow ensure Wern out of ther skynnes flawe And somme by ful mortel lawe Were hew as bokys kan remembre Asonder partyd every membre Crucefyed of blood al red And many other lost hys hed Off somme the bowelys wer out rent And somme on hote colys brent Ffretyng salt cast in among Ffor to make ther peynys strong Myd the ffyry fflawmys reed Somme boyled in oylle and led And fore bete that yt was wonder Somme sawyd evene assonder Nerff and bon assonder rent And ther entraylles aforn hem brent</p>	
<p>^e Affected with.</p>		
<p>^f He who heeds these things is esteemed wife.</p>		
<p>^g Follow.</p>		
<p>^h Banners.</p>		

The hevne as by hys sentence
 Wonnen ys by vyolence
 Cryfoftom recordeth ek also
 Who lyfte taken hede ther to
 That gret vyolence and myght
 Yt ys who that loke aryght
 A man be born in erth her downe
 And ravifshe lyk a champion
 The noble hih hevenely place
 By vertu only and by grace
 Ffor vertu doth to a man assure
 Thyngs denyed by nature
 Thys to feyne who lyft lere
 That vertu makyth a man conquere
 The hih hevne in many wyfe
 To wych kynde may not suffyfe
 To cleyme ther poffeffion
 But fhe be guyled by refon
 Wych to vertu ys mayftrefse
 To lede hyr also and to drefse
 In hyr Pylgrymage ryght
 Above the fterrys cler and bryght
 Ffor other weye koude I not fe
 To entre by in that cyte
 Ffor cherubyn erly and late
 Ay awaytynge at the gate
 Was redy euer and ther ftood
 Whos fwerd was bloodyd with the blood
 Off cryftys holy paffyon
 Whan he made our Redemption
 Mankynde to reftore agayn
 The wych wey whan I hadde feyn
 I was afonyd in my fyght
 But I was comforted anoon right
 Whan I fawh the fwerd mad blont
 Off cherubin the wych was wont
 To brenne as any flawnbe bryht
 But now the fsharpneffe and lyht
 Was queynte^a to do no more vengauce
 By vertu off cryftys gret fuffraunce
 Wych fhall no more for man be whet

* * * *

Afferward yt ys no ffayle
 Me thouhte I fawh a gret mervayle
 Vp on tours dyuers estatys
 Off doctours and prelatys

Shewyng as by contenance
 By fpeche and by dallyaunce
 Techyng pylgrymes to knowe
 That wer yn the vale lowe
 How with travaylle and peyne
 And how also they fhoulde atteyne
 To make hem wynges ffor to fle
 Hih aloffte to that cyte
 By wynges of example good
 Yiff they ther lernyng vnderftood
 Wych they tauhte hem in ther lyff
 By doctryne contemplatyff
 Outward shewyng as by cher^b
 Ther love was to hem ful enter
 Ffovyndyd vpon charyte
 Amongys wych I dede fe
 Gret nombre of thys Jacobins
 Off chanouns and of Awftynys^c
 Folkys ful diuers of maner
 Both temporal and feculer
 Off clerkys and relygyous
 And other ordrys vertuous
 Mendykantys ful nedy
 That day and nyht werrych befy
 To gedre ffetterys bryht and fhene
 And make hem wynges ffor to ffeen
 And gan a noon withal ther myght
 To foren up and take her fflyht
 Hih in to that ffayr cyte
 And hiher vp they dyde ffe
 Above Cherubin that aungel cler
 For they wer out of hys daunger
 By the techyng and the doctryne
 And by examples ek dyvyne
 Wych thefe mayftres hadde hem tauht
 Wherby they han the hevne kauht
 And ffonde ther in gret avauntage
 To fforthre hem in ther pylgrymage
 And how hem fylff they fhoulde guye
 And vp on the tother fyde
 Vnder the wal of the cyte
 I fawh off gret autorite
 Ffolkys wych dyde entende
 To helpe her ffriendys to afcende
 By ful gret fubtylyte
 To make hem entre the cyte

^a Quenched fo as to do.

^b By their countenance or gesture.

^c Auftin friars.

<p>^a Ladders.</p>	<p>And ther to dyde her byfy cure By scalys^a thorgh the strong closure And as me thouhte a mong echon^b That faint benet^c in soth was on</p>	<p>To whom men mosten eyven^b ffeyth That al ffolk wherfo they wende What they do ys for som ende And for that skyleⁱ more and more</p>
<p>^b Each one.</p>	<p>Wych as I rehers shal Ffor to scale that hih wal</p>	<p>I was steryd^k wonder fore Ffor to take my journee</p>
<p>^c St. Benedi&t.</p>	<p>That was so myhty and so strong With hym brouht a ladder long</p>	<p>Lyke a pylgryme to that cyte Off more joye I nat kepte^l</p>
<p>^d I knew not.</p>	<p>In the wych men myhte se ¹XII grees off humylyte</p>	<p>And me thouht ek as I slepte And in my dreem did ek mete^m</p>
<p>^e Get again.</p>	<p>By wych thorgh deuocyon Ffolk off hys relygyon</p>	<p>That ellys I myghte ha no quyete And thus feel penyff in my guyse</p>
<p>^f Affirm.</p>	<p>Ascendys vp gre by gre With oute lette to that cyte</p>	<p>A noon I gan me to a vyse And thouht in my avyfon</p>
<p>^g For ever his scarf and staff, i. e. faith and hope.</p>	<p>And the ryht weye han take Monkys greye whyte and blake Ascending vp with oute ffeer And feyn ffraunceys I sawh ek ther And many another I beheld Off dyuers ffolkys that vp ran Off whom the namys I not kan^d Nor how they dyde hem fylff assure Over the wallys to recure^e On eche party rounde aboute Ffor I in soth that stood withoute Myghte not be holden al the paas But on the party that I was Wych was to me gret dysplefavnce But I dar feyn^f in substauce That ther was noon off no degre Wych entre myhte the cyte But lefft withoute lowe don Ffor al hys sherpe and bordoon^g But thentent off hys vyage And ffyn ek off hys pylgrymage Wer set of herte fynally Ther whyde perpetuely With feyth hope and charyte</p>	<p>I ffaillede a sherpe and bordon Wych al pylgrymes ouhte to have In the wey hem fylff to save And so the pylgrymes hadde echon In ther vyage but I allone They wer echon by ffore purveyd Betⁿ in ther wey to be conveyed</p>
<p>^h Owe.</p>	<p>To lyve at rest in that cyte Ffor other thyng in hert and thouht To her desyre they wolde nouht Ffor as the phyhsosfre seyth</p>	<p>And I roos vp and that anoon And fro my hous gan out gon * * *</p>
<p>ⁱ Reason.</p>	<p>Off entente forth to procede But than at erst I gan take hede That to myn entencion I myghte ffyn den a bordoun And a sherpe wyche off usage Ffolk han that gon on pylgrymage Nedful to me and necessarye Ffor wych cause I dyde tarye Or I myghte gynne my journee To holde my wey to that cyte Ffor wych I went complaynyng Oute off my fylff tryst and wepyng Cerchyng toforn^o and ek behynde Sherpe and bordon for to fynde And whil I dyde my besynesse ²A lady of ful gret ffayrnesse And gret nobleffe soth to say</p>	<p>Off entente forth to procede But than at erst I gan take hede That to myn entencion I myghte ffyn den a bordoun And a sherpe wyche off usage Ffolk han that gon on pylgrymage Nedful to me and necessarye Ffor wych cause I dyde tarye Or I myghte gynne my journee To holde my wey to that cyte Ffor wych I went complaynyng Oute off my fylff tryst and wepyng Cerchyng toforn^o and ek behynde Sherpe and bordon for to fynde And whil I dyde my besynesse ²A lady of ful gret ffayrnesse And gret nobleffe soth to say</p>
<p>^k Moved.</p>	<p></p>	<p></p>
<p>^l I cared for no other joy.</p>	<p></p>	<p></p>
<p>^m See as in a vision.</p>	<p></p>	<p></p>
<p>ⁿ Better.</p>	<p></p>	<p></p>
<p>^o Before.</p>	<p></p>	<p></p>

¹ This is an allusion to the foundation of twelve monasteries by St. Benedi&t, and his restriction of the number of monks in each to twelve brethren and no more.

² See Woodcut I.

Appendix.

I dyde mete vpon the waye
 Ffor god wold I you behete ^a
 Sone that I sholde hyr mete
 Off grace for my owne prowth ^b
 Ther off I hadde joye ynowh
 And my hert gret gladnesse
 Ffor she as by lyklynesse
 Was douhter of som Emperour
 Somme myghty kyng or govenour
 Or off that lord that guyeth al
 Wych ys of power most royal
 And thys lady gracyous
 Most debonayre and vertuous
 Was yclad by gret delyht
 In a furcote al of whyt
 With a Tyffu gyrt off grene
 And endlong ful bryht and shene
 Sche hadde a charboucle ston
 That round abowte hyr body shon
 Was noon so reche as I was war
 And on hyr brest a nouche ^c she bar
 I trowe that nowher was no bet
 And in the awmaylle ^d ther was sette
 Passyngly a reche sterre
 Wych that cast hys bemys ferre
 Round a bowte al the place
 Ther was swych habondaunce off grace
 Out of whos bosom mylde ynowh
 Ther kam a dowe whyt as snowgh
 Wyth hys wynges splayng ^e oute
 Plauynge round hyr honde aboute
 Thys lady of whom I han told
 Hadde on hyr hed a crowne of gold
 Wrouht of sterrys shene and bryht
 That cast aboute a ful cler lyht
 He was ful myghty who taketh hede
 That sette yt ferst upon hyr hed
 And made yt ffyrst by gret avys
 Off gret Richeffe and gret prys
 Thys lady that I spak of here
 Was curteys and of noble chere
 And wonderly of gret vertu
 And ffyrst she gan me to salue
 In goodly wyse axynge of me

What maner thyng yt myght be
 Or cause why I shold hyr lere ^f
 That I made so hevy chere
 Or why that I was ay wepyng
 For lak of eny maner thyng
 Wher of when I gan take hede
 I ffyl ynto a maner drede
 Ffor unkonnyng and leudnesse ^g
 That sche of so gret noblesse
 Dyfdenede not in hyr degre
 To speke to on so pore as me
 But yiff yt were so as I gesse
 Al only of hyr gentyllenesse
 For gladly wher ys most beute
 Ther ys gretteft humylyte
 And that ys verrayly the sygne
 Swych ar most goodly and benygne
 An apple tre with frut most lade
 To folk that stonden in the shade
 Mor lowly doth hys branches loute ^h
 Thon a nother tre withoute
 Wher haboundeth most goodnes
 Ther ys ay most of meknesse
 None so greet token of bewte
 As ys parfyt humylyte
 Who wanteth hyr in hys banere
 Hath not vertu hool and entere ⁱ

* * * *

¹ And then I gan to wepe anoon ^k
 Sihe and sorowe and seyn allas
 What shal I don now in thys cas
 Or to what party in certeyne
 Shal I drawn off thys tweyne

GRACE DIEU.

Quoth Grace Dieu what may thys be
 Why wepyft thow what eyleth the
 So thyfylve to dysconforte

* * * *

The PYLGRIM.

Certys quoth I I may wel wepe
 For yiff ye lyst to take kepe

^a Assure you that it was God's will that I should soon meet her.

^b Profit.

^c Necklace.

^d Enamel.

^e Spreading.

^f Inform.

^g Ignorance and surpise.

^h Bend down.

ⁱ Whole and entire.

^k ("A larmoyer," &c. f. 39, b. Vitell. C. XIII. f. 154, b.)

¹ The French references are to Verard's Edition.

^a Let down or abased.

^b Follow or remain closely attached to.

^c Vitell, C. XIII. f. 14.
"Je fuis celle."

^d Regard or respect.

^e Dove.

^f Since.

^g Make known.

^h "Lors elle me prift en celle heure." f. 4.

ⁱ Astonished.

My joye my myrthe and my plesaunce
Myn elthe and al my suffysaunce
Bodeynly me han forfakē
I may compleyn and forowe make
For whilom above the skye
I was wont to fle ful hyhe
And hadde also ful glad repayre
With bryddis fleying in the hayr
In my most lusty fresch feson
But now I am avalyd don ^a
And fynde by gret adverfyte
Al that ys contrayre unto me

* * * *

Cheynd ryht as ys an ape
On to a clog and must yt sue ^b
And fro thenys may nat remue
For my body gret and large
Ys the clog that me doth charge
And letteth with hys grete wheyhte
That I may nat fien an hyhte
For ever with hys mortal lawe
Don to th erthe he doth me drawe

* * * *

A body corrupt yt ys no nay
Greveth the body [spirit?] nyht and day
Kepeth hym in captyvyte
Yt may not gon at lyberte
Nouther wakyngē nor a slepe
For wych certys I may wel wepe
And feyn allas and sory be
Off my gret adverfyte

. . . . ^c To pylgrymes day and nyht
I enlumine and give lyht
To al pylgrymes in ther way
As wel in dyrknesse as be day
So they lystē rewardē ^d me
And lystē that I her guyde be
And yiff they erryn in her weye
Ageyn I han hem wel conveye
I wyl hem helpen and redresse
Ffor I am she in sothfastnesse
Whom thow oweft seke of ryght

In straunge lond with al thy myght
I zive lyht to folk echon
That out of hyr waye gon
And releue hem on and alle
Lefte vp folkys that be falle
Ffrom al myscheff and from al blame
And *Grace dieu* that ys my name
Fful nedful in ech contre
And by thys dowe ^e wych thow doft se
Wych I bere with wynges fayre
Humble benygne and debonayre
I am tokeynyd who lyst seke
With hyr goodly eyen meke
And so thow shalt me calle in dede
Whan thow haft on to me nede
And that shal be ful offte fythe ^f
That I may my power kythe ^g
Telpe the in thy pylgrymage
Ffor fynally in thy vyage
As thow goft to that cyte
Thow shalt haue offte aduerfyte
Gret mescheff and encombraunce
Empechementys and dysturbaunce
Wych thow mayft nat in no degre
Passe nor endure withoute me
Nor that cyte never atteyne
Thogh thow ever do thy peyne
Withoute that I thy guyde be

¹ Tho hyr lyst no lenger byde
But took me in the same tyde ^h
And made me wt hyr for to gon
To an hous of hers anoon
Wher I sholde fynde indede
Al thyng that I hadde of nede
She was hyr sylff yn sothnesse
Off thyk hous cheff foundereffe
Ffor on hyr word yt was fyrst groundyd
And by hyr wysdom bylt and foundyd
The yerys of the mafownry
Thyrtene hundred and thyrtty
And ffor the ffayrnesse and bewte
I hadde gret wyl that hous to se
Abayfshed ⁱ for yt was so fayr

¹ See Woodcut II.

Ffor yt heng hih up in the hayr
 Twen hevene and erthe stood the place
 As yt hadde only by grace
 Ffrom the hevene descendyd doun
 So stood that heavenly mancyon
 With steplys and with toures hihe
 Frefshely arrayed to the eye
 As a place most royal
 Above al other princypal
 Wych stood vp on a ffayr River
 The water ther of holfom and cler
 But ther nas passage in that place
 Nor shepe wherby men myhte passe

BAPTISM.¹

^a The pilgrim having been exhorted by Gracedieu to enter her houfe by the waters of Baptism, he thus replies:—

The PYLGRYME.

Ffor wych to gracedieu I fayde
 And to hyr thus I abrayde^b
 Madame me semeth in my thought
 That ive ben in perel brouht
 Ffor I kan sey no passage
 To passe by nor avauntage
 * * * *

I kan nat fwymmen yt stondeth so
 Wherfor I not what I may do
 And yiff I entre I am in doute
 How euer I schold komen oute
 Ffor wych tentre I stonde in drede
 I haue of helpe so gret nede

GRACEDIEU argueth.

What menyth thys what may thys be
 That thow art now as semeth me
 So fore a dred of thys Ryver
 Wych ys but lyte smothe and cler
 Why artow ferful of thys stream
 And art toward Jerusaleem
 And mustest off necessitye
 Passen ferst the gret see

Or thow kome ther to her ys al
 And dredyst now thys Ryver smal
 And most kouth^c ys thys passage
 To chyldre that be yong of age
 And offer han thys ryver wonne
 Than folk that ben on age ronne

* * * *
 For other weye ys ther noon
 To Jerusaleem for to goon
 * * * *

And ek I wyl the telle a thyng
 Ther passede onys her a kyng
 Ffyrst assuryng the passage
 Unto euery maner age
 * * * *

To washen hym yt was no nede
 But that hym lyst off lowly hede
 Schewe example by hys grace
 How other folkys sholde passe
 Wher by the fame went
 Wherfore tel me thyn entent
 Yiff thow thys ryver lyst atteyne
 And I shal anon ordeyne
 A fergeaunt of myn inspecial
 Wych offycer the helpe shal
 For to passe the water cler
 And wardeyn ys of the Ryver
 He shal the washe he shal the bathe
 And make the passe the more rathe
 And to put the out of doute
 He shal crosse the round aboute
 Make the sur as thow shalt se
 From al tempestys of the se
 Tescape the wave of euery streem
 And make the wyne Jerusaleem
 By conquest and fynally
 That thow shalt drede non enemy

The Pilgrim inquires the necessity of this washing.

In answer to this inquiry Gracedieu thus speaks—

² “ When God had created Adam and Eve, your first parents, He bestowed such favour up-

^a Vitell. C. xiiii. f. 15, b.

^b Upbraid.

^c Well known.

¹ See Woodcut III.

² A summary of her answer is given in prose.

^a Pſal. xviii. 20.

^b Prov. xiii. 6.

^c 1 Cor. xv. 22.

^d Gal. v. 17.

^e Gen. ii. 8.

^f John i. 17.

^g Rom. v. 19.

^h Deut. vi. 5.
Lev. xix. 18.
Matt. xxii. 37—
39.
Mark xii. 30.
Luke x. 27.

ⁱ John xiv. 21.
1 Pet. i. 22.

^k James i. 14.

^l Titus iii. 5.

^m Chaff.

ⁿ Remains.

^o Mark iv. 28.

on them as enabled them to live without infirmity, and without necessity of death. He granted them uprightness, and power to keep that uprightness in freedom of will,^a so that the body then obeyed the soul,^b tendering it subjection as it ought in reason to do.

“God intended this Righteousness as an inheritance to their posterity; but Adam and Eve forfeited it by their disobedience. Then death became their portion;^c and as they no longer obeyed God they lost the command over themselves;^d for he who will not render subjection to a higher authority can no longer claim obedience.

“Adam was placed in Paradise, to dress it and to keep it;^e its felicity did not consist alone in delicious fruits and cooling waters, but in the uprightness which caused Adam and Eve to love their Creator better than themselves,^f and each other as themselves.

“But since human nature received so great a wound by their disobedience,^g that this Righteousness became effaced from it, the good God renewed it when He commanded Moses,^h saying, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength,’ and thy neighbour as thyself.

“Adam possessed this love by nature, the performance of it was therefore easy to him; but after his disobedience it became very difficult to his posterity, so that without my assistance it is impossible for you to do right; but if you make an effort to direct your course to the right haven

‘de tirer tousiours a bon port’
and to recover the power of lovingⁱ with a pure heart, your gracious Redeemer will ac-

cept your service as a duty done unto Himself, and will pardon that which is wanting; and though the flesh will still tempt you to evil, you must battle strongly against this sinful inclination;^k you will always find resistance necessary, but I will be with you to enable you to withstand against your enemy, that it shall not overcome you,^l which I cannot do unless you will submit to the washing” (of Baptism).

The Pilgrim does not acknowledge this necessity, saying, that if his parents had been cleansed from original sin, he must also have inherited their cleansing.

GRACEDIEU replies:

¹ Than quod she to me agayn
Tak hed when men sewen greyne
The husk the chaff yt ys no nay
But fyrst be clene put away
Or yt be throwe upon the londe
And sowe abroad with manhys hond
Whit and pur yff thow take hede
And afterward whan yt doth fede
Upon the tyme off hys ryping
And the seson of gadryng
Men fynde ageyn the same corn
Huskyd as yt was befor
And ther to clothyd newe ageyn
By which exauple in certeyn
Thogh thy fadris wer by grace
Off ther orygnal trespace
Purgyd clene and frely quyt
The caff^m and the strowh abyⁿ
Reneweth ay and ever shal
Of the synne orygnal
Up on the greyn wych of hem spryngeth
The huske alway with hem they bryngeth
Al folkys as thow shalt lere

¹ Lors me respondit elle or voy
Comment en terre on seme ble
Et quel apres il est trouue
On ly mect despoille et nu
Et on le retreuve vestu
De paille et de nouvelle cote
Qui estre te doit vne note^o
Que se tes parens font purgez
De leurs originelez pechez

Pource nest mie que tout tel
Nayes peche originel
Ceste paille tousiours reuient
Auec chascun quant nouuel vient
En ce monde et en ceste terre
Telement qua chascun fault querre
Riuiere ou preigne laument
Sil veult auoir son purgement

That kyndely be sowed here
 In this world fro day to day
 The huske with hem abytt alway
 And severyth not in no manere
 Tyl they be washed in the ryvere
 Wherfor by short conclusyoun
 They nede eche on purgatyoun

The Pilgrim acknowledges that he can no longer make any objection, lamenting that it is out of his power to assist himself; an advocate arrives, who undertakes to speak for him and to aid him to pass the river

“ Et celluy Guillaume auoit nom
 Pas ne scauoie son furnom.”

¹ The PYLGRYME.

Tyl at the laste an aduocaat
 Kam to me tho in my nede
 Without gerdoun ^a other mede
 And for I hadde of speche lak
 Wonderly goodly for me he spak
 Profrede for to helpe of grace
 To make me the Ryver passe
 And that I myght over gon
 And that I wer ek washe noon
 In al that ever he coude or myghte
 And Guyllyam ffor sothly he hyhte ^b
 Hys furname I not ne knew
 And thus he spak to Gracedieu
 Myn almesse ^c with your grace

I wol fulfyllen in thys place
 And yiff ye wyl I calle shal
 Off your hous the Offycyal
 Ffor yt ys now ryght good sefou
 Aftter your oppynyoun
 That he mak by your byddyng
 Off thys pylgrym the washyng
 Wher of ye han so mych seyde
 Quod she I am ryght wel assayed
 And ther withal benygne of look
 The advocate anon me took
 Of Charyte by gret plefaunce
 Aftter the custum and usfaunce
 And made calle of fyrst of al
 To helpyn hym the offycyal
 Bad hem also among hem alle
 Aftter hys name me to calle
 The he shold ek don hys dever ^d
 To helpe me pass the ryver
 That I were washen and noon ryght
 And so he dyde withal hys myght
 And many thynges as he abrayde
 Over me methouhte he sayde
 Wordys that hadde gret vertue
 As he was taught of gracedieu
 When thorgh me thouht and that anon
 That I saw ther fro me goon
 A foul that was of colour blak
 And in his lydene ^e thus he spak
 Cryyng men herd hym every cost ^f
 I wys quod he I have al lost

^a Reward.

^b Truly he was called.

^c Alms.

^d “Devoir,” behest.

^e Song or narrative.

^f Everywhere.

¹ LE PELERIN.

¶ Adonc cest aduocat me prist ^a
 Et ie lui dis quil mappelast
 Tout ainsi com lui et nommast
 Et que tantoit me fist passer
 Leau pour moy dedens lauer
 Celui vint tost et ainsi fist
 Mais quelque chose auant il dist
 Sur moy qui auoit tel vertu
 Qu'en ce point aduis il me fu
 Que de moy vng oisiel yfiy
 Qui estoit noir et a hault cry
 Disoit en lair iay tout perdu
 Cest official mal venu
 Soit qui ainsi moste mes droiz
 Et maintenant et autrefois
 ¶ Puis lofficial me baigna ^b
 Et dedans leau me laua
 Trois fois me croisa et si me oint

Gracedieu ne men mentit point
 Et quant ie fuz oultre passe
 Et l'aduocat sen fut ale
 Qui me fist si grant courtoisie
 Quoblier iamais ne doy mie
 Lors en sa maison gracedieu
 Me mena ou moult a beau lieu
 Et la me fist elle semblant
 Plus bel que nauoit fait deuant

GRACEDIEU.

¶ Puis dist elle que es laue
 Et que la riuere as passe
 Et de toy est hors lennemy
 Qui ia y auoit fait son ny
 Maintes choses te monstrey
 Dont ton prouffit tresgrant feray
 Se tu as volente daprendre
 Et adroit y veulx bien entendre

^a f. 6. b.

^b John iii. 5.

^a Same.
 And from me now ys taken al
 By thys ylke ^a offycyal
 He hath my clothys fro me rauht ^b
 And thre tyme he hath me kauht
 And in the ryver plonged me
 Crossyd as men myghte se
 Anoynted in the stremes cold
^b Snatched away.
 Lyk as gracedieu me tolde
 I fonde she lyede never adel
 And when that I was fayre and wel
 The Ryver passyd than anoon
 And th avocat ek was gon
 Wych only of gentrye
^c Vitell. C. xiiii.
 f. 31.
 Hadde don to me gret curtoysye
 That shal never out of mynd
 Than Gracedieu most good and kynde
 Ladde me forth in my repayre
 To a place ryght inly fayr
 And never she made me to fore
^d And always
 continue thus
 together.
 So good chere syth I was bore
 Nor was so benygn of hyr port
 Unto me to don confort
 Now syth quod she that yt ys sene
 Thou art wafshed and made al clene
 And art passyd the ryver
 Without a pereyl or daunger
^e In good or evil
 circumstances.
 Thyn enemy fled out of thy breft
 Wher he aforn hadde made hys nest
 I shal the shew of gret delyt
 Fful many thyng for thy profyt

^f f. 8. b.

¹ See Woodcut IV.

LE IOUENCEL ET IOUENCELLE.^f

LE PELERIN.

^g Gen. xii. 10.

Ung pelerin soudainement
 Vy venir deuers orient
 Et de lautre partie a droit
 Une pelerine venoit
 A lofficial font venuz
 En disant sans actendre plus
 Ensemble nous voulons aler
 Et enssemble peleriner
 En ierusalem la cite
 Mais que vous ayez voulente
 De nous enseigner que ferons
 Et comment seurement yrons

^h Gen. i. 27, 28.

LE PRESTRE.

ⁱ f. 7. b.

Lors leur dist il cest grant seurte
 Que foyez deux en verite
 Mais que bien vous vous entramez ^g

¹ ORDRE OFF MARYAGE.^c

The PYLGRYME.

And tho myn eye as I vp cast
 I sawe komen wonder faste
 A pylgrym al sodeynly
 Holdyng hys weye fynally
 As methouht in hys entent
 Drawynge into the oryent
 And even in the opposyt
 I sawe ek kome by gret delyt
 A woman wych that was also
 A pylgryme ek and both two
 Her wey took in especyal
 Towardys the offycyal

* * * * *
 (He) tolde hem yiff they wolde gon
 They moste of herte be alon
 Tweyne in on and on in tweyne
 Both in joye and ek in peyne
 And so to gydre ay persevere^d
 Tyl that deth make hem dyssevere

* * * * *
 And that your trouthe on outhr fide
 Perpetually in on abyde
 To your last that yt endure
 And that ye shal to me assure
 Both be feyth and ek by oth
 And beth wel war for leff or loth ^e

Et loyaulte vous vous portez
 Et ce que promectez par foy
 Tresbien a certes deuant moy
 En gardant bien que vous ferez
 Car sapres vous vous pariurez
 Et ne tenez vo conuenant
 Je vous promectz ne tant ne quant
 Ne vous vaudra vostre voyage
 Ne tout vostre pelerinage ^h

LEVESQUE. ⁱ

. dy moy
 Je te prie se le scez pour quoy
 Ma len fait la teste cornue
 Et baille la verge poinctue
 Nest ce pas pour punicions
 Des maulx faiz et corrections
 Je crois que les mauvais hurter
 Je dois des cornes et bouter
 Et de laiguillon les fort poindre
 Plus que de doulx oingement oindre

That ye for no varyaunce
 Ne breke not your assuraunce
 Ffor yiff ye don ye be forsworn
 And ek I warne you to forne
 Yiff that ye don in dede or thouht
 Fful lytel shal avaylle or nouht
 Than^a vnto yow your vyage
 Your labour nor your pylgrymage
 Yet wer welbet to my entent
 That ech of you allone went
 Sool by hym sylff^b and not trespace
 Than be found in any place
 Untrewe to hys companye
 For gret forfet and folye
 Yt ys a man for to be founde
 Untrewe to hym that he ys bounde

^c Reason¹ is consulted by the Bishop, who says:—

² Tell me, I beg of you, why the mitre is horned, and the crozier pointed? Are they not intended for the punishment and correction of evil?

And off my staff ek with the prykke
 I shold chastyn folkys that be wykke
 Rather than lyke as ye me tolde
 Hertofore how that I sholde
 Enoynte hem with the oyntment

RESON answereth.

My fayre frend quod tho Reson
 Tak hed in thy discrecioun
 Understond me euery del
 I wot that thow menest wel
 And knowe platly^d thy menyng
 Mesure ys good in euery thyng
 Both thy hornys and pyk also
 Belonge to the bothe two
 For punysshing and for chaftyng
 Off folkys rebel in werchyng^e
 Yet fyrst thow sholdest hym dyrekte^f

And with fayrness hem correkte
 Swych as thow sey day by day
 Erryn from the high ryhte way
 And yiff thow founde hem obltynat
 That longeth yt to thy estat
 To punyys hem by thy offyce
 And vpon hem don ek justyce
 Legally for ther offence
 The lawe yeldeth the lycense
 But ferste thow sholdest trete hem fayre
 Be goodly ek and debonayre^g
 And don alway ful gret labour
 To shewe swetnesse afor Rygour
 And thogh the prykke of Rygour be^h
 For chaftyng the yoke to the
 Be alway war touchyng ryht
 Whan thow chaftyfest any whyght
 Do yt never by swych dureffe
 But yt be meyntⁱ ay with swetnesse
 Medle with al the unctyon
 Off pyte and compaffyon
 In thyn entente to be mor clene
 Thogh thyn hornys be sharp and kene
 To punyyshe ffolk by righteousnesse
 Thow sholdest ay the poynt so dresse
 In thy Rygour of equyte
 And in herte to have pyte
 On hem that thow hast justesyd
 Let mercy with ryht be so alyed
 And think how many day toforn
 Or^k thou haddest any horn
 That he to whom thow art vyker
 And chose to be hys offycer
 Was humble meke and debonayre
 Charytable and not contrarye
 Off whom thow shalt example take
 To-forn or thow thy domys make^l
³ Hornyd he was by apparence
 Not usyng hem by vyolence
 Thys was that holy Moyfes^m
 That ledde al Israel in pesⁿ

^a Then.

^b Sole, alone.

^c Vitell. C. xiiii. f. 26. b.

^d Plainly.

^e People who dislike working.

^f Matt. xviii. 15.

^g Eccluf. xlii. 10.

^h Psalm xxiii. 4.

ⁱ Mingled.

^k Before.

^l Form your opinions.

^m Erat Moyfes vir mitissimus. Numb. xii. 3.

ⁿ Peace.

¹ See Woodcut V. for a representation of the meeting between the "Bishop" and "Reason." Cf. also the note to the preceding page ("dy moy, &c."), where part of their dialogue is given.

² The English MS. is here nearly illegible.

³ The "horns," so often painted on the head of Moses, represent merely "the glory," or halo, which we see in the pictures of our Saviour, the Virgin, the Saints, &c.

<p>^a Ex. xiv. 21, 22.</p> <p>^b John x. 11. ⁱ Pet. v. 2.</p> <p>^c Flock.</p> <p>^d Perfectly.</p> <p>^e 1 Tim. i. 15.</p> <p>^f Bridge.</p> <p>^g Rom. xv. 14.</p>	<p>Myddys thorgh the large see ^a And with hys yerde thys was he That passede the floodys raage And made hem have good passage Underfondeth thys lesson Ye that han in subieccion Peplys onder your prelacye To learn how ye shal hem guye Thogh ye be hornyd to fych outward Shewe as they wer styffe and hard Let hem not growen in your herte ^b To make your shep ^c so fore smerte Thogh ye shewe outward dredful Be the in your hertys mercyful * * * *</p> <p>Take example off thy staff Wych Grace dieu vnto the gaff Thogh the poynt be sharp and kene Yt ys vpward ^d pleyn smothe and clene The myddys ryht as any lyne About crookyd to enclyne * * * *</p> <p>Schowe hem euer of love a sygne</p>	<p>And in thy draught be ay benygne Voyde off rancour and felonye Than dost thou trewly occupye ^e The staff wych thou hast on honde For thou shalt wel underfonde Yt tokeneth who that can concerne That thou shalt therewyth governe The peplys I dar wel specefye Commytted to thy prelacye Make hem passe thys thy charge The Ryuer of this world ful large Thy staff to ther avauntage Shal conducte ther passage Sych are the pyk profound and depe In to the wawes hem to kepe And with al thys thou most take hede Off plank or bregge ^f yiff they nede Yiff they ffayll thou shalt on make As thou art bounde for her sake And for that cause folkeys al Pontifex ^g they doth the calle Making a bregge thys to feyne The passage that they may atteyne ^h</p>
<p>^h Hosea xii. 6.</p> <p>ⁱ 1 Cor. iv. 14.</p> <p>^k Heb. ix. 5.</p> <p>^l Prov. i. 20.</p> <p>^m Prov. xxix. 7.</p> <p>ⁿ Eccles. vii. 5.</p>	<p>¹ From <i>pons</i>, "a bridge," and <i>facio</i>, "to make." ² Reason thus exhorts the priest:—"A sword to-day is given to you, which was used anciently by the Cherubin to defend the entrance into Paradise. "This sword (of Judgement) is perilous to those who do not understand how to use it rightly; the edge must be used to strike those whose sins deserve severe rebuke, the flat part of the blade in mercy towards those who have sinned from ignorance and require to be admonished. "He is foolhardy who would exercise vengeance in anger, or judgement upon suspicion; and this sword is also wrongly given to him who blindly cannot discern good from evil. "Mercy, which is designated by the flat part of the blade, should therefore always be first tried; namely, good counsel, true admonition, and earnest exhortation, in order to remove evil by condemning it, and to spare in striking. This is the doctrine of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which delivers us from eternal death. "The sword was delivered unto you <i>flaming</i> by <i>Grace-dieu</i> for this reason, that whichever way you turn it, either in judgement, or exhortation, or punishment, or correction, you should exhibit it enflamed with love and charity, for love is the burning fire which enflames it; and fearful would be the reverse should the fire of anger burn with destructive violence, for that fire proceeds from hell." Nul ne fiert se premierement Du plat du glaiue feru na Et quauant bien aduise na Cellui quil veult ainssi ferir</p>	<p>Et par tel cop faire mourir Par le plat du glaiue sentent Bon et loyal aduifement ¹ Veritable monicion Virile predicacion ² Qui fiert les maux en espurgant Et les espargne en les ferant Cest la parole iesu crist Ou le respit de la mort gift De ce plat vfer vous deuez Quant voz subgetz errer voyez ⁱ Exorter souuent et prescher Fait mainteffoys peche laisser Sainssi les pouez garantir Mieux vault que du taillant ferir * * * * *</p> <p>Et pource est il droit quayez nom Tant par euvre que par renom Cherubin plain de grant science ^k Et de tres viue sapience Car se cherubin vous nestiez Mould de maux faire vous pourriez ^l * * * * *</p> <p>En main aussi diracondeux ^m Rest ce glaiue bien perilleux Car flamboyant il fut baille Par grace dieu et octroye La cause se fauoir voulez Si est car quant vous le tourne Soit en jugeant ou en preschant ⁿ En punissant ou corrigeant Monstrer le deuez enflambe</p>

NATURE.¹

² I ha the governance ^a
 Off fyr of hayr as ye may se
 Off erth and off the large se
 Off ther accord and ther debat
 I leve no thyng in on estat
 But make eche thyng by declyn
 Ffor to drawe to hys ffyn
 I make alday thynges newe
 The olde refreschyng off her hewe
 The erthe I clothe yer by yer
 And refshe hym off hys cher
 With many colour of delyte
 Blewh and grene red and whyt
 At pryme temps with many a flour
 And al the soyl thorgh my fauor
 Ys clad of newe medwe and pleyn

And hilles hih ek spyce and greyn
 * * * *

And in to trees ek I brynge
 Ther lusty blofmys whyte and rede
 And in ther branchys ek I sprede
 Abrood my frefshe vestymentys
 And with myn vncouth paramentys
 I clothe hem wyth buddys glade
 Wych with wynter ded I made
 Thorgh constreynt of hys coldys kene
 Tornyng to ruffet al the grene
 Wt fretyng of hys bytter cold
 But al that wynter maketh old
 And with hyr stormys doth desteyne
 I make yt frefshe and yong ageyn
 * * * *

And off the feld the lyllyes ffayre
 And off herbys many a payre
 That winter flowh with hys constreynt

^a Vitell. C. xiii.
 f. 53. b.

De bon amour et charite
 Car amour est le feu ardent
 Qui le doit faire flamboyant
 Et moult grant meschance feroit
 Se le feu dyre lenflammoit
 Car tel flamme denfer vient
 Qui trop au glaiue mal aduient

The sword, as thus described by De Guileville, appears also to be an illustration of Proverbs xxv. 21, 22. "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

This text is quoted by St. Paul in his address to the Romans. Rom. xii. 19—21.

"Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, faith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

The following lines may perhaps serve to illustrate this idea:—

See yonder Blacksmith urge the roaring blast,
 And on repeated heaps the embers cast;
 Th' increasing heat the stubborn Iron feels,
 And to the blacksmith's art its toughnefs yields.

So the obdurate heart, by favours won,
 At last repents the evil it has done;
 Fain would obtain thy friendship, pardon sue
 For all the malice it has borne towards you.

HON. W. CUST.

Thus the "sword" of De Guileville typifies the wrath of God against sinners; whilst the "flame" (by

which the hardest metal is melted) shows the softening influence of Divine Grace upon the heart, even although it may previously have been as inflexible as steel.

¹ See Woodcut VI.

² Maitresse suis des elemens
 Des impressions et des vens
 De faire variations
 Et diuerfes mutations
 En feu en air en terre en mer
 Riens en estat ne laiffe ester
 Tout faiz tourner et tendre a fin
 Tout varier soir et matin
 Nouuelles choses faiz venir
 Et vieilles choses departir
 La terre de mes robes est
 Patee en prin temps ie la vest
 Demy party dherbe florie
 De rouge de vert de foucye
 Et de toutes belles couleurs
 Quon peut trouuer en belles fleurs
 Aux arbres donne paremens
 Et contre leste vestemens
 Puis si les refais despoiller ^b
 Contre liuer pour les tailler
 Autres robes autres cotelles
 Telles comme deuant nouuelles
 Il nest bruyere ne geneste
 Nabriceau que ie ne reueste
 De mes robes bien floretees
 Et tresgaiement desguisees
 Oncques ne vestit salomon
 Tel robe que fait vng boiffon
 Et ce que fais par loisir fas
 Car hastiue ie ne suis pas
 Toute mutation ie he
 Qui est faicte en hastiue

^b Gen. i. 11.

And made hem of ther colour ffeynt
 Ffor no coft me lyft not spare
 But thar rycheffe I do repare
 Whan hete off cold hath the victorye
 That Salomon in al hys glorie
 Was not clad I dar wel fay
 Half fo freshly as ben they
 Nor hys robes wer nat lyche
 Off colour to the bushes ryche
 Wych Ive clad in my lyffree
 Fro yer to yer as ye may fe
 And who that taketh hed ther to
 Al thyng that men fe me do
 I do by leyser by and by
 I am not rakel or hafy
 I hate in myn oppynyous
 Al fodeyn mutacyous

^a Vitell. C. xlii.
 f. 57.

¹ GRACE replies thus to NATURE:—^a

* * * * *
 Ye refemble who loke wel
 On to the wylde fwyn savage
 Wych that rometh in hys rage
 In the woodys large and grene
 And ne kan no ferther sene
 But to the frut that he hath founde
 And the acornys on the grounde
 Ffor to felle hys hongry mawe
 Ffor he in hys fwynys lawe
 Off hys rudneffe beftial
 Ne kan no ferther fe at al
 Toward the hevене nor the tre
 Wher he receyveth hys plente

^b Do not have a
 grudge againft.

That bar the frut for hys repaft
 Al that ys from hys mynde paff
 Ffor to the acorn al only
 And to hys ffoode fynally
 Yt fet hys herte and al hys thought

* * * * *
 Undoth your eyn derke and blynde
 The eyen of your entendement
 And by good avyſement
 The lyddys off your eye unclofeth
 Knoweth wel and nat fuppoſeth
 I am lady hool and entere
 And ye be but my chamberere
 Thys ſhal ye fynde al openly
 Yiff ye look avyſely
 Leve your wordys hih aloſte
 And lerneth for to ſpeke ſoffte
 And renounceth al your rage
 Ffor he ſholde me don hommage
 Off juſtyce and equyte
 Ffor that ye holde ye holde of me

* * * * *
 Yiff the round firmament
 The planetys and ech ſpere
 And the bryht ſterrys clere
 Yiff I hem maade to ceſſe echon
 Than wer your power clene agon
 Abatyd and ſet aſyde
 Wher upon lat be your pryde
 And grutchet nat ageyne me^b
 Syth I ha the ſoveraynte
 Lordſhepe and domynacion
 And yt were abuſyon

^c f. 14.

^d Matt. vii. 6.

^e Pfal. cxxiii. 2.
 Phillipp. ii. 13.

^f Iſaiah ii. 12.
 Iſaiah xxix. 16.
 Job xxii. 12.

¹ GRACEDIEU.

* * * * *
 Vous ſemblez bien le porc ſauuaige^c
 Qui mangeue fouent au boſcaige
 Le glan et point na le regarde^d
 Dont il luy vient ne de quel part
 La teſte en terre et les yeulx
 Et point en hault ne vers les cieulx
 Regarde dont ce bien luy vient
 Au glan tant ſeulement ſe tient
 Auffi point ne me congnoiſſez
 Ou ne me congnoiſtre ſaignez
 De qui tenez tout ce quaez
 Ne rien fans moy vous ne puez

Ouerez doncques diſcretement
 Les yeulx de voſtre entendement^e
 Car ſe bien ouerez la paupiere
 Moy la dame et vous chamberiere
 Trouuerez tout apertement
 Et lors parlerez doucement
 A moy et hommaige ferez
 De quanque de moy vous tenez
 Car ainſi comme eſaie dit^f
 Ceſt grant orgueil et grant deſpit
 Quant encontre le charpentier
 Se veult la coignee redrecier
 Et quant de ſon potier ſe deult
 Le pot et arguer le veult
 De facon et ſe plaint de luy
 En luy diſant ie te reny

Sych as wryteth ysaye ^a
 And in his book doth specefye
 A gret despyte both fer and ner
 Yiff ageyn the carpenter
 The ex ^b were bold by surquedye ^c
 Ffor to holden chaumpartye
 Yt wer a thyng ageyne kynde
 In holy wryt as ye shal fynde
 And a thyng off gret dysdene
 And yiff the pot sholde also feyn
 To the potter that hym wrouhte
 And hys forme about brouhte
 Yiff he pleynede ^d off hys makyng
 Touchyng hys fasson and werkyng
 Yt wer a thyng not convenable
 And evene lyk in cas semblable
 Ye argue ageyne me
 Wych in effect nat ellys be
 Ffor al your sotel ^e argument
 But myn handwerk and instrument
 Wych I ha mad to helpen me

* * * *

Anoon thys lady dame nature
 Whan she had herd hyr tale along
 Knowyng that she had do wrong
 And hyr compleynt to specefye
 Was ygrounded on folye
 Ful humblely in hyr degre
 She ffyl anoon upon hyr kne

Nature cryede MERCY

The fyrst word that she gan feye
 Nature off mercy gan hyr preye
 And with humble cher and fface
 She confessede hyr trespace
 And to hyr sayde most mekly
 Ma dame quod she ful folylly ^f
 I have governeyd me to yow
 And ful ungoodly spoke now
 Wher off I repente fore

And certys I ne shal no more
 Offende yow in no manere
 Nouthur in speche nor in chere
 So that of mercy and pyte
 Ye wyl as now forgyve yt me
 That I ha don al outterly
 And that ye wyl fo gracyoufly
 Off alle that ever me asterte ^g
 No thyng reservyn in your herte
 Only off your benygne grace
 But clene forgete my trespace

Repentance and *Charity* ¹ then appear to the Pilgrim, the former holding a hammer and rod in her hands, and a broom in her mouth, and she thus describes herself:—

² I am the ffayre louyd but lyte ^h
 Off my port demur and sad
 Debonayre and gretly drad
 Off fele folkys ⁱ that me se
 And trewly I am ek she
 Now adayes lytel preysyd
 And yet ful worthy to be reyfed
 Off prys to folkys that be dygne ^k
 Rygerous and ful benygne
 To al that be vertuous
 Happy also and right grevous
 The gracyouse of synal pleasaunce
 I am called dame penaunce
 I smyte hertys vp and don ^l
 And make hem by contrycion
 Wyth salte terys thys the cas
 To forewe crye and feyn allas
 That they eure dyde amys
 Ye shal yt fynde and thus yt ys
 Off ther trespacys they repente
 And feyn in al ther beste entente
 A Lord God how off thy grace
 How shal I han off my trespace
 Allement withoute the ^m

^a Isaiah.

^b Axe.

^c Proudly to wage war against the carpenter.

^d Complained.

^e Subtle.

^f Stupidly, confusedly.

^g Escaped.

^h But little beloved.

ⁱ Many.

^k Worthy.

^l Down.

^m Thee.

¹ See Woodcut VII.

² Je suis la belle peu amee ⁿ
 La debonnaire trop doubtée
 La peu prisee peu plaisant
 Penitence suis appelée
 De ce maillet iamoliay

Jadis saint pierre et le froiffay
 Qui si dur pierre avoit este
 Que son bon maitre avoit nie
 * * * * *
 Et grande amertume et douleur
 De la magdaleine ainsi fis

ⁿ f. 15.

- ^a Job x. 20.
But thou grant off thy pyte ^a
That I may al outterly ^b
Off my gyltes ^c ha mercy
So that I do no more amyfs
^b Ezra x. 11.
Now good lord thou grante thys
Thus I maken hem crye offte
^c Guilt.
And with thys hammer I made soffie
Seyn petrys hert and yt to brak
That yt wente al vnto crak
^d Soft.
Wych ffyrft was hard as any fton
But I made yt nefshe ^d anoon
Whan he hys mayftee ffyrft forfook
^e Matt. xxvi. 75.
But whan I the hammer took
I smet hym fo with repentaunce ^e
And made hym nefshe with penaunce
That the jows of hys wepyng ^f
Yffede out in compleynyng
Off verray forewe and bitterneffe
He felt theroff fo gret dystresse
^g Strong.
In hys greuous hertly ^g peyne
And also Mary Mawgdelegne ^h
With thys hamer I smot fo
^h Luke vii. 38.
That hyr herte I rooff atwo
Wych was fulhard with fynnes old
But wt strokys manyfold
I made hyr tender yt ys no doute
That the terys yffede oute

ⁱ Ifaiah i. 16.
Prov. xi. 20.
Ezek. xvi. 30.
Eccluf. iii. 26;
vii. 17.
Jer. xxiii. 29.

^k Matt. xii. 43,
44.
Romans x. 10.
Pfalme xxvi. 8.

^l 2 Cor. vii. 1.

^m Walk.

ⁿ Ecclef. vii. 2.

^o f. 14. b.

¹ These five gates are the same as those described in Bunyan's "Holy War."

"The famous town of 'Manfoul' had five gates, in at which to come, out at which to go, and these were made likewise answerable to the walls,—to wit, impregnable, and such as could never be opened nor forced but by the will and leave of those within. The names of the gates were these: Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Mouth-gate, Nose-gate, and Feel-gate."

There is an interesting little work on this subject, entitled "The Five Gates of Knowledge," by George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E.

fangs of *remorse* were not the hammer of *contrition* capable of destroying it.

Repentance thus explains the use of the broom, ^k saying, "In the house of which *Grace* is the mistress, and I the attendant, there are six doors; five ^l of admission:

' La porte dodorer, doyt ou descouter,
Du gouft, du taft, et du regard.'

"By all these sin can enter; so if I were to turn my broom in their direction my labour would be lost; but the sixth is the single outlet for transgression:

' Cest la bouche au pauvre pecheur.'
' Thys gate ys called the mouth of man.'

"Towards this door I employ my broom to sweep, heap up and clean.

' Et mon balay si est ma langue
Et mon furgon et ma palangue.'

' And my byfme that al thys doth
Ys myn owne tonge in foth.'

"For, as long as I am servant ^l to *Grace*, I am determined to allow nothing to remain within the dwelling that can injure it, even in the smallest hole or crevice."

² I go to every place
Now here now ther aboute I trace ^m
By verray pleyn confession
Withoute fraude or decepcion
Ther may nothing me skape fro
For gracedieu wyl yt be fo ⁿ
For she ne wyl nowher abyde
But yt be clene on euery fyde
Whos chambre and whos mansion

² Rien na dedans ne sus ne ius ^o
Ne en anlet ne en pertuz
Que tout ne vueille remuer
Cerchez tracer et hors gefter
Par entiere confession
Sans fraude et sans deception
Car ainsi le veult gracedieu
Qui na cure fors de net lieu
Et conscience est la maison
La chambre et habitation
Ou elle fait sa demouree
Quant la trouue ainsi baliee

Dwelling and habytacion
Ys trewly withoute offence
A verray clene conscience

Part of the text from Rom. x. 10, is here referred to: "with the mouth confession is made unto salvation;" but the context is omitted.

"The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."—Rom. x. 8—10.

Bunyan shows more strikingly that the Gospel must first influence the heart, before the mouth can utter its feelings. "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

"Then the *Interpreter* took *Christian* by the hand, and led him into a very large parlour that was full of dust, because never swept; the which, after he had reviewed a little while, the *Interpreter* called for a man to sweep. Now when he began to sweep, the dust began abundantly to fly about, that *Christian* had almost therewith been choked. Then said the *Interpreter* to a damsel that stood by, 'Bring hither the water, and sprinkle the room;' which, when she had done, it was swept and cleansed with pleasure.

"Then said *Christian*, What means this?"

"The *Interpreter* answered, This Parlour is the heart of a man, that was never sanctified by the sweet grace of the Gospel: the dust is his original sin, and inward corruptions, that have defiled the whole man. He that began to sweep at first is the law; but she that brought water, and did sprinkle it, is the Gospel. Now, whereas, thou sawest, that as soon as the first

began to sweep, the dust did so fly about, that the room by him could not be cleansed, but that thou wast almost choked therewith; this is to show thee, that the law, instead of cleansing the heart, by its working, from sin, doth revive, put strength into, and increases it in the soul, as it doth also discover and forbid it, but doth not give power to subdue. Again, as thou sawest the Damsel sprinkle the room with water, upon which it was cleansed with pleasure; this is to show thee, that when the Gospel comes in the sweet and precious influences thereof to the heart, then, I say, even as thou sawest the Damsel lay the dust, by sprinkling the floor with water, so is sin vanquished and subdued, and the soul made clean, through the faith of it; and consequently fit for the king of glory to inhabit."

The Pilgrim's Progress.

Repentance thus continues in De Guileville:—

Vnto my byfme^a [human hearts] submitted be¹
Off lownesse and humylyte
That they be swept clenly at al
And that the hammer breke smal
Ffyrft by trewe contricyon
And verray iuste confession
Than a noon my yerde^b I take
And amendys for to make
By repentaunce in divers wyse
With my yerde I hem chaftyse
Put hem to penaunce of entent
To brynge hem to amendment

Various modes of penance^c are then enumerated, such as visiting the poor and sick, performing pilgrimages, fasting, &c. *Repentance* says that no sin can be passed over without punishment by rods; those must be beaten who have consented to commit sin.

² And therefore thys yerde I holde
Wych namyd ys of iuste refon

¹ Sa mon balay soubz mis il est^d
Et se bien balye en est
Et quant le voy ainsi contrit
Et bien confes comme iay dit
Adonc pour le bien chaftier

De mes verges le batz et fier
Peine luy donne et batement
Afin que preingne amendement
² Des verges se voulez le nom
Dictes font fatiffation

^a Before or broom.

^b Rod or staff.

^c Dan. iv. 27.
Ecclus. xvi. 12.
Pf. xxxvii. 28.

^d f. xvi. b.

<p>^a Sufficiently.</p> <p>^b Rom. xi. 5. Luke xxii. 19.</p> <p>^c Long ago.</p>	<p>Trewe satysfaccion And sothly yiff I shal not feyne Satysfaccion ys to feyne Affeth ^a that ys mad for synne And that a man haue withinne As myche forewe and repentaunce As he hadde ffyrst plesauce</p> <p>Here the doctrine of Penance appears distinctly as something more than Repentance; and the superior views of Bunyan shine forth with the splendour of the Gospel in contrast with the human idea of self-justification by mortifying the flesh, and a strange aspect is presented of the high Christian privileges of Prayer, attending to the wants of the poor, the sick, and miserable, when they are classed as part of the punishments of sin.</p> <p>Our Saviour says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."</p> <p>In De Guileville, <i>Repentance</i> beautifully adds, "that she is commissioned to succour all the weary and heavy laden; to those pilgrims anxiously trying to follow the narrow path she offers the consolation appointed by our Lord</p>	<p>Himself at the last Supper, which He partook of with his disciples when he took bread and blessed it, and she gives the assurance that it will sustain the faith of all his followers^b who partake of this Sacrament in remembrance of Him, but of which none can be worthy recipients who have not first submitted to her inflictions and become contrite, and cleansed from their offences."</p> <p>Again; we must observe that the view taken by De Guileville of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is partial: he speaks of the bread only, whereas our Saviour says,</p> <p>"Take, eat; this is my body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins."—<i>St. Matt.</i> xxvi. 26—28.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CHARITY.¹</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* * * * *</p> <p>I made seyn martyne yore agon^c Al be that he hadde but on Hys mantel to kutte a tweyne</p>
<p>^d f. xvii.</p> <p>^e 1 Cor. xiii. 3.</p> <p>^f 1 Cor. xiii. 6, 7.</p> <p>^g 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.</p> <p>^h Eph. i. 7.</p>	<p>Car satisfacion vault tant Que faire assez ou tout autant De peine sans nul contredit Comme au peche eut delict</p> <p style="text-align: center;">¹ CHARITE.</p> <p>Je suis la mere des vertus^d Celle qui reuest les gens nudz Qui saint martin fis despoillier Pour poure vestir et aïsier Je suis nourrice d'orphelins Hosteliere de pelerins Qui les maux d'autrui faiz les myens Et a tous communs font mes biens Sans laquelle saint paul disoit^e Que riens nauoit qui ne mauoit Et quelque bien faire ne peust Si non quavecques soy il meust Aussi certainement ne fait Car sans moy nest aucun bien fait Mon nom se sauoir le voulez Charite vous m'appellerez^f Car charite tient en cherte Ceulx qu'autres ont en grant vilte Je repais les gens familleux Et visite les langoureux Je suis celle qui d'autrui bien</p>	<p>Suis ioieuse comme du mien Celle qui debonairement Seuffre tout et paisiblement Celle qui descouter nay cure Sufurracion ne murmure Celle qui oncques ne mesdis D'autrui ne a autrui meffis Et non pour tant si ay ie fait Aucuns maux faire sans meffait Se point avez ouy parler Du roy iesus et racompter Comment vult homme deuenir Et pour les hommes mort souffrir Sauoir deuez que celle suy Qui faire luy fis tel ennuy Car du ciel ie le fis descendre Pour la vostre humanite prendre A lestache le fis luy Et despines le couronner Les bras fis en la croix estendre^g Et son coste percier et fendre Les piedz et les mains atacher En la croix luy fis et ficher Sang fiz yffir de son corps tendre Et luy fiz son doulx esperit rendre Tous lesquelz maux souffrir luy fis Pour vous tous qui estiez perilz Quant en enfer vous ala rembre^h</p>

And dyde al hys byfy peyne
 To clothe the poore wych nakyd flood
 Myd off the gate devoyde of good
 I am noryce ^a of al nedy
 And I herberwe ^b commonly
 Al pylgrymes in ther nede
 And I am she yt ys no drede
 That ffele as myche harm in me
 Off other ffolkys aduerfyte
 As they hem fylff that yt endure
 And al my goodys I ensurē
 Be common unto every whyht
 Whan they ha nede as yt ys ryht
 Seyn poul sayd ek in hys wrytyng
 Off vertu he hadde no thyng
 Withoute that he hadde me
 And that he myghte in no degre
 Withoute me do no good dede
 And trewly who taketh hede
 No good dede nor good entent
 Ys worth but yiff I be present
 Among estatys hih nor lowe
 And yiff ye lyst my name knowe
 I am callyd dame charyte
 That haue al folk in certe
 And other that folk haue in despyt
 Hem to cheryfshē ys my delyt
 I feede folk that hongry be
 And part ^c with hem off my plente
 And vyfete hem that lyggen seke
 And dwelle with folkys that be meke
 And for no coste I do not spare
 To be glad of the welfare
 Off euery other maner whyht
 As off myn owne of verray ryht
 I am she that patiently
 Kan suffren and benygne
 Alle forwes wel apese
 And I am she that kan don efe

Al hevynesses to recure
 And I am she that set no cure
 Off grucchyng nor detraction
 Ffor thys ys my condicion
 Harm to spek neueradel
 But off ech man to sey wel
 Wych I holde in gret vertu
 And yiff ye haue off Cryst Ihū
 Any maner Remembraunce
 I made hym for to ha plefaunce
 Off mercy as I reherse kan
 Ffor loue to become a man
 And taken your humanyte
 And suffren by humylyte
 Deth for your sake and passion
 Made hym fro hevene kome a don
 And suffren ek as yt ys founde
 To a pyler to be bounde
 And tendure that lovd most fre
 With sharpe thornys crownyd be
 And sprede hys armys on the rood
 And for your sake shede hys blood

* * * * *
 I made hym for your sake
 Tendure off entencyon
 To make your redempcion
 That wer for synne loft echon
 And to helle I made hym gon
 To sette hem out that lay ther bounde
 The devels power to confounde
 Wych hadde grievyd man so fore
 And I shal telle you euermore
 How thys kyng most sovereyne
 To forn hys passion and peyne
 And hys tormentys wonder stronge
 Or he the deth sholde underfonge ^d
 He forgatt nat off entent
 Ffor to make hys testament
 The forme ther off to endyte

^a Nourisher.^b Lodge or entertain.^c Share.^d Underwent.

Et de la mort denfer defendre
 Ce font les maux que iay fait faire
 Sans peche voir et sans meffaire
 Or vous jiray que ce roy fist
 Auant que ces paines souffrist
 Quant il vit sa mort approucher
 Ne vout pas en oubly laisser
 Que son testament il ne fist

Il mappella ie luy escripz
 Et en ceste forme le mis
 Testament de paix est nomme
 Et le vous ay cy apporte
 Afin que ses lois vous saichez
 Et ce que vous en duyt ayez
 Je le vueil lire or lescoutez
 Et lentendez se vous voulez

^a f. xvii. b. "Ces trois lettres font assavoir."

^b Peace.

^c Is or shall be.

^d Feels no symptom of pain.

^e One.

He callede me yt to wryte
Ffor to make the forme better
My fylff wrot yt euery lettre
And namyd yt yt ys no les
The trewe testament off pes
Wych to for you alle I brynge
That ye may ha knowelychyng
That maner thyng ther on doth sue
And what to you ther off ys due
I wyl yow reden the sentence
Yiff ye wyl given audyence
So thys yt ys herkneth echon
As I shal her reherse anon
The testament¹ off cryft Jesu

One clause of this will or testament bequeaths to mankind *Pax Triplex*—"triple tranquillity." The three things signified by the three initial letters, at the three corners of a right-angled triangle, formed by the stem and one limb of a Latin cross are—X, the initial of *Χριστός*, "Christ;" A, of *Anima*, "the soul;" P, of *Proximus*, our "neighbour." When these three are properly disposed towards each other, there is a firmly established peace of mind; since they indicate the whole duty of man's life, viz. his love to God and his neighbour.²

And overmore thys lettrys thre^a
Ar tooknys that in unyte
He sholde ha verray love and pes^b
With thre thynges douteles
He that he hath poffioun
Off thys jowell most off renoun
And he to whom cryft hath yt take
Sholde keep for hys sake
Pes with every maner whyht
And fyrst above as yt ys ryht
Wher as the X condygnely
Ys set alofte as most worthy
By wych ziff yt be espyed
I am trewly fygnifyed

In tookne that noon be rekkeles
Fyrst to haue parfyt pes
Wyth god and me byth^c al on
And may neuer affonder gon
And also as I shal devyse
That he in no maner wyfe
Ne do no thyng in no degre
Wych that sholde dysplese me
And yiff yt happe off necligence
Ageyn me that he do offence

* * * * *
Ther by ys pleynly underfonde
The fowle of man with whom ech whyht
Sholde ha pes of verray ryht
So that in a manhys thouht
³ Synderesis^d ne grucheth nouht
Thorgh no trespace nor offence
By no remors of conscience
Lat every man tak hed herto
And with your neyhebour also
Ye most ha pes and unyte
Wych ys ytokenyd by the P
And ys yfet ffyrst off echon
And that ye sholde be al on
Thexauple techeth yow ful wel
Yiff ye confydren everydel
How ye bothen in o^e lyne
Stonde and may yt not declyne
Lyneally yt ys noon other
As brother verrayly to brother
Nature wyl that yt so be
High and lowh off o degre
Bothe tweyne ymade lyche
The pore man and ek the ryche
At the 'gynnyng as ye shal lere
Al forgyd of one matere
Touchyng ther ffyrst orygynal
And bothe tweyne be mortal
The ton the tother in certeyne
They be but wermes bothe tweyne

¹ The testament is given in the analysis.
² See Woodcut VIII.
³ The following lines appear on the margin of the MS. (f. 74, b.) in explanation of the term "*synderesis*:"
Synderesis to speke in pleyn

Ys as myche for to feyn
By notable descripcion
The hiber party of Reson
Wherby a man shal best discernen
Hys conscience for to governe

For al shal passe by o passage
 And by on hole-off gret streitnesse
 Poverte and ek rycheffe
 Al goth o way bothe gret and smal
 Excepcion ys noon at al
 To helpen in thys streithe nede
 Wherfor euery man take hede
 Thorgh pryde to be nat rekkeles
 Thys ryche jowell callyd pes
 To kepe yt wel and lose it nouht
 And euery man in herte and thouht
 Do hys dyllygent labour
 To ha pes with hys neihebour
 As roote off al perfection
 Vp to parforme the patron
 Off vnite and sothfoft pes
 Tendure and lasten endeles
 So as yt ouht off iust reson
 As tookne off the tabellyon
 Wyth wych in pes and vnyte
 Al testamentys sholde be
 Sygned and markyd commonly
 And ek confermyd openly
 And tovchyng her thys wryt present
 Callyd off cryft the testament
 Wyth tookne of tabellion
 I marke off entencyon

* * * *

GRACEDIEU speketh :

Thys lady goodly spak to me^a
 Kom ner my sonne tak hed to me
 Loo her yiff I shal nat feyne
 Thylke ryche Giffys tweyne
 Wych I behihte^b whylom to the
 And thou shalt not deceyved be
 Loo her a *Skryppe* and a *Bordon*
 The wych of hool entencyon
 I gyv to the now kep hem wel
 Confydre the maner everydel
 How they be ryht necessarye
 To forthre the^c thou shalt not tarye
 To helpe the in thy vyage
 And to spede thy pylgrymage
 Thou shalt off hem haue ay gret nede
 Yiff thou lyft thy journee spede

Nedful to pylgrymes all
 And *seyth* thy skryppe thou shalt calle
 Wyth oute wych may nat be
 Brouht aboute no journee
 Nor vyage that may awaylle
 Ffor thy bred and thy vytaylle
 Ther in thou shalt alway conserve
 And all tymes thou shalt obserue
 Thys skryppe wel in thy bandon^d
 In euery cyte and euery ton
 In al thy moste feythful wyse
 And also for to auctoryse
 Touchyng thys skryppe callyd ffeyth
 Herkne what thapostel seyth
 In a pystel^e that he endyteth
 And to the Romayns pleyntly wryteth
 The ryhtful man withoute stryff
 By this skryppe lat^f hys lyff
 Thys to feyne that ffeyth off ryht
 Giveth lyff to euery maner whyht
 As *Abacuch* that hooly man
 In hys wrytyng reherse kan
 The seconde chapytile off hys book
 Who so lyft lyfft vp hys look
 And thys skryppe withoute wene^g
 Off hys colour mot be grene
 Wych colour who so look a ryht
 Doth gret comfort to the fyht
 Sharpeth the eye yt ys no dred
 And so doth ffeyth who taketh hed
 Yt maketh pylgrymes glad and lyht
 With hem abydyng day and nyht
 And in ther weye I dar reporte
 Gretly doth hem recomforte
 For good pylgrymes everychon^h
 On pylgrymage wher they gon
 Only ffeyth doth hem sustene
 By example as the greene
 The gentyll colour glad and lyht
 Giveth clernesse to the fyht
 Whan the grene al withoute
 Ys spreyntⁱ with dropys rond aboute
 Off red blood who kan entende
 Then the fyht yt doth amende
 Fful gretly I dar wel feyne
 Ffor ther ys drope noon certeyn

^a Vitell. C. XIII.
 f. 99, b.
 f. xxiii. b. "Voy
 cy lefcharpe et le
 bourdon."

^b Promised.

^c Advance thy-
 self.

^d Keep in thy
 power.

^e Epistle.

^f Leads.

^g Doubt.

^h Every one.

ⁱ Sprinkled.

^a "Mixed," or
"mingled
with."

^b Shed in purity,
i. e. the green of
the scrip was
shaded with the
pure blood of the
martyrs.

^c "Perfectly,"
or "once for
all."

^d Will.

^e Saints who suf-
fered thus are
gone.

^f Scabbard.

^g Gone or van-
ished.

^h On earth.

ⁱ Jeopardy.

^k Vitell. C. xliii.
f. 108.
f. xxviii. "Or en-
tens ben de ce
bourdon."

^l I advise thee.

^m Jesus Christ.

But yt ys worth and off more prys
To pylgrymes that be wyfe
Than outhere perle or margeryte
And as I dar ryht wel endyte
Yt ys mor ryche and precyous
Mor off valu and vertuous
The bloody dropys whan they be spreynt
Vp on the grene and ymeynt ^a
To make a man mor strong and lyht
And tofforce with hys fyht
Than any other ryche ston
Ffor to rekne hem euerechon
The green ys good in specyal
Whan the rede ys meynt withal
Off blood for pleyntly the rednesse
Wyth that was shad in clenness ^b
Off gloryous martyrs longe agon
That spent her blood and lefte noon
But suffrede al the vyolence
And the mortal ek sentence
Off Tyrantys tyrannye
And sparede nat platly ^c to dye
Ther legende so wryt and seyth
Ffor to dyffende Crystys *ffeyth*
Ffor wych vp on thys skryppe off grene
The bloody dropys ther yfene
Shewyn in conclusion
Ther martyrdom ther passion
Off ther owne volunte ^d
Only to given vn to the
Verrayly an exemplayre
Wher so ever thow repayre
To suffre deth for crystys sake
Rather than thow shuft forsake
Thy skryppe in any maner wyfe
Off wych thow hast here me devyse
Ffor seyntys ^e wych that suffrede so
I wot ryht wel that they be go
To paradys and entryd in
Ffor the swerd off cherubin
Wych whilom at the gate stood
Ys so blonted with her blood
That yt ys I dar wel feyn
In the skawberk ^f vp ageyn
But now adayes yt stant so
Hooly seyntys ben all ago ^g

That wer so myghty and so strong
And dradde nat to suffre awrong
Ffor the ffeyth yt to dyffende
Her lyff her blood ther on to spende
Redy they wern and that anoon
But nowh aunerthe ^h ther ys nat on
That wyl hym putte in jupartye ⁱ
Crystys feyth to magnesye
Nor make myhty refistence
Ageyn Tyrantys by dyffence

* * * *

But ffyrst tak hed off the Bordon ^k
How yt ys good in ech seson
Ffor he nat ffallerth commonly
That leneth ther on stedfastly
Ffor wych thow shalt as yt ys ryht
With al thy force and al thy myght
Ther on reste what so be falle
Trewly thow shalt nat falle
What perillous passage that thow go
As longe as thow takest hed ther to
And tavoyde a way dyspeyr
Wher so thow goft in foul or ffayr
Or what fortune the be falle
Good hope alway thow shalt yt calle
Thys the name off thy bordon
Off trust and trewe affection
Wych ys callyd *Esperaunce*
After the speche vsyd in fraunce
And the maner of that language
And look alway in thy passage
That thow holde the wel ther by
And theron reste feythfully
In peryllous pathys wher thow wende
And by the pomellys as the ende
Holde the strongly I the lede ^l
Ffor they shall in al thy nede
Sustene the thow falle nouht
The hiher pomel yiff yt be souht
Ys Ihū Cryst ^m haue hym in mynde
And in Scrypture as thow shalt fynde
He ys the merour cler and bryht
Wyth oute spot bothe day and nyht
In the wyche a man by grace
May beholde hys owne fface
In wych *merour* as I tolde

All the worlde ouhte beholde
 In wych also men may fynde
 All thynges wrouht be kynde ^a
 Reste vpon hym with herte and thouht
 And go furly and dred the nouht
 And to hys helpe alway calle
 And truft wel thou shalt not falle

* * * *

Com ner, quoth she, and ha no drede ^b
 Look up on hih and tak good heede
 Upon thys perche ^c the harneys fe
 Wherwith that thou wylt armed be
 Pertynent to thy vyage
 And needful to thy pylgrimage
 Then saw I helmys and habergiouns
 Plate and maylle for champions
 Gorgetys ageyn al vyolence
 And jakkes ^d stuffys of defence
 Targetes and sheldys large and longe
 And pavys ^e also that wer stronge
 For folk to make refistene
 Talle that wolde hem don offence

* * * *

Thys *helm* callyd *attempraunce* ^f
 Ys nedful in thy dyffence
 Ffor to make refistene
 At *nose* at *ere* and at the *byht* ^g
 That yt hem kepe and close aryht
 Ffor this helm for assurance
 Wych ys called attempraunce
 As worthy and noble off fame
 Seyn Poul gaff therto a name
 And callyd yt ffor gret delyt
 The helm off helthe and off profyt
 And commanded men tak hed
 Ffor to fette yt on ther hed
 As ffor ther chef falvacon

* * * *

Ffor yiff thys helm be mad aryht
 Yt shal not have to large a fyht
 Lyft some arowe sharpe ygrounde

Entre myghte and gyue a wounde
 And at the crys ek also
 Thou mustest taken hede ther to
 That yt be not too large off space
 Lyft that by the same place
 Entrede by collusion
 Som noyce off fals detracion

* * * *

Tave a swerd ek by thy syde ^h
 A bettre was ther neuer founde
 Off stel forgyd whet nor grounde
 Wych shal ynogh suffyse
 The to dyffende many wyse
 Yiff any enmy the assaylle
 Outher in skarmush outhere bataylle
 I the ensure in al thy nede
 Whyll thou haft yt thou shalt not drede
 Off non enemy nor no dystresse
 The name off wych ys Ryhtwysnesse
 A better swerd was neuer wrought
 Off prince nor off kyng ybought
 For the swerd off good *Oger* ¹
 Off *Rowland* nor off *Olyver*
 Was not for to reknen al
 Off valu to this swerd egal
 So trusty nor so vertuous
 To ffolk in vertu coragous
 Ffor this swerd haueth so gret myht
 To ryche and poore for to do ryht

MEMORY.²

The Pilgrim, fearful that he shall forget the good advice which *Grace* has given him, summons to Memory to carry his armour. He is surprisid to see the latter without eyes, and complains that she will not be of use to him; but he is assured that her eyes are at the back of her head, and that she is the treasurer of much knowledge; for although she cannot foresee, she has complete information of the

^a Are reproduced or reprinted.

^b Vitell. C. XIII. f. 114, b. f. xxx. b. "Or regarde."

^c Pole or rod.

^d Stuff for making furcoats. A "jack" was a buff jerkin worn by soldiers.

^e Bucklers.

^f Vitell. C. XIII. f. 121, b. f. xxxii. "Le heaulme, &c."

^g Mouth.

^h Vitell. C. XIII. f. 123. f. xxxii. b. "Par son nom, &c."

¹ Ogier, Roland, and Oliver, were three of Charlemagne's peers. (*Vide Biog. Univ. sub. v "Oger," et alibi.*) The two latter were so equally matched in strength and valour that it was doubtful which was superior: hence the saying, in reference to the blows they inflicted, "of giving a Roland for an Oliver," which has passed into a proverb in our own language.

² See Woodcut XI.

^a Eph. vi. 11.

^b Zech. ix. 8.

^c Luke xi. 21, 22.

^d 1 Peter ii. 11.
Gal. v. 16—19.
Rom. vii. 22, 23.

^e Matt. vi. 25.
Gen. ii. 7.
1 Cor. ix. 27.

^f Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 144.

^g f. xxxvi. b.

^h f. xxxvii. b.

ⁱ Ecclesiasticus
ii. 18.

^k James ii. 26.

past, and will recall to him her advice, and prove a most useful attendant. *Grace*, however, warns the Pilgrim that he is not the good warrior ^a who requires his armour to be carried; but he who wears it continually, and who is always ready with it in time of need, even in his own house ^b where he is never free from warfare. She also informs him that in the country to which he is going he will be always encompassed with enemies, and that the sling and stones (she had given him) would not be sufficient to defend him unless he was accustomed to his armour, without requiring the assistance of his armourbearer; for it would excite scorn and derision were he to allow her to carry it who was so much weaker than himself.

The Pilgrim inquires the reason why, after taking off his armour, ^c he should experience so much pain in putting it on again?

Grace ¹ bids him remember she had told him he was too fat, and too stubborn.

The Pilgrim acknowledges that she had admonished him of this—but thinks that it should be a reason for his being stronger and more valiant.

She next inquires whether he is aware who he is? whether he is single or double? whether he has not another besides himself to nourish, govern, and maintain?

The Pilgrim replies, that he is astonished at her question, that she must be aware that he has only himself to govern and take care of.

Then she says, “Understand, and listen diligently, for I will instruct you otherwise: know that you nourish one who is your greatest enemy—that you clothe him, and feed him with the costliest viands—that ^d you are his slave; but, notwithstanding, he deceives you, both when he is moving and when he is at rest.

‘Soit en allant ou quant il gist.’

He it is who will not allow you to carry your armour, and who is always your adversary when you would do any good thing.”

The Pilgrim inquires his name, that he may revenge himself on his enemy by killing him.^e

Grace replies, that he is not permitted to do that, but that he may punish him and give him pain, by making him work, fast, and submit to penance, without which he will never succeed in revenging himself upon him. She adds, that if he had well understood the matter he would have seen that *Repentance*² was the mistress and chastiser, who, with her rods, would cause his enemy to become a good servant; and she tells the Pilgrim that he ought to desire that more than the death of his foe, for he is lent to him to lead him to the haven of eternal life, and to preserve him from peril; that this enemy is his body and his flesh, which can be called by no other name than that of a foe.

The PILGRIM replies:

Ma dame quod I what may thys be ^f
Whether dreme I other ellys ye

¹ GRACEDIEU.

¶ Ne te souvient dit elle pas ^g
Que ie te dis questoye trop gras
Par trop remply et par trop peu
Ainsi quencord es et trop druz

LE PELERIN.

¶ Bien men souvient dis ie mais tant
Estre ien deusse plus puissant
Et plus fort aux armes porter
Comme il me semble et a marmier

GRACEDIEU.

¶ Scez tu dist elle qui tu es
Se tu es seul on se double es

Se nul fors toy as a nourrir
Na gouverner na maintenir

² Penitence est la maistresse ^h
Et de luy la chastierresse ⁱ
Bailles le luy si le batra
Et tellement le chastiera
De ses verges que bon seruant
El le fera doreinauant
Et ce dois tu mieulx desirer
Et mieulx vouloir et procurer
Que tu ne dois faire fa mort
Car baille test pour luy a port ^k
De vie et de salut mener
Et de tous perilz le gecter
Cest le corps et la chair de toy
Autrement nommer ne le doy

Ffor as fer as I kan espye^a
 I merveyll off your fantasye
 Or by what weye ye wolde gon
 Ys nat my body and I al on
 I trowe yis and ellys wonder
 Or how myhte we be affonder
 Ys he a nother than am I
 I pray you tel me ffeythfully
 And me declareth the sothnesse
 Withouten any dowbylnesse
 What that ye mene verrayly
 Ffor her ys no whyht but ye and I
 Except only my chaumberere
 Wych that folweth ous ryht here
 A noon to me doth fynifye
 Wher yt be trouth or fayrye^b
 Shal we shold ben on or tweyne
 Tel on a noon and doth not ffeyne

Grace inquires of the Pilgrim whether he would wish to abide always where he could have joy, repose,^c and his own will.

Ma dame quod I dysplese you nouht
 I say ryht as lyth^d in my thouht
 Myn hertys ese for to fewe^e
 I wolde abyde and not remewe
 Ffor myn ese euer in^f on
 Rather than thenys for to gon
 Ffor yt ys profytable tabyde
 Wher that a man on euery syde
 Ffyndeth vn to hys plefaunce
 Soiour^g with oute varyaunce

Ys that verrayly quod she
 Soth that thow hast sayd to me
 I understonde by thy language^h
 Thow woldest leue thy pylgrymage
 And platlyⁱ settyn hyt asyde
 Only for reste and ther a byde

Ma dame quod I for my dysport
 Wher I find ese and connfort
 I wolde a byde a whyle there
 Tyl I sawh tyme and good leyfer^k

To me she sayde a noon ryht than
 O wrecche o thow vnhappy man

Tak hed and be more ententyff
 How here in thys mortal lyff^l
 Thogh that a man renne euermore
 He may never haft hym to fore^m
 To kome to tymelyⁿ to that place
 I putte^o caas that he ha space
 Fforth to procede day by day
 At good leyfer vpon hys way
 Her vpon I axe the
 Yiff thow haddyft lyberte
 Joye merthe and al solace
 Woldestow fro thylke place
 Yiff thow haddyft fre chois at wyll
 Remeven or abyde styll

Allas quod I what may I feyn
 I kan nat wel answer ageyn
 But o thyng I wot ryht wel
 The cyrcuflancys euery del
 Confydryd vp on euery syde
 Par caas rather I sholde abyde
 Than ben to hasty to procede^p
 Tyl I sawh I muste nede
 Goon forth off necessyte
 In caas than wolde I haste me

* * * * *
 Quod Gracedieu yt semeth wel
 Thow hast not lernyd euery del
 Thynges nouthur hih nor lowe
 Syth thy sylff thow kanst not knowe
 The wych a boue all other thyng
 Ys the beste knowelychyng
 That man may han in thys lyff here
 And yiff thow lyst platly lere^q
 To knowe thy sylff ys bet knowing
 Than to be Emperour outhur kyng
 And for to knowe al syences
 Practykes and experyences
 Or to han al the rychesse
 Off thys world in sothfastnesse

* * * * *
 And I shal telle the ffeythfully
 In thys matere trewely
 What that I fele in my entent
 Shortly as in sentement
 The body fyrst be nat in doute

^a Col. ii. 5.^b Illusion.^c Iſaiah lxvi. 13.^d Lieth.^e Follow or procure.^f i.e. Remain in one (place).^g Sojourn.^h Pf. lxxiii. 26.ⁱ Entirely.^k Leisure.^l Gal. vi. 10.^m He can never hasten too eagerly.ⁿ Too soon.^o Even granting.^p Gen. xii. 1, 2.^q Pſal. xlix. 20.

^a Gen. i. 27.

^b Gen. ii. 15.

^c To have dwelt
or lived.

^d Job x. 8.

^e Kindred or re-
lationship.

^f Psal. lxxxii. 6.

^g Murmurs.

^h Arose.

ⁱ The fruit re-
sembles the tree.

^k Profit or ad-
vantage.

^l Rom. viii. 13.

^m An action in
the field or pitch-
ed battle.

ⁿ Beat him down.

Off wych I spak clofyd withoute
Whan yt ys fro the fegregat
Dyffeveryd and separat
Than off the I dar wel feyn
And afferme yt in certyn
Off god thow art the portraiture
Thymage also and ffigure^a
And off nouht yiff thow kanst fe
He ffourmede and he made the
That lord ffyrst in thy creauce
To hys owne resemlaunce
And ymage wych of lyknesse
Most dygne and worthy off nobleffe
A prent to speke off dygnyte
He myghte nat ha set on the
Mor worthy nor more notable
Than to hym syllff resemlable
He gaff to the off hys goodnesse^b
Cler fyght off reson and ffayrnesse
And off nature to be mor lyht
Than any ffoul that fleth in flyht
And never to deyen ek withal
For he made the immortal
Permanent and even stable
And tadwellyd immutable^c
Yiff thow not haddyft off entent
Forfetyd hys commandement
Than haddyftow thorgh thy renoun
Excellyd in comparysoun^d
Comparysoun myghte noon ha be
To thy nobleffe and dygnete
Off hevne nor erthe in certeyn
Nor to declare and speke in pleynt
Bryd nor outhere creature
Except off angelys the nature
God ys thy fader tak hed her to
And thow art hys sone also
Most excellynge off kynrede^e
That euer was withoute drede
Most noble and off greteft style
Ffor off Thomas de Guilleyle
Thow art not sone on that party
I dar afferme and feyn trewley^f
Who euer gruchche^g or make stryff
That he nat hadde in al hys lyff
To feke in al hys nacyon

No sone off fwych condycyon
Douhter nouthere yt ys no fable
Off kynrede so notable
But off engendrure bodyly
Thow haddyft off hym thy body
Wych kam off hym by nature
The wych body I kan assure
Ys to the tak hed her to
Thyn enemy and thy greteft foo
On that party yiff thow lyst fe
Roos^h fyrst the grete enemyte
Nature hath yt so ordeyned
But yt thorgh vertu be restreyned
Ffor the ffrutⁱ what euer yt be
Bereth the carage off the tre
* * * * *
And her vp on yiff thow lyit fe
The same lord he made the
Off his goodnes for thy prow^k
And in the body wher thow art now
He the putte as I dar telle
Ther a whyle for to dwelle^l
And ther tabyde thys the cheff
Ffor tassaye the by preffe
And by thy port also dyscerne
How thow sholdest the governe
Prudently both fer and ner
And yiff thow dydest thy dever
To dyffende thy party
Yiff ye wolde holde chaumpartye^m
Ageyns the in any wyse
Ffor as I shal to the devyfe
A twyxe yow yt ys no ffaylle
Ther ys werre and strong bataylle
And contynuelly ther shal be
But so falle thow yelde the
And put the in subiection
Thorgh hys fals collusion
By hys deceyt and flatrye
Evere to haue the maystrye
Over the in conclusioun
Whyl he hath domynacioun
But yiff that thow as yt ys ryht
Dyscomfyte hym by verray myght
And by force betⁿ hym don
Lyk a myghty champyon

Than shal tow bothe fer and ner
 Over hym han ful power
 That he shal neuer for no quarelle
 Ageyns the dor rebelle
 To interupte thy entente
 And trowly but thy sylff assente
 He shal neuer be so bold
 The to withstonde as I ha tolde
 He ys *Dalyda* thow art *Sampson* ^a
 Thow art strong as by refon
 Sturdy on thy feet to stonde
 Suffre hym nat the to withstonde
 Nor over the to han maystrye
 Ffor no glosing nor flatrye
 And yiff thow tak hed ther to
 She ne kan nat ellys do
 But with flatrye and deceyt
 Nyht and day lyn in a wayt
 And swych wach on the doth make
 To make thyn enmyes the to take
 At mescheff whan they may the fynde
 And yiff thow wilt she shal the bynde
 Sher^b thyn heer whyl thow dost slepe
 But thow konne thy sylven kepe
 And overmore I the ensure
 Thy counfayl al he wyl dyscure^c
 And thy secretys eveicchon
^dTo *phylystres*^e that be thy ffoon^f
 Other frenschepe truste me
 He hath pleynly noon to the
 Know thes and to my speche entende
 How thow wylt thy sylff dyffende
 Be nat to thy confusion
 Deceyved as whylom was *Sampson*

* * * * *
 Quod Gracedieu a noon to me
 What thow hast sayd tak hed quod she
 And understond ffyrst in thy syht
 By the sonne that shyneth bryht^g
 Thy soul cler in especyal
 Wyth inne thy body wych ys mortal
 Off thys mater we haue on honde
 Ther by thy soule I understonde
 Thy body yiff thow kanst espye^h
 Ys dyckⁱ as ys a cloudy skye
 And lyk also who can dyscerne

To a murky blak lanterne
 And nat^k for thy I dar expresse
 Men may sen thorgh the bryhtnesse
 Off the foule yt ys no doute
 And the clernesse fer withoute
 Clerkys recorde yt in ther skolys^l
 And other wene^m that be but ffolys
 In ther follysh fals demyng
 That al the cler enlumynyng
 Wher off that pore skye lo
 Wherwyth the fowle ys shrowdyd fo
 Eclypsed off hys ffayr bryhtnesse
 And ne were the gret darknesse
 Off thys skye who loke a ryht
 The fowle sholde han so cler a fyht
 At oⁿ look fro the oryent
 To sen in to the occident
 Ffor off the body truste me
 The eyen no verray eyen be^o
 But lyk to glas I dar wel feyn
 Wher thorgh the clere foule ys feyn
 And outward with hys bemys bryht^p
 Giveth ther to clernesse and lyht
 Ffor the fowle who taketh hede^q
 Off bodyly eyen hath no nede

* * * * *
 But for thy sake a noon ryht^r
 I shal assayen and provyde
 Thy body for to leyn asyde^s
 Ffro the take yt yiff I kan
 That thow mayst conceyve than
 Off hym hooly the governaunce
 And what he ys as in substaunce
 But thow mustest in certeyn
 Affer sone reforte ageyn
 To thyn olde dwellyng place
 Tyl that deth a certeyn space
 Schal the despoyle and make twynne^t
 Ffro the body that thow art inne
 And Grace dieu a noon me took
 I not wher that I slepte or wook
 And made for short conclusioun
 My body for to falle adoun
 And after that a noon ryht
 Me sempte that I took my flyht
 And was ravished in to the hayr

^a Judges xvi. 4.

^b Sheer or clip
 thine hair.

^c Discover or be-
 tray.

^d Judges xvi. 18,
 19.

^e Philistines.

^f Foes.

^g Ecclef. i. 5.

^h I Cor. ii. 14.

ⁱ Thick.

^k Notwithstand-
 ing this.

^l Schools.

^m Suppofe.

ⁿ One.

^o Matt. v. 16.

^p Luke xii. 35.

^q Mark viii. 17,
 18.

^r Vitell. C. xiii.
 f. 152, b.

^s Ifaiah xlii. 16.

^t Separate thee.

^a Whether.^b Touched its head, so as to be sure that it was my body.^c Prov. xii. 28.
Prov. ix. 13—15.
Prov. ii. 13.
Prov. ix. 10.
Prov. xix. 1.^d 1 Cor. xii. 4—6.^e Vitell. C. xiiii. f. 174, b.^f Polisher.^g Ecclef. vi. 7.^h f. xlii. b.ⁱ James v. 3.

A place delytable and ffayr
 And me thought ek in my syht
 I was nat hevly but verray lyht
 And by beholdyng was so cler
 That I sawh bothe fer and ner
 Hih and lowe and overal
 And I was ryht glad with al
 Al was wel to my plesauce
 Save a manner dysplesauce
 I hadde off o thyng in certyn
 That I muſte go dwelle ageyn
 With inne my body wych that lay
 Lyk an hevly lompe off clay
 Wych to me was no forthryng
 But perturbance and gret lettyng
 Thyder to reforte off newe
 Tho wyſt I wel that al was trewe
 That grace dieu had feyd to me
 And thanne I went for to fe
 Wher ^a the body ſlepte or nouht
 And when I hadde longe ſouht,
 Taſtyd ^b hys pows in certeyne
 And gropyd euery nerff and veyne
 I find in hym no breth at al
 But ded and cold as a ſton wal
 And when I dyde al thys eſpye
 Hys gouernance I gan deſye
 Tho Grace Dieu ſpak unto me
 Lefft up thyn eyen beholde and fe
 Yiff thou konne now clerly
 Knowe in erthe thy gret enemy
 He that wolde nat ſuffre the bere
 Noon armys nor noon harneys here

The Pilgrim arrives at a path which branches into oppoſite directions: to the right is ſeated *Industry*, and to the left *Idleneſs*; the “Pelerin” inquires the way to the city of Jeruſalem, beyond the ſea (of this world). *Industry* replies that the oppoſite path conducts

pilgrims into great peril, but that the one wherein he is, was always diſcovered to be fafe to thoſe who continued in it; but that many turned out of their way, through the hedge which led them back into the other path, ^c (the ſtile in *By-path meadow*.) The Pilgrim then inquires why he carries on the humble employment of net-maker. He replies, that he ought not to be blamed for ſo doing; that it is not every one who can make gold crowns: ^d

“Chafcun ſi ne peut pas forger
 Couronnes dor ou lor changer;”

that an honeſt trade is not to be deſpiſed, however humble, provided it is purſued with diligence, ſince labour was good for its own ſake; adding the following ſimile:—

The NATTE MAKER.¹

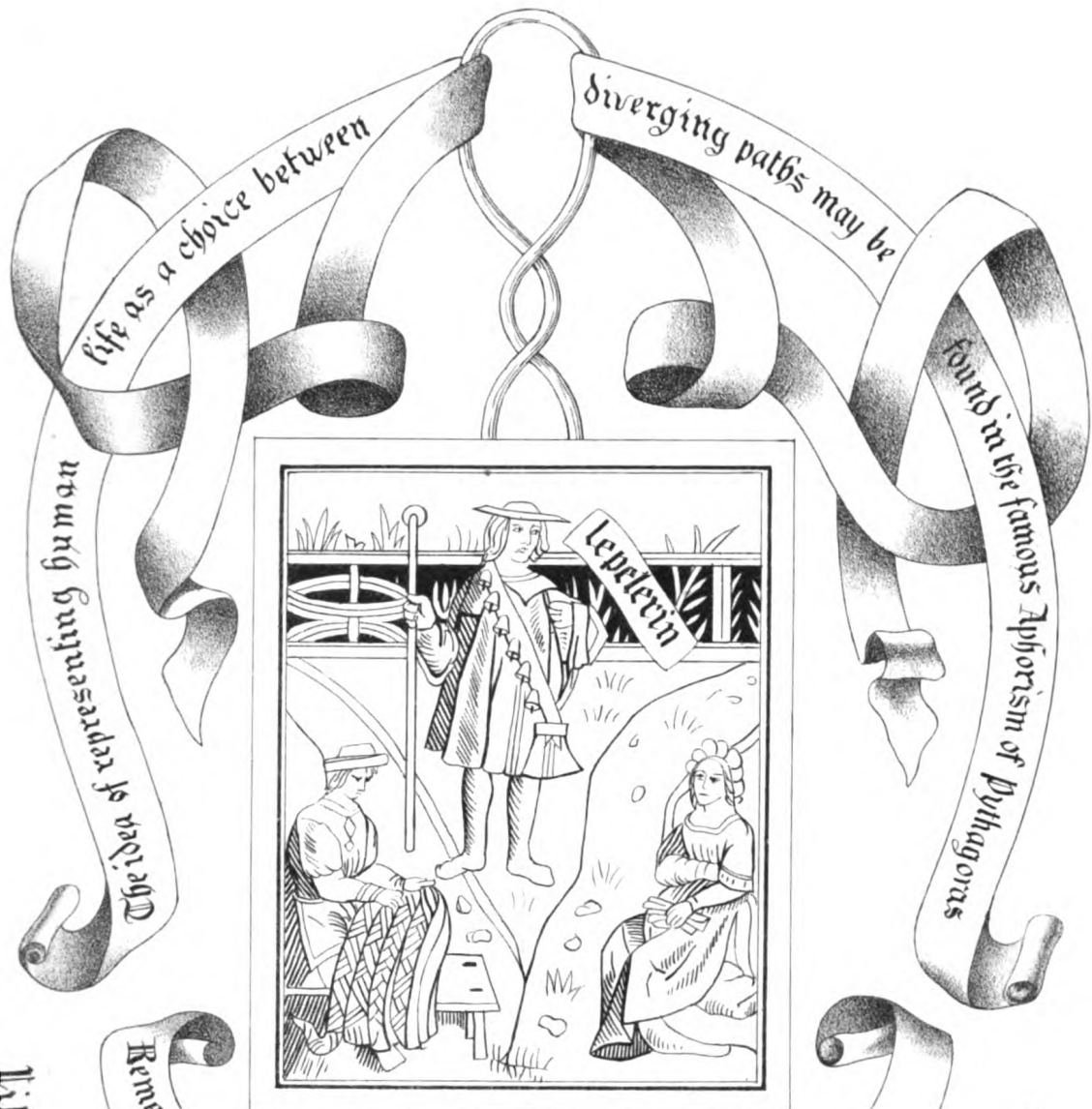
So as a ſwerd I dar expreſſe ^e
 Y ffadyd ys off hys bryhtneſſe
 And off hys clerneſſe ek alſo
 Whan men take noon heed ther to
 But ruſteth and ffareth al amys
 Ryght ſo a man that ydel ys
 And kan hymſylff not occupye
 By reſemblance thou mayſt eſpye
 Into hys ſowle thus I begynne
 The ruſt off vyces or off ſynne
 Doth a way withoute geſſe
 Off all vertu the clerneſſe
 But exerceye in ſentence
 And contynual dyllygence
 Born vp with vertuouſ labour
 Ys bet than any fourbyſhour ^f
 Ageyn the ruſt off ydelneſſe
 Off vertu to gyue perfyte clerneſſe
 The Pilgrim expreſſes ſurpriſe ^g at his an-

¹ LABEUR.^h

¶ Certes diſt il ainſi eſt il ⁱ
 Ainſi que le fer eſt en peril
 Du lacier dont riens on ne fait
 Que toſt apres rouille ne foit
 Auffi l'homme qui oyſeux eſt
 Et riens ne fait en peril eſt

Quaſſez toſt bien fort enrouille
 Ne foit par vice et par peche
 Mais quant il ſe veult occuper
 Et en labour exerciter
 Celuy vault vng bon forbiffeur
 Et vne lime et vng limeur

* * * * *



life as a choice between

diverging paths may be

of representing human

found in the famous Aphorism of Pythagoras

Altera Pythagore discrimine secta bicorni

Remember that the paths of Virtue & Vice resemble the letter Y
humanae vitae speciem preferre videtur





swer, saying, he had looked upon him as a filly old man—to which *Industry* replies, that it was generally^a the case that he who did not wear fine clothing^b was held in little estimation; and that a foolish man, well dressed, was more prized^c than a poor man with much learning; he adds:—

¹And for to speke my general
I sustene and ber up al
And yt ys I ech hour and space
That makyth the tyme shortly pace
Without envy or perturbatione
Ffor I am he by remembrance
Syth Adam the appyle eate
Which with labour and with swet
Have yove^d ffoode and pasture
To every levynge creature
Bothe to best and ek to man
Syth tyme that the world began
Where off I am no thyng to blame
And my verray ryhte name
Ys without mor farmon
Labour and Occupacion

The Pilgrim then inquires of the young person seated on the other side, which were considered the best paths for pilgrims.

But I knowe be wel certeyn²
Yiff I shall the trouthe seyn
Thys the weye most royal
Called the kynges hih³ weye
And her withal I dar wel seye

¹ Et touteffois ie suis celluy
Qui a trestous donne du pain
Et sans moy pieca mort de fain
Fust dadam tout le parente
Rien ny vaulsist larche noe
Je suis celluy qui fais passer
Le temps brieument sans ennuyer^k
Celluy a qui est ne tout homme
Pour le mauuais mors de la pomme
Car appelle suis par mon nom^l
Labeur et occupation

² OYSIUETE.^m

¶ Bien scay et pour vray te dyⁿ
Que cest cy le chemin royal
Ou gens de pie et de cheual
Et pelerins passent le plus
Bien vois quil est le plus batus

Yt ys most esy off passage
To ffolkys old and yonge of age
Smothe and pleyn yt ys no nay
And most yused nyght and day
And by thys ylke same weye
Gladly ffolkys I conveye
Swich^e as love paramours
Toward the woode to gadre flowers
Soot^f rosys and vyolettys
There of to make hem chaplettys
And other flourys to her plesaunce
And in thys weye I teche hem daunce
And also for ther lady faye
Endyte lettrys and songys make
Upon the glade somerys days
Balladys roundelys vyrelays
I teche hem ek lyk ther ententys
To pleye on sondry instrumentys
On herpe lut and on gyterne
And to revele at tavernne
With al merthe and melodye
On rebuke^g and on symphonie
To spende al the day in ffabyls
Pleye at the ches pley at the tablys
At treygolet and tregetrye
In karrying^h and in jogoloryⁱ
And to al swych maner play
Thys the verray ryhte way

The Pilgrim inquires her name and condition. She replies that she is the daughter of *Idleness*, that she is lazy, tender, and soft:

Par luy ie meyne gens au bois
Cueillir fleurs violettes et nois
En esbatement en deduit
En lieu de ioye et de delict
Et la leur fais oyr chanfons
Rondeaux balades et doux sons^o
De herpes et de simphonies
Et plusieurs autres melodies
Dont long le parlement feroit
Qui toutes dire les vouldroit
Et la leur fois ie veoir danseurs
Jeux de basteaux et de iougleurs
Jeux de tables et deschiquiers
De boules et de mereilliers
De cartes jeux de tricherie
Et de mainte autre muferie
³ Bunyan and Spenser both adopt the simile of the
“highway.”

^a 1 Cor. iv. 12.

^b Luke vii. 25.

^c Tobit iv. 7.

^d Given.

^e Such.

^f Sweet.

^g Rebeck, a kind of violin.

^h Legerdemain.

ⁱ Jugglery.

^k Pf. cxxviii. 2.

^l Ecclus. xl. 1.

^m f. xlv.

ⁿ Prov. xxviii. 10.

^o Prov. iv. 14, 15.

^a Eph. v. 3, 4.

^b Prov. xvi. 2.

^c Eccluf. xxxiii. 27.

^d See the description of "Penance" given above.

^e Job xxxvi. 13. Eccluf. xi. 10.

^f Vitell. C. XIII. f. 233, b.

"Suis oyseufe, tendre, et succree."

She says that she loves better to play with her gloves than any other occupation; ^a that she is the friend of his body when he sleeps or wakes—saving it from trouble, ^b and seeing that it is well taken care of; she warns him to beware which way he takes—that the one opposite is long and narrow, and that hers is wide, which is apparent to everyone.

The Pilgrim inquires who had placed the hedge between the paths; for if that were not there it would all appear as one and the same road.

Idleness answers that it was placed there by a great persecutor of pilgrims, ^c named *Repentance*, who held all those who went her way in great hatred, and that when they wished to turn into the other they could not,

without being pierced with thorns, and otherwise wounded; that *Repentance* came there to make brooms, rods, and hammers; for that she was severe beyond measure, and therefore she was little loved and praised. ^d

The Pilgrim calls to his remembrance the lady with the broom and rods, answering exactly to this description, and he considers it better to turn into the "Nat-maker's" road before he passes the hedge which was so grievous and prickly. ¹

In journeying on, the Pilgrim, after encountering and escaping from *Gluttony* and *Lust*, meets *Wrath* ^e and ² *Tribulation*. ^f He is assailed by the former, who is represented as a sour-looking ugly old woman holding two stones in her hands—one of them called *Despise*, the other, *Animosity*—and a saw in her

¹ Y is called the letter of Pythagoras, (not because he invented it—for Palamedes invented it from the flight of cranes—but) because he used it to signify the bifurcation of the good and evil ways of men.

Novimus Pythagoram Samium vitam humanam divisisse in modum litteræ Y scilicet quod prima ætas incerta sit, quippe quæ adhuc se nec vitii nec virtutibus dedit: bivium autem litteræ Y a juventute incipere quo tempore homines aut vitia, i. e. partem sinistram, aut virtutes, i. e. partem dextram sequuntur.

Servius, Comment in Virg. Æn. vi. 136.

Dicunt enim humanæ vitæ cursum, Y, literæ esse similem; quod unusquisque hominum, cum primum adolescentiæ limen attigerit, et in eum locum venerit, partis vbi se via findit in ambas hæreat mutabundus, ac nesciat in quam se partem potius inclinet. Si ducem nactus fuerit, qui dirigat ad meliora titubantem, hoc est, si aut philosophiam didicerit, aut eloquentiam, aut aliquid honestæ artis, quod evadat ad bonam frugem; quod fieri sine labore maximo non potest: honestam, accipiosam vitam, disputant, peracturum: Si vero doctorem frugalitatis non inuenerit; in sinistram viam, quæ melioris speciem mentiatur, incedere; id est, desidiæ, inertæ, luxuriæ se tradere; quæ suavia quidem videntur ad tempus, vera bona ignorant; post autem amissa omni dignitate, ac re familiari, in omnibus miseriis, ignominiaque victurum,

Nos igitur melius, et verius, qui duas istas vias, cæli, et inferorum esse dicimus, quia iustis immortalitas, iniustis pœna æterna proposita est.—*Laëtantius, vi. 3.*

For they say that the course of human life is like the letter Y; because every man, when first he shall have touched the threshold of youth, and shall have come to that place where "the way splits itself into two parts," may stick doubting, and know not to which part he would rather bend himself. If he shall have found a guide who can direct a faltering (man) to better things,

that is, if he shall have learned philosophy, or eloquence, or anything of any honourable art, he may reach fruit for good (purposes), which cannot be done without very great labour, they maintain that he will pass through an honourable and wealthy life: but if he shall not find a teacher of temperance, (they say) that he goes to the left-hand road, which falsely assumes the appearance of a better (road), that is, that he gives himself to sloth, ignorance, (and) luxury; which indeed seem sweet at the time to him who knows not true good; (but afterwards) all rank, family property, being lost, (they say) that he will live in all misery and disgrace.

Wherefore we affirm better and more truly that those ways are two, of heaven and hell, because immortality is placed before the just, and eternal punishment before the unjust.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.

Perfius, Sat. iii. l. 56, 57.

But you have pass'd the schools; have studied long,
And learn'd the eternal bounds of Right and Wrong,
And what the Porch, (by Mycon limned, of yore,
With trowlered Medes) unfolds of ethic lore,
Where the shorn youth, on herbs and pottage fed,
Bend o'er the midnight page, the sleepless head:
And sure, the letter where, divergent wide,
The Samian branches shoot on either side,
Has to your view, with no obscure display,
Marked, on the right, the strait, but better way.

Gifford's Perfius, Sat. iii. l. 99—108.

Quumque iter ambiguum est et vitæ nescius error
Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes.

Ibid. Sat. v. l. 34.

Pythagoræ bivium ramis pateo ambiguis Y.

Aufonius, Idyl. 348-9.

² See Woodcut XII.

mouth, the use of which she thus describes:—

'This sharp sawe in verray dede
 Wych that callyd is hatrede
 And with thys sawe tak hed her to
 Ys I sawe and kut a two
 Perfyt loue and unyte
 Concord and fraternyte
 Off charyte and allyaunce
 Maad also dysseveraunce
 Yt cut a two ech vertu
 In Jacob and Esu
 Thow mayst se a playn fygure
 Yiff thow rede the scrypture
 Thys sawhe made hem gon assunder
 The ton her the tother yonder
 And long tyme assunder were
 And thys sawh also I bere
 As thow fest her in my mouth
 Wher ever I go both est and south
 Off entent be well certeyn
 Whan ever I pray or shold feyn
 My pater noster nyht or day
 Than I sawh mysylff away
 Ffrom the hooly trynyte
 I preve ^a yt as thow mayst se
 I pray God off entencyoun
 Off my synnes to han pardoun
 Evene lyk to my focour
 As I forgyve my neighebour
 In my prayere ek I sette
 That he forgyve me my dette
 As I forgyve folk thoffence
 That to me dyde vyolence
 And to conclude yiff yt be souht
 I forge her off ryht nowht

Than must yt folwe off equyte
 My prayere ys ageyns me
 To ward my sylff by mortal lawe
 Wrongly I tourne thys ylke sawhe
 In the wych ys no profyt
 Worthepe honour but fals delyt
 But gret damage and harm ful offte
 And he that sholde stonde aloffte
 Holdynge thys sawhe thys the caas
 He ys benethe and stonde most baas
 In fygne wheroff who lyst knowe
 Sathanas he ys most lowe

Wrath also carries a hawk, representing *Murder*, with which she girds her agents—citing, for example, Barabbas,^b and the tyrants who formerly put the martyrs to death.

“ Beste sauuage non pas hom
 Cil est qui porte ce fauchon ;”

“ (A wild beast, and not a man, is he who bears this hawk.)”

Wrath warns the Pilgrim to defend himself against her assaults; to which he answers, that he will resist unto the death.^c

Descending the hill whence he had come, he then perceives *Tribulation*, who commands him to lay down his staff and protect himself with his shield and sword. She tells him that she carries the instruments for forging—only requiring an anvil upon which to forge him a crown—the crown of life;^d and that his not possessing this, renders him in peril of being destroyed by the first stroke of her hammer, which is *Persecution*^e—by which Job was severely tried, and by which those who are not

^a Prove.

^b Mark xv. 7.

^c Col. iii. 6.

^d 1 Pet. i. 6, 7.

^e 2 Tim. iii. 12.

¹ Et est celle see ^f nommee ^g
 Ffayne de laquelle est sice
 Union de fraternite
 Et alliance dunite
 En iacob et en esau
 Tu en as la figure veu
 Je les siay et les desionct
 Et lun de lautre enuoyay loinge
 Aussi ay ie maint autre fait
 Dont raconter auroit trop plait
 Aux dens ceste see ie porte
 Afin que se la pater nostre
 Je dy que ie soie bien sice

De dieu le pere et separee
 Car quant le pry quil ait mercy
 De moy et me doint tout ainsi
 Mes meffais comme les pardonne
 Et qua nully ie ne pardonne ^h
 Bien scay que contre moy ie prie
 Et deuers moy tourne la sie
 En ceste sie a si trespeu
 De bien de louenge et de preu
 Que qui la tient et maistre en est
 Au dessoubz et au plus bas est
 En signe que le sathenas
 Le tendra en la fosse bas

^f f. lxi. b.

^g Matt. v. 22.
 Gen. xxvii. 41.

^h Matt. vi. 12.

^a Prov. i. 32.
ⁱ Chron. xxi. 1.
Job ii. 7.

^b Job i. 21.
Rom. v. 3.
Eccluf. xxxv. 20.
Pfal. lxxi. 20.

^c Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 241.

^d Tongs.

^e Stars.

^f Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 241, b.

^g f. lxxvii. g.

^h Pf. cxvi. 3, 4.
Hab. iii. 16.

ⁱ Job vi. 10.

well armed are confounded, even unto the death.^a The Pilgrim remembers that St. Bernard had advised him in all trouble to resort for aid to the Virgin Mary, to whom he makes his prayer. *Tribulation* then ceases to assault him, finding he has not given up his staff, and has fought a good and sure refuge.^b

How much more scriptural than this is Bunyan's "key of promise," which unlocks the door of *Doubling Castle!*

Tribulation describes herself in De Guilleville, as being like the wind which scatters some of the falling leaves and drives others into various corners for refuge, and speaks as follows:—

¹Som like leavys I whirl away^c
Wych by the ground ful lowe lay
But thoro my commiffioun
I ha tourned them up se down
And many another ek also
With my trouble and with my wo
And with my toonges^d I hem chace
Agayn the Lord whann they trespace
That I caufe hem for to fle
To God on hem to han pyte
And some I have ek caused offte
To fien up to the sterre^e aloffte
To whom thow fleddyft with gret labour
Ffor to have of hym succour
Comfort and consolacioun

¹ TRIBULATION. ^g

¶ Je suis dist elle tout ainfi
Que le vent qui maine a labry
Et destourne les feuilles cheues
Ou les rachasse vers les nues^h
A refuge tay fait aler
Et vers les nues regarder
Qui es une feuille feichee
Et deiectee et desuooyee
En cestuy chemin maleureux
Ou nest pas (dont mechief est) seulz
Ceulx qui bien ne vont ie rauoye
Et point aise ie ne feroye
Jusqua ce que trouue auroient
Ung destour ou se musseroient
* * * * *
Les vngs chaffe a la pitie dieu
Ou a grace qui tient son lieu
* * * * *

Ageyn al tribulacioun

* * * * *
I have to the
Partly declaryd myne offys
As thow mayst fele yiff thow be wys
Without any gret outrage
Don to the or gret damage
Withouten any wordes mo
A dieu farewel for I wyll go
And be war in thy passage
That thow do well thy pylgrymage
And in thy way be iust and stable
Lych a pylgrym good and hable

The Pilgrim then prays that God will guard him from any worfe evil, for he feels that he has no power in himself, that his only reliance is on his staff (faith); but that as *Tribulation* has threatened to return again, he cannot trust his own heart should she do so, for it is wavering, and only too ready to follow different designs, and he proceeds in the following words:—

²And as I stood allone al fool^f
Gan compleyne and make dool
Havyng no thyng up on to reste
Save as me sempte for the beste
I lenede me on my bordoun
For thogh that Tribulacioun
Wer departyd in certeyn
She sayde she wolde kome ageyn

Mon devoir iay fait a present
Sans outrage tresdoulcement
Ailleurs ie vois va bon chemin
Com doit faire bon pelerin

² LE PELERIN.

Or me garde dieu de pis auoirⁱ
Car en moy nay aucun pouoir
Ne sur moy rien ou ie me fie
Fors le bourdon ou ie mapuye
Se tribulation fen va
El dit bien quelle reuiendra
Se ne me tiens a mon refuy
Ou me suis mis et mon abry
Mais certes ie voy bien et scay
Que tenir ie ne my pourray
Pour mon cueur qui trop volaige est
Et a diuers propos tost prest
Ainsi comme seul meditant
Men aloye mon frain rongeant
Vng val pfond en vng botcaige

But I wherefo I woke or flepte
 With my refuge ay I me kepte
 To have by hyr proteſtioun
 Ageyn ech tribulacioun
 But for that I by gret owtrage^a
 Was of my port wylde and ſavage
 Dyvers^b of my condycioun
 And al day turnynge up and down
 Full of change and doublyneſſe
 Having in me no ſtabylneſſe
 And whyl I wente thus muſynge
 Withinne myſelff ymagynynge
 I fyll anoon in my paſſage
 In to a woode ful ſavage
 Me thouhte the weye peryllous
 And by to paſs encombrous
 I knew not what was leſte to doone
 For in a woode a man may ſoone
 Loſe hys weye and gon amys
 But he be war^c and thus yt ys
 As pylgryms know wel ech on
 That on pylgrymage gon
 Paſſage they fynde narew and ſtreyth
 Brygantys lyn ek in aweyth
 And wylde beſtys many on
 Taſſayle pylgrymes wher they gon

Bunyan expreſſes a ſimilar idea thus:—
 “ Now at the end of the Valley of *Humilia-
 tion* was another, called the Valley of the
 Shadow of Death, and *Chriſtian* muſt needs
 go through it, becauſe the way to the Celeſtial
 City lay through the midſt of it. Now this
 valley is a very ſolitary place; the prophet
 Jeremiah thus deſcribes it: ‘ A wilderneſs, a
 land of deſerts and of pits, a land of drought,
 and of the ſhadow of death; a land that no
 man (but a Chriſtian) paſſeth through, and

where no man dwelt.’ (Jer ii. 6) . . . About
 the midſt of this valley I perceived the mouth
 of hell to be, and it ſtood alſo hard by the
 wayſide. Now, thought *Chriſtian*, what ſhall
 I do? And ever and anon the flame and ſmoke
 would come out in ſuch abundance, with
 ſparks and hideous noiſes, (things that cared
 not for *Chriſtian*’s ſword, as did Apollyon be-
 fore,) that he was forced to put up his ſword,
 and betake himſelf to another weapon, called
 ‘ All-Prayer,’ (Eph. vi. 18.); ſo he cried in
 my hearing, ‘ O Lord, I beſeech Thee, de-
 liver my ſoul.’ (Pſalm cxvi. 4.) Thus he
 went on a great while; yet ſtill the flames
 would be reaching towards him: alſo he heard
 doleful voices, and ruſhings to and fro; ſo that
 ſometimes he thought he ſhould be torn in
 pieces, or trodden down like mire in the ſtreets.
 This frightful ſight was ſeen, and theſe dread-
 ful noiſes were heard, by him for ſeveral miles
 together; and, coming to a place where he
 thought he heard a company of fiends coming
 forward to meet him—he ſtopped, and began
 to muſe what he had beſt to do. Sometimes
 he had half a thought to go back; then again
 he thought he might be half way through the
 valley; he remembered alſo how he had al-
 ready vanquiſhed many a danger, and that
 the danger of going back might be much more
 than for to go forward; ſo he reſolved to
 go on. Yet the fiends ſeemed to come nearer
 and nearer—but when they were come even
 almoſt at him, he cried out with a moſt vehe-
 ment voice, ‘ I will walk in the ſtrength of
 the Lord God;’ ſo they gave back, and came
 no farther.”

¹ After his encounter with *Tribulation*, the
 Pilgrim is aſſailed by *Avarice* and *Necromancy*,

^a By the great
 violence I had
 ſuffered.

^b Reſtleſs.

^c Unleſs he take
 care.

Horrible lait et moult ſauuaige
 Vy deuant moy par ou paſſer
 Me conuenoit ſauant aler
 Je vouloye dont eſbahy fu
 Car par bois on a toſt perdu
 Sa voye et mains perilz y ſont
 De pelerins qui tous ſeulz vont
 Larrons et mains beſtes ſauuaiges
 Souuent en croz et tapinaiges

Y ſont pour nuire aux treſpaſſans
 Et leur faire deſtourbiers grans

¹ The narrative from this point is taken from the
 MS. Tiberius A. vii. of which mention has already been
 made. Vitellius C. xiii. is unfortunately loſt after the
 meeting of *Tribulation* with the Pilgrim; but the ſtory
 is continued in Tiberius A. vii. (which is alſo a tranſla-
 tion of portions of De Guileville’s “ Pèlerinage ”), and
 the coloured drawings are facſimiles from the latter MS.

when a messenger comes, sword in hand, (like *Greatheart*;) to his rescue, and is represented in the illumination as a Crusader, with an escutcheon on his breast, and a red cross, or *rood tree* in the centre of it—he has then to encounter *Herefye, Satban, Dame Fortune, Dame Idolatrye, Sorcerye, Scilla, Conspiracyon, Gladness of the world*, or “*world’s ffals solace*,” (the *Vanity Fair* of Bunyan;) with each of these he has long colloquies, just as he has in De Guileville’s poem.

In his distress, by the side of a great water, he perceives a ship sailing towards him, and presently *Gracedieu* lands, and opens a fountain in the rock. In this water he is washed and purified, and she offers him the choice of a refuge in various monasteries; he makes his choice, like De Guileville, of the monastery of *Cisteaux*.

GRACE.

Voy la Cluny voy la Cisteaulx
 Voy la Chartreux voy la prescheurs
 Voy la croifiez voy la mineurs
 Su en vois la de toutes guises

* * * *

^a f. lxxvii.

^b Ezekiel v. 17.

^c Daniel vii. 4.

^d Ezek. xxi. 11.

^e Mark ix. 42.

^f Avarice, according to St. Augustin, is an insatiable and depraved lust after vain-glory or anything else.

¹ Agiographe, or Hagiographe, signifies “Holy writings,” or “Scriptures,” and may have suggested to Bunyan his name of *Evangelist*.

² . . . ainsi que ie descendoye ^a

Dedans ce val et aualoye
 Une grant vieille desguisee
 Et autrement pis faconnee
 Que par auant veu ie nauoye
 Lors vy qui estoit en ma voye
 Et sembloit que la maectendist
 Et que courre sus me voulsist ^b
 Nulle tel beste en daniel ^c
 Nainsi faicte en ezechiel
 Nen lapocalipse ne vy
 Et dont autant feusse esbahy
 Boiteuse elle estoit et bossue
 Et dun groz viel burel vestue
 Repetasse de viel penneaux
 De vieulx haillons et pendillaux
 Ung sac auoit pendu au col
 Et bien sembloit que faire vol
 El voulsist car dedens botoit
 Grain et fer y enfachoit
 Sa langue quelle auoit hors traicte
 Ne leur contenance ainsi fiere
 Luy aidoit moult a dedens meestre
 Mais mezelle tout elle estoit
 Et surfemee come sembloit
 Six mains auoit et deux moingnons

LE PELERIN.

Dame dis ie puis qua chois fuy
 Le chasteau de cisteaulx iesly

Or according to the old English translation:—

“Madame quod I whan al ys fought
 I have chose off herte and thought
 Off cystews in eche syde
 In that castel to abyde.”

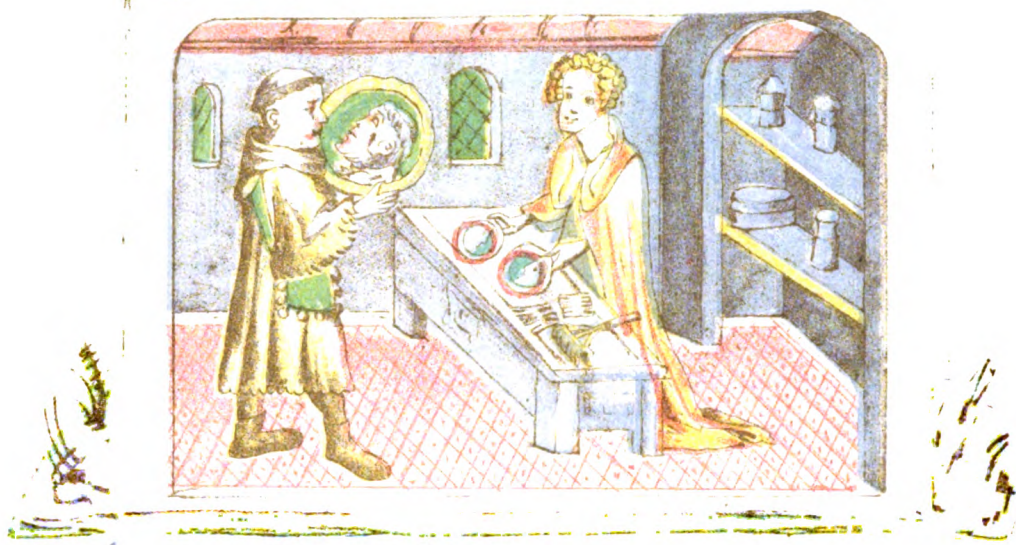
The porter of the gate then fetches him over in a boat. His name is *Drede off God*. He is welcomed by *Ccharity*. *Lessoun*, who is the *Lecon* or *Conscelliere* of De Guileville, gives him instruction. *Agiographe*¹ shows him a *wonderful mirror*. These are succeeded by *Obedience, Discipline, Abstinence, Poverty, Chastity, Prayer, Infirmity, Old Age, and Death*.

² On descending into the valley, (after having been attacked by *Tribulation*;) the Pilgrim encounters an old woman, disguised in such a manner as he had never seen before, who stood

Deux des mains ongles de griffons
 Auoient que moult ie redoubtay
 Et quant gy pense peur en ay
 En vne de ses autres mains
 Ainsi que se deult lymer frains ^d
 Une lyme taillant tenoit
 Et vne balance ou pezoit
 Le zodiaque et le soleil
 Pour meestre en vente sans rapel
 Une escuelle en lautre main
 Tenoit et vng fachet a pain
 En la quinte auoit vng crochet
 Et sur la teste vng mahommet
 La sixesme main appuyee
 Dessus la hanche eclopinee
 Auoit et souuant la leuoit
 Jusqua la langue et la mangeoit
 Celle vis ie tantost venir
 Rencontre moy pour massailir ^e

AVARICE.^f

Par mahommet dist elle a moy
 Qui est mon dieu en qui ie croy
 Je tatendoye a moye lauras
 Mal y venis tu y mourras
 Meetz ius tescharpe et ton bourdon
 Et fay hommaige a mon mahon
 Cest celluy par qui suis louee
 Saige reputee honnoree



J



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in his path and appeared ready to run towards him—he says, “No such beast is described in Daniel, Ezekiel, or the Apocalypse.” She was lame and humpbacked, clothed in tatters, and having her head covered with old rags; a bag was suspended round her neck, evidently for the purpose of theft,¹ for she stuffed into it all sorts of fragments; her tongue was thrust out of her mouth: but her haughty countenance prevented her being able to collect many contributions, and she appeared therefore weak and miserable. She had six hands and two stumps—two of these were furnished with griffin’s claws, which the Pilgrim feared greatly; in another hand she held a file, just as though she were going to file horses’ bits—and scales, in which she weighed the zodiac and the sun; in the fourth she held a porringer, (*escuelle*,) and a wallet for bread; in the fifth a hook—and on her head was a *mawmet*, or idol, of gold and silver—the metals she so much covets, and of which she speaks as follows:—

² AVARICE.

Or est temps que ie te parole
Finablement de mon ydole^a
Mon ydole est mon Mahommet
Le denier dor ou dargent est
Ou quel lempainte est figuree
Du feigneur de celle contree

Celluy fans qui nul nest prise
En la terre nauftorize
Celluy par qui font honorez
Mains grans folz et faiges clamez^c
A luy fault que tu te soubmettes
Et de le seruir tentremettes
Et puis apres honteusement
Mourrir te fault et villement

¹ A similar description is given by Chaucer in the “Romaunt of the Rose.”—Vide *Clarke’s Riches of Chaucer*, vol. ii. p. 278.

“This *Avarice* held in her hand
A purse which hung by a band
And that she hid and bound so strong
Men must abiden wonder long
Out of the purse ere there came ought
For that ne cometh in her thought
It was not certain her intent
That from that purse a penny went.”

AVARICE.

Now wole I speke of my *mawmet*³
And of myn ydol that is so oold
Made of silver and off gold
In the which I the ensure
Is the ymage and the figure
And the prynte as thow mayft see
Off the lord of the contree

She next swears to the Pilgrim that by the “*mawmet*,” which she worships, she will have his life, and commands him to give up his scarf and staff, and to pay homage to her “*mawmet*,” through whose instrumentality she is accounted wise and honourable; to which also he must submit himself, and afterwards die miserably.

The Pilgrim inquires her name, to what nation she belongs, and the use of her idol to which she wishes him to render such abject service—for he accounts it unreasonable^b to serve or pay homage to a “*mawmet*,” which is blind, deaf, and dumb, he himself being of noble lineage.

Before, however, she consents to answer these questions, or to give him any further information regarding herself, she leads him to the top of a lofty embankment overlooking a wide plain. Here he beholds a large cathedral, built near a court-house,⁴ and sees, as it were, a personified game at chess. There were kings, rooks, knights, &c.—all of them with their

^a Levit. xxvi. 1.
Deut. xii. 3.
¹ Cor. x. 14.

^b Wisdom xiv.
8—11.

² Bunyan’s *Demas*. (Cf. 2 Tim. iv. 10.)

³ *Mawmet*, or *mammet*, a corruption of the word “*Mahomet*,” and hence applied to anything worshipped with idolatrous reverence. In De Guilleville’s poem the word *mawmet* is called the “*ydole Mahomet*,” meaning in this case the particular idol worshipped, i. e. “*money*.”

⁴ *Eschiquier*. This word is thus explained by Roquefort:—“*Lieu ou s’assembloient les commissaires que le Roi, les Princes souverains ou grands vassaux envoyoyent dans leurs domaines. Dans la province de Normandie cette cour étoit permanente, et en 1250 on y portoit appel des sentences des baiiffs.*”—See also Du Cange’s *Glossary*, sub. voc. “*Scacarium*.” The word is introduced here as being radically connected with the game of “*eschecs*,” or “*chess*,” which is described, and the reader will at once recognize in it the origin of our *Court of Exchequer*.

^c Eph. v. 5.

^a Jer. vi. 13.
Pſalm lxxix. 1.
Judith vii. 29.

^b Prov. xix. 4.

^c Lament. i. 1.

^d Micah vii. 3.
Matt. vi. 19.
1 Tim. vi. 10.

^e Malachi iii. 5.
Hab. ii. 9.
Pſalm lxii. 10.

^f Zech. v. 3.

^g Hofea vii. 1.

^h Exod. xxii. 15
Prov. xi. 26.
Pſalm lv. 11.

ⁱ Matt. v. 45.

swords drawn, and charging at each other with great violence. But not even thus were the combatants satisfied, for after having assaulted one another, they rushed savagely with one accord and laid siege to the cathedral—so violently, that no living creature could remain in or near it, and everything around was reduced to the most complete ruin. Upon the Pilgrim's complaining ^a to *Avarice* of the destruction of the cathedral, and of the horrible grief and destitution that must be caused thereby, she assures him that in very truth he has himself now seen how that she holds all mankind in subjection,^b that every one pays court to her, and that all kinds of business have reference to her—of this, she adds, Jeremiah prophesied when he said, "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!"^c "Jeremiah knew very well," she adds, "that all are my pupils—that king, and rooks,¹ (i. e. all potentates,) are subservient to me, and sooner or later all devote themselves to my handicraft."^d "I am named *Covetousness*," she continues, "because I covet the riches of others; and *Avarice*, because I guard too well mine own. I have six hands to seize with in six different ways, and to put my prey into my bag. The first is named *Rapine*;^e it seizes and kills pilgrims, and entraps its prey everywhere. My second hand, which is behind

me, robs secretly; it is called *Cut-purse*; it forges seals and signatures—it is a false locksmith and treasurer; this hand despoils the dead, and keeps doors and windows closed till it has gleaned all it wishes for; and if it is the administrator of goods, or the executor of wills, it takes the largest portion to itself^f—and even those who travel by night are not free from its ravages, being conducted by false guides.^g

"The hand which holds the file is *Usury*;^h it hoards up corn in granaries till it is dear, and then sells it at double the price—it destroys life by little and little."

The Pilgrim inquires why she weighs the zodiac and the sun?

Avarice replies, that *Gracedieu*² has placed the zodiac round the heavens, and appointed the sun to shine equally for the good of all; but that this was displeasing to her, because she perceived that if she did not take possession of time, so as to regulate the bargains by it, she should be able to accomplish but little work with her file. For this reason, therefore, she had taken possession of the zodiac,³ and had placed the sun in her scales for the purpose of weighing out certain portions of time, according to which she retailed her goods for periods of seven, eight, fifteen days, months, or even years; charging in proportion to the rate of interest to the which her customers were willing to give.

Some conversation then ensues between *Avarice* and the Pilgrim, as to some standing wood

¹ Still keeping up the metaphor of the game at chess, the "rook," or "castle," being the next piece in value to the king and queen.

² Grace de dieu iadis affist¹
Entour le zodiaque et mist
Le soleil pour luire a chascun
Et pour estre au monde commun
A tous veult que general fust
Et que nully faulte nen eust
Or te dy que ce me despleut
Pour mon prouffit qui pas ny geut
Car bien vy que se ie nauoye
Le temps et ne laproprioye
A moy bien peu pourroye ouurer
De ma lyme et peu lymmer
Par quoy a moy iappropriay
Le zodiaque et vsurpay

Le temps et le soleil men fis
Et en ma balance le mis
Je men suis faicte pezeresse
Et par mon poix reuenderness
Par iours le vens et par semaines
Par huitaines et par quinzaines
Par mois et par ans tous entiers
La liure ien vens vingt deniers
Le moys en vends neuf solz ou dix
Et la semaine cinq ou six
Et selon que chascun en prent
Selon le poise et le vend

³ The zodiac was, of course, placed in the scales to typify the rate of interest to be charged by the month, each sign corresponding to a month, and the sun, as he completes his course through the zodiac in a year, was to show the rate of interest by the year.



Auarice XIII



Le nigromancien XIV



XV



XVI



which had been once offered to the latter by a woodman, at a very cheap price. To this *Avarice* replies, that the woodman, no doubt, wanted ready money, and therefore sold the wood standing, and at a low price; but that if the Pilgrim had waited for another year, the woodman would have asked him more—because the growth of the wood, and, consequently, its value, would have by that time increased. Hence in old times, she adds, wood was measured after it had been cut down, and it was sold according to the measure; and this, she says, is legitimate, since interest^a should be charged for time.¹ Wherefore, she does not believe that the woodman would have sold the wood standing to the Pilgrim, and still^b allowed it to stand where it did, without charging him according to the yearly increase of its value in proportion to its growth.

Avarice then goes on to inform the Pilgrim that the hand in which he sees the porringer “is called *Roguery*, and *Mendicancy*;^c it is always crying out for presents, and stuffs its scrip full of meat, which becomes foul and tainted before it can be consumed: it is ever begging for bread in the name of God—never paying for anything which it uses, or returning any courtesy that it may have received: it labours to support itself by shameful methods; and it is that which causes me to be clothed and covered with rags—for it pays no attention to anything but keeping fast hold of boxes, bottles, or anything else it can beg. This hand leads me to shady spots, where passengers, pilgrims, and grantees are in the habit of passing, and I obtain alms from some of them by feigning great distress, from others by pretending to be crippled, and in various other ways; but still, even although I have plenty, I curse them for not giving me more. This hand of mine also teaches gentlefolks how to beg—for they, too,

know very well the art how to appropriate and secrete matters in their large gloves which they wear for hawking, and they know very well, too, how to take them off when they would filch anything. Thus they go, without shame or hesitation, to the monks, and beg for leather for their hawks’ hoods, and for their dogs’ leashes, choose garments, blankets, horses, chariots, ploughs, and many other things—all of which they sometimes pretend to borrow, but take good care never to return.^d And when they ask for these things, not only will they take no excuse from the monks for not lending them, but are even angry at being denied; as if, forsooth, the poor monks were only interested to supply them with means of living. You may suppose, then, how dear I am to the nobles, since it is I who supply them with the receptacles for that which they have begged; and how much, now that they have adopted this novel method of obtaining their living, they reverence me, since they are willing to serve me, even grey-haired old hag that I be.

“The hand with the crook,” she continues, “formerly belonged to Simon Magus, and to Gehazi, who made me a present of it; but the crook was given to me by the former. Now the letter S, which is the first letter of his name, is shaped like a crook; and this shows that I am the abbess of an ancient and dishonest abbey, which is called *Simony*,^e from Simon. This hand it is which admits robbers into the household of Christ Jesus, and false^f shepherds into his fold—men who for the sake of temporal gain would thrust aside and depose God’s grace, and who are ever ready to chaffer with the highest bidder. But in such transactions there must be two parties—the buyer and the seller. Now, the sellers are called *Gebazites*,^g and the buyers *Simonites*, although the latter term generally comprehends both classes.^h Such

^a Isaiah xxiv. 2.

^b Lev. xxv. 23—27.

^c Luke vi. 30.
Prov. xxviii. 20.

^d Ecclus. xii. 2—4.
Deut. xxiii. 17.

^e “*Simonia est studiosa voluntas emendi vel vendendi aliquid spirituale.*”

^f John x. 1—16.

^g “*Giezi in veteri testamento et Symon Magus in novo fuerunt Simoniaci.*”

¹ This is, of course, a sophistical argument used by *Avarice* to deceive the Pilgrim, by confounding the word “interest” with “usury;” for although the former, according to an equitable rate, was allowed even by the Mosaic law, the latter was strictly forbidden by

it. (See Levit. xxv. 14—37; Neh. v. 7; Psal. xv; Ezra xviii. 8; *et alibi*: and Cf. Matt. xxv. 29.)

² This curious distinction is made because Gehazi wished to receive a gift from Naaman as the purchase-money or price for his cure, (See 2 Kings v. 20—27,)

as these would even sell Jesus Himself for ever so small a sum, and are even worse than Judas, for when he saw that he had acted wickedly he restored the price he had received; but these men will never, by any process of reasoning, be induced to surrender their gains. And if thou would'st know the reason of this, I give thee to understand that such gains go into the bag which I wear so cunningly round my neck, and which is like a fish-net; for whatever once goes into it, never escapes again.

¹“My sixth hand is cozening, trickery, fraud, and deceit. It is this hand which easily cheats the unsuspecting dealer, or deceives the wary by using false weights^a and thus acting contrary to the law of God. This also it is which palms^b off colours which will not stand, sells bad linen for good, and unsound horses for sound. It travels round the villages, exposing fictitious shrines and fairs to the simple population, and thus obtains money falsely from them. At

other times, in order to bring gain to the priests, it takes old images, in the heads of which it pours oil, wine, or water, which descends to the bottom, and then the image is said to perspire, and a miracle to have been worked, which gets exaggerated until the image becomes renowned: then I go to any needy rogue, and induce him to pretend that he is maimed, or deformed, or blind, or deaf, and he presents himself to the image and prays to it to restore him; and when the spectators behold him sound again, not knowing that his maladies were all assumed, they think that a miracle has been worked, and this brings gain to the priest of the image. Again, when dead children are brought to be baptized, I cause them to be laid upon an altar which appears quite solid, but in reality is hollow inside; then, by certain subterranean passages, I cause burning charcoal to be introduced beneath, into the cavity which warms the altar, and

^a Prov. xx. 10
—23.

^b Prov. xi. 9.

whereas Simon Magus offered to give money to Peter and John in order to purchase the power of imparting the Holy Spirit. (See Acts viii. 17—24.)

¹ Mon autre main dicte est barat
Tricherie tricot hazar
Et si est nomme deceuance
Laquelle de tricher sauance
* * * * *

Moult fait ceste main cy de mauix
Couratiere elle est de cheuault
Et fait les mauuais bons sembler
A ceulx qui veulent acheter
Souuanteffois par le pais
Faulx saintuaires et saintiz
Va monstrant a la simple gent
Pour faullement tirer argent
Autre fois prent en ces monstiers^c
Aucuns ymages qui sont vieilz
Et fait pertuiz dedens leurs testes
Pour faire venir gaing aux prestres
Es pertuiz qua fait huille meft
Ou vin ou eau ce qua plus prest
Afin que quant celle liqueur
Descend a val dicte sueur
Soit et que cest fait par miracle
Et soit renomme tel ymage
Et afin que plus colore
Soit ce miracle et renomme^d
Je men vois aux coquins parler
Et leur faiz faire simuler
Que boisteux ilz soient ou contretraits
Sours ou muetz ou contrefaiz
Et en tel point venir les fas
Deuant lymage et crier las

^c Pf. xxxvii. 14.

^d Jeremiah xxiii.
11—13.

Sainct ymaige gariffez moy
Et lors de ma main ie les lieue
Et tous fains en heure tres brieue
Les monstre merueilles nest pas
Car malades ilz nestoient pas
Et seulement mon mal auoient
Que les presens pas ne cuidoient
Mais cuident que miracle soit
Et que par lymaige soit fait
Et par ainsi gaigne le prestre
Et est faicte vne faulse feste
Aucunefois faiz baptizez
Daucuns petiz enfans mors nez
Dessus lautier ie les faiz mestre
Qui ressemble tout massis estre
Mais il est tout creux par dedens
Et par certains soubzterremens
Des charbons ardans ie soubzmeftz
Et lautier eschauffer ie faiz
Qui a lenfant donne chaleur
Et puis ie monstre que vigueur
Il ya et dy quil est viuant
Ja soit ce quil soit tout puant
Et tel puant ie le baptize
Et par ainsi a moy iatise
Or et argent a ma prebende
Qui chose est horrible et horrende
De baptizer vne charoigne
Pitie est quatrement nen soigne
Le prelat en quel euesche
Est fait si horrible peche
Mains autres mauix ceste main fait
Et fera et tous les iours fait

thus imparts heat to the child, and then I declare that it is still alive, and I baptize it. Thus I obtain money for my priests; and shame and pity it is that the bishops in whose diocesses these foul sins are committed should not take notice of such atrociously disgusting proceedings; but this hand of mine is and ever will be employed in this and many other similar deeds of wickedness.

“But now I will tell thee why I place this hand on my hip and thence transfer it to my tongue. The former of these I call *Lying*,^a because it has a limp,¹ and the latter *Perjury*.^b Now, deceit is most familiar and friendly with both of these, and willingly betakes itself to them, for deceit cannot be carried on without perjury and lies,^c and these three things in conjunction subvert truth. This, therefore, is the reason why I so often apply this hand to my halting limb, and to my tongue.”^d

Avarice then points out at some length to the Pilgrim the various plans and methods in which lying is practised. “Some,” she says, “obtain a livelihood by it; and others exalt themselves by it, inasmuch as they are employed in telling falsehoods^e of their neighbours. It is found in the courts of kings, and advocates at the bar do not disdain to use it when they defend a cause which they know to be bad. My tongue, therefore, like that of a balance, always inclines to that side which is heaviest, and I defend that side which I know will pay me best.

“You perceive also that I am humpbacked; and this typifies the religion of those who indulge in superfluities instead of living according to proper religious rules,² for the hump signifies superfluity. Hence a rich man^f is likened to that humpbacked animal the camel, which cannot pass in by a narrow entrance on account of the bulk on his back.^g And thus sometimes religious people miss the narrow way to life; for even although they came naked into the world, and for some years live frugally, yet many of them learn to indulge in superfluities until they become humped, and that so incurably (for it is the nature of this hump that nothing can cure it) that they can never retrace their steps so as to become truly religious again.

“And lastly, my idol whom I worship is gold or silver³ bearing the mark of the sovereignty of the country. It is a divinity which is often wrapped in swaddling-clothes, in order that it may be concealed; sometimes, too, it is hidden in beds or secreted in holes, corners, or cabinets—nay, even buried in the earth amongst the field-mice. It frequently blinds people, and makes them look downwards towards the ground. This, too, it is which makes men humpbacked like I am. This my idol is generally loved so much that he is lauded like a god upon earth, and I endeavour by all possible means to gain his favour and make him dwell with me. On his account St. Lawrence was broiled upon charcoal,⁴ because he

^a Psalm v. 6.

^b “Perjurium est nequiter decipere credentem.”

^c Levit. xix. 12.

^d Matt. v. 33.

^e Prov. xxvi. 18—28.

^f Matt. xix. 23, 24.
Mark x. 25.
Luke xviii. 25.

^g “Regulares nil debent habere proprium; et qui nihil habent proprium non possunt facere testamentum.”

¹ *Esparvain* (*éparvin*), a veterinary term signifying, literally, a “spavin.” Hence it is applied to the limping limb of *Avarice*, in consequence of the “lame” excuses and stumbling statements often made by habitual liars.

² This refers, of course, to the monastic rules touching abstemiousness in food, plainness of apparel, &c. which were imposed upon religious houses.

³ i. e. current money bearing the proper government stamps.

⁴ St. Lawrence was born at Rome in the third century, and was made treasurer of the church revenues by Sixtus II. when he ascended the papal chair, A. D. 257. When the Emperor Valerian published his edicts against the Christians, Pope Sixtus was one of the first who suffered martyrdom, and St. Lawrence attended him to the place of execution, lamenting that he was not thought worthy to share the Pope's sufferings. Sixtus, however,

predicted that St. Lawrence would not be long in following him; and, foreseeing the rapine which was about to commence, commanded him to sell the sacred vessels and sacred deposits which were in his hands, and to distribute the money amongst the poor. Upon hearing of this the city prefect ordered St. Lawrence to appear before him, and bring with him all the church treasures which were in his keeping. The saint obeyed the order; but instead of gold and silver, he took with him all the poor old men, widows, and orphans whom he had relieved—a deed which so enraged the prefect that he ordered him to be broiled on a gridiron over a charcoal fire. The saint bore this frightful torture with great composure, and died praying for his murderers. His martyrdom took place August 10, 258, on which day his feast is kept by the Roman Catholic Church.

- ^a Jer. xv. 17.
^b Job xxix. 8.
^c Prov. xxviii. 16.
^d Coloff. iii. 5.
^e 1 Cor. x. 6, 7.
^f Wisdom xiv. 8.
^g Deut. xviii. 9—12.
^h 2 Chron. xxxiii. 1—6.
 Ecclef. i. 15.
 Eccluf. xii. 13.
ⁱ Tib. A. vii. f. 49.
 Verarj's Ed. f. lxxiv.
^j Scabbard.
^k Cruel.
^l Notwithstanding and in spite of.
^m Art.
ⁿ Same.
^o Which look at.
^p To signify.
^q Ezek. xviii. 4.
^r Ezekiel xviii. 27, 28.
 Rom. vi. 23.
^s Dove.
^t Before I was aware.
^u Old woman.

stole him from me. I dote upon him, and play ^a at various kinds of games of hazard in order to propitiate him; and therefore, because I love him so much, I command you to regard and serve him. Take care, therefore, what you are about, for if you do not I will persecute you continually."

After *Avarice* has finished this description of herself, *Youth* ^b comes forward and declares that she will interpose to rescue the Pilgrim.¹ Upon which *Avarice* abuses ^c her, and says, that although she can do nothing against ^d him at present, yet she swears by her idol that she will keep her eye constantly upon him, so that she may be able to find him wherever he goes.

The Pilgrim then once more proceeds upon his journey, until he enters a vast forest, where, as he is passing along, he hears a loud voice uttering cries in a language quite unknown to him. Upon advancing further he perceives that these sounds proceed from a person who stands in his path brandishing a large unsheathed sword, apparently ready to slay him therewith. He tells the Pilgrim he must immediately go and speak with his mistress. ^e As he was standing in the midst of the road in a large circle marked with a great many figures and bore the signet of a king, the Pilgrim was much rejoiced when he saw him, supposing him to be one of the king's messengers. Under this impression, he asks him what had made him cry out so loud in that strange language? and who that mistress was to whom he had alluded? and for what purpose he was to appear before her? ^f Upon this the other lifts up his finger, and points out to the Pilgrim a large tent standing on the left of him. It was black as charcoal, and on the top of it there was a nest, and a raven fluttering with its wings and croaking. In front of it he beheld

² NECROMANCY.

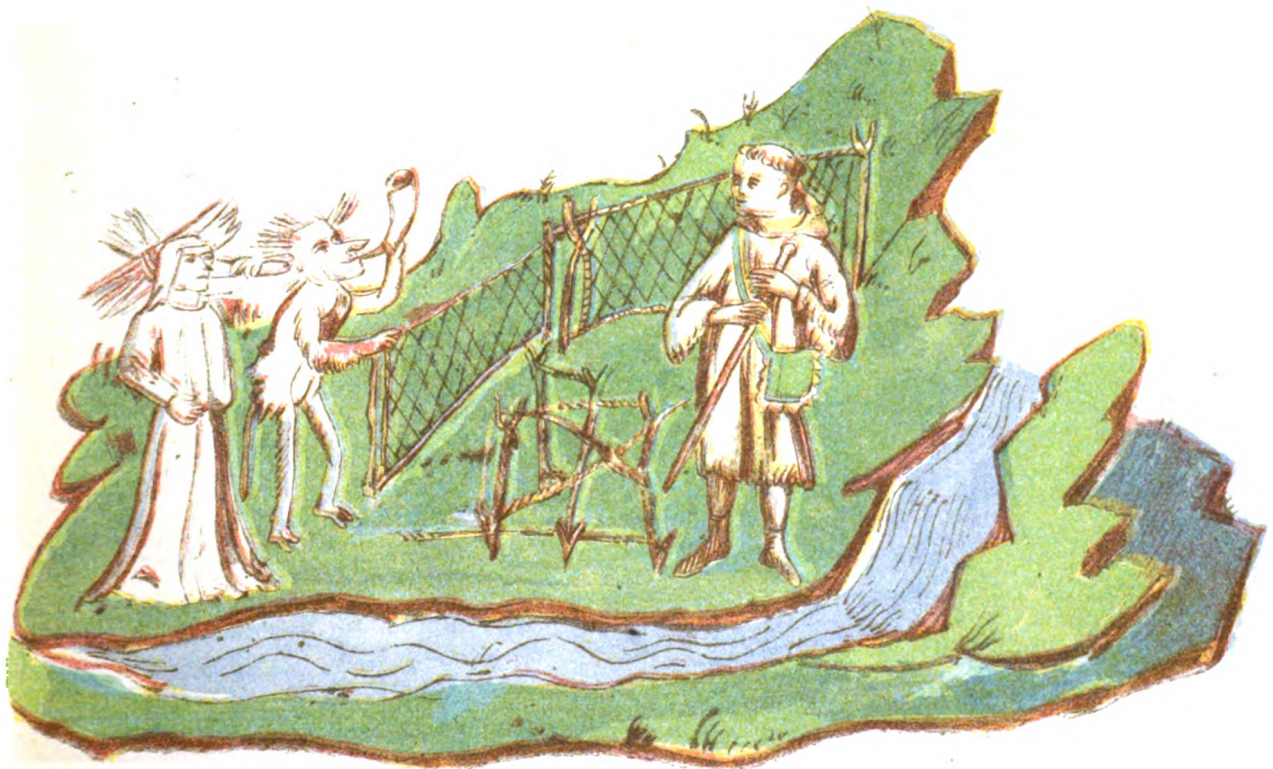
³ Off whom I greetly was afferd ^h

In the mydde of a book shee helde a swerd
 Other scawbeck ⁱ had sche noon
 And as I byhelde anoon
 Sche hadde in sothe as thought me
 Large whynges ffor to ffe
 And by a maner ffelonye ^k
 Sche began loude ffor to crye
 And me manafynge off pryde
 Bade me that I schulde abyde
 And ellis ^l mawgrey al my myght
 I schulde not skape out off her fyght
 Till I hadde in partye
 Somewhat seyne of her maystreye ^m
 And towarde me her look sche caste
 And gan to come up on ffull faste
 But as sche kam it sempte me
 That sche fate hygh upon a tre
 And pleynty gan to speceffye
 Hor name was "Necromancye"
 Whiche by my craffte in substaunce
 Whan folke encesse and wel chaunce
 That bee in my subiecyoun
 And lyfte to learne my lessoune

This ilke ⁿ Book wolte se ^o
 Is callyd "Mors Animæ"
 Whiche is in Englysche ffor to ^p seyn
 Dethe of the fowle incertayne ^q
 And this nakyd swerd whiche I hoolde
 As thou mayste thisilffe byholde
 Therewith ffor schorte conclusyoun
 Whanne thew haste herde my lessoun
 There with thow schalt slayne be
 And thus sche gan manasse me
 Where off I stood in ffull greet drede
 But off grace as I toke hede ^r
 A white dowve ^s I dyde se
 Iffeen sodeynely towardes me
 But with me where as I stood
 Sche ne made no longer abood
 And I ne made no greet delay
 But wente fforthe upon my way
 And I mette or I was war ^t
 An oolde oon ^u whiche that ffagot bar

¹ The reason of *Youth's* undertaking to rescue the Pilgrim is, of course, because avarice is generally regarded as the vice of Old Age.

² See Woodcut XIV. and coloured drawing B.



Upon hir bak and eke thereto
In hir hand sche heelde also
A peyre cyfours sharpe igrounde
And to me ward as sche was bounde
Sche bad ffor schorte conclusyoun
Ffor to leye my skryppe adoun
And gan upon me ffor to frowne
Lowde cryde hyr lyfte not rowne ^a

¹ HERYSYE.

Ffor but thow leye here adoun
I schal to thi confusyoun
Schape the skryppe off newe array
Ffor it is not to my pay
I schal it kutte in other wyfe
Lyche as my sylven lyfte devyfe ^b

The PYLGRYME.

Thow oolde vekke ^c as semeth me
That thow mayste not clerely fe
Whereffore me lyfte ^d by thi byddyng
Ffor to do no maner thyng
But zeve to fforne ^e I know and fe
Thy power and thyn autorite
Thy werke also and thyne office
I wol firste knowe in myn avyce

HERYSYE.

Ffor pleyhely off lasse ^f and more
Evene affter my fadris lore
I wole off bothe ffalse and trewe
The skryppes kutte and schape newe
Off pylgyrymes greet and smale
Kutte hem alle on pecys smale
Ffor it was I my filse allon
That schope the skryppes zere agon ^g
Ffirte off this Pellagyens
And also off these Arryens
And off other sectys newe
I founde ffalse and untrewre
As oolde bokes speciffy
Ffor I am called "Herefye"
The whiche do away ^h my labour
To bringe ffolke in greet errour

That ffolke my condyffions
Only by ffalse oppynyons
Make her hertis to declyne
Ffro the trouthe off juste doctryne
And cause hem ffor to do their cure
And mys ⁱ to expown holy scripture
And trewely nadde bene ^k

The great councayle at Nycene
Ordayned by greet Constantyn
And nadde ben also Augustyn
And many other greet doctours
Ffor to anulle myn errours
The skryppes off holy churche echon
I have ffordon ^l ffull zere a goon
Off pylgyrymes that passe by the way
Sythen goon fful mane aday
And zit ^m I schal what so by ffale ⁿ
Assayl the among them alle
And myn oolde purpos holde
In ffyre though that I brenne ^o shulde
I wold my wythes ^p alle applye
Hardy with obstynacye
Contynue til the ffyre be hoot
Thereffore I beere thys ffagot
And firste thow schalte me not escape
But newe I wole thy skryppes schape
Or ellis I dar undertake
That thow schalt it here fforfak ^q
And leve it with me utterly
My ffader is here ffaste by
Whiche hathe power as thow mayste fe
And bothe upon londe and see
Thow shalt not skape hym in certayne
But with daunger and greet payne

The PYLGRYME.

Myne eyen then I gan unffolde
And anoon I gan byholde
In the weye me byfforne
An ² hunte stood with his horn
Off chere ^r and look ryght pervers
And the passage in travers
With cordes he gan it overleyne
Frette with nettys alle the pleyne

^a She cried loudly, do not run.^b Just in the shape I please.^c Woman.^d Why I do not choose.^e Unless beforehand.^f Left.^g Years ago.^h Always.ⁱ Fail.^k There was need of.^l Destroyed.^m Now.ⁿ Whatever else happen.^o Burn.^p Wits.^q Titus iii. 9—11.^r Mien.¹ See Woodcut XV. coloured drawing D.² See Woodcut XVI. coloured drawing C.

And he brought in hys companye
The ffalfe vekke heryfye
And that men schulde hym not knowe
His horne he gan fful lowde blowe
As it were to cacche his pray
Ryght fo he blewe on the way
And his doughter herefye
The paffage to kepe and guye
That I schulde not in no fyde
Ffrom ther damage my fylfe provyde
And trewely as I have fayd
The nettys were fo narewe layd
In londe on water and in the hayr
That I myght haue no repayr
To paffe ffreely that paffage
It was fo fful off mortal rage
Off daunger and aduerfite
That but yiff that I amydde the see
Durfte fwymme ther was no way
Ffor me to paffe nyght nor day
And there he dyde also malygne
To leyne out nettys and affigne
There to stoppen my paffage
So that I ffonde noon avantage
From his dawngere to declyne
Ffor many a hook and many a leyne
Were cafte in to that peryllous fe
Off entente to letten me
That mawgre^a alle my force and myght
But zeve^b I koude fwymme aryght
Amonge the wawys ffeerfe and ffelle
I muſte under his daunger dwelle
But ffyrſte while he his trappys leyde
Unto the hunte thus I fayde

The PYLGRYME.

Hunte quod I telle me now
What maner officere art thou
Whiche lyggeste on the way
Unlawefful to cacche pray
Thus to make thyn areftis^c
Namely on the kynges beeftis
I trow thou haveſte no lycence
Ffor to don fo greet offence

I dar afferme eerly and late
Swych hunters the kyng doth hate
And it feemyth by thi manere
Off his thow art noon officere

The HUNTE.

Quod he what makyſte thou ſwyche fryf
Thow art wonder inquiryff
Beſy alſo by argument
To hoolde with me a parlement
By langage and longe pletyng^d
Ffor though I longe not to the kyng
And thou conceyue aryght I wys
Som tym I was oon off his
And though I have no conge
Off hym to hunte in this contre
He ſuffryth me here in this place
At his beeftis ffor to chace
And affaute on hem to make
And whanne that I by fforce hem take
Be it by day be it by nyght
I cleyme hem to ben myn off ryght

The PYLGRYME.

And while I herde alle hys refouns
And ffroward oppynyouns
Myn herte abafchyd^e gan to colde^f
Namely whaune I gan byholde
Pylgrymes by greet aduerfite
Fful many oon fwymme in the fe
And they were clothyd everychon^g
And ſom off hem I ſawe anoon
Ther ffeet reverſed upſodown
And ſom in myn inſpectyoun
Swamme forth fful clene and ryght
And ſom hadde whynges ffor the flyght
That afforcyd hem fful offte
Ffor to flowe fful hygh aloffte
And though ther purpoſ was fo ſette
The ſee hath hem fful offte lette
Som by the ffeete were bounde ſtronge
With knottys off herbys longe^h
And ſom with wawys wood and rage
Were [fo^h un-]ſweat in their vyſage

^a Deſpite of.^b Unleſs.
² Sam. xxii. 5,
6.^c Stoppage, ar-
reſt.^d Pleading.^e Frightened.^f Freeze.^g Every one.^h Unhappy.
The reading in
the text is con-
jectural, as the
two words are
entirely oblite-
rated in the MS.
Jeremiah xviii.
22.¹ See coloured drawing E.



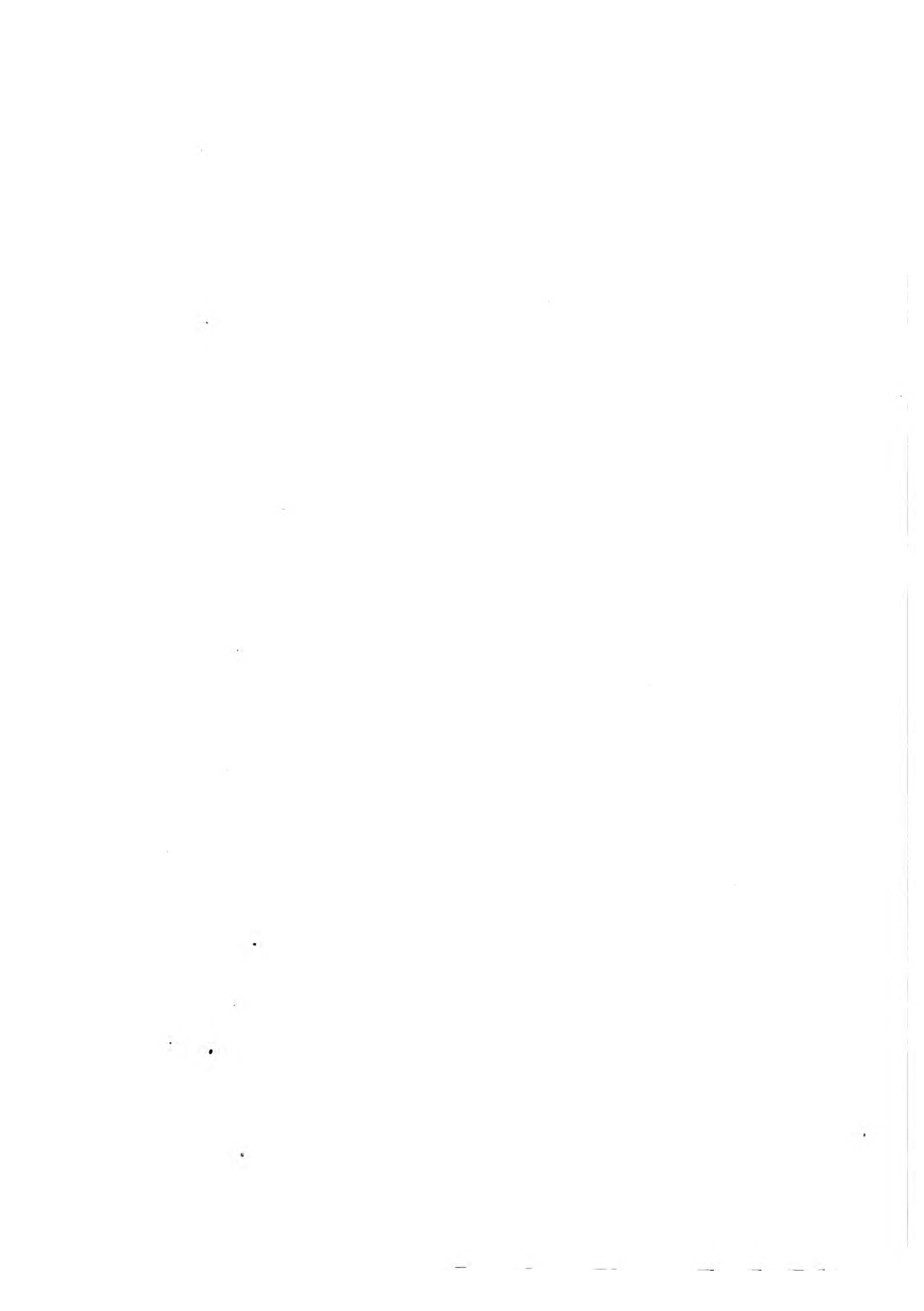
D



E



F



That they loften look and syght
 And feeble were off fforce and myght
 And by dyuerse apparylle
 The rage fo gan hem affayle
 In many another dyverfe wyfe
 Mo than I may as now devyfe

The HUNTE.

I do fful wel quod he epye
 Where on thou caftyfte fo thyne eye
 Ffor alle thi wyles and thi jape^a
 Thow schalt not fo ffro me eskape
 I fchal the cacche by fom crook
 I haue leyde ffor the las^b and hook
 As thow mayfte thy sylven fe
 Thow schalt not fskapen by this fe

The PYLGRYME.

Telle me anoon and lye nought
 As it lythe ryght in thy thought
 Thefe pylgrymes alle that I fe
 Who hath thus putte hem in thys see

The HUNTE.

Is not thys quod he anoon
 An high way for ffolke to goon
 There by alle day in ther vyage
 Swych as goon on pilgrymage
 I hadde not ellis as I haue fayde
 Myn hookis and my nettis leyde
 To cacche alle in thys place
 Ffolke that fforby here do pace
 Ffor this greet large see
 Whiche that thow here doft fe
 It is the worlde ay fful of trowble
 Fful of many wawys dowble
 And fful off woo and grete torment
 In whiche fful many a man is fchent^c
 With bellewys blowe on every fyde
 Which that myne owne doughter pryde
 Is wonte with hir ffor to bere^d
 Good pylgrymes ffor to dere^e
 And many a pylgryme thow mayfte fe
 Swymme in this perelous see
 Som off hem whiche is not ffeyre^f
 Ther ffeet han upward in the ayre

And alle swyche zeve thow lyfte fe
 Ben thylke ffolke that charged be
 With the fac of covetyse
 And overlade in many wyfe
 That they to swymme be not able
 Ther burthen is fo importable
 Whiche by ffalse affecyoun
 Ploungeth her heedes low adoun
 Under the wawys off this world here
 That they may not in no manere
 Swymme ffor the hevynesse
 That they bere off grete rycheffe^g
 Other ther ben that swymmen ryght
 And haue eke wynges ffor the fflyght
 And they ben ffolkes whiche in this lyffe
 In herte ben contemplatyffe
 In wordely thyng haue no plefaunce
 Save in ther bare fustenaunce
 For this world ther joye is nought
 For alle ther herte and alle ther thought
 And ffynal truste off ther workynge^h
 Is sette upon the heuently kyng
 But ffor alle that I the assure
 In this see they muft endure
 Bodely by greet penaunce
 In hevne hemfylffe to avaunce
 And ffor the lawe off Crist ihu
 They make hem whynges off vertu
 To fleeen by clene affectyoun
 To the heuently mansyounⁱ
 Whiche greetly displefeth me
 Theder whaune I fe hem fle
 Swyche ffolke refemblen alle
 Un to a bryd that clerkes calle
Ortigometra^k in ther bokys
 And this bryd caste in his lokys
 Tofforne hym prudently to fe
 Whanne he fchal swymme in the see
 This ffoul hath whynges ffor the fflyght
 Be he anoon off kyndely ryght
 Whanne he is wery off travayle
 And that his feders do hym ffayle
 Anoon off his condifcyoun
 In to the water he ffalleth down
 And thanne to swymme wole not ffayle
 Off his o whynge he makith a ffayle

^a Cajolery,
 mockery.

^b Snare.

^c Sunk.

^d Carry.

^e Annoy or in-
 jure.
 Pfalm cxlii. 3.

^f Pleafant.

^g Ezekiel xxxiii.
 31.

^h Job xxxix. 21.

ⁱ Pf. xxxvii. 29.

^k Water-quail.

^a In the fame
short period of
time.

^b Jonah ii. 8.
Prov. xvii. 4.
John viii. 44.

^c Prov. xxxi. 30.
James v. 2.

^d Beauty.

^e Like.

^f Blinded.

^g Are often sunk
before they are
aware of it.

^h Luke xviii. 22.

ⁱ Forgiveness.

^k Delay or hifi-
tation.

^l Yet.

^m I John iii. 10.

ⁿ Make war
against.

^o Tib. A. vii. f.
55.

^p I Chron. xxi. 1.

^q Cease.

^r Dominion or
subjection.
Ecclef. ix. 12.
Hab. i. 15.

^s Tib. A. vii. f.
56, b.

^t Epistles.
I Pet. v. 8, 9.

Amonge the sturdy wawys alle
To keep hym faffe that he not falle
Til he resume ageyne his myght
Off acustom to take his flyght
Thus stoundemel ^a ye may hym fe
Som tyme swymme som tyme flee
In bokys as it is iffounde
But they that haue ffeet ibounde ^b
With herbes and with wedes greene
That they may not aryght sustene
Newther to swymme nor to flee
They be so bounden in the see
Off wordely delectacyoun
In ther inwarde affectyoun
Ffor alle ther hool ffelicyte
Is sette in verrey prosperite
Off the world and in rycheffe
Fful off change and dowbleness
With whyche they be sore bounde
That her foulis yt wole confounde
Ffor they haue power noon nor myght
Newther to swymme nor ffeen aryght
So fore the world doth hem constreyne
That it were to hem greet peyne
Her hertes ffrom the world to unbynde
And som also be makyd blynde
Ther eyen cloos they may not se
Ffor to confidere the vanyte
Off this worldis ffalfe veyne glorie ^c
Evere onsure and transitorye
And fful off motabyte
Whyche shewith to hem fful greet bewete ^d
By maner off apparence
But it is ffalfe in existence
That is fful ffoul doth schewe ffayre
Lyche ^e afflour that doth apayre
Whanne it is plukked and leyde lowe
Or with som sodeyne wynde iblowe
Whyche bewete as wryte *Salomoun*
Is but a ffalfe deceptyoun
And ffolkes that beth therewith blente ^f
Or they be war beth offte schente ^g
For lak ther eyen be not clere
Eke som ther swymis as ze may lere
With hand and armys stretchyd out ^h
Swyche as parte good aboute

To pore ffolkes that haue neede
And swyche unkynde her ffeete in deede
From wordely dilectacyoun
And off devout entencyoun
By counsel off her confessoure
And bynde her ffeet by greet labour
Ffor to goon in ther vyages
Barffote to seke pylgrymage
Off ther synnes to haue pardoun
Fforgevenesse ⁱ and remyffsyoun
Whanne ther menyng trewley
Is voyde ffrom al ypcryfy
And thus as now without flouthe ^k
To the I haue tolde the trouthe
And trewley zit ^l overe alle thyng
I hate trowthe in my workyng ^m
And off malys bothe day and nyght
Werrey ⁿ trouthe with al my myght

^o By neme called I am *Sathan* ^p
The whiche as ffer as evere I kan
I worke in myne entencyoun
Ffor to cacche in my bandoun
Alle pylgrymes as thow mayest fe
That swymmen in the wawy see
Off this world fful off disseyte
And evere I lye in greet awayte
And no moment I ne ffyne ^q
For to leyne out hook and lyne
My lyne by demonstracyon
Icalled is temptacyoun
And whanne that ffolke in ther entente
Off herte and wille therto confente
Thanne on myn hook by ffalfe awayte
They be icacched with the bayte
And thanne by fful mortal lawe
To my bandoun ^r I hem drawe
I lay out nettes nyght and day
In water and londe to cacche my pray
* * * * *
I am a ffoulere eke som whyle
Ffor alle that high or lowe goon
I make nettes ffor everych oon
* * * * *
Ffor as saint Petre lyste endite ^s
And in his pyftelys ^t ffor to wryte





XVII



Seraime ou esbatement mondain XVIII



XIX



Draison

XX

I go and ferche day and nyght
 With all my force with all my myght
 Lychē a ravenous lyoun
 Ffor to devour up and down
 Alle ffolkys zonge^a and oolde
 That lambre^b be of cristis ffoolde

* * * * *
 And I warne the outerly
 Thow shalt not lyghtely zeve I may^c
 Fro my daunger skape away

The PYLGRYME.

Wher thow be wel or yvel mayd^d
 In the wordes that thow haft sayd
 I haue founden a greet dyffence
 To make ageyne the resistence
 And conceyue it in my thought
 Blowe thyne horne and spare nought
 Ffor thow schalt ffayle zeve that I may
 To make off me schortely the waye
 And to be more strong in vertu^e
 With the crofs of Crist ihū
 And off his grace most benygne
 I can me crosse and eke sygne
 Ffor to assure my passage
 Ageyne his laafs^f so fful of rage
 And by my crossyngē I anoon
 Gan to passe hem everichon
 They hadde no power ffor to laste
 Ffor by the vertu they to brafte^g
 And I anoon gan ffaite flee
 And wolte haue taken anoon the see
 But long or I entre myght
 And as *Sathan* of me hadde a fyght
 He gan to crye so stoo the cas
 Out and anoon allas allas

The PYLGRYME answereth to SATHAN :—

O *Sathan* thi displeaunce
 Was to me fful greet plefaunce
 Releuyngē me off my distresse
 I took ther off greet hardynesse
 Made as tho no lenger lette
 I spared newther hook nor nette

But trustyngē in conclusyoun
 Upon my skrippe and my burdoun
 And there upon I byleued me
 Whanne I entryd in to the see
 And in swymmyngē to be more stable
 Methought my skrippe proffitable
 To kepe me sure in herte and thought
 In my way that I erred nought^h
 Trewely in this dredefful see
 Is gret myscheef and aduersyte
 Many a perel I yow ensure
 And many a straunge aventure
 I ffelte there in my passage
 Off wawys and rokkis rage
 And many a tempeste in certeyne
 Off thundryngē lyghtnyngē and off reyn
 And other perells that befelle
 That zeve I schulde hem alle telle
 Or the myscheeves alle endyte
 They were too longe to wryte
 But while that I in my passage
 Byhelde the see sterne and fauage
 Methought I sawe besyde me
 That there stoo a greene treⁱ
 And I was glad alle thilke while
 Wenyngē^k there hadde been an yle
 In hope that I schulde londe
 Hastely up at some stonde

* * * * *
^l And evere round as thoughte me
 This whel^l wente aboute the tre
 Wheroff I altonyd was
 Whanne I sawe this sodeyn caas
 Upon whiche tre anoon
 I sawgh nestys fful many oon^m
 And brydes that I koude knowe
 Som hygh and som lowe
 Ther nestis made I toke good hede
 Grete and small it is no drede

* * * * *
 And there I sawe a lady stonde
 Amonge the wylde wawys trouble
 Upon a whel dyverse and double
 * * * * *

^a Young.

^b Lambs.

^c If I can help it.

^d Whether thou meanest good or evil.

^e Psal. cxxiv. 7.
 James iv. 7.
 Hosea iv. 12.

^f Snares.

^g Burst asunder.

^h Micah vii. 19.

ⁱ Luke vi. 43.

^k Supposing.

^l Wheel.
 Ecclus. xxxiii. 5.

^m Jer. xlix. 16.
 Ezek. xxxi. 6.
 Prov. xvii. 16.
 Hab. ii. 9.

^l This is a description of "the wheel of Fortune." See Woodcut XVII. coloured drawing F.

^a Said with sudden emotion.

^b Then.

^c Roused myself.

^d Expound to.

^e To ask me how I govern myself.

^f Laugh.

^g Countenance.

^h White is here put for "lucky." Thus, "cretâ an carbone notandus" was said, among the Romans, to signify a lucky or unlucky day.

ⁱ Scornful grins.

^k Moon.

^l Waiting in every place.

^m Tib. A. vii. f. 62.

ⁿ Bent.

^o Laugh on.

^p Practise. Isaiah lxxv. 11, 12.

^q At some time or other.

^r f. lxxviii.

Thanne was I greetly agaste
 And my burdoun I heelde ryght ffaſte
 And dyde also greetly my peyne
 To grype it with myne hands tweyne
 And ſeyde off ſodeyn moſcyoun ^a
 Bordoun quod I bordoun bordoun
 But thow me helpe in this caas
 I may wepe and ſeyne allas
 My peynes ben ſo ſcharpe and kene
 And but thow helpe to ſuſtene
 Myn nown powere and impotence
 That I may ſtonden at diffence
 Upon my ffeet and that anoon
 Ffarwel my joye is alle goon
 But tho ^b thorough helpe off my bordoun
 I roos up as a champyoun
 But whanne this lady did eſpye
 That I was up ſche gan to hye
 Ffor to have putte me doun ageyne
 And I trow ryght and certeyn
 That but I hadde ſpoken ffayre
 And off my porte be debonayre
 I hadde ben fful ffeble of myght
 Upon my ffeet to ſtonde vp ryght
 But I abrayde ^c and bade in deede
 That ſche ſcholde taken heede
 To thilke party that was ffayre
 Off hir and putte me fro diſpayre
 And ſchewe lyke hir countenance
 Som comfforte or ſom pleaſaunce
 And that ſche wolde expowne ^d me
 What lady that ſche ſchulde be
 Hir name hir power every del
 Bothe off hir and off hir whel
 And off the tre and off the croppe
 And off the neſtis in the toppe
 And do me ſome avauntage
 To ffurthre me in my vyage

FORTUNE.

In me ſchortely to expreſſe
 Ther is no maner ſtableneſſe

¹ Elle vers l'arbre ſen ala^r
 Et deſconforte me laiſſa
 Touſiours deſſus la roe tournant
 Et a ſon mouuement mouuant

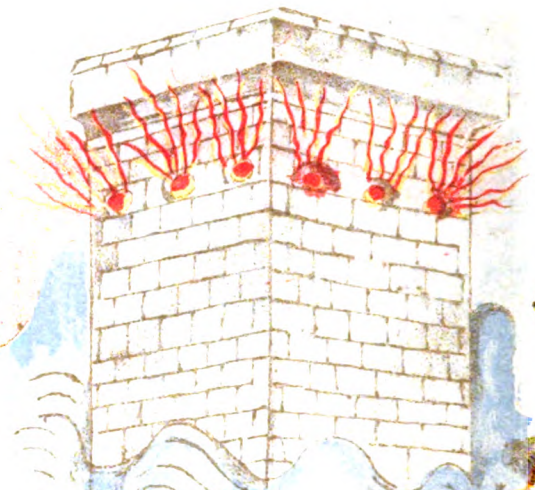
Ffor be hereoff ryght wel certeyn
 Alle that I worke is uncerteyn
 Lyke my dowble contaenance
 I am ſo fful off variaunce
 Thereffore to axe how I me guye ^e
 It is no wyſdom but ffolye
 I worke nothyng in certeynte
 But fful off grete duplycyte
 I am what evere I do provyde
 For I lawe ^f on the ryght ſyde
 And ſchewe a cher ^g off greet delyte
 On the party that I am white ^h
 Than men me calle glad *ffortune*
 But no while I do continue
 Ffor longe or ffolke may apperceyve
 I kan hem ſodeynly diſſeyve
 And make her joye go to wrak
 With ffroward mowhes ⁱ at the bak
 Thanne I lykened to the mone ^k
 Ffolke wole chaunge my name ſone
 And ffro my whel whanne they are falle
Inffortune they me calle
 To ffolke unworthy and not dygne
 I am ſomewhile moſte benygne
 Lyggyng awayte in every cooſte ^l
 Off ffolkes whom that I cheriſche moſt
 And who that on me ſette his luſte
 I kan diſſeve hym off his truſte

* * * * *
 Off my ſtaff and off my crook ^m
 Wronge ⁿ at the eende as is an hook
 And whanne I loke with eyen clere
 Lawye on ^o and make hem cheer
 Thaune lygge I ratheſte in awayte
 Ffor to don ^p hem ſom diſſeyte
 Lo here is al go fforthe thy way
 And truſte wel zeve that I may
 What wey euere that thow go
 Or thi pylgrymage be do
 Turne it to ſoure outhor to ſweete
 Ones ^q I ſchal with the meete

¹ FORTUNE IS WALKYD.

Mais aſſez toſt ie tumbay ius
 Car tenir ie my peu plus
 Helas dis ie que feras tu
 Chetif dolent que diras tu





After *Fortune* has left him, the Pilgrim sustains various encounters with vices—personified as usual—until he meets *Worldly Gladness*, which is typified by a revolving tower and a Syren, which he describes as follows:—

* * * *

^a But as^a I stood thus in awher^b
And drowh me toward the rever
¹ A towre I sawh wylde and favage^c
And square abouten off passage
Whiche hadde round ffenestrallys
Perceyd thorough upon the wallys
At whiche hoolys out off doute
Smoke and fflawme passed oute
And yet this toure who loke wel
Turned aboute as a whel^d
Vpon the ffloodes envyrour^e
With the wawys vp and down
Som whyle as I koude knowe
The hyste party was moſte lowe
And also eke I sawe fful offte
The loweste party sette aloſſte
And thus by tranſmutacyoun
It turned alway vp ſo down
And in this while euere among
I herde a meledious ſong
Off oon as I koude vnderſtonde
That bare a phetele^f in his honde
And thys mynſtral ſoth to ſeyne

Was departyd evene atweyne
From the myddel up a man
Downward as I reherſe kan
A bryd whynged mervellouſely
With pawmys ſtreynynge mortally^g
Now this beeste fful ſavage
Lyke a man off his vyſage
Spake to me fful curteyfly^h
And thus he ſeyde murielyⁱ

GLADNESSE OFF THE WORLD.

Tel on to me and ſay not nay
What maner ſolace or what play
Loveſte thou beſte tel on lat ſe^k
And I ſhal pleyn to forre the
Ffor I kan lyche to thyn entent
Pley on every inſtrument
Ffor to make lordys cher
Both at cheſſe and the cheker
The draughtys ther off fful wel I kan
Ye bet then eny other man
And whanne that ylke play ys do
Ffor ſheppardes I kan alſo
At the merels^l beſte of alle
Whanne ſo that they lyſte me calle
Pype and tabour in the ſtreete
With luſty folkes whan they meete
At weddynges to do pleaſaunce
I kan karole well and wel daunce

Or es tu venu a ta fin
Pourquoy fuz oncques pelerin
Mieux il te vaulſiſt quauorte
Tu euſſes eſte et mort ne
Qui te pourra iamais aider
Qui conſeiller qui viſiter
Tu as perdu par ta folie
Grace ta tresloyalle amy
Helas tres douce penitence^m
Pourquoy fis iamais redoubtance
De ton vtile haye paſſer
Pour mes erreurs mediciner
Tes verges et tes diſciplines
Tes poinctures et tes eſpines
Maintenant me fuſſent oingture
A ma grande meſaventure
Helas armeures pour marmar
Toute ma vie regretter
Je vous deuray ſe ie vy plus
De vous vne fois fuz veſtuz
Et aourne moult cointement
Mais las chetif car longuement
Pas ne fu ains toſt vous mis ius

Plusieurs maux men ſont aduenuzⁿ
Et maintenant ou aſſez toſt
Jen feray liure a la mort
Helas ſacremens de legliſe
Je ne ſcay faſſez ie vous priſe
Jay grant doute quen vain receuz
Ne vous aye qui ſuis rencheuz
Maintenant tout evanouy
Et en danger deſtre pery
Et ne me puis eſtre tenu
A mon bourdon ne ſoubſtenu
Helas ierusalem cite
Ou daler ieſtoie exite
Comment vers toy mexcuferay
Et quel reſponce te feray
Promis ie tauoye en couraige
Que feroye le pelerinaige
A toy pource que ie te vy
Ou bel mirouer et poly
Or ſuis du tout cy arreſte
Ta ſoit quaſſez ie ſoye tourne

^l See Woodcut XVIII. coloured drawing G.

^a Tib. A. vii. f. 76, b.

^b Longing or deſire.

^c Job iv. 16. Ezek. xxvi. 9.

^d Wheel.

^e Round about.

^f Violin, or guitar.

^g Hands ſtretched out like thoſe of a human being.

^h Courteouſly.

ⁱ Merry-makings.

^k Let us ſee.

^l Merry-makings.

^m Eccluf. xx. 3.

ⁿ 1 Sam. xxxi. 9.

^a Exod. xxxii. 6.

^b Always.

^c Job i. 6.

^d Tower.

^e Lofe.

^f Seeth.

^g Here.

^h Sweet.

ⁱ Jer. xv. 17.

^k Fiddle.

^l Island.

^m Confusion.

ⁿ In company.

^o f. lxxxvii. b.

^p Pfal. lxxix. 9.
Prov. iii. 5.

In euery play I do excelle
And it were to longe to telle
The disportes and the playes ^a
That I vse on fomer dayes
My joye is al in myrthe and game
And *Wordely play* that is my name
Men may me calle off equyte
A mermayden off the see
That syngge off custom ay ^b gladdeste
To fforne a storme and a tempeste
So make ek ffolke this my labour
To sforgete ther Creatoure
And ffolk in my subiectyoun
I brynge hem to distrustyoun

The PYLGRYME.

Though thou bygynne in gladnesse
Thou eendeste euere in wrecchydnesse
Ellys I wolde ffor my plesaunce
With the hauen acqueyntaunce
I praye the putte me out off doute
Off this toure turnyng aboute
What maner thyng that it may be
Fyrste off alle that wolde I se

WORDELY GLADNESSE.

Fyrste yiff thou lyste to se
The greet amyral off the see
Whiche that callyd ys *Sathan* ^c
This tour ^d sothely he began
Ffor he ffuste off entencyoun
Made there his habytacyoun
And other schyp ne hath he noon
Amonge the floodys ffor to goon
In the whiche by gret diceynte
He lythe euere in awayte
With pylgrymes holde stryff

¹ Lors ie massis a terre ius ^o
Si las que ie nen pouoie plus
Helas dis ie que feras tu
Tu es en ceste yse venu
Qui perilleuse grandement
Et venu perileusement
Y es par firtim et scillam
Par caribdim et firenam
Et par bithalassum aussi
Et encores affeur ycy
Nes pas et ne scais ou aller

And to make hem lese ^e her lyff
He feth ^f bothe by hylle and vale
Thorough thylke hoolys smale
By what weye that they gon
Amonges whiche thou art on
And to disceyve hem in her way
Her ^g he maketh me fytted and play
With foote ^h songe and armonye
Alle pylgrymes to espye ⁱ

And this mynstral than anon
Made his ffythele ^k ffor to gon
And fange with al ffyl lustyly
And wyth hys syngyngge sodeynly
To me he gan turne his tayle
And with his pawmes scharpe as a nayle
By the arme he gan me streyne
Mawgre my myght and al my peyne
Horybely he caste me
Amyddes off the greet see

I gan swymme with inne a while
Ageyne vnto that fame yle ^l
Ffro the which that I kam ffor
Whanne the *meremayde* was go
I mene this *worldes fals solace*
That gan so fore at me to chace
But lythe sche scholde haue taken me
I swam ffyl ffaste mydde the see
Ffor drede off hir I was in were ^m
But Youthe and sche to gydere yfere ⁿ
Ful great joye they gan to make
And thus hath Youthe me fforfak
For thanne I lost hir in certeyne
That sche to me kam ner ageyne

¹ And down I fate ffor werynesse

Le tu te remectz a noer
Par la mer tu y periras
Ou ne scez a quel port venras
Helas chetif que feras tu
Bien ie voy que tu es perdu
Hors suis de sente et de chemin
Je mattens quonques pelerin
Ne fut plus foruoye que moy ^p
Beau doulx fire dieu ayde moy
Tu es le pommeau treshaultain
De mon bourdon ie te reclaim

And gan compleyne in greet distresse^a
 Allas quod I myd off^b my wo
 Allas allas what schal I do
 How schal I wretche eskape away
 Out off this yle weyle^c away
 Ffor by five enchauntereffys
 I am brought in gret distreffys
 In greet pereyl dowteles
 Ffor *Scilla* ffyrst and eke *Cyrtes*
Syrenes and *Karibdis*
 And *Bythalassus* worste off alle
 Ben^e attonys on me ffall
 And mortally me to beguyle
 They han me brought in to this yle
 Longe in forewe to sojourne
 And kan noon other wey retourne
 To ffynde focoure in this caas
 I may wel forewe and feyne allas
 Out off my way in ouncerteine
 And kan no mene to kome ageyne
 Was neuere pylgryme in swyche poynt
 Trewely nor in swyche distoynt
 Now good God off thi greet grace
 Be my focoure in this place
 Ffor thow ffor my salvacyoun
 Art the *Pomel* off my *Bordoun*
 To the as ffor my cheff comifforte
 In this nede I ha reforte
 To brynge me thorgh thy greet myght
 In to the weye I may go ryght
 And ben supported ffer and nere
 With that charboucle bryght and clere
 Whiche that with his bemes bryght
 Giveth on to my bordoun lyht
 Now parte with me off thy clernesse
 And brynge me out off my distresse
 Out off this deedly mortal rage

Ffor sythe tyme off my tendre age
 My truste and my affyaunce
 My joye and all my suffyaunce
 Alle hooly hath ben in the
 Ageynes alle adverfite
 In euery peyne and eche labour
 To ffynnden comfforte and focour
 And now that stonde in so greet drede
 Helpe me in this greet nede
 And while I gan me thus compleyne
 Even amydde off alle my pene
 I sawgh amyddes off the fee
¹ A schippe saylle towards me^f
 And evene above upon the masse
 Whereffore I was the laffe agaste
 I sawe a croffe stonde and not flytte
 And there vpon a dowve fytt
 White as any mylke or snowgh
 Where off I hadde joye enowgh
 And in this schippe ageyne alle schoures
 There were castels and eke towres
 Wonder dyverse manfyouns
 And sondry habytacyouns^g
 By resemblance and seemyng
 Lyche the loggyng^h off a kyng
 And as I took good hede ther at
 Alle my forewes I fforgettⁱ

The Pilgrim is rejoiced beyond measure at perceiving *Gracedieu* descend from the vessel; he expresses his gratitude to her for relieving him in his great distress; she inquires where he has been, and what has brought him to that perilous island which is named Scylla.² The Pilgrim assures her he has no pleasure in remaining there, and that he will willingly quit it to return into the way which by his folly he has quitted, and which has brought upon him so many evils.

Afin quen toy et par toy voye
 Par la ou ie prendray ma voye
 Sainte escharboucle reluisant
 Dont mon bourdon est fait luyfant
 Esclere moy par ou giray
 Tu es le pommel ou toute ay
 Mon port ma seurte ma fiance
 Et tousiours euz des mon enfance
 A toy me rends a toy mappuy
 Ayde moy ou perdu ie suy

* * * * *
 Dame dis ie bien est mon gre
 Bien doit le recreu pelerin
 Desirer court et brief chemin
 Recreu ie suis et traueillez
 Le court vueil aller volentiers
 Et vous mercy tres humblement
 De vostre bon confortement

¹ See Woodcut XIX. coloured drawing H.

² The "valley perilous" of Mandeville.

^a Jer. xv. 17.

^b In the midst of.

^c Woe is me.

^d Astray.

^e Are all at once.

^f Isaiah lx. 9.

^g Deut. xv. 11.

^h Lodging.

ⁱ Psal. cxix. 29.

^a Nurfe.
Tib. A. vii. f.
91, b.

^b If thou careft
to learn it.

^c To fignify.

^d Rom. xv. 4.

^e In times of yore.

^f Truly.

^g More than one.

^h Diffemble.

ⁱ Lying.

^k Numb. xvi. 26.
Jer. v. 25.

^l Stingy.

Gracedieu tells him, that, if he will enter her fhip, fhe will receive him from the pity fhe feels for him, and will convey him by a fhort paffage into the fafe path; but that he muft expect to meet with *Repentance*, the ftile, the hedge, and the thorny plants again, juft as he had met them before.

He answers, that every weary pilgrim fhould defire a fhort voyage, that he is himfelf weary and way-worn, and he thanks her very much for her comfort; he then promifes that if fhe will take him on board the fhip he will amend his faults. Upon which *Gracedieu* reproaches him for having required his armour to be carried, and for not being able to endure the weight of it himfelf; and fhe alfo tells him that his profefions are great, but that he does not carry them into praftice.

She then leads him to a rock from which water flows, in which he is washed, and afterwards conducts him to the veflel; he inquires its name, and is told it is *Religion*.

They then embark, and fteer for the Monaftery of Cifteaux. Upon their arrival there they are received by the porter, *Crainte de Dieu*, ("Drede of God;") and upon *Gracedieu* leaving the Pilgrim, he is conducted to

¹ AGYOGRAPHE.

I am quod fche chieff noryce ^a
To alle ffolkes that ffeen vyce
No cloyfter is worthe who looke aboute
On no fyde whan I am out
I make cloyftris fferme and ftable
Worfchipe and honourable
And my name zeve thow lyfte fe ^b
Is callyd *Agyographe*
Whiche is to feyne ^c I the enfure
Off holy wrytynge the fcripture ^d
* * * *

The PYLGRYME.

And off a merour that I ffonde

Whiche that I heelde in myne honde
I preyed hir without fchame
To telle me there off the name

AGYOGRAPHE.

Hyt were good to hye and lowe
That alle ffolkes fhoulde know
And there off hadde a trewe fyght
Juftely what thys merour hyght
That ffolkes ffor greet lak off lyght
Were not deceyued in her fyght
This merour by defcripcyoun
Is called *Adulacyoun*
This is withouten eny blame
Verily his ryght name
Ffor take good hede that *fflateryng*
Is engendred off *lefyng*
Some callen hir "*Placebo*"²
Ffor fche han maken an Eccho
Anfwere euere ageyn the fame
Becaufe that he wole haue no blame
There is no contradicyoun
Ffor bothe off newe and zore ^e agon
Ffolkes fothely ^f mo than on ^g
Han in adulacyoun
Ffnde fful greet decepcyoun
Lordes wherffore I feye allas
Han be difseyved in this caas
And by adylacyoun
Brought to ther deftrucyon

FLATERYE.

For this custom hath fflaterye
To feyne ^h thus by lofengerie ⁱ
Whanne hym lykyth to begyle
Ffalfe by his fotel while
To hem that be mofte vycyous ^k
How that they are vertuous
And though they ben to vyces thral
They feyne eke they be liberal
Though they be ftreyte ^l and ravynous
And greet nygardes in her hous

¹ See coloured drawing I.

² *Placebo*, "I will pleafe," the name given to Flattery, from her endeavouring to curry favour with every

one. The "Echo" is in reference to the "Placebo," which was the name given to the vesper hymn for the dead. — *Du Cange*.

They calle ffame and high renoun
Raveyne ^a and ffalse extorcoun
Though they be ffooles and off no prys
They afferme that they be wys

The PYLGRYME.

Madame quod I zow not displeefe
Thys myroure schal do me noon eefe
Wher so that I leese or wynne
I wole neuere looke ther inne
But ryht anoon myne happe it was
To loken in another glasse
In the whiche withouten wene ^b
I sawe my sylff ffoule and vnclene
And to byholde ryght hydous
Abbomynabel and vecyous
That merour and that glas
Schewyd to me what I was

Wherffore off rancour and dysdeyn
The same merour I caste ageyn
Without a look in her pavere ^c
Ffrowarde off look and eke ^d off chere
And gan my bak away to turne
And thereffore soon I gan to morne

AGYOGRAPHE.

Now I fe wel by contenance
And also by thy governaunce
Thow haste no luste to loke and fe
In the merour yt semeth me
Callyd the merour off concyence
Whiche shewith by trewe experyence
Without eccho or fflaterye
Or any other lozengerye
Vnto a man what ymage
He bereth aboute or what vyfage
The portraiture ryght as it is
And in what thyng he dothe amys ^e

After the Pilgrim had held converse with
Obedience, Discipline, Poverty, and Chastity,
two messengers next appeared to him, one of
whom had wings extended, whilst the other

held in her hand a wimble, which she held up
aloft towards the heaven, as if she would pierce
the sky. She says she is to reward all people
who act uprightly, that she is called *Prayer* ^f
(*oraison*), the good and swift messenger which
has wings to fly and to bear a message to God
for all mankind. "Before Him," she says, "I
appear swiftly and present boldly the commis-
sion which has been entrusted to me; and
know," she adds, "that if you send your re-
quest to Him it shall not be refused; and if
you wish to enter the city where you see so
many pilgrims go, I will be your messenger,
and will prepare you a house where you may
take up your abode—no one shall enter there
who has not sent me before him. You know
that it was so with the thief who was crucified
with the King. ^g I believe you will do the same,
for you have great need of it, and so I hasten
the more readily to perform your message."

¹ There was another who held a horn which
gave a pleasant sound, whose name was *Latria*,
(worship or service) ^h and who thus speaks:

Off this place ffolkes alle ⁱ
Latria they me calle
Myne offys is molte in wakyng
To kepe the gate aboute the kyng
I wacche there on day and nyght
Do my fforfe and eke my myght
Ffor to lyue aye in awayt
That there be ffounden no dysceyt

For bothe at ceve and eke at morew
I kepe the houres off ryfyng
To do worfchipe to the kyng
Alle ffolkes vp I calle
That no slomber on hem ffalle
Myne horne is *Invocacyoun*
Off *Deus in adjutorium*
I blowe myn horn toward mydnyght
To reyse vp ffolkes anoon ryght
I suffre hem not off sleep to deye
Myne ² orgones I tempre ffor to pleye ^k

^a Plunder.^b Doubt.^c Basket or wal-
let.^d Also.^e Job xx. 2.
Ecclef. vii. 5, 6.
Daniel x. 21.
Mark xii. 24.
Ephesians v. 6.
Col. iii. 22.
^f 1 Thes. ii. 4—6.
^g 1 Pet. iii. 21.^h 2 Chron. xxx.
27.
Mark xi. 24.
ⁱ 1 Peter iii. 7.^j Luke xxiii. 42.^k Pfal. xcvi. 9.^l Tib. A. vii. f.
104, b.^m I manage my
musical instru-
ment so as to
play.¹ See Woodcut XX.² The "Virginals" of Bunyan.

And vpon hem I make a fown^a
 With outen intermyffyoun
 And trewely alle my melodye
 Is in fonge off perfalmodye^b
 And devoutely in myne ententis
 I calle so myne instrumentis
 For thylke kyng that is moſte ſtronge
 Moſt hym delytyth in ſwiche fonge
 To hym it is moſte pertynente
 Whanne it is fonge off good entente
 In clerneſſe and in purete

^a Sound.^b Pfalmody.^c Pfalm cii. 23.
Heb. ix. 27.^d Jer. xvi. 11.
Eccluf. xviii. 21.
Rom. vi. 18, 19.
2 Cor. xii. 9.^e Iſaiah xl. 30.^f Deut. xxxiii.
25.
Gen. xxv. 8.
Job xii. 12, 13.

At the laſt, after *Gracedieu's* return, two old women appeared,¹ at the ſight of whom the Pilgrim's heart trembled; one ſupported herſelf on crutches, and ſeemed to have leaden feet—ſhe carried a box on her back, whilſt her companion had a couch bound on to her head. Theſe were *Infirmity* and *Old Age*, who advanced towards him and ſaid:—“*Death*^c ſends us to you to announce that ſhe comes without delay; and ſhe has enjoined us not to leave you until we have conquered you.”

The Pilgrim ſays that he is not acquainted with them, or with their miſtreſs *Death*, and inquires their names. They tell him it is uſeleſs to argue with them, for, however ſtrong a perſon may be, as ſoon as *Death* comes to him ſhe vanquiſhes him; for ſhe has complete control over human life, and kings and dukes fear her more than poor people who labour under life's burthens. “*Death*, however,” they continue, “is no reſpecter of perſons—into many places ſhe enters often without having ſent us before her; we are her meſſengers, and will tell you our names.”

Then the one who carried the couch ſaid:—“I am named *Infirmity*:^d wherever I find *Health* I attack her to make her ſubmit; I recal *Repentance* when ſhe is forgotten. He who created *Nature*, when He perceived that He was diſregarded, ſummoned me, and ſaid thus:—‘Go quickly to *Death*, and ſay that I ſend you to ſerve her, and to do according

to her pleaſure. But firſt you ſhall go into the world; and, when you are there, whomſoever you find the moſt hardy, who think to live the longeſt, and becauſe they have health deſpiſe me, and put me out of their thoughts, thoſe correct, chaſtiſe, and bind down ſo ſtrongly on your bed that they cannot riſe, nor turn according to their will, nor have any taſte for eating and drinking, in order that they may implore my mercy, and by amending their lives have ſome regard for their own ſalvation.’ Thus have I been in many places, and have pulled down young and old.^e Prepare yourſelf, therefore, for I ſhall attack you and lay you down on your bed.” The other then ſpoke:—“I am ſhe whom you never thought to behold:^f I have leaden feet; I walk ſlowly—nevertheleſs I come towards you and acquaint you that *Death* is approaching. No meſſenger can ſpeak more truly; my companion often deceives; for different reaſons prevent her from performing her meſſage, but nothing can impede me. I am named *Old Age*, the greatly feared, the ſkin-dried, and the wrinkled. My head is ſometimes grey, and ſometimes bald; I am able to give ſage counſel, and ought to be much honoured—for I have ſeen in times paſt both much good and much evil; I have proved what writings are the moſt ſenſible, and what are the beſt means of acquiring knowledge; for without practice and experience no ſcience can exiſt.”

The Pilgrim then informs *Old Age* that ſhe is not agreeable to him, and he wiſhes that ſhe would depart; but ſhe tells him, that, whether he likes her or not, ſhe will remain with him—and before *Death* comes ſhe will make him crooked and feeble by the blows which ſhe will give him; but ſtill, ſhe ſays, that if he is wiſe, he will derive great advantage from her—for ſhe will lend him thoſe crutches² which ſhe herſelf has to lean upon: but yet ſhe does not wiſh to deprive him of his *ſtaff*, inasmuch as a ſpiritual ſupport is uſeful as well

¹ See Woodcut XXI.² Mr. *Ready to Halt's* crutches.—*Bunyan*.

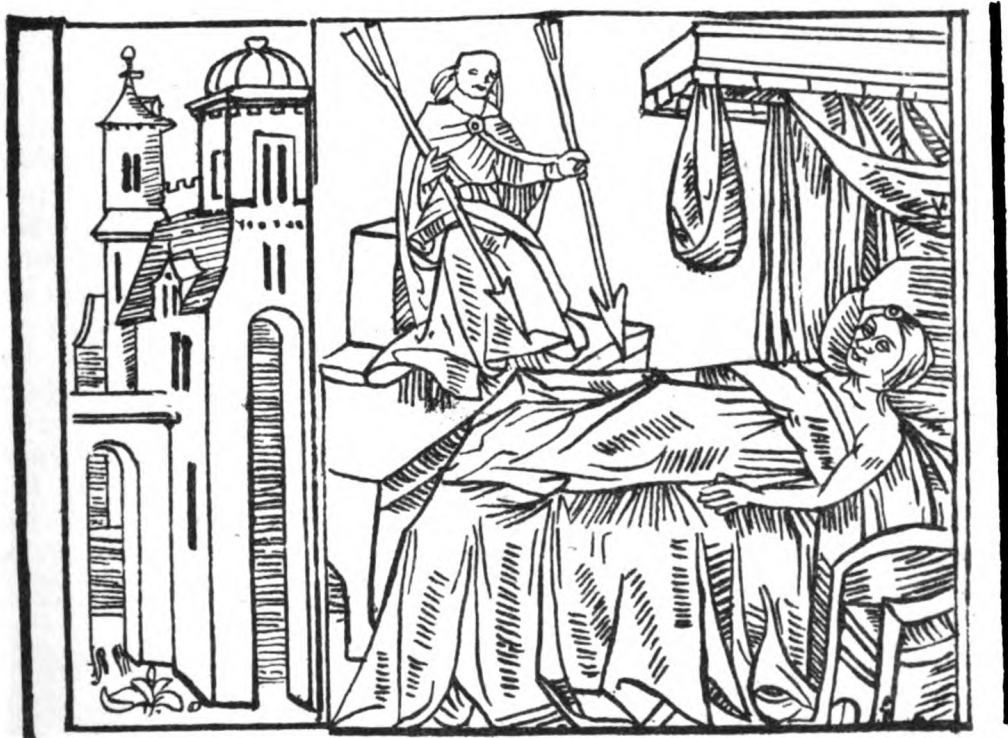


XXI



XXII

Misericorde



XXIII

as a temporal one—for by this means if a man is assaulted on one side he is supported on the other.^a “Take, therefore, my crutches,” she concludes, “for you will find them very useful, since my blows are hard to bear, and that you shall soon know.” Then she said to her companion, “In order that he may not think that we feign, let us at once knock him down, and lay him upon your couch.” *Infirmity* and *Old Age* accordingly lay hold of the Pilgrim, and place him gently upon it, and tell him that *Death* will soon arrive.^b Whilst, however, he is lying there, a lady, of a kindly and pleasing countenance, approaches him:¹ she has in her hands a cord, and upon her inviting the Pilgrim to go with her to the Infirmary he joyfully assents, but first begs that she will tell him who she is.

“I am,” she replies, “named *Mercy*, and I should be excessively welcome after a severe sentence is passed in any judgement. The King,^c when He commanded that all the human race should die for their offences, when I came to Him, forbore his hand, and made over to me all that remained; and I induced Him to place in the heavens a bow without a string, as a sign of concord—the string remains with me, as the bow does with Him:^d so that without this cord He cannot use the bow, and for that reason I keep it in my hands; and, inasmuch as I rescue the wretched from misery, and draw the degraded from their woful positions by means of this cord, I am called *Misericorde* (*Mercy*).^e The maker of this cord was *Charity*, and it is not possible for any one to ascend to heaven who breaks it.”

After *Mercy* has further explained to the Pilgrim her various offices, such as relieving the sick, the poor, the captives, the humble—and professing her readiness to serve him—he asks her if she cannot rid him of *Death*'s messengers, *Infirmity* and *Old Age*. This, she says, she cannot do; but she will, by means of her

cord, convey him secretly to the Infirmary,^f where, although the messengers will not even then leave him entirely, yet he may put off for some little time longer the arrival of *Death*.

Accordingly, she binds her cord to his bed, and, at the same time, *Infirmity* and *Old Age* also approach him so closely that he has no strength remaining.

After he had arrived at the Infirmary, and had lain there for some little time, the porter, called the *fear of God*,^g enters, bringing with him two other messengers—one of whom was the lady² with the wimble, of whom mention has already been made, whilst the other extended her arms towards heaven as if she would fly. The porter then informed the Pilgrim that he had brought these messengers, of whose aid he could avail himself, if he wished to send them before him to Jerusalem, for that he could no longer tarry on earth, and if they did not go before him he would not be able to enter the holy city. Their names were *Prayer*,^h and her companion *Almsgiving*,ⁱ (*ausmone*;) the latter has always her hands extended ready to give, and makes wings of them with which to fly—and she is willing to go at once to the King to beg for admission for the pilgrims into the heavenly mansions. The Pilgrim answers, that he would willingly employ her, but he possesses nothing—having renounced all he had when he entered the convent, everything there having been in common. He says that she should be sent before kings, and great and wealthy people—that the rich, being pilgrims as well as himself, must also be admitted by their staff and scarf (i. e. *hope* and *faith*) into the heavenly city—and he therefore trusts that God will provide an humble and poor man like himself with an habitation.^k He then welcomes the other messenger,^l and commissions her to go before him; to which she answers, that she would do so most readily, according to her promise to him in the Church

^a Prov. xxii. 6.

^b Pfalm lxxi. 9; xcii. 14.

^c Eccluf. xviii. 13.

^d Gen. ix. 13.

^e Deut. v. 10.

^f Prov. xxii. 9.

^g 2 Chron. xix. 7.

^h Prov. xv. 29.

ⁱ Luke vi. 30; xi. 41.

^k Heb. xii. 22.
^l 2 Cor. v. 6
Heb. xiii. 14.

^l Tobit iii. 1.

¹ See Woodcut XXII.

² The lady with the wimble or auger was *Prayer*;

she was described before as holding it, because “she seemed as though she would have pierced the heavens.”

where he had seen her before : whereupon *Infirmity* interferences, and says it is now too late for the intercession of *Prayer*, that the Pilgrim had plenty of time to employ her during his life, but that now she (*Infirmity*) claims him. *Prayer*, nevertheless, departs on her errand ; and whilst the Pilgrim is fearing that she will be too late, and that he will perish,¹ an old woman mounts on his bed, who alarms him extremely ; she holds a scythe, and also bears a wooden coffin—her name is *Death*. She has already placed one of her feet upon the Pilgrim's body, and he has begged her to spare him a little while longer that he may ask her one or two questions, when *Gracedieu* appears to him and reassures him by saying,² " I perceive you are now at the narrow entrance which is at the end of your pilgrimage. *Death* is near you, who is the end of all terrible things ; she will mow down your life, and place your body in a coffin for the worms to destroy it. This is the common end of all flesh. Man, in this world, is exposed to *Death* as the grass in the

field is to the scythe ; so he also is flourishing one day, and is withered the next. You have prospered a long time ; you must now be reaped and separated into two parts—the entrance is narrow, the body and soul cannot pass through together ; the soul will enter first, and the body, after having seen corruption, will be regenerated and join the great assembly in the city to which you are hastening. You are now at the wicket-gate, which, when you saw it imaged in the mirror, you so longed to reach. You will be received within it if you present yourself there unburdened and naked. Nevertheless, you must first implore the Father for mercy,³ and promise to *Penance*, that if you have not undergone sufficient suffering for your sins, you are willing to expiate them still further in Purgatory."⁴ Upon this *Death*^a seemed to run him through the body with her scythe ; and he awoke with a start, scarcely knowing whether he were dead or alive, until he was certified of the fact of his being alive by the sound of the convent bell and the crowing of

^a 1 Cor. xv. 3.
Ecclus. xiv. 12.

^b Job xxi. 26.

^c Isaiah xl. 7.

^d Job xix. 26.

^e Rev. iii. 12 ;
xxii. 14.

^f John xiv. 6.

^g Heb. ix. 27, 28.

^h Rev. xiv. 13.

¹ See Woodcut XXIII.

² GRACEDIEU.

Je voy bien qua lestroit passaige
Tu es de ton pelerinaige
Voicy la mort qui de pres test
Qui des choses terribles est
La fin et le terminement
Ta vie tantost faulcher entent
Et la meſtre du tout afin
Et puis ton corps en vng cofin
Elle meſtra pour le bailler
Aux vers puans pour le manger^b
Ceste chose est toute commune
A tout chascun et a chascune
Homme en ce monde est expose
A la mort comme lherbe au pre
Est a la faulx aussi est ce foin
Qui huy est verd et sec demain^c
Or as este verd vng long temps
Et si as receu pluyes et vens
Mais fault maintenant te faulchier
Et en deux pieces despiecer
Lhuys est estroit lame et la cher
Ne pourroient ensemble passer
Lame premiere passera
Et puis apres la chair yra
Mais si tost ne sera ce mie
Auant sera la chair pourrie
Et autre fois regeneree
En la grant commune assemblee^d
Doncques regarde sappoincte

Deument tu es et appareille
Sa toy ne tient tantost verras
La grant cite ou tendu as
Tu es au guichet et a lhuys
Quou mirouer pieca tu vis
Se tu es despoille et nuz^e
Dedans tantost feras receuz
Celle entree tu auoies moult chier
Lors quant tu la vis au premier
Et touteffois tant ie te dy
Qua mon pere tu cryes mercy
En promettant a penitence
Que se nen as a souffrance
Fait volentiers tu la feras
En purgatoire ou tu yras

³ By the light of Divine Truth the reader must perceive that the atoning Sacrifice of the Son of God has been completely set aside in the advice here given to the Pilgrim. *Fallen man* must come to God as a *Judge*, but cannot come to Him as a *Father*, otherwise than by Christ as Mediator. Jesus saith, " I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father but by me."^f

⁴ How can this be ? when we read in the Bible, " and as it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgement, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many, and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."^g " Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : (from the moment of their death :) yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them."^h

the cocks. Hereupon he would have arisen, but lay still in bed musing upon his wondrous dream; concerning which, he informs the reader, that, if there be anything in it which seems to favour of vanity or untruth, it must be taken as the straw and the chaff is with wheat, and the whole so sifted that the good and true may remain and be remembered, whilst the light and worthless is forgotten and dismissed; and, finally, he concludes by recommending his work to all those who, like good winnowers, are skilled in separating reality from error, and truth from falsehood.

In the Pilgrim's Progress, *Christian* and *Hopeful* are described as at once entering into that perfect peace, and rest, and joy which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."^a

"Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come up out of the river, they saluted them, saying, 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They, therefore, went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds. * * * The talk they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place, who told them that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. 'There,' said they, 'is the Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.'^b You are going now,' said they, 'to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading

fruits thereof; and when you come there you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King: even all the days of eternity!^c There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth—to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death—for the former things are passed away.^d You are going now to Abraham, to Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets; men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds—each one walking in his righteousness.'^e The men then asked, 'What must we do in the holy place?' To whom it was answered, 'You must there receive the comfort of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers, and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way.'^f In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and visions of the Holy One—for there you shall see Him as He is.^g There, also, you shall serve Him continually, with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing, the pleasant voice of the mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are got thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy place after you.' * * * Now when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'^h

"Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate, the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate—to wit, Enoch, Moses, and Elijah, &c.—to whom it was said, 'These pilgrims are come from the city of *Destruction*, for the love that they bear to the King of this place.'

^a 1 Cor. ii. 9.

^b Heb. xii. 22—24.

^c Rev. ii. 7; iii. 4; xxi. 1.

^d Isaiah lxxv. 16.

^e Isaiah lvii. 1, 2.

^f Gal. vi. 7.

^g 1 John iii. 2.

^h Rev. xxii. 24.

And then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning; those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when He had read them, said, 'Where are the men?' To whom it was answered, 'They are standing without the gate.' The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said He, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'^a

"Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There was also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy; and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, honour, glory, and power, be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'"^b

These lines at the conclusion of Bunyan's

Dream show how similar are the metaphors employed both by himself and De Guileville in their parting addresses to the reader:—

Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee;
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself, or neighbour; but take heed
Of misinterpreting; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse:
By misinterpreting evil ensues.
Take heed also that thou be not extreme
In playing with the outside of my dream;
Nor let my figure or similitude
Put thee into a laughter or a feud.
Leave this for boys and fools; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of the matter see.
Put by the curtains, look within my veil;
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail
There, if thou seekest them, such things to find
As will be helpful to an honest mind.
What of my dross thou findest there be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.
What if my gold be wrapped up in ore?
None throws away the apple for the core.
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but 'twill make me dream again.

^a Isaiah xxvi. 2.

^b Rev. v. 13, 14.



The following Extracts on the glories of the New Jerusalem are quoted from Hymns written at three different periods:—The first by St. Bernard, (to whom reference is made in De Guileville's poem,) A. D. 1100. The second is taken from a Chap-book¹ in the British Museum, (1078 k 17,) to which no date is prefixed. The third is by a well-known modern Author, who has kindly permitted its insertion.

HYMN.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care:
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is *there*.

O happy retribution,
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high,
That worms should seek their dwellings
Beyond the starry sky.
So now we fight the battle,
And then we wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.
There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
To thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep:
For very love beholding
Thy happy name they weep.
O one, O only mansion!
O paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy:
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small;
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall.
With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;

The fardius and topas
Unite in thee their rays:
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy fountains build up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is Christ.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment,
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages,
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
Jerusalem the golden!
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory!
What light beyond compare!
And when I fain would sing thee,
My spirit fails and faints;
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the saints.
They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

¹ See f. 2.

There is the throne of David,
 And there, from toil releas'd,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast :
 And they, beneath their Leader,
 Who conquer'd in the fight,
 For ever and for ever
 Are clad in robes of white.
 Jerufalem the radiant !
 The glory of the elect !
 O dear and future vision,
 That eager hearts expect :
 E'en now by faith I see thee,
 E'en now thy walls discern ;
 For thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and burn.
 O land that seest no sorrow !
 O state that fear'ft no strife !
 O princely bowers ! O land of flowers !
 O realm and home of life !

ST. BERNARD.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

O MOTHER, dear Jerufalem,
 when shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 thy joys when shall I see ?
 O happy harbour of God's saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 no grief, no care, no toil.
 In thee no sickness is at all,
 no grief, no toil, no care ;
 There is no death, nor ugly fight,
 but life for evermore.
 No dimming clouds o'ershadow thee,
 no dim nor darksome night ;
 For every soul shines as the sun,
 for God himself gives light.
 There lust nor lucre cannot dwell—
 there envy bears no sway ;
 There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
 but pleasure every way.
 Jerufalem, Jerufalem !
 would God I were in thee !

O that my sorrows had an end,
 thy joys that I might see !
 No pains, no pangs, no bitter griefs,
 no woful night is there ;
 No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,
 no willaway nor fear.
 Jerufalem the city is
 of God our King alone ;
 The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
 fits there upon the throne.
 Ah ! God, that I Jerufalem
 with speed may go behold ;
 For why ? the pleasures there abound
 with tongue cannot be told.
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 with carbuncles doth shine ;
 With jasper, pearls, and cryfolyte,
 surpassing pure and fine.
 Thy houses are of ivory ;
 thy windows chryftal clear ;
 Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
 where angels do appear.
 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
 thy bulwarks diamond square ;
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl,—
 O God ! if I were there.
 Within thy gates nothing can come
 that is not passing clear ;
 No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
 no filth may there appear.
 Jehovah, Lord, now come, I pray,
 and end my grief and plaints :
 Take me to thy Jerufalem,
 and place me among the saints :
 Who there are crown'd with glory great,
 and see God face to face.
 They triumph all, and do rejoice,
 most happy is their case.
 But we who are in banishment
 continually do moan ;
 We sigh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
 perpetually we groan.
 Our sweetness mixed is with gall,
 our pleasures are but pain ;
 Our joys are not worth looking on,
 our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
 such pleasure, and such play,
 That unto them a thousand years
 seem but as yesterday.
 O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
 thy joys when shall I see?
 Thy King fitting upon his throne,
 and thy felicity.
 Thy vineyards and thy orchards,
 so wonderfully rare,
 Are furnish'd with all kinds of fruits,
 most beautiful and fair.
 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
 continually are green;
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers,
 as no where else are seen.
 There cinnamon and sugar grows;
 there nard and balm abound;
 No tongue can tell, no heart can think,
 what pleasures there are found.
 There nectar and ambrosia spring,
 the musk and civet sweet;
 There many a fine and dainty drug
 is trodden under feet.
 Quite thro' the street, with pleasant sound,
 the blood of life doth flow;
 Upon the bank, on ev'ry side,
 the Tree of Life doth grow.
 These trees each month do yield their fruit,
 for evermore they spring;
 And all the nations in the world
 to thee their honours bring.
 Jerusalem, God's dwelling place,
 full sore I long to see;
 O that my sorrows had an end,
 that I might dwell with thee!
 There David stands, with harp in hand,
 into the heavenly choir,
 A thousand times that man was blest
 who might this music hear.
 There Mary sings Magnificat,
 with tunes surpassing sweet;
 And all the virgins bear their part,
 fitting around her feet.
 Te Deum doth St. Ambrose sing,
 St. Austin doth the like;

Old Simeon and Zachary
 have not their songs to seek.
 There Magdalen hath left her moan,
 and cheerfully doth sing,
 With all blest saints, whose harmony
 through every street doth ring.
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
 thy joys fain would I see;
 Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
 and take me home to thee.
 O plant thy name in my forehead,
 and take me hence away,
 That I may dwell with thee in blest, (*sic*)
 and sing thy praises ay!
 Jerusalem, the happy throne,
 Jehovah's throne on high;
 O sacred city, queen and wife
 of Christ eternally!
 O comely queen, with glory clad,
 with honour and degree,
 All fair thou art, excelling bright,
 no spot is found in thee!
 I long to see Jerusalem,
 the comfort of us all;
 For thou art sweet and beautiful,
 no ill can thee befall.
 In thee, Jerusalem, I say,
 no darkness dare appear;
 No night, no shade, no winter foul,
 no time doth alter there.
 No candles need, no moons to shine,
 no glittering stars to light,
 For Christ, the Sun of Righteousness,
 for ever shineth bright.
 A Lamb unspotted, white and pure,
 to thee doth stand in lieu
 Of light so great; the glory is,
 thy heavenly King to view;
 He is the King of kings, beset
 in midst his servants right,
 And they his happy household all
 do serve him day and night.
 There, there the quire of angels bright,
 there the supernal fort
 Of citizens, who hence are freed
 from danger's deep resort.

There be the prudent prophets all,
 th' Apostles, six and six,
 The glorious martyrs in a row,
 and confessors betwixt.
 There doth the crew of righteous men
 and matrons all confit,
 Young men and maids who here on earth
 their pleasures did resist.
 The sheep and lambs that hardly 'scapt
 the snares of death and hell,
 Triumph in joy eternally,
 whereof no tongue can tell ;
 And though the glory of each*one
 doth differ in degree,
 Yet the joy of all alike,
 and common as we see.
 There love and charity do reign,
 and Christ is all in all,
 Whom they most perfectly behold,
 in glory spiritual.
 They love, they praise, they praise, and love,
 they holy, holy, cry ;
 They neither toil, nor faint, nor end,
 but laud continually.
 O happy thousand times were I,
 if, after wretched days,
 I might with listning ears conceive
 these heavenly songs of praise,
 Which to th' eternal King are sung,
 by heavenly wights above :
 By sacred souls and angels sweet,
 to praise the God of love !
 Oh, passing happy were my state,
 might I be worthy found
 To wait upon my God and King,
 his praises there to sound.
 And to enjoy my Christ above,
 his favour and his grace,
 According to his promise made,
 which here I interlace :
 " O Father dear," said he, " let them,
 whom thou hast given of old
 To me, be there where so I am,
 my glory to behold,

Which I with thee, before the world
 was laid, in perfect ways
 Have had, from whence the blessed fun
 of glory doth arise !
 Again, if any man will serve,
 then let him follow me ;
 That where I am, be thou right sure,
 there shall my servant be.
 And still if any man loves me,
 him loves my Father dear,
 Whom I do love, to him myself
 in glory shall appear."
 Lord, take away my miseries,
 that there I may be bold,
 With thee, in thy Jerusalem,
 thy glory to behold ;
 And so in Zion see my King,
 my love, my Lord, my all—
 Whom now as in a glass I see,
 then face to face I shall.
 O blessed be the pure in heart,
 their Sovereign they shall see !
 O ye most happy heavenly wights
 which of God's household be !
 O Lord, with speed dissolve my bonds,
 those gins and fetters strong ;
 For I have dwelt within the tents
 of Kedar overlong !
 Yet once again I pray thee, Lord,
 to guard me from all strife ;
 Thus to thy hill I may obtain,
 and dwell there all my life.
 With cherubin, and seraphin,
 and holy souls of men,
 To sing thy praise, of Lord of hosts,
 for evermore. Amen.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.¹

ON THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1851.
 HA ! yon burst of crystal splendour !
 Sunlight, starlight, blent in one ;
 Starlight set in arctic azure,
 Sunlight from the burning zone !

¹ Vide "Hymns of Faith and Hope," by Horatius Bonar, D. D.

Gold and silver, gems and marble,
 All creation's jewelry.
 Earth's uncovered waste of riches—
 Treasures of the ancient sea.
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me?

* * * *

What to that for which we're waiting,
 Is this glittering earthly toy?
 Heavenly glory, holy splendour,
 Sum of grandeur, sum of joy.
 Not the gems that time can tarnish,
 Not the hues that dim and die,
 Not the glow that cheats the lover,
 Shaded with mortality.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Not the light that leaves us darker,
 Not the gleams that come and go,
 Not the mirth whose end is madness,
 Not the joy whose fruit is woe;
 Not the notes that die at sunset,
 Not the fashion of a day;
 But the everlasting beauty,
 And the endless melody.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

City of the pearl-bright portal;
 City of the jasper wall;
 City of the golden pavement;
 Seat of endless festival.
 City of Jehovah, Salem,
 City of eternity,
 To thy bridal-hall of gladness,
 From this prison would I flee.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Ah! with such strange spells around me,
 Fairest of what earth calls fair,
 How I need thy fairer image,
 To undo the siren snare!
 Left the subtle serpent-tempter
 Lure me with his radiant lie;

As if sin were sin no longer,
 Life were no more vanity.
 Heir of glory,
 What is that to thee and me?

Yes, I need *thee*, heavenly city,
 My low spirit to upbear;
 Yes, I need thee—earth's enchantments
 So beguile me with their glare.
 Let me see thee, then these fetters
 Break asunder, I am free;
 Then this pomp no longer chains me;
 Faith has won the victory.
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

Soon where earthly beauty blinds not,
 No excess of brilliance palls,
 Salem, city of the holy,
 We shall be within thy walls!
 There, beside yon crystal river,
 There, beneath life's wondrous tree,
 There, with nought to cloud or fever,—
 Ever with the Lamb to be!
 Heir of glory,
 That shall be for thee and me!

It may be interesting to some of our readers if we quote a letter from a Syrian gentleman who remarked that the translation of the "Pilgrim's Progress" into Arabic had done more good in Syria than any book, except the Bible; the parabolical mode of instruction of our Saviour being the natural form of expression in that country.

"You desire me," he writes, "to relate to you a few facts connected with the Arabic Pilgrim's Progress; I shall try to do so in this note, in the fewest words possible.

"The book was first translated for the 'Church Missionary Society,' by a first-rate Arabic scholar, a native of Mount Lebanon, and printed at their Arabic printing press, at Malta. It was extensively read, wherever the Arabic language was spoken.

"Soon after the breaking up of the mission

at Malta, it became scarce, and another edition was called for.

“The American Missionaries, in Syria, had the book then re-translated, (by another native of Mount Lebanon,) and, by the help of the first translation, made of it a very good *new* edition. They put this new copy into the hands of one of the best Arabic scholars and poets (a native of Mount Lebanon also), who corrected it and saw it ‘through the press.’

“The book has now become a classical one. It is read in all the American schools throughout Syria. Copies of it have gone into Arabia, Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, and the Coast of Barbary.

“During my first visit to England, I had the curiosity to go to Blackwall, to see the Niger Expedition, which was then fitting up for the heart of Africa; and on going into the first cabin of one of the steamers, I saw all its shelves filled with Arabic books. On asking the Missionary (Muller), who was then accompanying the expedition, why they took Arabic books with them, he answered me, that the Arabic was the medium of communication with the natives: and that the Arabic characters were used in all the interior of Africa, even when the language spoken by the tribes was not Arabic. Many copies of the *Pilgrim’s Progress* were on the shelves.

“The book being full of figurative language, and allegorical expressions, has had a great hold on the mind of the simple people in the East.

“I was spending, not many years ago, a short time at Hasbaya, a town in Anti-Lebanon, several thousand feet higher than the level of the sea. I took a ride one fine afternoon to the top of the hills that overlook the town and country. As I wandered amongst the vineyards, admiring the beauty of the bold and majestic scenery, the ‘Watchman’ came down, and asked me to go up and sit with him in his bower; adding, that the view from it was the best in the neighbourhood.

“I must, however, explain to you what a

‘*watchman*’ and a ‘*bower*’ are. The vineyards in Syria cover many acres of land. The vines either lie on the ground, are supported by poles, or run up, and twine themselves round high trees. The fields being very extensive, and the land quite cheap, there are, of course, no hedges to the vineyards; the bear, the hyæna, the fox, and the dog, are very fond of grapes—and the visit of any of these animals to a vineyard costs the owner a basket of grapes. Although strangers are never molested if they help themselves to the grapes *as they pass by a vineyard*, yet the people of the village are not allowed that privilege. To watch then, over tame and wild depredators, town and forest visitors, the owners appoint a ‘*Watchman*,’ during the season of the grapes.—See *Isaiah* v. 1, 2.

“The ‘*Watchman*’ selects a large tree, generally an oak, on the top of the highest hill. He then lays poles on the centre of the branches of the tree, and ties them with cords, &c. and placing boards over these poles, and then covering the whole with other branches, he spreads his mat and bed on the boards, and in this bower he eats, drinks, watches, and sleeps, day and night.

“These men have such a good ear, assisted by a clear sky and pure atmosphere, that they can hear the least sound, and with a rifle, they are, indeed, not to be despised. By such a ‘*watchman*’ I was invited, and into such a bower I ascended.

“As I sat on the bed, admiring the scenery that was before me, I looked round me and saw some Arabic books, one of which was well used. I took it up; it was the ‘*Pilgrim’s Progress*.’ ‘You may well ask,’ said Nicola to me, ‘why this book is well used, more so than the others. You know that on becoming a Protestant what persecution I endured—how often I was hunted down, like a wild beast—how my wife deserted me for her father’s house—how my two daughters were taken to my brother’s home, to prevent their being contaminated by my principles. Well, this book

was a comfort to me during my troubles. The man who wrote it seemed to have had just such a person as me before him. Then, in my solitude, nothing is more cheering than to read it early at morn and late at night. Such a book was never made for *you* men, who live in cities—who are ambitious, rich, and luxurious; but *I* who *live* in this *tree*, for three months in the year—I see the sun rise in majesty in the morning, and go down in power in the evening; I see the moon appear in glory, and set in splendour—with Anti-Lebanon for my habitation—and Lebanon, Hermon, and Iulan round about me: while the Jordan, taking its source at my feet, winds its way into the lakes of Huleih, Tiberias, and Lot, till they all vanish in the distance. I have need of such a book—I can understand it!

“Poor Nicola asked me, two years after, to go and see him at home. There were his wife, and two daughters. ‘We live now,’ said he to me, ‘together, and in peace; but the people often cause us trouble. They are always trying to throw discord amongst us. You know my daughters can now read; and they often read the Pilgrim’s Progress.’”

“I called frequently at the cell of an old monk at Beirut, to pass an hour in disputation and friendly talk—and often saw him read the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ ‘I am still of opinion,’ he would say to me, ‘that it is better not to marry. See what trouble this man had with his wife and family. I am alone—I have no trouble, because I have neither wife or children—I read this book during the long winter evenings and feel quite delighted to think that your Protestant friends have at *least one good* book to offer us. I really think that our friends, the Roman Catholic Priests, are wrong; for, in forbidding their people in this country to read Protestant books, they should have made an exception of the Pilgrim’s Progress.’ I really loved the man because he was sincere in being attached to the doctrines of the orthodox church.

“Not far from him lived another monk, young, handsome, and intelligent. He is one of the few amongst the Clergy, in Syria, who have liberal and enlightened views; desire to see the old Churches shake off their sloth, and take up the cause of Evangelical religion and general education. I have often seen him read the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ and heard him say, that if he had the influence and the power he would make all the people study it. I have just heard from a mutual friend that this good gentleman has been promoted to the Bishopric of Tarsus. My friend wishes me to write and congratulate him on this promotion.

“I am quite sure that this new bishop will behave like a true Christian, and will do much good in his new sphere of action. Dear Gerasimus! may you never forget the long conversations we often held together; and may you be like Paul of Tarsus, a blessing to that part of Syria.

“I have seen another man day and night turn over the leaves of this book. I had given him the first translation when it was first printed. I brought him the new edition as soon as it came out. I saw this old man read it to his old partner in life, during the long winter nights; and when I returned late from some evening party, I found him with the book in his lap, reading, (and smoking at the same time,) waiting for me. ‘I could sit up,’ he would say, ‘the whole night reading it. I know the Arabic of the *old* edition is not so good as the *new* one; it has many defects, but I like it as an *old* friend. I like the *new* one for a change. This world is so full of wickedness—we live in sin, and the very breath we draw is so polluted with evil, that it is well we can, at home and alone, commune with the spirits of good men who have departed in peace.’ This man was my own Father.

“ANTONIUS AMEUNY.”

The following curious passage, extracted from a well-known periodical, shows the quaint form which the “*allegory*” sometimes took.

“Of the universal taste for allegory in the middle ages, we are furnished with a curious illustration by M. Jubinal, in his elegant publication of ‘*Les anciennes tapisseries historiques,*’ in the specimen he gives from the tapestry of Nancy, said to have been taken from the tent of Charles le Téméraire in 1477. In the first compartment, three boon companions, *Dinner*, *Supper*, and *Banquet*, meet with a company of *bons vivants*, called *Bonne-Compagnie*, *Accoutumance*, *Passe-temps*, *Gourmandie*, *Friandise*, &c. whom they invite to their *hostels*.

“In the second compartment they are represented at the hotel of *Dinner*; but at this performance *Supper* and *Dinner* take umbrage, and conspire against the *convives*: in the next compartment, whilst at *Supper*’s hall the guests are suddenly attacked by the hired assassins, *Gout*, *Cholic*, &c. but they make their escape, and are pursued by *Supper*, who bruises many of them with his club. They next repair to the hall of *Banquet*, where, in the midst of their festivities, they are suddenly attacked by a troop of ugly women, armed with sharp knives, named *Apoplexy*, *Paralysis*, *Epilepsy*, *Pleurisy*, *Dropsy*, &c. The feasters are now slaughtered without mercy, and only a few escape from the hands of the assassins. These fly for aid to *Lady Experience*, who decides that the two companions, *Supper* and *Banquet*, shall be separated.

“In the remaining portions of the tapestry, *Supper* and *Banquet* are made prisoners, and carried for judgment before *Dame Experience* and her counsellors *Galen*, *Ypocras*, *Avicenna*, and *Averrois*, who pass sentence of death upon *Banquet*, whilst *Supper* is condemned to have her arms bound, and never to approach the dwelling of *Dinner* nearer than three leagues. The last of the compartments represents the execution of the sentence.”—*Gent. Mag. Dec.* 1842.

In an American newspaper, entitled “The Christian Advocate and Journal,” dated Aug. 9, 1843, the following satire appeared on the modern fashionable facilities of getting to hea-

ven, called “The *Celestial Railroad*,” by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The writer supposes that in a dream he visits the populous city of *Destruction*, from which the public-spirited inhabitants had recently established a *railroad* to the Celestial City. His curiosity induces him to visit the station-house, and there he had the good fortune to meet with a gentleman of the name of Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders.

The vehicle rattles through the city, and at a short distance passes over a bridge of elegant construction. On both sides are seen a great quagmire. This Mr. *Smooth-it-away* informs him is the famous *Slough of Despond*, and the bridge is that which the engineers have constructed across the bog, by throwing in, for a foundation, books of morality, French philosophy, and German rationalism, works of Plato, Confucius, and Buddha, to make the passage agreeable to pilgrims—“yet, in spite of Mr. *Smooth-it-away*’s assurances of its solidity, (says the dreamer,) I should be loth to cross it in a heavy omnibus, if each passenger had as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself.

“The spacious station-house is erected on the site of *the little wicket-gate*, which old pilgrims recollect stood across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness was a great obstruction to the traveller of *liberal mind* and expansive stomach. It would have done Bunyan’s heart good to see the number of passengers and the favourable change the community had undergone relative to the celestial pilgrimage. No more lonely ragged men, with huge burdens on their backs, hooted after by the whole city; but parties of the first gentry setting out for the Celestial City, as if the pilgrimage were a summer tour. The conversation was full of taste about politics, fashions, and amusements, and though religion was doubtless *the main thing at heart*, it was tastefully thrown into the background. An infidel would have found nothing to shock his sensibility.

A great convenience of this new method of

pilgrimage was, that our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-waggon! The ancient feuds between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the *wicket-gate* have been appeased, and some of the Prince's subjects are employed about the station carrying baggage, collecting fuel, and feeding the engines.

"*Greatheart* refused to be *breaksman*, (stoker,) but went to the Celestial City in a *buff*; and so the directors chose a more accommodating man, whom you will probably recognise at once." The locomotive appears; and, to the astonishment of the dreamer, it is *Apollyon himself*, *Christian's* old enemy, still breathing fire and smoke through his nostrils, induced to become the company's chief conductor.

They overtake two old-fashioned pilgrims, trudging it on foot, whom they laugh at, and *Apollyon* envelopes them in an atmosphere of scalding steam.

The *Interpreter's House* is not one of the company's stations; and the passengers were glad to pass so quickly by the cross and sepulchre, where *Christian* lost his burden, for they possessed such a rich collection of favourite habits that they exulted in the safety of their baggage, which they hoped would not be out of fashion in the polite circles of the celestial world!

To facilitate the passage of the *Hill Difficulty*, a *spacious tunnel* has been constructed through the heart of this rocky mountain, and the materials from the heart of the hill have been employed in filling up the Valley of *Humiliation!*

"'A wonderful improvement indeed!' said one of the passengers, 'yet I should have been glad to visit the Palace *Beautiful*, and be introduced to those charming young ladies *Prudence*, *Piety*, and *Charity*, and the rest.' 'Young ladies!' cried Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, as soon as he could speak for laughing, 'why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every one of them—prim, starched, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say,

has altered the fashion of her gown since the days of *Christian's* pilgrimage.'" So the traveller consoles himself for the disappointment.

"*Apollyon* was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious to get over the ground where he had so disastrously encountered *Christian*. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book I found we were fast approaching the Valley of the *Shadow of Death*, into which doleful region I trembled to plunge at the present accelerated speed, and I told my apprehensions to Mr. *Smooth-it-away*; but he assured me it was as safe as the best railroad in Christendom. At this moment we shot into the dreaded valley, and my palpitations were calmed on finding that the engineers, to dispel the gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, had collected the inflammable gas into pipes, and thus established a quadruple row of lamps along the whole passage! But this radiance, hurtful to the eyes, glared upon the visages of my fellow passengers; and, as compared with natural day-light, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood. Here the fear of running off the track, beside which was the bottomless pit, made my heart quake—for the noise of the train reverberated like thunder through the valley, and soon there followed a tremendous shriek, careering along the valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it: but this proved only to be the whistle of the engine to announce our arrival at a station!

"Rattling onward again, we at length made our escape from the valley and its lurid lights, at the end of which is the cavern where, in John Bunyan's time, dwelt two cruel giants, called *Pope* and *Pagan*. But these old troglodytes are no longer there, and the cave is now occupied by another terrible giant, a German by birth, called the giant *Transcendentalist*; but as to the form or features of this huge miscreant, neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him—he looked much like

a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but we could not understand his lingo.

“Late in the day the train thundered into the ancient city of *Vanity*, where the fair is still at the height of prosperity, and the new railroad brings with it a great influx of strangers.

“If the Christian reader have had no accounts of the city since Bunyan’s time, he will be surprised to hear that now almost every street has its church, and the reverend clergy are held in high reverence—and well do they merit this high estimation—for their maxims of wisdom and virtue come from as deep a source as those of the sagest philosophers of old. I need only mention the distinguished names of the Rev. Mr. *Sballow-deep*, the Rev. Mr. *Clog-the-spirit*, the Rev. Dr. *Wind-of-Doctrine*, &c. The labours of these eminent divines diffuse an homogeneous erudition. Literature is etherealized; knowledge deposits all its heavier particles and exhales into a sound, which steals into the ever-open ears of their auditors. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery by which thought and study are done to everybody’s hand, whilst another species of machine is employed for the manufacture of individual morality. All these wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made clear to my comprehension by Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, inspired me with a vast admiration of *Vanity Fair*.

“It is true that, while loitering through the bazaars, some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. Some spent a splendid fortune in the purchase of diseases, and a heavy lot of repentance on a suit of rags. There was a sort of stock or scrip, much in demand, called conscience, which would purchase anything. Indeed, few commodities could be bought without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, which was the only thing of permanent value! Tracts of land, and golden mansions, situated in the Celestial City were bartered, at very disadvantageous rates—for a few years’ lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in *Vanity Fair*.

“The place began to seem like home; but I was at length reminded of the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City by the fight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily when *Apollyon* puffed smoke and steam into their faces.”

These pilgrims, whose names are Mr. *Stick-to-the-right*, and Mr. *Go-the-old-way*, remonstrated with the railroad traveller, and warned him that the whole concern was a bubble and delusion; that he might travel upon it all his lifetime without ever getting beyond the limits of *Vanity Fair*; that the Lord of the *Celestial City* had refused, and ever would refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for the railroad. Wherefore, every person who buys a ticket must expect to lose his purchase-money—which is the value of his own soul!

“‘Pooh! Nonsense!’ said Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, dragging me away; ‘these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in *Vanity Fair*, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window.’

“This incident made a considerable impression upon my mind, and another strange thing troubled me: amid the occupations or amusements of the Fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth or honours—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows. And so accustomed were they to such accidents, that business went on as if nothing had happened!

“Finally, however, I resumed my journey with Mr. *Smooth-it-away* by my side. A little beyond the suburbs of *Vanity* we rapidly passed the ancient silver mine of which *Demas* was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to greater advantage than ever; and a little further onward, the spot where Lot’s wife stood as a pillar of salt, but which curious travellers have carried away piecemeal.

“The next remarkable object was a large edifice, formerly the castle of the redoubted giant *Despair*, but since his death, Mr. *Flimsy-*

faitb has repaired it so flimsily as a house of entertainment that I feared it would some day thunder down on the heads of the occupants. 'We shall escape, at all events,' said Mr. *Smooth-it-away*, 'for *Apollyon* is putting on the steam again.'" The road now plunged into a gorge of the *Delectable Mountains*—but a drowfiness came over the passengers as they passed over the enchanted ground, but they awoke as they arrived at the final station in the pleasant land of *Beulah*; and here *Apollyon* outdid himself in screwing out of the whistle of the steam-engine the most infernal sounds and uproar, that the discord must have reached to the celestial gates. "This horrid clamour still rang in our ears when a thousand instruments of music seemed to announce, in an exulting strain, the approach of some illustrious hero who had fought a good fight and won a glorious victory. This, we found, was to welcome the two poor pilgrims we had insulted, on our way, and at *Vanity Fair*, with taunts and gibes! 'I wish we were as secure of a good reception,' said I; but my friend answered, 'Never fear, never fear! Come, make haste—the ferry-boat will be off directly, and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river: no doubt you will find coaches to the city-gates!' A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river-side, puffing and snorting, ready to start. I hurried on board with the other passengers, some bawling for their baggage, some exclaiming the boat would explode or sink, some tearing their hair as they looked on the ugly aspect of the steersman, &c. Mr. *Smooth-it-away* stays behind, and laughs at all this, like an impudent fiend, with a wreath of smoke issuing from his nostrils, and a twinkle of livid flame darting from each eye, proving that his heart was all in a red blaze! I rushed to the side of the boat to fling myself on shore, but the paddle-wheels, beginning to turn, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold—with the chill that will never leave those waters until death be drowned

in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank Heaven, it was a dream!!!"

With regard to John Bunyan's "dream," perhaps no opinion so generally prevails as that of his having written his *Pilgrim's Progress* during his imprisonment in Bedford jail, which he is said to call a "den."

The circumstance which has mainly contributed to this popular impression, if not the very foundation of it, is the insertion of the word *Geol*, or *Jail*, opposite to the word *Den* in most of the editions subsequent to those he corrected himself. Whoever may have been the author of this interpolation, certainly it was not Bunyan. Nothing of the kind appears before the seventh edition. Thus it is evident he did not intend to make his readers believe he wrote his dream in prison, and it becomes necessary to look for the origin of the expression elsewhere. It is a Saxon word derived from the time when the country was only partially settled. Such of the land as was cultivated soon received appellations expressive of habitation, as *wick*, village—*bam*, homestead, (the original of our word home,)—*ton* or *town*, a collection of houses, &c. While the uncultivated border was named, according to the different localities, *wood*, *dele*, *den* or *dale*, "a wooded valley;" *bolt*, "a wood;" *burst*, "a thicket;" &c. There are many places whose names prove this—as *Tenterden*, *Betherden*, *Horsmonden*, *Hawkburst*, *Ticeburst*, *Penshurst*, &c. To settle the conflicting claims of parties who had right of common within the *Dens*, a separate jurisdiction called the Court of *Dens*, was established, which continued in full vigour down to the time of Charles II.

Mr. John Mitchell Kemble, in his *Saxons* in England, says:—"I will lay this down as a rule, that the ancient *mark*, march or *meare*, is to be recognized by following the names of places ending in *den*, which always denoted *cubile ferarum*, or pasture, usually for swine."

Edinb. Rev. Jan. 1849, p. 168.

Hence, therefore, it may be assumed that Bunyan by no means intends to convey to his readers the idea that he dreamed the dream of the "Pilgrim's Progress" in prison, but rather that it appeared to him in some wooded and sequestered spot in the country; and the similarity of his work to that of De Guileville, and the various ancient writers who have been quoted, is sufficiently shown no less by this circumstance, than by the several other examples which have been adduced throughout the volume.



THE BOOKE OF THE
PYLGREMAGE OF THE SOWLE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

GUILLAUME DE GUILLEVILLE

AND PRINTED BY WILLIAM CAXTON AN. 1483 WITH ILLUMINATIONS

TAKEN FROM THE MS. COPY IN THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

EDITED BY KATHERINE ISABELLA CUST



LONDON
BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
196 PICCADILLY

1859



Prefatory Note by the Editor.



IN submitting the second "*Pilgrimage*" of De Guileville to the Public, the Editor must again express her thanks to Edward Levien, Esq. M. A., F. S. A. of the British Museum, for the assistance he has rendered her throughout the work.

She also returns her grateful acknowledgments to the Rev. Edward Polehampton, M. A. and the Rev. Thomas S. Polehampton, M. A., Fellows of Pembroke Coll. Oxford, who have written a Preface, which she feels will not only enhance the value of the work by its own intrinsic merit, but also, by inducing many to master the quaint language in which the "*Pilgrimage*" is written, will lead them to become acquainted with the rich store of hidden beauties that are contained therein. To those who have perused the Memoir, in which they have recorded a brother's sincere endurance even unto death, as exemplified in his ministerial labours as a true soldier of the Cross, their names may be an additional encouragement to study the following pages, in which the same blessed course is shadowed forth in the writings of an ancient Chronicler, manifestly witnessing that, in every age, thoughtful and loving minds have recognized the fact that happiness in its highest degree consists in that singleness of heart and devotedness to Christ, which cannot be more lucidly and, at the same time, more beautifully expressed, than in the following passage of the late Sir Humphrey Davy: "I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but, if I could choose what would be most delightful to me, and, I believe, most useful, I should prefer '*a firm religious belief*' to every other blessing: it makes life a discipline of goodness; creates new hopes, when all earthly hopes vanish, and throws over the decay—the destruction of existence—the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity, making torture and sorrow the means of ascent to Paradise."

Advertisement to the Reader.

THIS translation of the "Pylgremage of the Sowle" was made from the French, with additions, in the year 1413. The translator, or at least the author of the "additions," (which consist of poetry in seven-lined stanzas,) was in all probability Lydgate; for the 34th chapter of Lydgate's metrical "Life of the Virgin Mary" is literally repeated in the 34th chapter of this translation of "The Charter of Mercy."

The parts omitted in the present volume relate entirely to Mariolatry or the worship and adoration of the Virgin Mary, as an intercessor with God for mankind, and contain quaint descriptions of purgatory and abstruse metaphysical doctrines, which it was felt could neither be of advantage nor interest to the general reader.

The Editor is indebted to friends for facsimiles of the drawings which have been copied from the originals, and lithographed by Mr. Vincent Brooks. Those in colour being from the illuminated MS. translation in the British Museum (Egerton 615), and those in block printing from the prose French edition of the "Pylgremage of the Sowle," printed by Verard, at Paris, in 1499.



Preface.

TWO feelings are there very natural to man—two errors, into which he is apt to fall. The first is the love of this world, in which, finding many pleasant things, he fancies he is ever to remain: the other is the desire to know more of the future life, in which, in his moments of calmer and deeper thought, he feels that he must soon be, and of the nature of which so little has been revealed. From the latter of the two arises the fondness for such works as this volume contains. Five hundred years ago, we have reason to suppose, they who read, loved much to read the following strange pages. The ground on which they stood was uncertain: they would try the promise of that which was before them. Here and there, in the curtained stillness of their chambers, lay a Body—but a few days ago full of life, bright with beauty, ready for action:—now silent and still; cold and waxen to the touch; more lovely perchance in features, but ever the same; no thought beaming from its closed eyes; no pride, or gentleness, or love hovering about its lips: no eagerness lifting the hand or hastening the foot. “Life and thought here no longer dwell.”* “Where is the Soul,” they ask, “which lately animated this motionless figure? To what lands has it fled? With what companions holds it converse? What fears or hopes, what joys or sorrows does it feel? ’Tis said that it has to give account of all that it and the Body thought and said and did together. If, as we believe, this be true, but the day of that account be not yet come, what does it, what shall it do, where does it sleep, or whither does it wander during

* Tennyson.

“ those years, which must complete their course, ere the dread trumpet shall sound and call it to the Assize ? ” In some such way probably they of the 13th Century would question their teachers or their own minds. And, if the answer came somewhat dark, somewhat fanciful, who shall wonder ? Do not *we* experience the same longing ? Do not *our* teachers sometimes return the same doubtful answer ? And yet are we not, as it were, spell-bound by what we learn ? Have not the replies, which thoughtful men among us return to our questionings, something of the same mysterious charm which hung about the oracles and fages of long-forgotten days ? There is surely in our nature, and far more in our renewed than in our unrenewed nature, a desire, which religion checks, but does not extinguish, of looking beyond the veil which parts the seen from the unseen. Time hurries on, and some minds among us open as the years advance, but not all. Here and there a master-spirit, after much apparently fruitless toil, in a bright moment stays and follows out a thought, and thence come improvements in science or in art, for which the world has long been waiting, without knowing its want : and soon the whole face of things is changed. Men are enabled to pass to and fro at a speed which their grandfathers would have deemed fabulous : a new agent, akin to the lightning of heaven, and more wondrous in its powers than the tongue itself, flashes their thoughts from continent to continent ; day after day brings forth, as from an inexhaustible storehouse, the means of recruiting or prolonging life, and fearful engines for its destruction. So far as the connection of soul and body in this life is concerned, these things, and such as these, expand the minds of the educated classes, and indirectly perhaps, to some extent, those of the uneducated also ; but yet the knowledge of all alike is bounded by the day of Death.

Since the last drop of ink dried on the pages of the Apocalypse, the veil between the seen and the unseen worlds has been no further drawn aside. The Beloved Disciple's chamber in Patmos held as much knowledge of the future as the most learned halls of our English Universities hold now. St. John was allowed to see more than any one of mortals before or since, and what he saw he was bidden to write in a Book ; but what is it ? Of infinite beauty, and importance so great that a heavenly blessing is attached to its prayerful and reverential study : but it is limited to a few points : making clear the final results to which our deeds here will lead : showing us, with the simple majesty of inspired language, the Angels flying forth from Heaven to summon all souls to judgment, and to seal the Redeemed with the Seal of

God; the Judge on His Throne; the binding of Satan; the fate of those who shall have died in his accursed service: but the space between death and judgment was left dark by St. John, and is dark still. His eye was not suffered to trace, nor may the eye of the holiest or the most learned trace now the flight of any disembodied spirit. We know something of what the Souls are while in the Body, and much of what they shall be after the last Great Day: but the cloud is over all the rest; and it will hang there impenetrable, till before the Brightness of Christ's Presence it shall remove, when He comes in His glory.

Of course, even the Faithful, humbly though they bow to the will of Him who has veiled and alone can unveil the future, must ever and anon desire to look into the state which shall be theirs when the burden of the flesh is laid aside. Death, I know, shall remove me from the state in which I now am: if the Bible were silent, all within me says there is another state to follow; and what this is I *must* wish to know. We, however, who, by inheritance, as well as by our own happy experience, have learnt the value of the Bible, will not go beyond its plain teaching, or the unforced inferences which follow from it. De Guileville was not so held back. It seemed his duty to weave into his story of the "Pylgremage of the Sowle" the legends of his branch of the Church. And while we, living in times when the Book of God may be in the hands of all, and is thought worthy of the deepest study of the most learned of every rank, cannot but judge that much of what he wrote is unwarranted by Scripture, we cannot help feeling that so serious and earnest a book as that, which we here rescue from forgetfulness, told to our fathers and may tell to ourselves many a lesson, to which if we attend, we shall be sadder perhaps, but certainly wiser, and better, and more careful Christians. For aught we are told in holy Scripture, much of what he describes may be our lot after we have yielded to death. We cannot but walk to some extent in darkness. That "the souls of the Righteous are in the Hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them," we know. They are safe, and we need know no more. That we too may be safe, if we cast ourselves on the mercy of the Almighty and follow His commands, while we live here, with loving diligence, we are assured also; and any further speculations must be restrained within a reverent limit. But what wonder if, when ingenious men have dreamed and recorded their dreamings about the soul, simpler minds in all ages, no less deeply interested in the subject, should read of their visions with eagerness? Marvels must always attract children: and are we not all children

in our knowledge of these topics? The twilight in which the early Christians walked was twilight still in the days of De Guileville; its shadows were unremoved in the time of John Bunyan: and, if we are nearer to the dawn, the difference is, as yet, scarcely perceptible.

Of late years it seems that John Bunyan's works have come into more notice than for sometime they had received. The cause of this we need not inquire; but one of the results has been that those writings from which he may have borrowed have met also with more attention. The present reprint is a continuation of a work on which it has with much reason been supposed that the "Pilgrim's Progress" was based, viz. "The Booke of the Pylgrimage of Man," published by Mr. Pickering in 1858. There are between the work of John Bunyan and the earlier work of De Guileville many points of resemblance. But Bunyan, wisely perhaps, stopped short at the Death of his Pilgrims; telling, indeed, how they were led by the Shining Ones, who received them beyond the River, to the Gate of Heaven, but passing over in silence the intermediate state. De Guileville, however, living at an earlier period and in the Romish Communion, is restrained by no such scruples. He does not hesitate to answer that question, which must have occurred to many, "What is the Soul doing between the moment of its departure from the body, and the final Judgment?" Or again, the question, "Is there any previous Judgment?" His reply to the latter question, on which the Bible is wholly silent, is, of course, mere fancy; but in his answer to the former there is enough of truth to fix the attention of thoughtful readers, and to deserve it as well. He writes in a reverent manner, and, if he adds to Scripture, he may certainly be acquitted of all charges of wresting or obscuring the real Gospel.

A brief sketch of this and the former work will, we think, establish this assertion, and at the same time enable us to draw attention to a few of the more striking and beautiful passages.

The Pilgrim, like Bunyan's *Christian*, having being allowed a glimpse of the wondrous beauty of the Celestial City, desires to take his journey thitherward. While he is meditating how to proceed, he is accosted by "a lady of ful gret ffayrnesse," named *Grace-Dieu*, who asks him why he "wepyth;" and on his answering that it is because he knows not how he may reach heaven, she says:—

" To pylgrymes day and night
" I enlumine and give light •

“ To all pylgrymes in ther way
“ As well in dyrkneffe as be day
* * * * *
“ And so thow shalt me call in dede
“ Whan thow haft on to me nede
“ And that shall be ful offte sythe
“ That I may my power kythe
“ Telp the in thy pylgrymage
“ For fynally in thy vyage
“ As thow goft to that cyte
“ Thou shalt have offte adverfyte
“ Wych thow mayft nat in no degre
“ Passe nor endure withoute me
“ Nor that cyte never atteyne
“ Thogh thow ever do thy peyne
“ Withoute that I thy guyde be.”

We have here the first grand truth of the Gospel, that in every step of the Christian's pilgrimage the grace of God must be his guide. She tells him next that he must enter the Church of Christ by the way of Baptism—

“ For other weye is ther noon
“ To Jerufalem for to goon.”

And through this passed once the King Himself, to

“ Schewe example by Hys grace
“ How other folkys sholde passe.”

When therefore he has been, after some difficulty, persuaded of the necessity of Baptism, he is taken by his Advocate (who corresponds with our Sponsors) to the Official of the House of *Grace-Dieu*, and with the sacred words dedicated to the service of the Most High.

“ And from me now ys taken al
“ By thys ylke offycyal,
“ He hath my clothys fro me rauht
“ And thre tyme he hath me kauht
“ And in the ryver plinged me
“ Crossoyd as men myghte see.”

[With this passage it may be interesting to compare one by the great Christian poet of our own day in his "Lyra Innocentium," page 1.

" Once in His Name, who made thee,
 " Once in His Name, who died for thee,
 " Once in His Name, who lives to aid thee,
 " We plunge thee in Love's boundless sea.

" Christian, dear child, we call thee,
 " Threefold the bath, the Name is one ;
 " Henceforth no evil dream befall thee,
 " Now is thy heavenly rest begun.

" Yet in sharp hours of trial
 " The mighty seal must needs be proved ;
 " Dread spirits wait in stern espial :
 " But name thou still the Name beloved."]

Grace-Dieu then shows the Pilgrim many wonderful things, such as Bunyan represents Christian seeing in the house of the "Interpreter," and warns him that, if he is to enter the Celestial City, it must be "through much tribulation." Finally, (for, as these points have been noticed in the volume already published, we need not stay to refer to them again,) having passed through life beset with dangers and trials and sorrows, the Pilgrim meets with *Old Age, Infirmary, and Death*. And this brings us to the present volume. In the few prose quotations which we purpose making, we shall, for the sake of convenience, adopt the modern spelling ; and we shall touch upon those points chiefly which may show the excellencies of our Author, while we desire our readers to believe that we are fully alive, as we would have them also be, to what we hold to be his unauthorized additions to the simplicity of the Bible.

Great prominence is given by De Guileville to the doctrines of "Guardian Angels," "The Personality of Satan," "Purgatory," and a "Previous Judgment." And though some of these are, to say the least, questionable doctrines, we would mention also, as especially insisted on by him, the teaching that no outward privileges can avail without inward holiness ; that the constant presence of *Grace-Dieu* is indispensably necessary ; and that they only who have in humility and earnestness and oft-renewed penitence striven against

fin, are of a certainty saved by the unwearied mercy of God through Christ. Notice, too, how he repeats emphatically that "not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to His mercy He hath saved us:" that our best acts weigh nothing against our natural vileness, but that the charter purchased by Mercy in Heaven is accepted against all the claims of Satan.

We have first the Soul, which, at the close of the poem of the "Pilgrimage of Man," Death had set free, rising from the earth. "Methought that I had long time travailed towards the Holy City of Jerusalem, and that I had made an end and fully finished my fleshly pilgrimage. Then came cruel Death and smote me with his venomous dart, through which stroke body and soul were parted asunder. And so anon I felt myself lift up into the air, seeing myself departed from my foul body; which when I beheld lying all dead without any moving, seemed to me so foul and horrible, that had I not right late before issued therefrom, I would not have supposed that ever it had been mine. Then came there to this body the noble worthy lady Dame Misericorde and covered it, lapping it in a clean linen cloth; and so full honestly laid it in the earth." How beautiful here is the personification of Mercy employed in paying the last reverent rites to the lifeless body! But we follow the Soul. Immediately Satan claims it as his own. He has long waited for it, he says; and it has now lost that Lady that was its helper and counsellor, Dame *Grace-Dieu*. In awful fear the poor Soul would have been "grievously discomfited," had it not seen a "fayre yongling" approaching, its guardian Angel. He, remonstrating with Satan, insists that the question be laid before Michael, the Provost of Heaven. "But," rejoins Satan, "this soul, though it was baptized, afterwards wilfully sinned and is mine of right. And as to Michael, thou dost me open wrong for to assign me a judge, that is and ever hath been my capital enemy, Michael, that drove me out of heaven." The Angel, however, maintaining that all souls must be tried by Michael, "For the Judge is of the Sovereign King assigned to that office, not for this pilgrim only, but generally for all," the three together wend their way to his court. There find they many other souls in like case, each attended by its guardian Angel, and its accusing Sathanas. The Angels go within the veil; the Souls and the Evil Spirits remain without. Then the Devils make great complaint of the mercy shown to the Souls; especially of the fact that each has its guardian. "There is none so caitiff pilgrim that he hath not assigned him a warden the hour of his

Titus iii. 5.

“ birth, the which at all times after is continually abiding with him to keep
 “ him and defend him from our hands, and specially from the time that he
 “ is washen in the salt lye, which is ordained and devised by *Grace-Dieu*, that
 “ ever hath been our enemy.” (Page 6.)

The Judgment being finally set, Michael being the Judge, and the Cherubim
 with Justice and Mercy his Assessors, and “ for the Gentiles, St. George ; for
 “ clerks, St. Nicolas ; for hermits and solitary men, St. Anthony ; St. Benet
 “ for monks ; for wedded folk, St. Paul ; for widows, St. Anne ; for maidens
 “ and young women, St. Catharine ;” the Guardian Angel presents this Soul
 to the Judge ; and, “ Of this,” he says, “ I will bear him good record, that he
 “ has clearly kept his belief to this last end, nor ever has he laid aside his
 “ scrip or his burdon, as becometh a good pilgrim.” But Satan answers,
 “ Truly it availeth not to pass the water, nor to be washed therein, without
 “ he keep him afterwards in cleanness and honesty. This pilgrim was washed
 “ without his own accord, and since he came to years of discretion, this
 “ washing he hath disallowed. He bears in his face the mark of deadly
 “ wilful sin. This washing rather causeth him to be judged to our company
 “ than if he had not been washed. The more gifts, the more grace ; the
 “ greater wages, the higher estate ; the more worthy and noble office that a
 “ man receiveth of his lord and king, the more he offendeth and the more
 “ pain he deserves, if he be false and traitor to his lord.” (Pages 9, 10.)

The Soul, being bidden to defend itself, throws itself wholly on the
 Judge’s mercy, knowing it has no merit to plead. It knoweth not whither
 to look for any advocate but Jesus, for in life it had served no faint in special
 to whom it might turn itself ; this, therefore, is its piteous complaint :—

* * * *

“ To Thee, Jesu, the Son of God above,
 “ That were of Mary, veray mayd, bore,
 “ In veray fleshe and bloode for man’s love—
 “ To Thee will I appealen now byfore !
 “ Syth Thou art veray man and furthermore
 “ Our brother, and a parte of oure kinde,
 “ Good ryght it is that we Thy favour finde.

* * * *

“ For sooth it is where sinne and wretchednesse
 “ Aboundeth most, there needeth most of grace
 “ To those that asken Thee forgivenesse :

“ It fitteth Thee not to wyre away Thy face ;
 “ Thy charity will clayme there his place.”

* * * *

Justice then rises and says, that “repentance nor prayer may have no place in this court ;” and while the Judge again bids the Soul speak on its own behalf, Satan interrupts and calls *Conscience* to witness. *Conscience* then professes to know the innermost thoughts, and says that he often warned and would have restrained the Soul. And he reminds it that had it kept the Image, in which it was created, he could not have accused it: but it has sinned and can no longer take exception to any accuser. Again *Justice* pleads against it: she reminds it of all *Grace-Dieu* had said and written to it: how she had warned it of the suddenness with which *Death* would come, and of the danger of slumber and sloth: how neither the heat of youth nor the weakness of age may be its excuse: how she urged it to look on to the last day.

“ Alas! what thinkest thou? what wilt thou say,
 “ Upon that day of anger and of dread,
 “ Unto the high Judge, who sits Sovereign?
 “ What dost thou, man? why takest thou no heed?”

Justice is followed by *Reason*, and Satan again demands judgment: then *Mercy* pleads for the Soul in the name of Jesus Christ: and when its good deeds and its deserts have been placed in one scale, and in the other its sins and Satan’s claims, and the latter have prevailed, *Mercy* flies to heaven and brings down a charter of pardon sealed with the Redeemer’s blood; this being placed in the lighter scale, causes the other immediately to kick the beam. And so it is resolved that the Soul shall go to Purgatory, and when its foulness has been burnt away in the fires, shall at length be admitted to eternal bliss.

In the second portion of the Book, in which very much of Romish fable is mixed up with truth, is a beautiful song of redeemed saints, and a fearful description of the final leading away to torment of damned souls. The latter may well be compared with John Bunyan’s story of the lost, who were carried to the door in the side of the hill.

Not the least instructive chapters are those which contain the dialogue between the Body and the Soul, in which each bitterly accuses the other of being the cause of the sorrows that it suffers. Here we are reminded of the Apostle’s words: “I keep under my body and bring it into subjection.” The

Page 44.

Page 52.

1 Cor. ix. 27.

Page 59.

Pſalm lxxxv.
10, 11.

Soul was ever intended to be the maſter, and if it ſuffer the Body, by undue compliance with its ſuggeſtions, to drag it down to ſin, it may not complain if it bear it alſo into hell. But, “Ye that be predeſtinate to ſalvation,” ſays the Angel, “and ſhall hereafter be rejoined as friends, ye ought not to ſtrive, “but ye ſhould be of accord.” “Then my foul body began to hold him ſtill, “and ſpake no word. And I alſo held my peace, and would no more ſay, “ſave only that I bade him adieu; ‘and God grant,’ quoth I, ‘that I may “be with thee hereafter in the ſovereign joy.’”

In the Fifth Book, the whole of which will be found exceedingly beautiful, is related how the Soul after purgatory is led by its Guardian Angel to heaven. “Now,” ſays the Angel, “ſhall I lead thee thither, for I have leave of the “Provost and all his aſſeſſors, that there be preſent with him. For now be “*Miſericorde* and *Juſtice* accorded together; and ſo be as well *Reaſon*, *Truth*, “and *Equity*, without gainſaying; all they be one and of one will.”

We would particularly draw the reader’s attention to the ſtory of the larks (page 69) who ſang in the air, “nothing elſe ſaying but ever, ‘Jefu, Jefu!’ “Theſe be the birds that God Almighty made to that intent, that mortal folk “ſhould take their example. Theſe be called larks, which in Latin have the “name of praifing and worſhipping, and be called ‘*alaudæ*,’ not without “cauſe. For why? They riſe and mount far from the earth, and ſpread their “wings, praifing God with their merry ſong, and all their diſport and play is “to ſing, ‘Jefu!’”

The analyſis we have given of this “Book of the Pylgrymage of the Sowle” will, we hope, lead ſome to read the book itſelf, and we venture to promiſe them much pleaſure, more than equal to the pains they may take in maſtering the language. There is much, no doubt, of what is childiſh, and ſome which is unſound; but there is much alſo of deeply important truth, conveyed in words of beautiful ſimplicity; and if we may turn the quaint lines of George Herbert a little from their original purpoſe, we would ſay—

“ Do not grudge
“ To pick out treaſures from an earthen pot.”

We can perhaps ſcarcely eſtimate the influence for good which De Guille-ville’s works had in their time, whether in the original, or in the tranſlations, nor tell how much of earneſt ſcriptural teaching they may have carried into the homes of our anceſtors. Many an unſteady ſoul may have trembled as it

read the accusations of *Satan* or of *Conscience*, the stern demands of *Justice*, or the sentence of the Judge, which, if here represented as being pronounced at too early a stage, is none the less a sentence in accordance with truth on the wilful and impenitent; and many a fearful soul may have been cheered and comforted by the gentle sayings of *Grace-Dieu* or *Dame Misericorde*. It may be so still. We, who live in an age when books abound on every subject, may in this volume see some familiar truth put in (to us) a new light, and clothed in a garb more attractive than any in which it has before been presented; and, however all this may be, we shall not do amiss in offering from our hearts the modest, charitable, earnest prayer of our Author: "Now, Jesu, give me grace for to come to the truth of this bliss, whereof I have dreamed, so that I may here deserve for to have it perfectly without end! And so may He do to all those that goodly and benignly expound my adventurous dream, and goodly correct where it needeth ought to be added or withdrawn." He, like Bunyan, "awoke, and behold it was a dream." If we live as they advise, we shall awake with them hereafter, and the joy they so reverently and beautifully describe shall be no dream, but an unfading reality.



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HIS book is intyled the Pylgremage of the Sowle, translated oute of Frenshe into Englyshe, which book is ful of deuoute maters touchyng the fowle, and many questyons assoyled to cause a man to lyue the better in this world, and it conteyneth fyue bookes, as it appereth herafter, by Chapyers.

LIBER PRIMUS.

CAPITULO

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The Ihesu the sone of god aboue
 That were of Mary veray mayd bore
 In veray flesshe & bloode for mans loue
 So the Wyl I appelen now byfore
 Syth thou art veray man and ferthezmore
 Oure broder & a parte of oure kynde
 Good ryght it is that we thy faouour fynde

This dar I sey syth that thou Wylfully
 Were done to deth only for mans sake
 And of thy selue was none encheson why
 This wote I wel thou Wylt nought forsake
 That to thy grace Wyl al hym self bytake
 And aske it as often haue I lernyd
 Was neuer none yet to whom it was biddernyd

This wote I wel I haue ful soore offendyd
 The mageste wherof I me repente
 Ful late it was oz I my lyf amendyd
 But yet ne come it neuer in myn entent
 To desalowe thy gouernement
 That lozd and kyng I haue the clepyd euer
 Thy laddes also ne forsoke I neuer

My skryp of feyth ne haue I nought forlete
 But hole ryght as it was bytaken me
 I haue it keple but that no thynges grete
 This wote I wel susteyned I for the
 Ne done that I was bounden of dewte
 Yet wote I wel / so grete is nought my synne
 As grace and mercy is the Ihesu withynne



Incipit Liber Primus.

Here begynneth the book of the pylgremage of the fowle
late translated oute of Frenshe in to Englyshe.

Firste, how the fowle departyth fro the body ; and how the fowle fend assayleth the fowle.



AS I laye in a Seynt laurence nyght slepyng in my bedde, me befelle a full merueylous dreame, which I shall reherce. Me thought that I had longe tyme trauayled toward the holy Cyte of Jerufalem, and that I had made an ende and fully fynished my fleshely pylgremage ; so that I myght no further trauayle vpon my foote, but nedes muste leue behynde my fleshely careyne. Thenne come cruel dethe, and smote me with his venemous darte ; thorough whiche stroke bodye and fowle were partyd asonder. And soo anone I felt my self lyft vp in to the eyer, seying my self departed fro my fowle bodye ; whiche, whan I byhelde lyeng al dede withouten any mouyng, femyd me so fowle and horryble, that, had I nought ryght late ther byfore yssued ther fro, I wold nought haue supposed that euer it had ben myn. Thenne come ther to this bodye the noble worthy lady dame Misericord, and kevered it, lappyng (it) in a clene linnen clothe ; and so ful honestly leide it in the erthe. I sawe also the Auterer, that clepyd is dame prayer, how that she sped hyr to heuen ward, wonder hasteley bifore me, for to byseke the soverayne lord of grace and of mercy—for no doute I had ful huge mestier ther of—for why the fowle horrible Sathanas I sawe comyng to ward me ful cruelly manacyng me and seying in this wise :



HAVE here long tyme abyden the, and priuely for the leyn in awayte, soo is it now befalle that I haue not failed of my purpos ; for now art thou taken with me, and now must thou wende in to myne habitacyon, condempnyd by ryght wis judgement of the fouerayne Juge : for now hast thou losse that lady that was

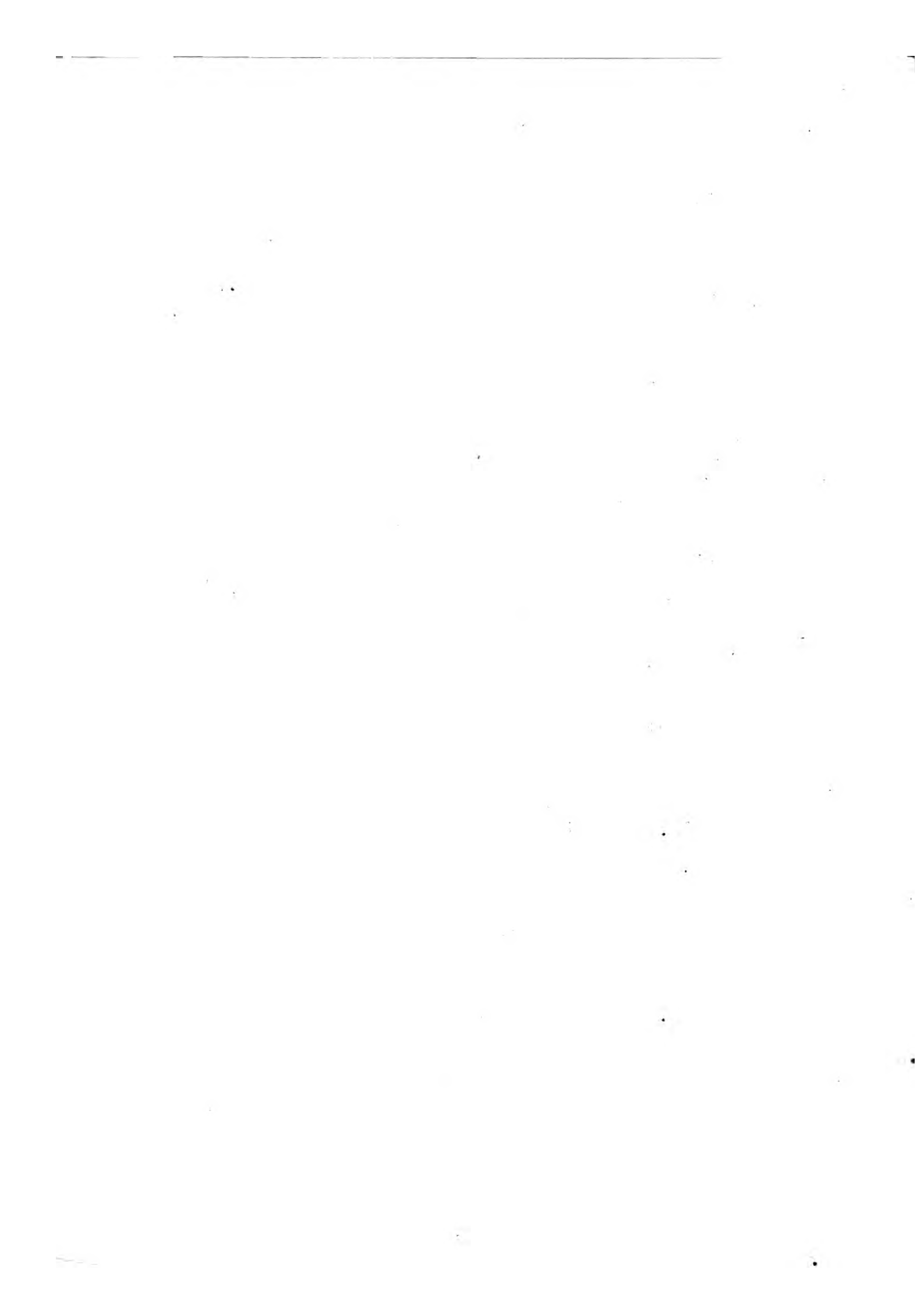
Pylgremage of the Sowle.

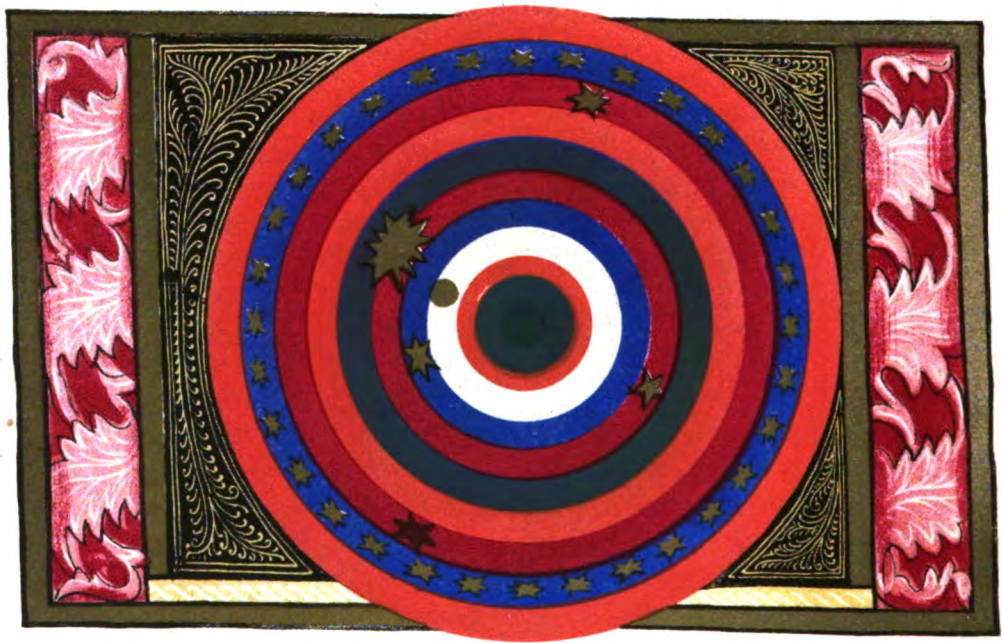
thyne helper and thyn counseillour, Dame grace de dieu ; hit avayleth the nought for to loke after hyr. Now arte thou myn prysonner. Caste doune thy scrippe and thy burdon, for al thy pylgremage is comen to a jape. Thou shalt ful sone be brought in such a cage, where thou shalt no talent have to laugh, ne to syng; but wel myght thou wel say, ‘ Allas ! why, and to what purpoos had god formed me for to ben encombred with soo moche meschyef ? ’ ” And whan I this sawe and herde, ful greuouly hadde I be dif-comfortyd, hadde I nought sene a fayr Yonglyng of ful huge beaute, that me alwey costeyed.

And at the laste he neyhed me, and sone I apperceyued his persone and his offyce. He began to speke, and sayd to this Sathanas, “ Thy malyce,” quod he, “ and thy curfydnesse is ever prest and redy for to tarye and dyveve symple fowles, with whiche thou hast nought at al to medle ne entermete ; but wonder wyckedly woldest thou trete them, yf soo were that no wyght wold help them ne defende. Flee thy weye fast ! and goo, clayme thy ryght in other place, for with this fowle thou shalt nought have to medle.” Then sayd this Sathanas with a despytous chere :—“ Flee thou fast hennes,” quod he, “ for thou hast nought to withfaye me of pylgryms that mys-goyn, which by theyr owne mys-gouvernance forlettyth the ryght way of vertu, and take my wey. I ne clayme nought ther thy ryght is ; no more ne clayme thou ther myn is ! for what time that the souerayne kyng had banyshed me oute of his blysfyl presence, and cast me doune in to this mysery and mescheuous estate, that I now am ynne, he gaf me thenne lycence at the lefte ; he hath me suffred to doo moche thyng to engendre, and to portreye fygures to my resemblance, the which I clepe myn own creatures : as enuye, Trefon, and such other with all the generacyon of these old vyces that walkyn by the world in my name for to lette pylgryms of theyr weye.

“ And now have I done so moche that the multytude of my generacyon is grete, and every day encrecyng.

“ Wherfor, it must nedes come to that ende, that no pylgrym escape, that he ne shal be snarlyd in my trappe ; and al they must passe by me, and namely they that wylfully foruoyen, as this hath done, whiche that I clayme as for my prysoner. For he ne couthe ever gone other than wrong wey, this wotest thou wel thy self ; he neuer byleuyd the of no thyng, ne dyde by thy conseil, but alwey enforcyd hym for to do that was to thy dysplesyng fyth the tyme that thou fyrste took hym, and the charge of hys gouernance. That was the tyme whan thou sawest fyrste passe the water for to come in to the hous of grace dieu, where that she gaf hym many fair gyftes ; there, where thou thy self specially assigned for to withdrawe hym by thy good conseil fro all maner of euyl, and for to defende hym fro my handes. And also be it that thou hast done thy labour and besynesse, he couthe the neuer thanck. This wotest thou wel thy self. Ne neuer he ne sette by the, ne dide the reuerence, ne lefte his fowle lustes in priue, ne aperte, bycause of thy presence. I wote neuer why thou defendist hym ! hit semeth me folye ; thou hast no cause thereto ! Lete me alone therfore, to do that my ryght is ; for nothing skilfully may lette me therof.”





CAPITULO II.*

How the Angel wardeyn of the Sowle defendith fro the fendis malice.

HIS yongling answerd than, and saide, “ I have wel and pleynty herd and vnderstonde thy wordys, and wel I wote that there neuer was of these, ne of none other, no malyce purpoosyd, ne perfourmed, but only thurgh thy wykkedness; and yf thou haddest any good conne, such maner of malyce had neuer be purpoosyd.” “ How myzt thou say,” quod he, “ that I ne couth no good, sith that the prophete preysfeth me so moche that he sayde I was ful of wysedom, and of beaute? Yf I was ful of wysedome, how was I vnconnyng as thou seyft, was cause of al meschyf?” To this answerd this yonglyng, (myn Aungel,) “ These wordes,” quod he, “ whiche were sayd of the prophete Yfaye apperteyneth to thy mayster Lucyfer; but he, and his mynysteres ben one in effect. Wherfor I admytte these wordys seyde to the, and I graunt wel that thou were ful of wysedom as the prophete seyth, and yet coutheft thou no good. But thou were of thylke that he spekyth of elles were, and feith ‘ *Sapientes sunt vt faciant mala, bonum autem facere nescierunt.*’ Thou and thy feloushyp were wyse ynowe, ye, veray ful of wysedom, for to done euyl thynges, but good thynges couthe ye neuer doo: for wysedom is taken there but for an abylyte of connyng; whiche abylyte is indyfferent to good and to euyl: and thow applydedest thyne abylyte to the werse partye, and soo coutheft thou neuer good, but moche malyce and wyckednes, and so thou techeft other; so that had nought thy cursyd wysedom be, then had neuer malyce be purpoosyd. For veray sothe it is, that the performyng of malyce standyth nought in thy power, but only in goddes suffraunce; but the purpoosyng of malyce is thyne owne properte, whiche God ne oweth not of ryght to byreuen the. Soo thenne, thow bysyest the, after thy propyrte, to purpose malyce, and for to torne good purpoos in to euyl; and so hast thou done alwey fyth thou bygan. So is that cursed nombre encrecyd, which thou clepest thy creatures; that is, the cursyd multitude of synnes accursyd of the souerayne creatour that seyth, ‘ *Maledicta creatura eorum, quia inutilis*—accursyd be the creature of them for it is vnprofytable.’ And so, yf that my pylgrim hath ought done that is vnprofytable, that is by the and of thyne excytyng, in that thou hast steryd agenst hym all that cursyd company. Nought so that I purpose ne enforce ne nought for to excuse hym of al, ne for to mayntene hym in ony maner errour. But as touchyng that, I wil bringe hym bifore Mychael the prouost of heuene to whome I wyl presente hym as fast. And if thou canst ought alledgen that may ben ageynst hym, wherby thou woldest clayme hym for thy prysoner, come fast before the Juge, and he shal do the ryght: for I my self am no Juge for to doo Justyce, but only I am Wardeyn of this pilgrim for to gouerne hym, and kepen in to the ende of Jugement.” Thenne said this Sathanas, “ now certaynly,” quod he, “ thou dost me open wrong for to aslygne me a Juge that is, and euer hath ben my capital enemy—Michael that drofe me out of heuene. And wel it semeth that thou purpoosist vtterly to byreue me my praye, with wrong, and

“ They are wise to do evil, but to do good they have no knowledge.”—JEREM. iv. 22.

* See Plate 11, Coloured drawing 3.

to mayntene hym in his errour, sith thou assignest a juge that is nought indifferent, but frend to your partye." "Of this," quod this Angel, "I doo the no wrong, for the Juge is of the fouerayne Kynge assigned to that office, nought for this pilgrym only, but generally, for alle." "And though me ryght loth be," quod he, "thider wol I go; for my cause is good, and grete right haue I in myn askyng."

CAPITULO III.

How the sowle is led to Jugement betwene the Aungel and the fowle Sathanas.

SO was I thenne ledde bytwene them bothe, and faste I was lyft vp in to the eyer, the angel vpon my ryght syde, and the fowle wyght vppon the other syde. But to this gentyl angel ful ofte cast I myn eye for drede of that other whiche me lothed so moche, and was of hym hugely in doute. So thenne I byheld downward for to see the erthe, and sothely me semyd the see and the erthe al to geders no more but as it hadde ben a lytel Towne, or Castel. And yet semyd me moche more nerre than it was byfore. In this ayer sawe I many a merueylous, wonderful, and dyuerse. The erthe seemyd me al clere, and transparaunt, soo that I myght see clerely al that was withynne.

Thenne byhelde I the Centre, euen in the myddes, whiche was wonder derck in it self, and was aboute enuyronned by ordre of lesse derke mater and lesse, so that the ouermost of the erthe was moost clere, and alwey the clerenesse amenuffing downward by verray formal processe, anone to the Centre, that was veray derke, withoute ony parcel of clereness; nought for thy al was transparaunt, ryght as glas to the maner of my syght, whiche was that tyme al other than was my flesshely syght, whyle that I lyuede in erthe. And ryght as the fletyng ayer geuyth place to the flyght of byrdes, or as the flowyng water to swymmyng of fyshes, ryght so was al this erthe passyble to spirites.

And also thyck they passyd on euery syde to and fro, as motys fletyn in the sonne beme, as wel in the eyer aboue, as in the erth bynethe, wending alwey to and fro withoute ony cessyng. These spirites also in theym self were dyuerse and disparayble, bothe in theyr personnes, and also in theyr wonderful occupacions, of whiche I had ful grete merueyl; for the syght of some thynges that I sawe gladyd moche my harte, and the syght of somme other thynges dyscomfortyd me hugely, ne such thynges wold I nought haue trowyd, yf I had nought seen it my self. But this fayr yonglynge myn angel ne taryed nought at al, but hastely he hyed to brynge me to my Jugement, toward a ful merueylous place, whiche I byhelde a fer byfore me, bryght shynyng, enflammed with huge lyght. To this place he ledde me nought wythynne, but made me abyde without, where was an huge multytude gadred, and were abydyng for the same cause lyke as I was. This angel my wardeyn left me there withoute, and wente hym self withynne. This company that was withoute cryeden besily to faynt Mychael, eueryche for his party, with hie voys, and sayd, "Mychael, prouost, delyuer vs our praye, and our prysoners." Myn enemy, this gryfely ghooft, also bygan to cryen, wherof I was ful gretely annoyed, and in ful hyghe discomfort.

CAPITULO IV°.

How the sowle had a sodeyne syght of the heuenly ioye.

BUT than I loked after my wardeyn, to see what he wold done or sey for me, beholdyng inward, as far as I mygt. Thenne saw I many syeges ryal and wonderful, more clere than ony crystal polyshed, and moche merueylous lyght I sawe of dissemlable maner; somme semyd grene and somme rede, somme lyke to gold, and somme to syluer, and other of mor ryche and noble colours than euer I sawe floure or ony precyous stone. Thenne saw I syttyng in the syeges huge plente of peple whiche I hadde no tyme dystynctley to byholden; but the wonderful clerneffe of this company was so gloryous, that al maner of examples of ressemblaunce that mowe be remembryd in erthe, ne ben nomore suffysaunt to declare the beaute, than is a clote of black erthe for to representen the ressemblaunce of ony fayre creature, in maner of a myrour. There was neuer creature that mygt see this syght that he ne shold fully be glorious, as me semyd, but it endured me but a moment; for smertely was my syght derkyd by ouer drawyng of a grete corteyne, bytwene my syght, and that, that I ne myght no more see clerely that I sawe byfore; but well I herde the voys of my wardeyn that was within, that bygan to speke for me, and seyde in this wyse.

CAPITULO V°.

How the Angel presentyth the sowle to his Jugement.

MYCHAEL, prouost of paradise, that hast commyssyon of our souerayne kyng to geue jugement, and do Justyce to al maner of peple, anon to the tyme of the grete assises, at which oure noble gloryous kyng wyl descende presentely in his owne persone, vouchesauf to geue audyence to that I haue to seye. I have brought with me fro erthe a pylgrym, whiche that is abydyng here withouten, and wyth hym the olde Sathanas, that putteth vppon hym many grete errours, by the whiche errours he claymyth hym for his prysonner; neuertheles, I holde nought that al be trewe that he seyth. Wherfor I pray you that ye wylle ben auysed, and geuen jugement in this mater, as therto bylongeth." Thenne Sathanas, that with me withouten was abydyng, heryng these wordes, byganne to crye, and sayde, "Certes," quod he, "of ryght he shold be myne, and that I shal proue bifore the; wherfore delyuer hym to me by jugement: for I byde nought elles."

CAPITULO VI°.

A Proclamacyon made clepyng sowles to Jugement.

THENNE herd I sowne a trompett, and after, anone that, herd I a voys that sayd, cryeng on hyghe, "Alle ye that here withouten abyde your Jugement, presentyth yourself byfore the prouost to receyue your dome; but fyrste,

ye that longest haueth abyden, specyally tho that hauen no grete matere, ne be not moche troubled ; for the clere and lyght causes shal first be determyned, and sythen other maters that neden gretter taryeng.”

CAPITULO VII°.

How the fendes compleynen vpon the aungels, that letten theym of theyr cruel purpos.

THENNE herd I of this companye abydyng so withoute forth, many one gretely dystourbled ; soo that I thought my self standyng al oute of fuerte, and clene withoute comfort. Also these Sathanas were gretely displeyd of theyr long abydyng, for wonder fayne they wold haue ben deluyered. My Sathan with these other made sygne and semblaunt of grete anger, and malice, and made among them self grete grutchyng and murmur, holdyng bitwene them a lothly parlement. And right thus they made theyr venemous compleynt, “ We ben,” quod they, “ it semeth wel, of litel reputacyon. Our wikked neyghbours done vs grete dyfese, whiche ben these wardeyns of these wretched pylgryms. They haldin vs fro oure purpos, soo that we ben alweye withouten ny fauour. There is none so caitif pylgrym that he ne hath assigned hym a wardeyne the houre of his byrthe, the whiche att al tymes after is continually abydyng with hym, to kepe hym, and defende fro our handes ; And specially fro the time that he is wesshen in the salt lye, which is ordeyned and deuyfed by grace dieu, that euer hath ben our enemy. And also, this is to vs a grete despyte, that also, soone as these wardeyns comen, they ben taken in to presence of the Prouost, and haue audyence ryght at theyr owne wylle ; and we ben here, as Rybawdes, foreclosyd withouten. Lete vs cryen a rowe, and oute vpon them all ! for they done vs wrong. Crye we soo lowde, that maugre theym, they here our quarel and our grete compleynt.”

CAPITULO VIII°.

How the fendys appelyn the prouost of fauore of partye.

NONE these lothely ghostes bygonne for to crye, and seyde al at ones, “ Michael, prouost, lyeutenaunt and commyfary of the hye Juge, doo vs ryght and reson without excepcyon or fauor of ony partye. Hit semyd vs grete vnryght that thou so soone admyttest these wardeyns, enclinyng to theyr party, and hereft them, rather than vs. This knowest thou full wel, that in euery ryghtwys court skyle is that the actour be admyttest to maken hys compleynt, and purpos his askyng ; but thou fyrst admyttest the partye defendaunt, to make his excusacyon. This maner of Jugement must nedes be suspect ; for, also were it that these pylgryms were clene, and innocent, yet wold ryght and reson that the accusours hadden fyrst place, and tyme of audyence, to seyne what they wold, and sythen after, lete the defendaunt excusen them yf they couthe. Syth it soo is thenne, that we ben here actours, let vs haue place to ben herd, and thenne oure aduersarys.”

CAPITULO IX°.

How Mychael callyth Cherubyn to counseyl, and what counseyl he geueth.

HENNE herde I within the curteyne a longe parlament, and at the laste a voys that sayde thus, “Cherubyn, my dere broder, that hast plente of connyng, to whome is commytted the naked sward, for to kepe the entre of paradys, that no pylgrym come there within that hath foruoyed fro the rygt wey—come, sythe here by me, as presydent, for to juge these pylgryms that haue longe abyden. Noo doute ye haue ful felle and malycious accusours, to whoos malyce it nedeth to take goode hede.” Thenne sayd Cherubyn: “Syre prouost,” quod he, “it semeth that it were skylful, and also necessary, that al these wardeyns wente to their pilgrims, for to kepe them redily fro malice of their enemyes.” “Goth” feith, “eueriche to youre owne pilgrim; and in time conuenable ye shal be cleped in.” Soo thenne euery wardein cometh to his pilgrim; and myn also cometh ful soone to me, wherof I was comforted nought a litel: for fikerly I had grete trust vpon hym.

CAPITULO X°.

How there were cleped assessours to Jugement special patrones of diuerse astaties.

HIT semed me thenne that I herd Cherubyn begynne for to speke, and seid in this wise: “Sire prouost Mychael, sith it soo is that I am porter of paradys, I wille also that Peter, whiche is porter of heuen, and lyeutenant of the souerayn lord in erthe, that he be here present; for he ought to haue knowledge of euery pylgryms persone. Of hym we maye enquire, whiche haue come by hym, and yf there be ony that to hym hath nought dyskeuered hym self by veray contrycyon, and worthy penaunce.

“And by this shal I clerely discerne in what wyse I shal vse my flammyng sward; as for to defende fro the fendys malyce: soo that ryght wys cause may now passen in to heyuen, and the remenaunt, that other haue deseruyd, to forkerue them with my sward, and dryue them doune to theyr rowes of endeles dampnacyon.

“For this encheson is my sward clepyd ‘verfatil,’ that is to saye, ‘tornyng,’ for oftymes it torneth, varyeng his offyce after the dyuersite of them that maketh them pilgrymes, and after that they haue holden good weye or bad. Soo thenne, wyl I with good chere sytte with the in Jugement, vpon couenaunt that Peter be here present. Also, as I haue sayd byfore, hit is good also, to that ende, that al thyng may be clere, that Refon be cleped, soo that trouthe and he mowe sytten to geders, and also ferthermore suche other that haue ben gouernours, and knowen al the custommes of dyuerse countrees, me semyth it wold profyten for to haue them present. Hit semeth me also, that sith there ben here many dyuerse pilgrymes deparayll of habyte, and of dyuerse estates, of dyuerse obseruaunce, of dyuerse Relygyons, of dyuerse names, and dyuersely haue led their lyues in erthe; wherfore hit is good ryght that these wys men—that somtyme weren souerayns of suche maner synguler estates—that they be cleped to the presence of this Jugement—and specyally suche, to whome suche estates ben specyally bounden

and auowyd; and also ferthermore, al tho to the whiche the forfayd pylgryms haue had specyall deuocyon.

“As for the gentylls, lete clepe feynt George; for clerkys, feynt Nycolas; for hermytes, and folytary men, faint Anthony; and faint benet for Monkes—and so of al other by their propre names. For weddyd folk also, let clepe saynt Powle, the Appostel; not for hym self was maryed to ony woman, but for cause that he taught by wordes, and by epyttles, to the peple of Corynthe, the veray forme and rewle to be kepte in maryage. For wydowes also, lete clepe feynt Anne; for maydens, and yonge wymmen, feynt katheryn shal be clepyd. Hit nedeth nought of this to hold longe parlement; thou wost wel thy self what best is to be done, namely, sythe the tyme neygheth of the grete assyse, where the fouerayne lord shal geue fynal sentence, grete shame and re pryef hit were that ony thyng done here bytwene vs, for defaute of due examynacion of the mater, shold be rehercyd. For why? with hym to that Jugement shal comen al the worthy and wyfist of his royaume! And wel thou wost that thy self must be there presente, for to shewen al the proceffe of thy Jugement, approuyng al that thou hast done, lawfully, withoute ageyne seying wherefore. Nowe lete clepen in al that owen to apperen in this iugement.”

CAPITULO XI°.

Here is the court sette, and the Jugement bygonne.

HVL hastely thenne ther sowned a Trompett, and after that was there made an open proclamacyon, and sayd in this maner: “Alle ye that ben acustomed to come to oure jugementes, to here and to see as assessours, that ryght be performed, cometh forth hastely, and taketh your seges, as ye wel knowe your owne assygned places. Ye also that be withoute abydyng the setting of this court, representeth yo self smartely to this iugement, by ordre, as ye shal be clepyd: soo that neuer one lette other, ne enterrupte others mater. Ye pylgryms, approche ye to the entre of this curteyn, holding yo self without. And youre wardeyns, by cause that they be our felowes bylongyng to oure company, them selue shal appere, as worthy is, presently, within, to open audyence.” Soo thenne was it done smertely, as the crye commaundyd. My wardeyn hasted them inward, and put hym self byfore, and al other also dyde in the same wyse, comyng forth eueryche byforne his pylgrym, with pale vyfage, and the hede enclnyed for heuynesse that they sawe theyr aduersaryes so redy to theyr accusacyon. But, of the remenaunt of this company I leue for to speke; holding forth my proceffe of myn own persone, as it is most accordyng to my purpoos.

CAPITULO XII°.

How the aungel wardeyn presentyth this sowle to the Juge.

AFTER grete proceffe fynyshed, and the ful decyfyon of many grete causes and quarels that were moued, when the tyme was come of my delyueraunce, my wardeyn bygan to speke, and sayd in this wyse: “Prouost Mychael,” quod he, “I here presente to you this pylgrym, whiche that somtyme was commytted to my

gouernaunce in the world binethe. Of this wyl I bere hym good record, that he hath clerely kepte hys byleue in to this last ende, ne neuer ne left he fro hym hys skryp, ne his burdon, as it bylongeth to a good pylgrym. And sythen he hath been perfeuerant in good purpoos, anone to the ende, after the promysse of oure blysfyl lord and Kyng, Jhesu, goddes son, he oweth to be sauf, and to be receyued in to the Souerayne cyte of heuenly Jerufalem, which he hath long tyme afozt, trauallyng hys bodye therfore."

CAPITULO XIII^o.

How the cursed Sathanas accusith the sely sowle.

BUT thenne began to crye my wikked aduersfarye and said in this wyfe: "My-chael, entende to me ward; for I shal telle the al another tale. The sothe it is, that it ne auaieth nought only to passe the water, ne to be wesshen ther ynne, withouten that he kept hym seluen afterward in clenness and honeste. Wel I wote, I withfaye it nought, this pylgrym passid the water, and was therynne wafshen and fully clenfyd of al his rather fylthe, but also, soone as he had knowyng of good and euyl, he set but litel by that wesfying, but caste hym self as a swyn in fylthe, ne he hath not allowid this weschyng; for, yf he had, he wold not therafter estfone wilfully haue defiled him self. Wherfor I saye that thilk labour ne weschyng auaieth hym nought at al. And that I preue by this skile. He was weschen vnwiting and nought willyng hym self, in so tendre age, that he mygt not, ne couth, discerne to chofen good, ne euyl. And sithen that he come to yeres of discrecyon, this laboure he hath in dede disallowid. Wherfor, of right he shal lacke the profite, and the liberte whiche he shold haue had by this forsaide wesshinge. That he hath this lauure disallowid, I preue by the contrarye; for euery wigt loueth, and maynteneth the thyng that he allowith; but the clenness that he shold haue kept after his lauure, he hath nought loued, ne maintained, but more ouer defiled and despised. Eke thenne hit sheweth that he hath this lauure desallowid. And vpon this consequently wil I preue that it maye hym stande nought in profite ne at none auaile. There is no man that shal be pryueleged by lawe other ony lyberte vsen, or reioyce ageyne his owne consent and his free wyl: but this pylgrym, in as moche as he had desallowyd this lauure, consentyd nought therto; wherfor he may nought be partyner of the pryuelege, ne bere the profyte of the liberte that therto bylongeth. Nought for thy though it so be, that, by the pryuate Jugementes of grace dieu, by this forsaide lauure the fowle spot of synne orygenal was vtterly auoydyd, I will nought withfaye it. But this I saye playnly: that he is moche more spottydyd with tochyng of dedely synne, that fowler is than the fyrst orygenal; of whiche, though that I my self wold bere hym wrong on hand, loo! it is wrytten in myddes of his vyfage—rede it who that wylle. There may ye see the shame, and confusyon whiche that he wylfully hath lappyd hym seluen ynne! By that I aske jugement, that he be delyuered me, as to his desertyng of good ryght bylongeth. Ferthermore, yet ouer this wil I preue by reson, that standyng this filthe and dishoneste of synne with whiche he is entachyd, this lauure rather causeth hym to be juged to oure company, than though so had be he no thyng had be wesshen. The more gestes, the more grace: the gretter wages, the

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

hyer estate: the more noble and worthy offyce that a man receyueth of his lord and his kyng, the more he offendeth, and the more peyne he is worthy, yf so be that he be fals and traytour to his lord; where that another comyner, that nought hath recyued at al, is ferre lesse worthy to be punysshed yf he be founden gylty.* Yf so is thenne, that an hethen man, that hath nought receyued this lauure, belongeth to our company, by cause that he hath it nought—muche more thenne, wold it semen skyle, that he be one of ourys, that after he hath nought receyued nought only that lauure, but also many other gestes and benefaytes, by the hand of grace de dieu, whiche he hath dishonestly defiled, and despyfed, adrenchyng hym self, as it were, in worldly vanyte, and gone a wey al contrary to that grace dieu hath taught hym, and enformed; ne neuer dyde ne honour, ne reuerence, to these that hath alwey be his helper and defendour, whiche now clepith hym ‘good pylgrym,’ when he hath but lytel cause. For alweye hath he to his lorde ben fals and vntrewe, takyng his name in veyn, clepyng hym self a Cristen man, and auantyng that he was of Cristes court, kepyng nought his lawes, ne doyng the dedes that shold be to his plefaunce; but euer continuely, day by day, broken his commaundementys. Suche one is this forfetour, and alweye hath ben, deformyng in hym self the prent and the fygure that god hath set in hym, to hys owne resemlaunce and lykenes, withouten ony mayme, or fylthe, conformyng hym self wylfully, and counterfetyng in hym self the facyon of my fowle fygure. Who is it that may, or ought dar excusen hym? I aske none other wytnesse with me, but he that hath alwey ben next of his counceyl—his owne conscyence! That dar nought, ne wil nought lyen in this mater. Vpon hym take I record, that fro the tyme that he was first markyd with the name of the fouerayne kyng, Jhesu, he ne cessid neuer to offend yn hym, settyng ful lytel by his name. And as he more encrecyd in knowyng, he appeyred in worchyng. Euerydele in veyne he bere scrip and burdon, for he ne toke neuer redy weye of vertu, but bypathes of synne and al vnthryftynes. He hath iourneyed by the perylous pas of pryde, by the malycious† montayne of wrethe, and ennuye; he hath walked hym self, and wofshen in the lothely lake of cursyd luxury, he hath ben encombred in the golf of glotony. Also, he hath mys-gouerned hym in the contre of couetyse, and often tyme taken his rest whan tyme was best to trauayle, slepyng and flomeryng in the bed of flouthe; and moche worse he hath done than euer dyd I, many a fowle forfete, whiche I myght nought performe in myn owne nature. Wherfor he hath deserued punysshement more than haue I, ouer at the lest to ben punysshed euen with me ylike, for to me is he ylike, and myn is he by ryght. In heuene aboue hath he nought to doo. Doo fast, therfore, that he were delyuered to me, that I may gone hennes to my marches.”

* See “The Pylgrymage of Man,” Appendix, ff. vii—x.

† See “The Pylgrymage of Man,” Appendix, ff. xxx—xl. London: Basil M. Pickering, 1858.

CAPITULO XIII^o.

How the soule was leden to answer to this accusement.



GLORIOUS god, Jhesu, so grete drede thenne and heuvene had thorough percyd my herte, soo that I ne wyft what to do, ne saye. But when I sawe myn wardeyn holde hym self stille, me dredde moche more. He sayde to me thenne, that I shold for my self answer to these artycles of myn accusement.

And yf I couthe, or myght, defende my cause ; for to me properly it was appertynent :—other elles, yf I couthe nought, ne durste nought, in myne owne persone, I shold clepe me somme aduocate, that for me myght speke in the court. And when I herd hym speken of an aduocate, I gan to bythenke to me yf euer I had feruyd ony seynt whiche at this dystresse wold take my cause on honde ; for wel I wist that aduocates be not so nyce for to pleden ony mannys cause withouten that it be deferuyd, other elles that they stonde in hope to be rewardyd after. But as for so poure a man as I, there wold none aduocate pleden without wages paid byfore in honde ; for pledours in worldly courtes hauen tonges lyke to the languet of the balaunce that draweth hym alwey to the more peysaunt party, that better wyl rewarden. But neuertheless the aduocates of heuene, when I had al assayed I fond al of another condycyon ; for surely I fond them for the porest most redy for to speke. But thenne, I bethought me that no thyng had I to geuen myne aduocate, ne I ne had in my lyf no seynt feruid in specyall, to whome by counseyl of Job I myght torne my self to prayen to take my quarel on hond, after these wordes—*Ad aliquem sanctorum conuertere.* Thenne, of heuvene that tho distressyd me, I made this compleynt.

“ To which of
the saints wilt
thou turn ? ”
JOB v. i.

CAPITULO XV^o.

The pyteous compleynt of the sowle.



BLYSSFUL lord on hye, what shall I doo ?
Or in what place may I my selue hyde ?
Refute ne wote I none to drawe vnto,
No doute I mote my jugement abyde.
My foo is alwey redy by my syde,
Me shappyng to appele and accuse ;
I ne can no word my selue to excuse !

I am arryued to a perylous port,
Ne wote I nought to whome I maye retourne.
I am areft ; now can I no comfort ;
Maugre my self ryght here I mote soiourne.
Wherefor now I may sorowfully morne,
For in my scryp now find I no vytayle,
Ne my burdon ne doth me none auayle.

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

Burdon ne scrip may I no lenger bere !
 Myn enemy so fore affettyth me,
 I hold it best, to cast away this gere,
 And shape my felue pryuely to fle.
 O blysfyl lord ! y wys it wol nought be ;
 And wel thou wost who that me hath abused,
 Myn enemy, that hath me now accused.

Wherfor, now I brought to Jugement—
 Syth I am falle in meschyef, and pouerte—
 Ne I ne may to myn accusement
 Ne can nought sey, but after my desert
 And my trespaas, that knowen is apert ;
 Yf that I shal my reward vnderfonge,
 Alas ! why haue I synful be so longe ?

But best it is, yf reson saye me trouthe,
 That of somme help I make purueaunce.
 Parde, some wyght wyl haue vpon me routhe :
 Assay I shal ; but, for my sustenaunce,
 My burdon must I bere, for suffysaunce.
 Of myght withouten it ne haue I none,
 I bere it nought—it beryth my persone.

Allas ! but I haue none experyence
 Of wysedom, how my felue to demene.
 To excuse me haue I none audyence,
 And al my wyt auayleth nought a bene.
 Thus is my hope al discomfortyd clene.
 I ne can nought done, but cryen, and weyne
 That charyte nought reckyth of my peyne !

Why sayth seynt powle that other gestes alle
 Shal faylen here, only but charyte
 Abydyng is—for she ne may nought falle ?
 Where this be soth—but nay as semyth me—
 He wold thenne myn aduocate be,
 And somewhat sey to helpe in my cause ;
 For I can speke neyther word ne claufe.

I am adredde left charyte be dede,
 And fleyn in erthe of wycked folkes there
 Withouten heyer, or yssue of hir seed,
 Left hyr only. Loo ! this is al my fere.

And, yf I wyft that ſhe alyue were,
I wold nought ſpare to calle, ne crye,
If I her myght in ony place aſpye.

O charyte ! ſo good, and gracyous
Thou haſt ben euer to tho that haue nede
I, that am in this brecke perylous,
That in my ſckryp my ſelue for to fede
Haue I no brede, now of thy almys dede
Somwhat thou help myn hongre to abate,
Hanyng reward vnto my poure eſtate.

I mene thus :—yf ony party of grace
Referuyd be in trefour ony where,
That thou for me perueye and purchace
Woldeſt voucherauf. Grete wonder but ther were
Ynow for me. Nought elles I requere.
Doo ſom what, thenne, after thy properte,
And ſhewe why thou art clepyd, “charyte.”

But now, allas ! ful wel I me record,
Whyle I had myght, and ſpace of tyme ynowe,
Of this mater ne touchyd I no word,
Ne to no feynt I my ſelue drowe,
That in my nede for me may ſpeken nowe,
As for no ſeruyſe that I haue hym doo.
But I not to whome to make my mone to.

If I to ony faynt in ſpecial
Had ony thyng enforcyd myn entent,
With ony ſeruyſe, other grete, or ſmall,
It wold me haue auayled in preſent.
But thus haue I be ſlowe, and neclygent,
That I no frend haue made, ne feynt ypleſyd ;
Wherfor, as now, ful moche I am dyſefyd.

To theym I am a ſtraungeour, and vnknowe ;
I not to whome I ſhal my ſeluen dreſſe !
To aſke help, as I ſuppoſe, and trowe,
There is none that wyl doo that beſynneſſe.
And nought for thy, this I byhote expreſſe,
Vnto theym I wyl compleyne, and crye,
And make my cauſe knowen openly.

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

To the, Jhesu, the sone of god aboue,
 That were of Mary veray mayd bore,
 In veray fleshe and bloode, for mans loue—
 To the wyl I appelen now byfore !
 Syth thou art veray man, and ferthermore
 Oure broder, and a parte of oure kynde ;
 Good ryght it is that we thy fauour fynde.

This dar I sey, syth that thou wylfully
 Were done to deth, only for mans sake,
 And of thy selue was none enchefon why.
 This wote I wel, thou wylt nought forsake
 That to thy grace wyl al hym self bytake,
 And aske it ; as, often haue I lernyd,
 Was neuer done yet, to whom it was biuernyd.

This wote I wel, I haue ful soore offendyd
 The mageste—wherof I me repente !
 Ful late it was or I my lyf amendyd,
 But yet ne come it neuer in myn entent
 To desalowe thy gouernement.
 That lord, and kyng, I haue the clepyd euer ;
 Thy lawes also ne forsoke I neuer !

My skryp of feyth ne haue I nought forlete,
 But hole ryght as it was bytaken me
 I haue it kepte, but that no thynges grete,
 This wote I wel. Susteyned I for the,
 Ne done, that I was bounden, of dewte.
 Yet, wote I wel, so grete is nought my fynne,
 As grace, and mercy, is the, Jhesu, withynne !

Alweyes, yet nought euery dele that grace
 Dyspendyd is, that tho in thy persone
 Was plentyuous, when that so pale a face
 For me thou penge vpon the crosse alone.
 But, for we beggyng wretches, euerychone
 Ben procuryng alwey for our purueaunce,
 Thy grace thou woldest hyde now perchaunce !

Yet may we by the percyd hooles wel,
 And by tho eke that large ben, and wyde,
 Byholde and see, that certeyne euery dele
 Not splendid is, though that thou woldest it hide.

For though there ranne a Ryuer fro thy fyde
That all the Worlde hath fully ouerflow,
Thy grace is hoole—as euery man may knowe !

Syth yet thy grace is nought dispendyd al,
Whiche that thou hast me shewyd in to present,
I come, and with the argue thus I shal ;
Syth it alwey hath ben affluent,
Decrecyng nought, ne none appeyrement
Byfallyth it, though neuer so largely
Thou geue it, where the lyst, habundantly,

Thou owest to defende me this day,
Kepyng my cause, that stondyth al in doute,
Ageyne my foo, whiche al, that euer he may,
Thy grace me to byreuen is aboute,
And me for to passen al withoute.
Ful ofte he hath me greuyd here byfor,
And hopeth now, that al I haue forlor !

Though that my speche be sowyng to folye,
Yet, blysfyl lord ! displese it nought the,
That I haue spoken of aduocacye,
Soo that thou sholdest myn aduocate be,
That art the Soueragne Juge of equyte ;
And nought for thy, to them that on the tryft
Theyr aduocate art, whan that the lyst.

For sothe it is, where synne and wretchednesse
Haboundeth most, there nedyth moost of grace :
To tho that asken the forguenesse
Hit sytteth the nought to wyre away thy face,
Thy charyte wyl clayme there his place ;
But this were soth grete peryl, most redounde,
Al mortal folk with meschyef to confounde.

* * * *

Mychael prouofte, on the take I record
Thy selue dydest this executyon,
Though I my self wold lye ony word,
Yet am I nought of this oppynyon,
To keuere, so, by excusacyon
Of his infame, the malyce of my synne ;
This were a foolyshe purpoos to bygynne !

But this put I in thy discrecyon :—
 That fuche a fals deformed one as he
 I may refuse by excepcyon,
 That his quarel shal nought receyued be.
 Here, in this courte, ne to accuse me
 He shold nought ben admytted, as by ryght ;
 But put away that fowle fals wyght !

For why ? fyr prouoft, Mychael gracyous,
 And al the Angels of thy company
 That hym infamed haueth fore juged thus,
 And fals conuycte clere and openly,
 And cast hym in to peyn eternally
 In helle fyr to be withouten ende,
 With tho that soo deformed ben in kynde.

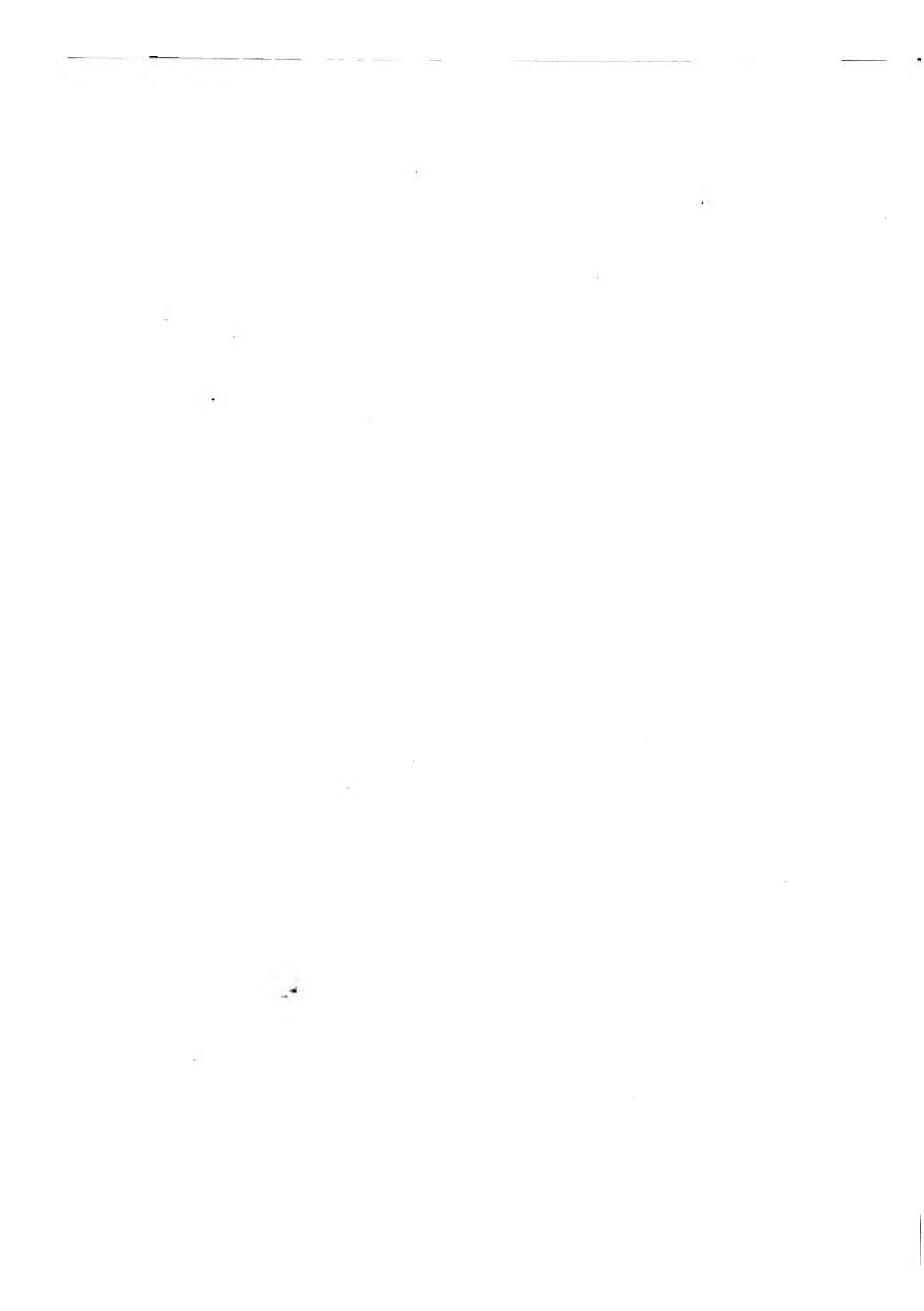
Ful humbly attones I reclame
 You al to do your deuoyr in this caas.
 This curfyd ghooft, whome malyce doth inflame,
 Here in this courte his malyce haue no place.
 This aske I yow of ryght and eke of grace,
 That ye his crye and al his booft abate,
 That neuer he noye herafter none estate.

Seynt mychael, yf thou reckyft nought al,
 Ne nought rewardyft now myn heuynesse,
 Al maner hope away is fro me falle
 So am I thenne encombred with dystresse ;
 For Danyel the prophete seyth expresse,
 That in meschyef and fuche aduersyte
 He fonde none other helpe but only the !

Wherfore, yf I haue displefyd ought
 Soo that of me thou takest now none heede
 After this houre I mote with al my thought
 The doo plesaunce the better that I spede.
 For who that wol ben holpen at his nede
 Ful syker mote *placebo* goo byfore,
 As dothe the croffe in lytel chyltres lore*

* * * *

* The parts omitted are adoration of the Virgin Mary and faints.





HAUE nought whome myself to torne vnto
In special to speke, or compleyne,
That may me only help or focour doo
My symple caufe to forther or sustene
That me so fore doth arten and constreyne.
The hole court of sayntes I appele
Bytakyng yow my quarel euery dele

Ye knowe wel ynowe what is my nede,
Ageyn the malyce of myn enemy,
That is aboute to noye and myslede
Me nedy wretche, helpeth me for thy !
Geueth audyence vnto my pyteous crye !
And to my kyng now reconcyleth me,
Shewyng the feruor of your charyte !

* * * * *
Seynt Paule hym felue wryteth in this wyfe,
And seyth that veray parfyte charyte,
A thyng that may to moche folk suffyfe—
She haboundonned nought in properte ;
Sith it bylongeth than in comynalte
Among the nedy for to be dispendyd,
Late myn estate with somewhat be amendyd !

CAPITULO XVI°.

How that Justyce speketh ageyne the sely sowle.

WHAT tyme that I had made this pyteous crye not fully yet parfoumed the mater of my hie compleynt, there roose vp soone a lady and enterrupte me of my wordes, and sayde to Saynt Mychael in this wyse : “ Syr Juge, It is knowen thyng to you and to al this court that repentaunce ne prayer may here no place haue, ne none aduocate maye be receyued to plede, but only tho that were in erthe bynethe, by feruyse or by penson withholden for euer, ne here ne may ther none be procured of newe ; but, it semeth, that this present pylgrym that I here speke, ageyne the lawe and customme of this court wolde enforce hym felue with this pyteous crye to excyte and stere al this courte to fauore of his persone. To whiche thyng I ne maye nought consente : namely, sith hit soo is that in tyme of his rather lyf, he had space, and suffysaunt leyser ynow, for to haue made prayers, and pyteous lamentacyons, and for to haue enstablyshed procuratours, that now myght in this present court haue promotyd his mater. But now is hit to late to make such purueance. And sykerly, though that I wold, and perauenture somme other,—dame verite, which that I loue, and is myn own suffer, may not therto acorde, ne consente. And yf I shold suffre suche fauore in my presence,

fothly hit were vnto my felf a greuouſe preiudyce whiche that owe for to drefſen the balaunce in whiche al merytes owen to be peyſed, and after that to yelde euery wyzt his meryte by rygour of veray rigt witneſſe of good, other euyl, ryght euen as he in dedely lyf deſeruyd. Wherefore, in this tyme, ne in this place, no ſuche maner of compleyntes, ne pledyng for parte, oweth not to be herde : but, only yf it ſo is that ony merytes and good dedes he hath enſtoryd hym with, lete hym put it in the ryzt bacyn of the balaunce.* And, in that other ſyde, his accuſour, what that he hath of euyl, in contrary, he ſhal alſo putte it to ben peyſed on that other partye of the balaunce.

CAPITULO XVII^o.

The Juge byddeth the ſoule plede for hym ſeluen : And how the ſowle maketh excepcyon to excluden Sathanas froo his accyon.

NONE ryght here with after the ſownyng of a trompet, I herd a voys that ſayd in this wyſe : “ The maner and the vſage of this preſent court wyl that the pylgrym geue anſwere for hym ſelue perſonelly, and pleynly yelde accountes how he hath done his iourney, and other plee ne proceſſe oweth none to be herd ne admytted in this place.” But when I herd theſe wordys, whiche, as me ſemyd wel, the Juge hym ſelue ſpack, hit lacketh but lytel that I ne had lete falle my burdon of hope and vtterly fallen in deſpayr ; ſpecyally ſyth my cauſe in hit ſelf was nought defenſable by ought that I couthe ſe. And nought for that, auayle what it myght, I thought that I wolde defende my cauſe in my beſt wyſe. Tho ſayd I to the Juge :

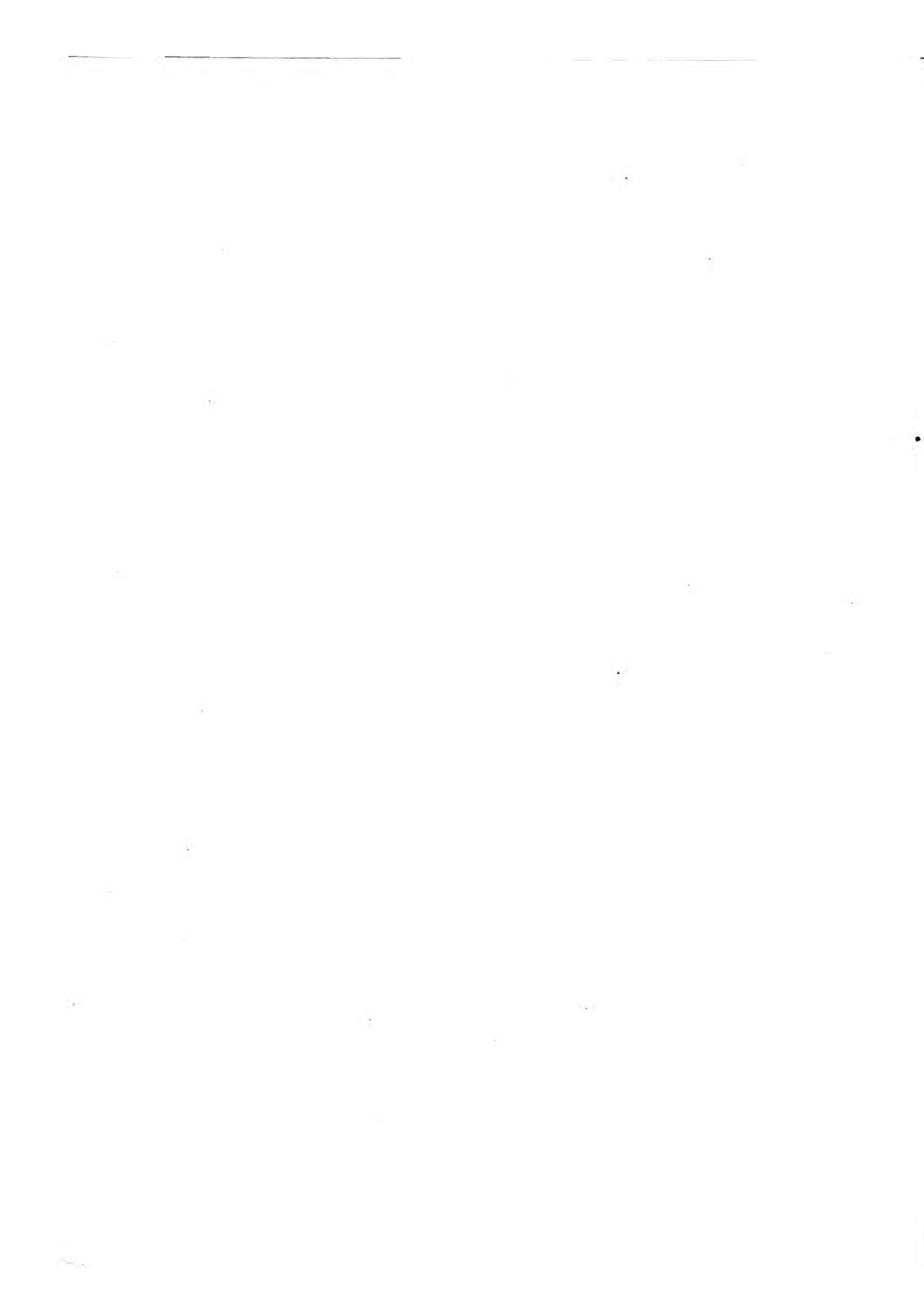
“ Ful gracious and noble Juge, prouoſt of heuene, hit ſemyd me, ſauyng youre jugement, that me oweth nought to anſwere to the accyon of theſe Sathanas, infamed and condempned, and by youre owne execucyon chacyd oute of heuene. And namely, alſo, ſythe that he hath ben alwey my perſonell enemy, and greuouſly purſued in al that he couthe or myght ley for me in a wayte, and forſtallyd in weyes, teldyng nettes, arrayng trappes and other engynes, for to take me and deceyue with : and alſo, I may alledge that he nys none acceptable perſone that may to this court oblyge hym ſelf, ne ley caucyon to purſue forth his accyon, as he that is eternally condempned, by whiche caucyon he myght bynd hym ſelf for to anſuere me yf that his accyon in dome be defalowyd. And forthermore, alſo hit is no thyng vnknownen he is in hym ſelf and euer hath ben found an open lyer, and autour of al falſhede and vntrouthe, euermore redy to do and ſay the werſt.”

CAPITULO XVIII^o.

How Sathanas pledyth ageyne, and clepyth Synderesys to wytnesſe.

HENNE bygan to crye this curfyd Sathanas : “ thou ſhalt nought,” quod he, “ with ſuch delayes and excepcyons eſcape ſo lyghtely as thou wenyſt. The ryght of heuen is not of ſuche maner cuſtomme as is the ryght of this mortal

* Cf. *poſt*, C. xxxvii.





Cy Desclaire funderesie estre les perbis, De
loone et sathan escapé De mot a mot.



Cy parle saint michel ou pelerin

erth. I haue felyne of accusement in as moche as my clamour is acceptyd in the Court, when that I was assigned by the Juge to purpose my mater, standyng here withoute, than myght thou not sey ne excepte ageynst me that I ne shal be herd of my compleynt. And namely fyth wytnes opon trouthe that ther within is present, veray sothe it is that al that I haue sayd. And all were it so, that of ryght, other eles by thyn excepcyon, myn accyon were auoydyd, that I personelly shold not be herde in thys present Court for myn vnuffysaunce, here shal as fast come another whiche thou ne myzt by no wey excepte, ne withseyne. Thou shalt nought be so bold, for he loueth nought to lye; hit is not of his custome. he wyl accuse the of moche more than I can telle or feye, for he knoweth thy Innermost of thy thoughtes, and soo doo nouzt I, faue only by sygnes of thy werkes and of thy wordes withoute forth. And that me fore forthynketh. Come forth, thou foule Synderesys, and say what thou knowest of this fals pilgrym, for wel I wote thou hast not lernyd for to lye ne failen of the trouthe."

CAPITULO XIX^o.

** How that Synderesys, which is clepyd here the worm of consyence, accuseth the sowle.*

HENNE come forth by me an old one, that long tyme had hyd hym self neyhe me, whiche byfore that tyme I had not apperceyued. He was wonder hydous for to loke vpon, And of ful cruel semblaunt, and fast he gan to grenne and shewid me hys iowes and his gommes, for teethe had he none, but they were al forbroke, forweryd, and forfaren. And whan I had aspyed hym, I was ful soore abafshyd. He was wonder lothely and fowle to loke vpon, for he had vpon hym self no fleshe at al, ne no body had he vnder this hede, but only a tayl whiche semyd the taylor of a worme, and was despytously of lengthe and greatnesse. To me this lothely beeste ganne for to speke, and sayd in this wise: "I am come," quod he, "for to accuse the whiche am not accustomed for to make fables, ne telle no gabbynges, but in al places I am byleuyd of trouthe. I knowe wel apertely al thy thoughtys, thy dedes, and thy wordes, fro the fyrst tyme that euer thou haddest discrecyon, and veray vnderstandyng. Thou myght ayenst me make none excepcyon, ne ageynseye me of no word, that am sure ynowe. I am soo renommed that I shal be byleued better than thy self, here, in this court. And ful pryue haue I ben at al tymes with the, ful oftymes haue I warned the of thy mysgouernaunce as thylk that loueth the, awaytynge thy profyte, and procuryng thyn hele. I haue ful oftymes for thy mysdedys and mysgouernaunce of wordes, and of thoughtes, vndertake the, and ful fore byten the, so ferforth, that al my teethe ben wasted and forbroken; so hard and obstynate hath ben thy wykked herte, that for no fore bytyng that I couthe set vpon the, ne myght I not ayene torne the of thyn vnthryftynesse. Soo is it ryght that I playne vppon the, and than thou bere thy peyne as thou hast ryghtwyfly deseruyd. Bethynke the now! Whan I saw the in a tyme goo to a certeyne place, for to see and byhold a merueylous beest, and yafe thy money only

* See note A.

for that syght, that tyme spak I to the, yf thou now record, and yafe the suche counseyll, and sayde, 'yf that auysed,' quod I, 'as thou by reson owest, thou sholdest goo noo fer for to byholde a wonderful beest, but to thyne owne persone, and there myght thou see a foul myshapen monstre of thyne owne fowle, more merueylous than that other.' And forther, I said the, yf that thou haddest be subtyle and wise, thou sholdest haue hyed the to the preeft and shewyd hym that hydous beeste of thyne owne fowle, whiche thou hast so longe tyme kept in pryuate, that soo foule is blemyshed and deformed with thy synnes, to that ende, that thy preeft for that syght shold haue yeuen the ful absolucyon, that ful gladly wyl yeue suche reward to tho that wylfully haboundoune theymfelue to shewe hym suche a desguise and horryble vyfage."

CAPITULO XX°.

How that the Sowle answeryth to Synderefys, And he to the Soule ageyne.

WHAT arte thou," quod I, "that thus spekyft to me?" * "Yf thou haue mynde," he sayd, "of the lady that made the the sermon, whiche that bare the yerd, the beeme, and the maylet, she made of me remembraunce; for she told that there was a worm bred and noryshed within thyn herte whiche that must be broken with labour of fore contrycyon by offyce of this maylet. And thenne she clepyd me the worm of conscyence, for wel she knewe and wyft that alwey lyke a worm I am woned to byte and to rounge them that wronge theym felue, whiche that lysteth not to set honde, ne for to touche my venemous tayle, ne for to bryse ne beten it with this forfayd malet. My self, I am that same tayle and worm whiche thou hast nought smyten, ne bruyfed as thou sholdest; but hast cowardly to thy grete defauantage cheryfshyd it, and sparyd soo that it is woxen now wonder grete, bytterly pryckyng. That shalt thou know herafter, for sykerly thou hast made thy conscyence soo large that nedes must this worm wexen thereafter; and yf that thy conscyence had ben more streyte, this tayl ne shold so be ouer woxen: for, in a place streyte of nature, may no thyng ouerpaffen mesure in wexyng."

"Thou seyft," quod I, "that thou art a worme, and so thou semyft wel! I wyl ayene the haue skilful excepcyon, soo that in myne accusement thou owest nought be admytted; for thou that art of so foule a nature, ne myght not ben acceptyd to accuse me, that am the ymage and the lykenesse of the fouerayne lord. And sothly litel set this lord by this ymage, yf he suffred suche a deformed worm bringe hym in to Jugement, and for to haue audyence in his accion ayenft him!"

Thenne answered this tailed worm: "Yf so that thou haddest kept and gouerned that ymage and noble refemblaunce whiche thou receyuedest of the fouerayne lord, other, whan it was blemyshed by synne, haddest by penaunce hastely reformed it, thenne myghtest thou ayenft me haue had a good excepcyon for vnsuffysaunt and vnworthy to haue accused the, ne I myself, ne none other shold, ne myght haue had

* See "Le Pélerinage de l'Homme," Appendix, p. xvi. London: B. M. Pickering, 1858.

ony cause or quarel ageynst the. But thou art al deformed and defygured by many foule synnes and forfetyes, by ful wyched werkes, vnthryty and euyl wordys, fowle, horryble, and shameful thoughtes of thy wyched herte, whiche thou ne haft not al dyskeuered, ne shewid in confession, as thou sholdest. And soo by thy fowle, corrupt lustes and desyrous, whiche ben to me ful clerly discourd, I see the fynally that thou ne myght not ayenseye me, ne shalt not be so hardy ne so bold to make none excepcyon; for I shal proue openly, in presence of this court, that thou art moche more horryble and fowler than am I: for in me is ther no maner of euyl, but that thy self haft causyd; yf that I am foule, that thou haft made thy self, that by thyne owne wretchyd mysdedes soo oftymes haft troubled me, and desefyd, and brought in grete heuynesse and peyne an honderd tyme and offer in the wyke; for me ne woldest thou neuer byleue, nouzt withstandyng that I haue put al my power, and my tyme dyspendyd in the that canst me no thanke; so that I may wel, and haue skylful cause to accuse the; and thou no place ne lyberte shalt haue, to make ayenst me none excepcyon at alle."

CAPITULO XXI°.

How Sathanas wryteth the accusement by tellyng of Synderefys, and how the sowle ansueryth thereto.

HENNE was it cryed as faste in the courte and sayd in this wyse: "This court wylle, as is the olde vsage, who that wyl mayntene thesein ony iust quarel he ne shal not be refufyd by no maner of excepcyon, excepte that lesyng shal here haue nought to do." Thenne byganne to crye this cursyd Sathanas, and sayde, "thenne am I nought forclosyd oute of this court but that I may frely accuse and sey myn auys. But for cause that I ne knowe not soo moche as doth this subtyl Synderefys, I leue to hym al myn accyon; and I my self wyl only be wryter and tabellyon of al that he wyl sey, and in this present court wyl openly purposen." Tho this forsayd Sathanas fatt for to wryte.

And Synderefys byganne for to telle, and sayde to the Juge: "Syth tyme that I took first rewarde, or entent to pilgryms iourneys, I ne sawe ne knewe none that more vnthriftyly hath hym self gouerned than hath this same pilgrym that present is byfore yow. For suche day and tyme he dyde thus and thus." And soo he rehercyd in specyal al that I hadde done fro my youthe, that was not purged with penaunce. "And wyteth wel of certeyne," quod he, "that I neuer dyd ne thought, pryue, ne aperte, ne seyde no thyng that shold be to his harme, or ony dysfauantage." This, shortely for to sey, he told forth his tale. Sathan fat wrytyng contynuelly, whiche tale were ouerlong to be rehercyd here, to grete shame and confusyon of my persone. And euermore also, fast as this worm told, as fast wrote alwey this curfid Sathanas in a grete paper. Ful moche myslyked me the wordes, and the wrytyng also me plesyd nought: ful grete necessyte that tyme hadde I of an aduocate for to haue spoken for me, for I ne durste, ne couthe no thyng feye at al, for the grete shame that I hadde. Alweyes I was boden by the Juge hym self that

“Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.”

GENESIS vi. 5.

I shold haue answerd, and defended my cause, yf any right were where by to defend it. But I ne couthe, ne myght than feye none other, but that, as I supposed, sothe it was wherof I was accused. Neuertheless I was auysed of somwhat that I hadde for to feye, and hym befought of audyence. “Syre Juge,” quod I, “voucheauf to haue reward vnto my sympleness, with pyte to ward my persone in determynng my cause by youre Jugement, conciderynge al be hit soo that I haue mysdone, I haue att al tymes borne scrip and burdon, that is fad feyth, and hope; ne I ne caste neuer yet my scrip fro my shulder, that that was bitaken me, what tyme that I firste bygan my pylgremage, ne I ne dyde neuer thyng in contempt of my creatour; but al that I haue forfeit, and mysdone, was by inclynacion of naturel frealte that soo deceyued; for, as the scripture feyth of goddes owne sentence in the book of Genises, ‘The wytte and the thoughte of man is alwey enclined to synne, and to corrupcion.’ And though it soo be that this excufacion hath none suffysance, I adde this therto, that this writer is none acceptable tabellyon in special ayenst my persone. For he is the same whiche sithe I had first knowyng of good and euyl, hath be to me so importune, and seten me so nye, that I ne myght neuer haue good leyser ne veray free choys to the better parte. But with soo many subtyl deceytes he bilapped the euyl in semblaunce of good, and somtyme couered the good vnder colour of euyl, that I ne couthe nought clerely wyte to whiche I shold fet to my hand. And so, ful oftentymes ther I nought purposid, ne thought vpon euyl at the begynnyng, I was caught therinne, er that I myght haue leyser to bysene my self.

“Also ferthermore, what tyme that I had purposid to amende me by penaunce, anone he put slouthe byfore me, whiche that so lette me that I ne myght nought performe my purpoos ne confesse me, whyle it was in my mynde. And alwey when I was moved with any good entent, anone he hath putte another in my herte, and occupied soo my wyttes with other thynges for to enpechen this wel bygune purpoos, and suffred me nought in noo weye for to sette hand vpon the maylett of contricion, wherwith I sholde haue broken and forbrused these that thus accuse me now, wherof ful fore me a thyneketh, and not without cause. Nought for thy as now it wol not be amendyd.

“And also, syr Juge, the wykked world bynethen hath alweyes ben my greuous enemy, for he hath me shewed his rycheffe, and his vanytees, hys honours, and wretchydnesse, and made my fleshe that now lyeth and roteth, to delyte therynne, soo that by my folye, that one of vs, that is to saye the fleshe and the sowle, hath eueryche deceyued other. Whyle we were to gyders this fals worlde behyghte vs moche thyng whiche that he ne wold nought yeue. And yf it so were that he had any tyme performed his promysse, no doute ful soone after ageyne he withelde it; and sothely, of suche nature is he, that ther nys no wyght may demene a fure ne clene lyf, excepte fouerayne grace that moche hath to medle therwith. Soo thenne, yf that any excufacyon myght here auayle, in as moche as al that I haue y done amys, is nought only of my self, but by mouynge and instaunce of other, I wold gladly, Syr Juge, that it were acceptyd.”

CAPITULO XXII°.

Here Justyce pledyth ageyne the sowle.

BUT thenne with an hye voys herd I one speke to my ful grete empeshement, one that hade spoken byfore. Justyce it was. I vnderstood it wel. “Syr prouost,” quod she, “ye haue here herde and vnderstande that he hath confessyd, here, openly, in presence of this Court, al that Sathan and Synderesys haue putte vpon hym, ne he can in no wyse denyen hit; but now it is come to excusacyon, it auayleth nought: witnesse vpon reson and trouthe, whiche be two worthy ladyes affeours in this Jugement, and knoweth wel al the old vsages and custommes of this present Court. Wherfor I shal seye, as touchyng this mater, vnder theyr correctyon, somewhat of myn aduys; and yf ought be mysseyd, I wylle that by them it be redressyd, and amendyd. I seye at the begynnyng that this pylgrym oweth nought to be herd of his excusacyon. For why? he knew the lawes in what wise he shold haue gouerned him self at al tymes, and by what weyes sholde passe al good pilgryms to that soueraigne cyte. He allegeth for his excusacyon, that his owne fleshe hath deceyued hym, and meued hym to euyl; but this accusacyon auayleth nought at al! For why? this myght he ful wel haue amended, yf he had wel gouerned hym selue after the lawe that was bytake hym, whiche was clerely shewyd and taught hym in the ten commandementes, and also in the counseyles conteyned in the gospels of Criste, whiche ben in a maner renouellynges of the forsayd pertes; of whiche ther nys no mortal wyght that may ben excused. On that other syde, he hath redde and knowen, bothe wordes and werkes of the rather seyntes, and in what wyse they kept goddes lawe; for keypyng of whiche lawe they putte theyr bodyes in ful many greuous distressys; wherfor some of them haue ben slayn, and martyred in many dyuerse wyse, whoos peynes and anguyshes no tong suffyseth to seye, ne ere for to here, and ony herte may skylfully agryse for to thynke. Some other haue loken them self within lytel place as recluses and anachorites; some exyled them self in wylde heremytages; some clofyd and bounden them self in dyuerse Relygons, and taken vpon them soore affliccyons, and rygour of penaunce, that by reson who that hereth it, shal ful lytel sette by hym selue. He hath also herd and red theyr lores, and their wrytynges, in what wyse a man oweth to subdue the body to the soule, and how al that they wryte and seyde, they performed veryly in theyr owne persones. In this wyse, yf he wold, he myght haue done hym self. But, sothe it is, he hath alwey ben slowe and rekeles, and soo cheryshed his caytyff careyn, and soo moche suffred hym for to haue his lustes, and seruyd hym to his plefaunce; soo ferforth that the wretchyd body that oweth to haue ben seruant, hath had the soueraynte and maystre ouer the sowle, that shold haue be mayster and souerayne—what excusacyon may hym in this caas helpe or auayle for to reherce, whan that grace dieu brought hym to her owne place, and ther bytoke hym armoure, and taught hym in that wyse he shold haue had hym self ageyn his aduerfayes? And how he ne appryfed nought hyr doctryne, ne dyd no thyng therafter, I sawe hit, and apperceyued wel my selue yet ferthemore, that

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

he ne shal by no weye excufe hym. It befelle ones when he laye in his bed, cortined lyke a lord, this fame noble lady she dide hym so grete honour that she send hym her own specyall lettres, whiche, when he hadde redde, he sette at lytel prys, but cast them anone fro hym to the erthe; but I fought them vp, and haue them here present whiche I shal rede in your audyence. And wyteth wel, fyr Prouost, though he wold denye it, fothely his name is wryten in the begynnyng, he may not defauowe it!" Soo thenne Justyce toke oute these lettres oute of hyr bosom, and they radde theym, word for word, wherof this is the veray content.

This is the Epyftle that grace fendeth to the fyke sowle:—

I, Grace, quene and heuenly prynceffe,
As depute by the fouerayne kyng eterne
In erthe alowe, to be theyr guydresse
That lyte the redy weyes for to lerne,
In pylgremage thy felue to gouerne,
Tretyng with yerd of loue, and discipline,
To the that haft and must ben one of myne.

Hit is me done to knowe and vnderstande
That thylke dethes fergeaunt, maladye,
She hath areft, and haldyth now in hande
Oppressyng the, not knowyng the for why
I wyl, therefore, as for thy remedy
Ordeyne in my best maner wyfe
That thou be hoole, and of thy bed aryfe.

I haue ben with the whan thou knewe it nought,
Enferchyng loo! thy pounce of conscyence,
By whiche I knowe the ynnermost of thy thought:
Thou haft thy felue, with veray neclygence,
And also for defaute of dyligence,
Nought takyng hede vnto thy gouernaunce—
Thy felue brought in anguyfshes and greuaunce.

Thou haft with furfet, leuyng sobyrnesse,
Ful greuoufly encombred thy courage,
In lust dyspendyng al thy besynesse
Syth that thou were a childe of tender age.
That now the doth ful grete disauantage.
Wherfor, the nature of thy maladye
Wyl aske fothely a flobotomye.

Also, I see that ful art thou withynne
Of corrupt humour, al aboute y spred,
That renneth ay bytwene flelshe and skynne,
That causyth that thou kepyst now thy bed.
Thyne ydlenes and flouthe hath this y bred.
Thou hast not swette out of thyn eye a tere,
Whiche thyng to the ful necessary were.

For yf thou myghtest dayes two or thre
With mynd vpon thy foule wretchydnesse
Haue such a swete, it wold auayle the
For leue it wel, I say the expresse,
But yf thou doo the rather besynesse
With suche a swete, thy selue to amende,
This maladye wol of the make an ende.

Take hede now, and to thy selfe conuerte,
And see what wretchydnesse is the withynne,
Er deth take oute thy lyf of thyn herte!
Doo, by my red, anone that thou begynne
To make the clene of al thy fory synne
As fer as thou canst thenke, or aspye,
And wefshe them oute with teres of thyne eye!

For yf the deth sodenly the assayle,
Byleue it wel he spareth no persone;
With hym to trete it may no thyng auayle;
On the hath he no pyte, though thou grone.
Compleyntes sothely he rewardeth none!
But buskyth yow vnto pyttes brynke.
On this I rede thou befyly bethynke!

Take hede, and here how to euery wyght
Within forth he clepyth pryuely.
Arayeth yow, and, be al redy dyght.
For I wyl come! byleue it sekerly,
Er ye be ware, paraenture sodenly.
And me byforne there may no prayer spede,
And none wyl I spare for no mede.

Byholde, and see, how his messagers
Now in a wayte ben leyde for the!

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

Seest thou not age with his whyte heres,
 Hath hyd hym self ful nye? canst thou not see?
 And maladye hath the areft, parde,
 Hereft thou not how they cryen lowde alway?
 "What eyleth vs to tary thus al day?"

How ofte haue I warned the byfore,
 Som whyle aperte, fom whyle pryuely,
 That redy sholdest thou haue be euermore.
 Witneffe vpon thy self, I faye the, why
 Thou myght the not excufe vtterly.
 Synderefyf, fhe knoweth euery dele
 She wyl be thyn accufer; wyte it wele.

Anentz me that alwey wold the throwe
 Ful folyly thou haft thy self myftake;
 For thou byhete, this wotteft thou wel ynowe,
 That al thy foly woldest thou haue forfake,
 And woldest thy felue very clene make,
 Puttyng thy flefshe vnder fubiection
 To be gouerned after good refon.

But, fykerly, euery dele reuerfe,
 Vfurped hath hyr owne lady ryght
 By her delyte, and luftes ful dyuerfe;
 Oppreffyng hyr with al hyr mayn and myght.
 A foole is he, as femyth in myn fyght,
 That by lore ne wylle his frend yknowe,
 Tyl that he in mefchyef be ouerthrow!

But now, I rede, take good entent, and kepe
 Puttyng away thy flomber and thy flouthe.
 A foole is he that leyth hym self to flepe,
 To whome is ysprunge veray fterre of trowth!
 How ofte haft thou refused, fro thy youthe,
 To here me; and fone haft thou foryete
 My luftefynges very hony fwete.

Now fey me, by thy feyth, where thou be he
 Alone of woman in this world ybore
 So clene of wem, that no thyng nedeth the
 To weyle, ne to wepe thy finnes fore?

Nay, fykerly ! and me forthynketh fore
That thou ne canst nought thy wretchednesse
Thy synne, thy surfet, and vnthrytynesse.

An hard conflycte of bataylle the withynne
Thou fele myght ; but, yf thou be vnwife
How that thy sowle afayled is with synne
And vndercraft, thou art of his malyce ;
And subiect thou hast made thy self to vyce,
Whiche that of god Juge omnipotent,
Condempnyd is, withouten iugement.

A shame hath he that at the cheker pleyeth,
Whan that a pown seyith to the kyng, chekmate !
And shame it is whan that the ghooft obeyeth
Vnto thy fleshe, that shold obey algate
Vnto thy ghooft ; and now though it be late
Yet help thy self, and cast hyr vnder foote
Or thou art lost ; ther is none other bote !

In batayl, as it often hath betyd,
A myghty man to falle hit is no shame
The fyrst tyme, the second, and the thyrd,
And ryfeth wel : this hold I but a game.
But hugely me thynketh he is to blame,
And worthy as a foole to be repreuyd,
That nought enforcyd hym to be releuyd.

Now youthe may no lenger the excuse,
For age is come, and chalengeth his place
Yeld thy promysse, I wyl it nought refuse !
A foole is he that dysobeyeth grace,
And is to me ward fallen in trespace,
And castyth hym nought amendys to make.
Suche one what wonder is though I forsake ?

Ful longe haue I byden, and susteyned
To haue amendys of the forfeture ;
And ere this tyme I haue me not compleyned,
I may nomore thy wretchednes endure.
I rede the, doo thy besynesse, and cure.
Amende thy selfe ; it is ynow to me :
That is the amendys that I aske of the.

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

Now chese thy port at whiche thou wilt arriue.
 But two ther ben of folace and dystresse ;
 At one thou myght thy seluen kepe alyue,
 And euer abyde in ioye and lustynesse.
 That other port is care, and wretchednesse.
 Here cometh deth, and yf that he the smyte
 There nys no leche that may thy lyf respyte.

See now thy self, that thou hast no defense :
 Aboute thy hede, the swerd is redy drawe.
 I rede that thou loke thy conscyence,
 How thou hast lyued ayenst thy lordys lawe.
 And after this another wey thou drawe,
 That al thy tyme in foly hast dyspendyd,
 Yet at the last lete it be amendyd.

How oftyme haue I the told, and taught
 The worthynesse of vertu, and the mede ;
 How ofte haue I the fro the clothes caught
 Of Sathanas, yet tokeft thou none hede !
 But now beware, and nought withouten nede.
 For sykerly the bowe is bent full fore,
 To smyte the : thenne may I doo nomore.

The byrd that syngeth on the braunche on hye,
 And sheweth hym self a lusty iolyuet,
 Vnto the deth is smyten sodeynly,
 Er he be ware, or taken with a net.
 I haue the sayd how deth the hath affett,
 And wel nye vndermynded is thy wal.
 But thou beware, ful greuous is thy fall !

Allas ! what thynkeft thou ? what wylt thou feyne
 On thylke day of anger and of drede
 Vnto the hye Juge souereyne ?
 What doest thou, man, why takeft thou none hede ?
 Yf thou wylt be releuyd in thy nede
 What helpyth it thus for to telle and preche ?
 But shewe thy fore to me that am thy leche.

And I the shal auoyde of thy fylthe,
 Receynyng the anone vnder my cure.

I shal the brynge, of redynesse, the tylth,
Soo that thou shalt thy selue wel assure
That, whan thy fleshe is leyd in sepulture,
Thou shalt be lyft vp in to heuen blyffe,
Eternal myrthes shalt thou neuer mysse!

CAPITULO XXIII^o.

Here Justyce exceptyth ageyne al excusacions.

WHAT tyme that Justyce had red this letter, she sayde vnto the Juge,—“ Byholde, syre prouost, how grete honour and worthyp hath grace dieu shewyd to this pylgrym, what chere she made hym by content of this letter, hym techyng and enformyng how for to saue hym self; so that by my wil he ne shal nought be herd of his excusacyon. And ouer this, to grete shame and confusyon of his owne persone, I say ferthermore, that he hath redde bokes of moralyte whiche that techen kyndely how that vertu shold be loued, and what wey a trewe pylgrym owed for to take, and not for to mystorne to one syde, ne to other. But he, as a fool, hath lacheffed, and lost his tyme in veray vanyte. He auantith hym also of his skryp and burdon, whiche, as he seyth, he ne left neuer. But what suppose ye yf he had ben in the cruel tyme of Nero, other in the felle tyrauntes tyme Dyocleciane, and of other perilous pursuers of the feyth, whiche in that tyme enforcyd them for myscryppe pylgryms, with al theyr besynesse, and elles, with importable peynes, put them to the deth? I suppose that ful smartely he wold haue voydyd his scrippe, for al this grete auante! Outher of the perylous Heretyke Arryus, outhere other of his secte had met with hym, I drede that ful soone he wold haue byraсте hym that scrip, and broken his burdon, of kepyng of whiche now he auanteth hym. Wherefore, there is nought why that now he make his bofte, wher by he may excusen hym. He seyth also, that Sathan hath hym deceyued, excytyng hym to al euyl werkes in whiche he hath surfetyd, and that he hath withdrawen hym fro werkes of penaunce; of whiche mater it wold more auaylen for to hold his pees. For why? Yf he had vsed the armure that grace dieu had delyuered hym, Sathan shold but lytel myght or none haue had ayenst his persone; for ther is neuer man ouercomen by hym, but only of his owne consent. In the selue wyse it standeth of the world; for he that seeth and byholdeth hit, standeth euer in perylle, but he that clostyth his syght, that he ne see not vanyte, the wycked world may haue no myght ayenst him. But this foole hath had alwey his syght open therto, and abandouned hym self therto, withouten drede of perylle; receyued the yestes, and the lustes therof with grete ioye, and gladnesse of hert, as oftentymes as it was profered hym. And more ouer, at some tyme with grete cours hath he pursued, and trauayled for to haue it; soo that this excusacyon is of no valure. Wherefore, yf reson and trouthe wil consenten, skil it is, sire Juge, that ye yeue the sentence.”

CAPITULO XXV°.

Refon pledeth ageyne the fely fowle.

HENNE biganne refon for to speke, whome I had as yett not herde speke bifore. “There is none,” quod she, “that maye agene feye that Justice hath purposid ful wel hadde grace dieu shewed the right weye to this pilgrim. Ful clerely hath she told hym bifore, that his owne fleshe was his owne enemy, and he wold deceiue him, but he kepte hym selue. She taught him ful pleyntyly how that he shold faue and defend hym self in eschewing of the places and snares of his enemye. As touchyng the world also, and al his vanyte, I fey in this wyse: that yf ye had wel and thryftely kepte his fyue wyttes, closyng them and byndyng with double and treble boundes, and crossyd his spyrit with good, deuote prayer, as he that sawe hym selue in his daunger, he myght ful well haue anoyed his grete meschyef, and perylous dyfese. I can nought see by no thyng that here is seyde att this tyme that he ne hath deseruyd the deth. Now, trouthe,” quod she, “seyth what you femyth in this mater?”

HENNE anfuereid trouthe and sayd in this wise: “Al that ye haue said it is ful trewe, and rightwys; for, sothely, excusacion maye hym none auaille. For why? Yf he had his myfdeede shewde to his lady, dame Penytance, and tolde hir of his estate, soo that she hadde bathyd hym, bowkid hym, and strongly weschyn hym, than myght hym nought haue failed of skilful excusacyon, and so shold he haue founden favour in this iugement. But, sothe it is, though it so be that he hath at somtyme presented hym self to that lady, he hath ful litel tyme abiden in hir bathe, withoute teris of his eye, or hertely contricion. And litel sauour hath he had therinne, but feined contenance, ne failed nought lest he were repreuyd, and markyd of the peple. He hath also done his enioynte withouten ony peyn, or enforcyng of sorowful herte, withoute withdrawynge fro his euyl custommes, in purpoos, at the doying of his penaunce, for to retorne to his rather foly. And sliche maner of penaunce that torneth and retorneth, maye wel be refembled to the whele of a mylle, that lyghtly torneth alwey to ther that he bygan: For thy on hym is falle the sentence of the sauter *in circuitu impii ambulans*, ‘the wycked goth alwey in compas,’ retornyng fro synne to penaunce, and eft fro theyr penaunce to synne ageyne. And such manere of penaunce is nought but scornynge of penaunce, ne hath but wrong his name. Wherfor this pilgrym hath deseruyd his deth by ryghtwys iugement.”

CAPITULO XXVI°.

Here Sathanas axeth Jugement.

SATHANAS thenne bygan for to crye, “Loo Mychael,” quod he, “now myght thou noo lenger dyssymylen the sentence, that thou ne must by jugement delyuere me my prysoner! Wherfore I requyre the, syth that al myn

“The wicked walk on every side.”—PSALM xii. 8.

artycles, and many moo than I couthe remembre, ben here in this court alledged, and proued by suffisaunt record, and also by his owne confessyon, that thou yeue the sentence, as therto bilongeth, delyueryng me myn askyng. And ful soone he shal be brought in torment, and peyne eternal, perdurable." Whan I had herde these wordes, I felle sodeynly in swounyng for cause of grete heuynesse and drede, that I had no word, ne myght I speke, ne wyft what to say. And, as me thought, and verayly supposyd, the Juge made hym selue redy, femyng by his chere for to yeue the sentence of my dampnacyon. Sodeynly come that worthy lady whiche that byfore hand had buryed my body, that was clepyd dame Misericorde, and spekyng to the prouost she sayd in this wise.

CAPITULO XXVII°.

Here Mercy pledyth for the sowle.

SYRE prouost," quod she, "I haue wel herde and sene how that Reason, Trouthe, and Justyce, haue spoken in this mater, and haue ententyfly herkened to theyr wordes; wherfor I requyre you that I also wel may haue wilful audyence for the poure partye. For, yf I dyde not my deuoyre and myn offyce, sothly my name that am clepeth, as ye wele knoweth wele, Mizericord, I bere it but in veyn. Good skyle it is that Justyce and Trouthe att al tymes be seruyd. And sothely Reason wyll, that I, with my swetnesse, modesyne and amende the rygoure of rightwysenesse. Ye knowe wel, Sire Juge, that by the weye that men mote nedes passe ther nys no pylgrym that goth so redyly but that ooftymes he mote foruoyen; and somtyme he muste passe by foule weyes, neuertheles, somme more, and somme lesse, fayleth in this wyse. And eueryche knoweth wel that here is now present, there was neuer yet no pylgrym so hooly ne parfyte, that he hath ooftymes erryd and fayled in his weye,—excepte the fouerayne lord, that ones bycome a trauaylour, and a pylgrym, to teche men the weye. For er the tyme that he hadde done this, there was neuer pylgrym that acheuyd parfytely the ende of his iourne. At whiche tyme it is not her vnknowen Dame Justice, that now is here present, withsaid me ful sore, and let me ful long of my purpoos, nought for thy at the laste we felle at acord: and soo hope I at thys tyme that we shal also here, in your presence, of thynges that I shal feye ageynst hir rigour, whiche is somewhat ouer straitte bent vpon this mater. Sith it soo is that this bleffid lord Jhesu Crist somtime soo ferforth remitted his rigour, descending downe to the erthe oute of his heuenly trone, to helpe wesshe and relue his peple whiche the wretchyd horrible owle of helle had drawen out of theyr nest, hit femyth me that good reason wyll that tho whiche ben subgettes to this fouerayne lord owen for to drawe hym after his example. You selue, thenne, that sytteth here as iuge in this present assyse oweth, as me semeth, holde and sewe the maner and the guyse of this noble lorde, namely, in youre Jugementes. Also ye owe for to helpe and defende fro this curfyd owle pryncipally al tho that bere* skrypp and burdon,

* See "Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme," p. 25. London: B. M. Pickering, 1858.

and haue kept it manfully to theyr weyes ende. Now apperceyue I wel that it standeth thus, that this present pylgrym hath done his deuoyr duely at al tymes in kepyng his scrip and his burdone. And also, be it that he hath at somtyme erryd and mysgone, and ben empechyd in his forseide iourney, as it is knowen in this court; yet hath he douteles done some maner of penaunce and withdrawen hym often fro euyl, for loue of his creatour,—and al somme tyme the enfamples of other seyntes, though it soo be that he ne hath rougth done as they dyde, that whylome were feruent in the loue of Crist, by vertue of his passyon, and of his bleffyd blood, that al thylk tyme was yet newe shed, al smokyng hooite. For ryght as fyre warmeth and eschaufeth tho that stonde nye, welmore than other that stonde after, ryght soo thylke hooly men that were nye that tyme hadde more enchefon and more heuenly receyued by vertu of this precyous bloode, than these that now ben come so long tyme therafter; al be it that the vertu of his passion nouth passyth, ne dispendyth. For why? though this pylgrym haue nought gouerned so hym, ne wonder I nought! This seye I not in purpoos to excufe hym, for wel I wote as muche is he byhalden to his lord, as though that shedde for hym al theyr herte blood, and dyde for his sake. Wherfor, I seye to my purpoos that this forsayd pylgrym oweth nought to be furclosyd fro the grete grace whiche oure lord Jhesus dyde to synful men, what tyme that he suffred dethe for their redempcyon, whiche grace withouten ony fayle shal endure for euer.”

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CAPITULO XXIX°.

Justyce speketh ageyne Mercy.

JUSTYCE thenne spak and feid in this maner: “ Certes,” quod she, “ fyre Prouost, wonder grete grace did that blyful lord goddes sone Jhesu to the kynd of man. Ful syth it is he ne dyde them nought that grace for occasyon and lyberte of synne, but his purpoos and entencyon was this, that they shold, after receyuyng of that grace, be more besy and tendre aboute the kepyng of them self, dispoysng them in goodly wyse to entre in to paradyse by veray passage of vertu, whiche passage byfore that tyme was so fast closyd and wardyd, that though they had them selue neuer so wel gouerned and dysposyd yet ther come noone within in to that tyme of grace. And wel I wote what proufyte or auantage that man hath therby, yet is hit sothe that Jhesus Cryst neuer ne suffred deth in mayntenaunce of synnes: but only to theym it shal auayle that haue forsake her synnes, as ferforth as they myght; for sykerly that blisful lord hade made, as me semyth, a symple marchaundyse yf he shold haue taken his deth for tho that neuer wold konne hym no thank, ne neuer wolde amende them of theyr synnes. The deth of Jhesu Cryste may helpe and auayle only to these whiche that retourne fro their errour wilfully. Nought that this was establiished by me but clene ayenfte my law—by purchase of this present lady dame Misericord, to whome I mote at somtyme assent. And elles, sothely, it myght not haue ben suffred. For a ful huge merueyle it is in my syght, for to saue these that so greuouly mystaken agenst hym.”

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CAPITULO XXX°.

Here Mercy with certeine demandes axyng of Justice, induceth a Conclusion that Mercye must haue place.

MYSERICORD thenne spak, and said to the Juge in this wise: "Sire pro-uoost," quod she, "as it is to your selue clerely knowen, thyng witnessse vpon al wise clerkes of whiche many one that here is now present haue redde the bokes, and trouth her selue wil record the sothe, that euery clerke oweth to be considered in jugement after the ende and the pryncipal purpos that ony wight is inne, yf it maye be knowen. But the principal purpos and entent of this pilgrym was alweye to perfourme his iourneye, as it wel semeth, by that he ne leste neuer pilgrymes habite, that is scrip and burdon, al were it soo that he was many dyuerse tymes empechyd in his weye, and put oute therof, ne he entendyd neuer vtterly to forlete his iourneye; as it clerely is preuyd. And also, notwithstanding al his errour, in his laste ende he was founde contrite of in wyll, to amende and fatsysfy for his trespaas of al that he had mysdone ayenst god and man; euen forth his power. Confession also he hadde, al be it that not so clerely and openly in specyall as it had ben nedeful of euery synguler dede, yet neuertheles that general knowlege of al his synnes, in that he yeld him self fynally ayenst god gylty, is suffysaunt record for hym that he forfoke his synne. Neuerthelesse, by lycence of the Juge, to yow, suster Justice, I haue for to speke. Ye ben, as me semyth, somewhat ouer sharp and rygorous ageynst Pilgrymys more than it nedyd. But wyl ye vouchesauf to answer me to, a fewe demaundes that I shal aske of you?" Quod Justice, "as ye lyste." "Syth it soo is," quod Mercy, "that no thyng is done, ne neuer was, ne shal, of god, oure souerayne lorde, withouten skilful cause, as reson hyr selue wyl recorde, to what ende or for what encheson was man made for to ben chyef and pryncipal of erthely creatures?" Her to answerd Justyce, and said in this wyse, "Man was made chyef of erthely creatures for to receyue the seruyse of al other lower creatures, and hym selue to serue and obeye his creatour, yeldyng to hym, and retornyng by thankyng and presyng and by his other good obseruaunces al the seruyse that he receyued of these other creatures, and soo by his seruyse al creatures shal be knyght in compas to hyr fyrst maker."

"Ful sothe it is," quod Mercy, "and therefore is he partyner of bothe two kyndes, hauynge bodely matere of the erthe, and forme substancial fro heuen, that ryght as the eyez that of nature is hooted, and moyst, knettith to geders fyre and water, as partyner of bothe tho kyndes, ryght so man, of heuenly nature and erdely very partyner, knytteth to geders bothe heuen and erthe. Yet ferthermore," quod Mercy, "to what ende was lawe made and ordeyned of god, and taken to Moyses in the montayne? and whether alle other lawes ordeyned of man be not subalternall for to serue the lawe of oure lord?" "Thenne," said Justice, "the lawe that oure lord wrote in the two tables ben only ten hestes, and al the remenaunt of the lawe ne were not but obseruaunces and menes necessary for the tyme to keypyng of these hestes; whiche obseruaunces, Crist, at his

Isai. xxviii. 19.

comyng, auoydyd, as than nought necessary. But the course of the law he renoueled in his gospel by his subtile and necessary counceyles. The cause of the ordeynance of this lawe was for to teche the rude peple in what wise they shold serue their creatour, and obeye to his plesance: with resonable werkes doyng, and vnskylful werkes forberying. And al other worldly lawes ben, as ye seyn, subaltered to gods lawe, in enforcyng ther of, for to compelle vnboxom men to kepyng of this lawe." "Syth it so is thenne," quod Mercy, "that bothe by goddes lawe, and mannes, ben ordeyned peynes and punysshmentes, in to what were they fyrst deuysed?" "In chaftyfyng," quod Justyce, "of misdoers and brekers of goddes lawe, for to drawe theyr hertes by dreede and felyng of peynes fro myfrewled affectiōns, and so for to make them for to thynke theye forfet and compelle them by suche wyse to kepe goddes lawe; for to suche folk, as seyth the wyfeman, *Sola vexacio dabit intellectu*, tribulacion and anguyfsh only maketh such men vnderstand that al is nought leeful that lusteth." "This is ful sothe," quod Mercy, "but I wolde wyte of yow, in to what ende was ordeyned Jugement of deth both bodely, and ghoostely?" "Sothely," quod Justyce, "Jugement of deth was ordeyned for tho that ben obstynate, and rebelle, and wylle by no weye obeye to goddes lawe, lest they shold with theyr malyce drawe many other to the same maner of myfgouernance, and so destroublen the rewle and the ordre of al the wnyuersyte, that god and his creatures shold not be knette to geders by due seruyse and obeisaunce done to hym selue; so that by the drede of deth, *potest vltimum terribilium*, the last and most dredeful thing, other shold be chaftised and withdrawen fro forfet. Also the iugement of eternal peyn was made for al tho that fynally rebellyth ayene gods wil." "Yet put I this cas," quod Mercy, "that that a certeyn lord hath bouzt and payed for hym his raunson, in purpos for to haue hym for his seruaunt perpetuel, and therto he is assured; this lord chargith him vpon peyn of fore punysshment that he haft him to his own court, ther to done hym seruyse. This seruaunt thus bouzt and raunsond is lettid by the wey, somwhat by foly of hym self, somwhat by other that desire his seruyse, so that he taryeth fro his lord dayes and yeres, yet at the last he breketh out of these malicious mennes handes, and comyth to hys lord, submytting hym lowely to his grace, and offrith hym self redy to his seruyse, so as he can or may, whether shal the lord refuse this seruaunt, and delyuer hym to thylk that haue withholden him, either els he shal receyue hym in to his own seruyse?" "By myn auys," quod Justyce, "he shal be punysshed proporcionably after the tyme of his absence, and sithen receiued in to his seruyce at his lordes wil, ne to tho that withholden hym he ne shal not be delyuerd." "Thenne," quod Mercy, "the punysshment shalle nought execute by thought that empechyd hym." "No sothly," quod Justyce, "standyng that he hath thus lowely submytted hym to his lordes seruyse." "Yet aske I ferthermore," quod Mercy, "whether a seruaunt thus bought maye make any testament?" "Sothly," quod Justyce, "he may make none withouten his lordes leue, as for to alyene any goodes out of his lordes hond." "What?" quod she, "yf he byquethe al his good to his owne lord, standyth the testament?" "Why shold it not?" quod she, "as veray strengthyng of the lordes ryght!" "Thenne," quod Mercy, "who that enforcen for to byreuen this lord that seruaunt, or any of his

goodes, by that same seruantes lyf, or after his deth, wrongeth the lord in the dede.”
“ In certeyne,” quod Justyce, “ this is ful sothe.”

CAPITULO XXXI^o.

Here Mercy concludeth vpon these answers.


HENNE sayd Mercy thus to Justyce : “ Sothly, suster,” quod she, “ sauynge your reuerence, your rygoure, by youre owne Jugement, is somwhat vnmeasurable, withoute that ye be gouerned somwhat by me. And ye that oweth to yelde eueryche that to his ryght bylongeth, me thinketh that ye fayle of youre offyce, but yf ye demene your self in this caas after my counceyll, and I shal seye yow why. Sith it so is that man was made, as ye sey, fynally to this entent and ende, to be goddes seruauant, and for to knette to god al erthely creatures by retorne of His seruyce, then ne wrongeth ye the souerayn lord that befyeth about to alyene this seruauant, and forclosen fro that offyce that he was ordeyned fore. Also, syth the lawe wryten of god bytaken to Moyse, and also the lawe of the Gospel yeuen by Cryst hym selue, and practysed in his owne persone, entendyth no thyng elles, as ye sey, with subalternacion of al other resonable lawes, but for to teche the peple, and holde them vnder gouernaunce for to make them obeye to his seruyse, by what skyle may thenne ony wyght withdrawe this pilgrym fro his lordes seruyce, by desordeyne rygour of ryghtwysnes, for to exclude hym, and schytte hym fro this deute? But herto ye seyn that he oweth to be punysshed : for that he hath mysdone ; but, by your own sentence, punysshement was deuised for to drawe pertes of men fro foule affection, and for to chaastise them for that they haue mysdone ; which chaastisement is a maner medicin to purge thaffection of man. Thenne semith it wel also soone as thaffection is clenfid by hertely forthinkyng in ful wil and purpos to kepe gods law, the punysshement shold cefse, and this seruant resorte to his lordes seruyce ; namely, sith it so is that this seruyce is of more value infynytely than is ye punysshement ; for a very fool may he be clepid that leith a plaister corosyf to a wounde, after that he is purged—for it shal thenne noyen, and no thyng auayle to hele. And worldly lawe also vseth this condicion, that yf a man hath done trespas to another, either offendyd his lord in ony thyng, for whiche he shal be punysshed ; also sone as he knowlecheth the trespas, and maketh amendys, byndyng hym selue neuer after to offende, thenne shal he be receuyd of his punysshement, and al that is done ouer this, may rather be clepyd cruelte than ryghtwysnes. Al be it so that this pylgrym hath greuouly trespacid, yet at his passyng oute of the world he stode in this plyte : wherfore, he oweth not to be putte in eternal peyne, how euer it be of other punysshement. For why? as ye haue sayd your self, ‘ Jugement of deth and eternal peyne was ordeyned only for tho that ben rebelle and obstynate ageynst gods lawe, lest they shold be malycious excityng to bryng many other to the same mysgouernaunce soo that the ordre of vnyuersyte shold be destroubled.’ But sothe it is nouthur this pylgrym is obstynate, ne purposith not to dystrouble the vnyuersal ordre, ne euyl example may he none yeue after this tyme to noo creature. Wherfor he oweth not to be delyuerd to eternal peyne. Thenne con-

clude I thus by youre Jugement, that this pylgrym, Cristes seruaunt, bought and raunfoned with his precious blood, al though he haue by malyce of his enemyes be taryed fro his lordes seruyse, yett at the laste he brake oute of theyr handes, and come to his lord, submyttyng hym to his grace, offryng hym self lowely to his seruyce he ne oweth not be delyuerd to his enemyes, though that he shal be punysshed for the trespace: but he oweth at the lordes wil be taken to his grace, and after skilful punysshement ben admtytted to his lordes seruise. This is youre oune sentence! how thenne wil ye acqyute yow in this mater that by rygour of punysshement wolde haue this man delyuerd to his enemy and alayned fro his lordes seruyce, to grete wrong and amenufyng of his worshyp?"

"And also, as ye fey your self, the testament that he maketh in yeuyng al that he hath to his lord shal stonde in effect in ful record of his lordes ryght. And who that procureth ony suche alaynacion he wrongeth the lord. Why thenne be ye so besy to delyuer this man, out of the lordes seruyce that hath by testament yeuen hym self euerlastyng to the same lord? This was his last wil, and who that withstandith the last wil offendith the lawe. Wherfor, suffer, ye ben ouer rigorous, as me semyth."


CAPITULO XXXII°.

Reson consentith to Mercy and the iuge biddeth arayen the balaunce.

 T this word dame Reason made a sygne to Justyce, as though she wolde feye this is very skylful that Mercy hath spoke. And thenne anone the Juge commaundyd Justyce for to take hyr balaunce, and set it in suche a place that it myght openly be sene, and sayd to hyr thus: "In decysyon aud styntyng of al maner of stryf, take al the merytees and good dedes of this present pylgrym, and put them in that one parte of the balaunce, and in that other syde al the forfetys, and trespaces that Sathanas can bryng forth by record of Synderesys—the pylgryms vpon the ryght syde, and that other vpon the lyft syde; and soone it shal appere whiche hath the better partye, ne mercy shal no suspecion haue toward me that I haue ought receyued of yestes, ne take no mede of nouter parte. The balaunce wylle nought lye, but withoute fauour iuge the trouthe."

CAPITULO XXXIII°.

*How Justyce apoynted hyr balaunce, Reson and Trouth standyng in eyther syde; and how the pylgrym leyd in the skryp and burdon, and Synderesys with Sathanas bylle weyed in that other syde.**

 HENNE, vpon a skaffold on hye, aboue this corteyne, Dame Justyce shewed hyr self, and apoynted hyr balaunce that both partyes weyed lyke heuy. This lady was gyrd with a fwerd with a thwong, al with gold apparaylled.

* See Coloured drawing No. II. Plates III. and IV. and Note A.

Hyr femed wel a lady of ful huge estate as duchesse, or prynceffe, ne none was that sawe hyr that he ne tremblyd for drede.

Refon also was with hyr whoos eyen shyned bryghter than the sonne so ferforth that hyr fyght Percyde al maner of obiectys aboute in euery fyde: I sawe also the thyrd that had the mouthe al clene burnyd gold. And it was me certyfyed of other that knewe hyr persone that hyr name was Trouthe. But whan I sawe these thre gone to geders, whiche hadde, as me semyd, long taryed me with theyr parlement, desyryng my dampnacion, I was ryght moche desmayed, namely fyth that in theyr balaunce my merytes sholde be peyfed, wherupon had I no maner of truste; for none other thyng had I for to leye therin but only my scrip and my burdon, that peyfed but lytel, as I sawe wel afterward. Neuertheles, in the balaunce I leyde it. And there ayeine myn enemy leyde in his accusament, wryten in the bylle by tellyng of Synderesys. There was neuer notary, ne tabellyon, that me so fore agryfed; for that bylle whan it was leyde in the balaunce peyfed so fore, that smartely that other fyde aroos as nought hadde ben therin; and yet that me greued moche wors, by cause that the peis shold be the more Synderesys hym selue styrte in to the balaunce. Thenne bygan Sathan for to cryen with a lowde voys and feyd: "Now," quod he, "thou lady on the skaffold, thou seeft wel how it is; make now this prouost, that soo long hath taryed me, for to yeue Jugement as fast!"

CAPITULO XXXIII^o.

How that Mercy taryed the Court, whyle she wente to heuen and purchacyd a chartre of pardon.

BUT thenne herde I how humbely dame Misericord gan to prayen for me, and said in this wyse: "Now dere Mychael," quod she, "wylle ye vouchsaue a whyle for to tarye in youre Jugement? I haue a lytel thyng to doo aboute in heuen: I thynke ther to purchace a grace that no thyng shall be to your preiudyce." Then sayd the prouost: "It lyketh me ryght wel at your request for to abyde tyl that ye be returned. I pray yow tarye nought." Soo then was the Jugement suspendyd in to the tyme that Mercy had ben in heuene; and smartely, withouten taryeng, she had done hyr deuoyre, and was descended doune vpon the skaffold. And sothely so sawe I wel she was that seluen fayre swete, that bare hir breft alwey redy oute of hyr bosome which had me before hand in my fleshely lyf ful often tyme comfortid. And now she dyde me moche more comfort, what tidynges that she brought. In her hond she brought a skypet, and neyeng toward the balaunce with the hede enclyned, she sayd to the balauncer: "How is it," quod she, "in oure partye?" "Sothely," quod Justice, "had ye nought taryed this Court, ful long tyme passyd, this pilgrym had be foriuged; witnefs vpon Trouthe and Reason!"

"Now thenne," quod Mysericord, "shal I telle wherfore I haue trauayled." And she took forth the Charter, and sayd, "I haue ben in presence of oure lord Jhesu Cryft, and his blessyd moder, and byfore all the companye of seyntes assembled to geders for

helpe of this pylgrym. And so haue I here of oure lordes graunt and chartre of pardon which I shal rede to fore yow ; whereof who that wyll shal haue the Copy." Thenne tooke she forth a fayre chartre affelyd with gold, and redde it openly, word for word, whereof this is the sentence.

THE CHARTRE OF MERCY.

HESU kyng of hye heuen aboue,
 To Mychael my chyef lyeutenaunt
 And al thyn affeffours which I loue,
 That in my seruyse ben perseueraunt,
 Haue euermore, and to me ful plefaunt,
 My gretynge, and vpon the peyne of drede
 Unto this present chartre taketh hede.

Me hath besought this present lady here
 Myferycord.* * * *

* * * *

Ther ben pylgryms, as they certyfyne,
 That toward me theyr weyes hadde take
 Whiche haue mysfgone, and erryd folylly
 By styryng of the fowle fendes blake,
 That somme of them theyr iourney had forsake ;
 And este theyr iourney had ayene begonne,
 But fodenly hath fayled them the sonne.

Some haue be lette by fowle temptacion,
 And styryng of theyr flesshely wretchydnesse ;
 Somme, by dysese and tribulacion,
 And fallen in to huge heuynesse ;
 And somme also the worldes besynesse
 Soo greuoufly theyr hertes ouerfett,
 Of theyr iourney soo that they haue be let.

But than they haue repentyd wonder fore,
 Some of them but ryght at theyr lyues ende,
 And somme of them a lytel what before
 Bygonne theyr lyues somwhat to amende,
 In wyll therafter neuer to offende
 Haue shryue them of al theyr old trespace,
 And put them selue holly in my grace.

* The intercession of the Virgin Mary is introduced here and in the other parts which have been omitted.

* * * * *
This grace I graunt them of my Regalye
That I shal them receyue vnto my pees
Of helle peyne I graunt them ful relees.

Soo that they haue me, Jhesu, mercy ! cryed
Or that the brethe oute of the body yede,
And al theyr ful lustes haue defyed
In veray feyth, as techeth them the Crede.
Soo that ye shal ayenst them nought procede,
As to foriuge them to helle peyne ;
But that in this Rygour ye refreyne !

To mercy here I haue bytake
Of the tresour of my bytter passyon

* * * * *
To counterpeyse ageynst the fendes part,
Soo that he fayle of his entencion
To bringe them so with his subtyle art ;
To haue them juged to dampnacion ;
For that hath ben his occupacion,
With curfidnesse of al the synnes seuene
Syth tyme that he was chacyd oute of heuene.

And nought for thy this is not myn entent ;
Ne, for this cause my blood ne shed I nought
That ony wyght in misgouernement
Abyde shold, and truste in his thought
That hym this chartre shold auayle ought,
And of this pardon be partynere,
Or of this grace that I haue grauntyd here.

Therefore, oute of this chartre I except
Tho alle whiche in to theyr lyues ende
Haue euermore in cursyd synnes slept,
Purposing nought theyr lyues to amende,
Vpon the tryft them selue to defende
Fro helle peyne by this present grace.
Alle tho shal be exyled fro my face.

And these also, whiche that ben obstynate,
And neuer wylle to my lawe obeye.

These also, that ben veray desperate,
That wylle no grace ne no mercy preye,
But ryght foo in theyr curfyd synnes deye.
So thenne is dewe the hoothe fyre of helle
With Sathanas eternally to dwelle.

Wherfor, no man foo bold ne hardy be
Tryftyng vppon this present pardonance
To forfeite, or to synne in no degre
Vpon the trift of fynal repentaunce,
Which is my yeft; and after my plesaunce
I yeve it them that shal my mercy haue,
Withoute whiche no wyght ne wyl I haue.

CAPITULO XXXVI.

How Justyce byfore the Juge pledyd ayene the chartre, affyrmyng it insuffysaunt as for the forsayd sowle.

WHAT tyme that this chartre was redde Justice somwhat egrely loked vpon Misericord, and sayd to hyr thus: "Syfter," quod she, "ye haue ful wel purchacyd for somme of pylgryms; but for this present pylgrym, thy labour but lytel auayleth, as semyng is to me." Thenne Reason and Trouth seyden to Justyce, "Syth it foo is that this maundement is dyrected pryncipally to the prouost, as lyeutenaunt and Juge at this tyme, and sythe, secondly, to vs that ben his assessours, pryncipally to hym this mater apperteyneth. Wherfore in decyfyon of stryf go we fast to hym, and see what he seyth to this chartre; and, as he wylle that shal be done, we shal applye vs fully withoute ayenseyng." Soo thenne at this poynt they ben acordyd, and wente to the Prouost, and toke hym this chartre. Thenne sayd Justyce to the prouost thus: "Syre prouost," quod she, "I doo yow to vnderstande that this lady Misericord, sauyng hyr syttherhede, hath caused in this Courte grete annoyne in taryng of oure Jugementes in this present assyse, by cause of purchacyng of this letter, which ye see your self of what it shal auayle—it standeth at youre plesaunce. But, me semyth forsothe, that somme poyntes conteyned thereynne ben not to be receyued; for they semyn geten and purchacyd by surreptyon, and importune prayer, whiche the souerayne kyng of his debonayrte he can, ne may nought werne. But it bylongeth to yow, that ben his lyeutenaunt, for to doo rizt and equitye. For why? the offence is wonder grete ayenst that lord, that euer is perdurable, whoos lordshyp and soueraynte is withoute ende, and mesure. Yf so is thenne, that this present pilgrym shold haue peyne determyned, enduryng for a tyme, I can not se wherof hereafter shold serue my balauce."

CAPITULO XXXVII°.

How after a longe counseyll holden bytwene the Juge and his assessours, the balaunce was lyft vp, and the forset with merytes was put to peysen ayenst the fendes partye.

THENNE, after the fownynge of a trompette, the Prouofte lete make a grete conuocacion, and thus I herd hym seye: "Cherubyn, dere broder, at this present nede I preye yow that ye helpe. Ye also, Justyce, Reason, and Trouthe, and ye also, Peter, porter of heuen, and al other whiche of ryght oweth to be present, yeueth now good counceyll what best is in this mater! Loo! here cometh this reuerent lady, dame Mysericord, whiche hath brought a letter to our fouereyne lord, to me, and to yow also, for this present pylgrym; whiche letter, by cause it is to yow vnknowe, now hereth it redde byfore yow." Thenne held they a counceyl so softe and so styll that I nomore herd for a good space. And thenne I bethought me vpon that sylence, that seynt John speketh of in his apocalips, whiche sylence was made in heuen, what tyme that Sathanas was chacyd fro thennes in to the pytte of helle. Soo hoped I thenne somme tydynges for to here ageyne the malyce of my peryllous accusfour, whiche that abode my Jugement. So whan that this counceyl had dured a long space, at the last I herde cryed with a lowde voys, that anon the balaunce shold be take, and the Juge shold yeue Jugement.* Anone this lady Justyce took this balaunce by the ryng, and bygan to reyse hit vp, that one bacyn henge al doune to ground, and that other was reysed alofte, wherein semyd ful litel. And that other that was alowe semyd so ful ther myght nomore be in. Thenne sayd this balauncer, whiche I fond euermore fyers ayenst me, "Syre prouost," quod she, "byholde how it standeth, and, of all the reme-nant doo as lyketh yow, for I haue done my deuoyre, tyme is it that ye doo yours. I haue nomore to seye."

Thenne said Misericord:—"Syre prouost," quod she, "ye haue wel sene and vnder-stande what grace oure lord Jhesu Cryst hath graunted this pilgrym by this present chartre whiche ye haue redde and sene with your counceyl. And, as it semyth me, al your counceyl is wel consentyng to, and loo here the forset, whiche by your lycence I haue sette in heuene, lete put it in the balaunce, and thenne shal we see how it wyl goo, and how this balaunce, wyl bere it selue vpon bothe partyes." Thenne was this forset put in the bacyn on the ryght syde, whiche peysed anone so myghteley, that notwithstanding al that was in that other, yet was it peysed vp sodenly as nouzt had be therynne. And thenne sayd mercy thus:—"Syre prouost ye see by the grace that I haue brought, how oure parte peyseth. Dooth now youre deuoyre as the grace asketh."

* See Plate II. and Note B.

CAPITULO XXXVIII°.

Here is yeuen the Jugement of Saluacyon of the sowle, sendyng hym to purgatory.

HENNE beganne the Prouost speke to me, and sayd in this maner:—"Pylgrym," quod he, "take hed what I shal sey to the. Thou hast here in this Courte many grete frendys whos names I telle the nought at this tyme, thou shalt wel knowen whiche they ben here after. But how moche this worthy lady Mysericord hath laboured for thy saluacion in parte thou knowest. And sothely had nought ben that grace whiche that she purchacyd for the, and for other of oure lord Jhesu whiche she wanne, and got with ful grete labour, that now she hath leyd in the balaunce, thou haddest be dampned to endeles deth, euer, withoute ende! Soo now shal I telle the what thou mote nedes do. Thou shalt take ageyne thy scrippe, and thy burdon, whiche thou haddest byfore. And here to dame Justyce I yeue in ful charge that she trusse thy fardel of al thy wretchyd synnes, whiche Sathanas hath putt in the balaunce. This fardel shalt thou bere in to purgatorye, and there shalt thou brenne it, and soo longe must thou there abyde tyl it be al wasted, and thou clene purged of al thy fowle synnes. Thus shalt thou make thy gree with Justyce, that Mercy and she be fynally acorded; whiche acord may neuer be brozt to an ende, but yf thy mysdedes be punysshed at the left, for a certeyne tyme. And to this she hath goodly agreed hyr selue, slakyng hyr ryghtwys rygour at the instaunce of Mysericord. And elles she was auysed that thou sholdest haue had eternal punysshement, of whiche thou art releyd: specyally by vertue of thy chartre of pardon, and the lytel forset of Trefour, whiche mercy brought from heuene. And thynke not thy selue lytel holden to Justyce by cause she hath so besyly pursewed ageyne the: for, sothely, the good lord grauntyd neuer grace in preiudyce of hir balaunce, ne none may be saued withoute hyr assent. So is she at this tyme assentyd to thy saluacion, in this maner wyse as I haue told the here. This is thy sentence and thy Jugement; spede the fast hennes, that this were perfourmed ryght as I haue the seyde!"

CAPITULO XXXIX°.

How Sathanas maketh protestacion of apele fro this Jugement.

BUT this ne suffryd nought easyly this cursyd Sathanas, but hydously began to crye, and sayd:—"Mychael," quod he, "thou dost here no ryght, but grete wrong and veray fals trefon, that thou sendist here this wretchyd pylgrym in to peyne temporel, that dureth but a space only, for the prayer of this vnthryfty fals conspyratryce Mysericord! Myschaunce mote she haue! for this fals bulle whiche she hath traytourfly hyr seluen counterfeted, outhere elles by fals suggestion subtylly purchacyd, sholde lyghtely haue be withseyd, yf I must haue hadde tyme and place of audyence. And no doubte yf Justyce must haue trauallyd therefore, she wold ful soone

haue purchacyd a bulle in contrary. Outher, yf I myght haue gone, I wold my self haue done it; and wyte it wel, yf my counfeyl wyl it, I shal appele fro thy sentence, as for veray fals and very open wrong, though I the dysplese yet spare ne wyl I nought, and to the fouerayne Juge wyl I bryng this cause at the last day of general assyse; and yf ther may be founden in thy Jugement ony poynt of errour, he shalle spoyle the thy worshyp and of thy prouoftry with grete shame and shendeshyp. And certeynly, yf I wyft that it shold be plefant to Lucefer, my lord, and al the grete counceyl of hell, anon withouten taryeng I wold openly appelle. Wherfor I make protestacyon in presence of this court, that within ten dayes I shal make myn appelle, yf soo is that my counceyl assente therto. And wyte it wel, forsothe, that this pylgrym shal no weye passen that I nyl doo my besyneffe to greuen hym yf I may; and euer wylle I ben his enemy euen forth my power." Ful sorrowful was this Sathanas when he sawe that he ne myght nought achenen hys desyre; and grete anguyfshes he hath, when ony pylgrym escapeth hym so by Jugement.

HERE ENDETH THE FYRST BOOKE OF THE PYLGRYmage
OF THE SOWLE.



Liber Secundus.

Here begynneth the second book.

CAPITULO XL°.

How the soule was brought to purgatory.

WHAN I hadde herd the sentence of my Jugement, I was wonder glad, by cause of my sekynesse that I shold be saued. So thenne, withoute moche taryeng, ful smartely had Justyce arrayed my fardel by commandement of the prouost, and in this mene tyme ful merueylous thynges I bothe sawe and herd. There come an huge company of pylgrims syngynge with a ioyeful tone, eueryche of them more bryght shynynge than the sonne at myddaye, hauynge with them eueriche his owne Angel, that led them by theyr handes. And this was the noble songe that I herd them syng :—

HONOURED be thou, blysfyl lord on hye !
That of the blessed mayden was y bore,
And with thy deth vs boughtest myghtely ;
Thyne owne fleshe and blood thou yafe vs fore,
And for vs suffred peynes wondre fore,
Bothe feete and hand nayled to the roode,
And bleddest al thy veray hertes blood.

Honoured thou be, fader souerayne,
That vouchesauf suche raunson for to sende,
Thyne owne loued sone to suffre payne,
Oure mysese and our meschyef to amende.
Thou, holy ghooft, that art withouten ende
With fader and sonne one god in Trynyte
For euer honoured be thy mageste !”

* * * * *

How the angels answered.

What tyme that these pylgryms had songen in this Wyse, theyr Aungels that ledde them answerd another song ful swete, and ful delycious, and seyden as it foloweth :—

THE ANGELS' SONG.

ALMYGHTY lord, our blysfyl Kyng Jhesu,
Thou Myroure of the faders magesti,
In whom is sene his myghte and vertu !
The Welle of Wytte and Wifedom is in the,
To whoos prefence now we retourned be
With the pylgryms which we to the bryngeth,
To thyn honoure ful joyeful syngeth.

Towardses the ful long they haue trauallyd,
Thou wotest thy self, how they haue be distreffid.
The fals fende, ful fore hath them affailed,
And greuouly dysfeyd, and oppressyd,
But of thy grace his malyce was repressyd,
And of thy mercy wel they ben releuyd,
And their entent fully they haue acheuyd.

What labour and anguyfhe haue we had,
Syth that we took them in our gouernaunce,
Jhesu, thou wost ; and now we ben ful glad
Of all that we haue done to thy plesaunce.
Wher for thou wylt with reward vs auance
Suche as the lyst, aboue in thy blyffe
There abyde in ioye euer withouten myffe.

Lo ! we presentyn to thy hand ageyne
Almighty Lord, that thou to vs bytake.
Honoured be thou, Jhesu, souerayne,
Of all that we haue laboured for thy sake !
Of this laboure amende now thou make.
Thy creatures vnto thy prefence
Receyue them, of thyn hye benyuolence.

For though they haue ought erryd or myfwent,
They haue abought it wonder hard and fore
Ypurged with grete paynes, and torment,

Pylgremage of the Sowle.

As duely was aiuged them ; ther fore,
 Al though they had deferuyd moche more,
 The remenaunt is releyd of thy grace :
 In heuen on hye assigned is theyr place !

CAPITULO XLIº.

How these sowles left scrip and burdon, entrynge in to heuene.

AND thus, rehercyng this delectable song I sawe these pylgrymes passe within the corteyn,* theyr aungels goyng byfore. And of one thyng tooke I good reward, that al these forsayd pylgrymes leften withoute the corteyn bothe scrippe, and burdon. For good skyle it is as it femyd me, when that I hadde aperceyued it, that syth theyr labour and theyr iourney was fully adertermyned, and theyr vyage endyd, that they shold leue the habyte a fygne of trauaylours. And soo also soone as they were entred within, I herd another company within, forth that songen a song withouten comparyson more lusty than I had herd bifore. And though it passe my wytte, and myn abylete, for to counterfeten it in veray trouthe of lykelyhede, yet fomewhat as I can sympelly reporten I shall it now rehercen.

THE ANGELS SONGE WITHIN HEUEN.

AL worshyp, Wysedom, Welthe, and Worthynesse,
 Al bounte, beaute, joye, and blysfulhede,
 Al honoure, vertu, and almyghtynesse,
 Al grace, and thankyng unto thy godhede,
 Fro whome al grace and mercy doth procede !
 Ay preyfed be thou, lord in Trynite,
 And euer honoured be thy mageste.

That by mankynde our nombre is encrecyd
 Of these that long haue ben in pylgremage ;
 And now is al theyr noious labour secyd
 That was bygonne theyr fyrst dayes age ;
 Here is the porte of syker arryuage.
 Honoured be thou, worthy lord on hye !
 And welcome be ye to oure companye !

Now passyd ben youre peryllous auenture,
 And al youre trauayl hath an ende y take.
 Ryght welcome be ye, bleffyd creatures,
 Tyme is that scrip and burdon ye forfake !

* Cf. *ante*, Lib. I. Cap. IV.

For now ye that no lenger journey make.
And after labour tyme is of quyete,
Al heuyneffe and anguifshe is foryete.

For ye haue done a noble vyctory,
And al your labour nobelly difpendyd,
That fo ageyne youre treuble enemy
Yow feluen haue myghtely defendyd.
And that ye haue myfdone, it is amendyd
By fufferaunce of purgatory peyne.
Y thanked be thou, Jhefu, Souereyne !

In heuen blyffe here fhalye ben, with us,
Unto the day of fynal Jugement !
To which day ye fhall abyden thus,
And preysen god with your hole entent,
Whyle that youre bodyfe by assignement
Of god, is torned to corrupcion,
And fully fhall haue his purgacion.

For refon wylle, and alfo goddes lawe,
That he, whiche hath done al his befynneffe
For goddes loue youre luftes to withdrawe,
Encombrynge now with moche unthryftynneffe,
That fro that foul and woful wretchydnefs
Hit purged be, and al renewed clene.
That maner wey your flefshe is that we mene.

Soo, at the laft day, they fhall aryfe,
And come byfore the Juge fouerayne
To yow conioyned in a wonder wyfe
In good acord, withouten ony payne,
And in this ioye eternally remayne.
What ioye is here ye fhalle affaye and fee,
Honoured be thou lord in thy magefte !

CAPITULO XLII^o.

How an holy fowle was brought to blyffe with moche melodye of Angels.



N this poynt I herde, in that other fyde, comynge a lufte melodye of wonder
fwete fonge, and instrumentes fownyng. And I byhelde, and fawe where
come with grete folempnyte a pylgrym al vnlyke, more clere, and bryght

shynnyng than these other were, and was brought forth with an huge multitude of angels, eueryche hauing on hand somme lusty instrument, as Harp, Organs, Sawtry, and many moo of other whiche I knewe nought, ne couthe nought then descrynen. And so was he ledde among that companye, his own Aungel hauynge hym by the honde, that songe wonder lyke to this that I shalle now rehercen.

THE ANGELS SONGE.



HONOURED be thou, blysful lord Jhesu !
 And preyfed must thou ben in euery place,
 So ful of myght, of mercy, and vertue,
 Of blyffe, of bounte, pyte, and of grace !
 Whoos honoure may no maner thyng deface.
 Who is it that withstanden may thy myght ?
 But seruen the of fors mote euery wyght.

Honoured be thou, Jhesu, heuen king !
 Thou hast bytake vnto my gouernaunce
 Suche one that hast aboute al other thyng
 Alowed the with lowely obeyfaunce,
 And loued the with sad perseuerance,
 Thy counceyl, and thyn hie commandement
 Oberuynge, with his hertely hole entent.

He hath nought walked in the weyes large
 That to the fleshe soo lusty ben, and grene,
 But he hath ben ententyf to thy charge
 Fro dedely synne to kepe hym seluen clene,
 And gone the wey of trauayle, and of cene,
 Of penaunce, and of tribulacion,
 In greuous stormes of temptacion.

So hath he hadde in erthe his purgatorye,
 Whiche that he hath susteyned wylfully.
 Wherfor, now receyue hym to thy glorye,
 And take hym vp in to thy blyffe on hie
 With the to ben in ioye eternally ;
 In what degree that to hym is condygne,
 Ryght as thy seluen lyketh to affigne.

Honoured be thou, Jhesu gracious !
 Thou man bycome thy selfe, for mannes nede,
 And man thou taughtest to be vertuous,

To seruen the by verry loue and drede,
Rewardyng them with blyse for theyr mede
That done theyre deuoyre as they may, or can,
Now thanked be thou, Jhesu, god and man!

CAPITULO XLIII^o.

Here ben rehercyd the excepcions of Mercy, and the Jugement yeuen vpon synful sowles.

SOO thenne was this Pylgryme with grete solempnyte ledde fawe I nought where. But of al this ioye this curfyd Sathanas ne fawe no thyng at al, for he was fallen grouelynge gretyng and cryenge with a lothely voys, byholdyng doune in to erthe. Ful oftymes wyfshed I that he neuer must arrise, ne shewe his foule face; but soone after this, al other wise it befelle. For Justyce, that hadde me bitake my sorry fardelet, as I haue seyde, she steyh vpon the scaffold, and said in this wise: "Cometh forth, ye creatures that hauen long abyden your Jugementes, and hereth your sentence: for many ther be of you for which Mysericord hath nought at al purchacyd, though soo that she hath here a chartre of pardonne generall graunted here of the Soueraigne lord!—in whiche Chartre is contyned an excepcion as touchyng dyuerse poyntes which ben these in specialle:

"Al they, that wilfully and wyttyngly hauen contynued in synne to theyr lyues ende, pausen withoute hertely repentaunce.

"And al tho that hauen been obstynate to the lawes of oure lord God, scornynge, blasfemyng, and despyfyng tho that lowely and sympelly obeyfaunt ben therto, and hauen nought amended them with wylful repentaunce.

"Alle tho that wylfully and wyttyngly breken Goddes hestes, dysclaundrynge tho that repentyn them therof.

"Alle fals pilgrymes, that hauen lefte the sharp weye of penaunce, and vertue, and hauen gone by pathes of lustes, and of alle vnthryfty vyces, as been forsworen Wretchys Fals Renegates, Traytours, Mansleers, Morderers, Theues, Glotons, Conspyratoures; and alle other that wylfully haue applyed them seluen to wycked synnes, that shalle nought been rehercyd. And al tho that haue sewyd theyr owne vycyous wylle, withdrawyng theyre hertes froo the wylle of oure lord god. Also alle Heretykes, and Scyfmatices, that presumptuously peruertyn hooly Scrypture by fals vnderstandyng, glosyng, cuttyng, koueryng, and cloutyng with vycyous adinuencyons the lawe of Crystes Gospel. And alle tho that hauen receyued ordre, offyce, or estate, to mayntene Crystes lawes, and they wretchydly, and cowardely, withdrewen them to wordly lustes, nought doynge theyr deuoyre in shewyng and techyng the lawe of oure lord, ne in chastyfyng of mysdoers, but only for couetyse of wordly goodes. And alle tho that suche estates, ordres, or offyce, yeuen or receyuen by symony, or suche vnloful menes, and nought to the entent to proufyte of theyr offyce, but only to be magnyfyed and maad ryche, and for to lede theyr lyues in lustes and deilyces. Alle thylke also, that vpon the tryfte of mercy haue leyn in theyr lustes to theyr lyues ende, and hauen nought hadde veray

repentaunce of theyr fowle errour. And these and many other whiche that hauen theyr accusours here redy besydes theym, whiche shalle haue place and audyence to appelen them of many other poyntes in specialle, whiche that ben exceptyd froo the pardon conteyned in this forsaide Chartre; for mercy hath for none suche purchacyd no pardon at al, the balaunce sheweth the soothe." Soo thenne, by ordre they wente to the balaunce, these accusours with theyr empechementes, but theyr prysonners hadden nought for to leyen in that other parte. And though they ought hadde, it was of no weyght. Somme other also there were, for whoos parte was leyde the forset with the trefoure.

And they anon were assigne with their fardels to gone to purgatorye ryght as I was. To alle the remenaunt after, Justyce sentencyally feyd in this wyfe:—

"In the name of oure foueraygne lorde and Juge, Jhesu cryfte, goddes sone omnipotent, by sentence of Mychael, the prouoste of Paradys, and lyeutenaunt of oure blysfyl lord, goo, al ye condempnyd and foriuged to brenne withynne the fyre of Helle, withouten hope or truste euer to be reluyd!

"And ferthermore I assigne yow to comen byfore the fouerayne Juge este ageyne, clothyd in youre curfyd bodyes, receywyng your fynal Jugement, body and soule at ones, of endeles dampnacion. This day loke that ye kepe whanne Gabryell shalle blowen with his dredeful trompe. Hyeth yow faste hennes as the Prouost yow hoteth, and commaundeth withoute ony taryenge!"

CAPITULO XLIIII^o.

Here Sathanas seased his prysonners and byrafte them scrippe and burdon.



HENNE lyft hym vp this curfyd Sathanas, And byganne to crye, "Hyder, hyder, fast cometh on with me, For alle to longe haue we taryed here abydyng this Jugement; and that me fore annoyeth!" Thenne come there dauncyng forth a lothely companye with fowle defourmed vyfages, and grisely of theyr personnes; they flouted, and they taberd; they jellyd, and they cryed, ioyng in theyr maner, as semyd, by theyr semblaunt; but soothly vnto me, and other of my companye, hit was the moost peyneful ioye, and the mooste encomberous melodye that euer I herde byfore.

Soo come they to theyr Pylgrymes, and sayden to theym thus: "Casteth awaye fro yow these scrippes, and these burdons, for of youre pylgrymage ye haue made an ende; youre wardeynes ben flowen theyr weyes, of them gette ye no more comforte; but we wyl done with you ryght as lyketh vs. Goo we fast in to helle: there shal we fynde a warm duellyng place.

"Now, wepeth, jellyth, cryeth, brayeth, as besyly as ye can; there is none other bote, and lete this be youre dyte and youre songe:

"Alas! the careful tyme that euer we were conceyued or in this World, y bore for to come to so moche sorowe as we ben now to war. Now auayleth nought vs oure terys, ne our wepyng; for oute of this peynful meschyf maye neuer be redempcion, ne no manere of comforte.'"

CAPITULO XLV°.

Here how wretchyd fowles ben defourmyd thorough dedely synne.

NOWE shalle I faye yowe, how this carful companye fodeynly was defourmed, that it was a gryfely fyghte to beholde vppon theym. Somme of them were horned, as hoolys; somme of them tothyd as boores; somme, theyr eyen femyd hangynge vppon theyr chekes; somme hadden longe hoked clawes, lyke as they had ben lyons.* * * * *

And whanne I sawe this horryble fyghte, my herte tremblyd for drede, and I beganne ful pytously to beholde myn Aungel, to aske hym of this thyng. Thenne sayd he to me in this maner wyfe:—"A wondre huge grace haste thou founden in oure lorde Jhesu Cryste, whanne he delyuered the froo this vnthrifty companye, that dampned is, and soo hydously defourmed by cause of theyr synnes. These that ben horned ben prowde men, and desdeynous, that settyn att nought al other men, and holdyth al other vnwyfe, but only them seluen; and now for theyr fyers condicions of prowde auauncynge they ben caste a bak in to endeles dampnacion. These other whos eyen hangen doune vpon their chekes, that ben suche caytyfs, that by enuyous loking and beholding on other mennes prosperite, euer had theyr ioye of other mennes mescheyf, and peyne of theyr welthes; wherfore theyr eyen be fallen oute of theyr hedes. What tyme that thou somtyme or this mettist with enuye, that loked asquynt, she enfourmed the plenerly of al her fowle condicion thou hast not yet foryeten. These other, that ben tothyd lyke to hydous bores, they haue be mansleers, and morderers, in wyllie or in dede, wretched folke and irous, ful of venym, of rancour, and of hate, neyhe to whoos company no man maye endure by cause of their teeth, soo bytterly they byten. These that hauen theyr nayles hoked, and cotchyng, they be coueytous men, that euer ben besy by many dyuerse wyfe by falskede, sleyth, and by extorcion to gaderen to them seluen other mennes goodes; wherof enfourmed the couetyse when that thou mettist with her.*

* * * * *

"Now byholde, and see with goode auysement vpon these folkes that thus ben defourmed, and loke where thou were fayre and femely, what tyme that thou were in suche array, what tyme that thou passydest in thy pylgremage. 'What seye ye?' quod I, 'thenne I was neuer, as I trowe, of suche facyon dyffygured in this wyfe.' 'Soo foule,' quod myn Aungel, 'what is hit that thou seyft? what is hit thenne that thou beryft soo trussed in thy fardel? Caste a doune faste, for hit shal be vnbounden, and thou shalt wel wyte that I haue nought lyed of nought that I haue sayd.'" Anone he vntrussed my fardel, and soone was I taught that sooth was that he seyde.

For therynne sawe I greete hornes longe, hokyd nayles, and despytous sharpe teethe, and ynoughe of suche other fylthe, the that shame is to rehercen; with whiche harnoyes

* See "Booke of the Pylgremage of Man," Appendix, p. xxxv, *et seqq.*

had I ben arrayed, as these other were, I hade ben as fowle, and parauenture fouler, than ony of them alle that I had sene byfore.

“A!” quod I to myne owne dere aungel, “mercy, lete me bynde agene this vnthrifty fardel, for I haue spoken folyly, by cause that I knewe nought my self. Grete foly it is, and huge disauantage that al these pilgrims, that passen by the world in thyllk dedely lyf, ne wylle not byholde, and euery daye besene their owne self in a good myrrour, soo that he myght voyden the fowle spottys, and wonderful defourmytees whiche he shold apperceyuen in his owne persone.” “Ful soth it is,” quod he, “that thou hast feyd me now, and wel I am remembryd when ther come some tyme to the a marchaunt with a myrrour,* whiche, when thou haddest beholden, and sawest thyne owne fylthe, anone withouten more thow caste it ageyne in the panere.” “I haue it wel in mynd,” quod I, “and now hold I my self a wretche, and a caytyf, that I so soone forsöke it!” “Now here after,” quod he, “foryete it nomore, but thynke how moche thou art holden to thy lord god, that of his grete grace hath thus lete bynde thy fylthe, and hyd it in thy fardel, that they maye be brente nought vpon thy persone, as these other wretches whiche thou hast sene before the, dampned in to helle.”

CAPITULO XLVIº.

Here dampned fowles ben led to helle.

BUT now to my purpoos. These fowle fendes ledden these forsayd fowles with suche solempnyte as they ben woned to vsen toward the fyre of helle, the fely fowles wepyng, and them seluen yellyng with a carful melodye. Grete horror and heuynesse was it for to here. And so they departyd fro my fyght. I sawe nomore of them, saue only my Sathanas was euer abydyng me, beholdyng alwey what wey that I wold take. For wel had he herd my Jugement, wherof hym ne lyked neuer a dele at al. Soo at the laste, this fardel was trussed on my necke, my scrip and my burdon was ne bytake ageyne, and thenne myn aungel sayd to me thus: “Come on,” quod he, “thou must to purgatory. I haue hadde for the in to this tyme grete heuynesse, and laboure; for thou woldest not be rewlyd after me whyle thou myghtest chese. But nowe myghte thou none other chese, but go there, as thou art assigned, in to the tyme of thy ful purgacion. Long tyme haue I be taryed fro the fouerayne blyffe by cause of thy mysgouernaunce, for al though I haue presently before me the fyght of the fouerayne fader, yet is my ioye in so moche dystracted that thou art not ther. Thou sholdest be on hye in ful felycyte.”

Thenne Sathanas auancyd hym self byfore, thretyng me, and feyd: “withouten me thou ne shalt passen.” And so alwey he wente, kepyng and costeyng after, as he durst, for drede of myn Aungel, to whome he wold not neyghen. But with ful heuy chere I neyhed to the fyre, whiche I sawe byfore me al black, and hydous, enflammed al aboute. But always it semyd transparaunt that I myght see thorough, as it had ben a glas. There sawe I also many other pylgryms, that suffred greuous tormentes of this brennyng fyr,

* See “Booke of the Pylgremage of Man,” Appendix, p. xxxiv.

that was wonder sharp, as femyd me ; for, therein was I cast with my wretchid fardel ; wherof me lyked but lytel.

O swete crist ! who is it that may bethynke or seye the tormentes, and the peynes, that I there suffred and that I sawe other also suffren in that fyre ? there is no tonge may tellen, ne wryter descryue, ne none ere of man suffyseth for to here, ne herte to conceyue, ne vtterly to byleue it may no creature, but yf he had assayed as I and other dyde. In euery parte, and in euery side, the fire was hote brennyng within, and withoute, ne ther is no mortal creature that wolde suppose, or trowen, that ony fyre myght be half so hote. For sykerly, al this erdely fyre is but thyng depeyntyd in regard of that other, and that shal he conceyuen that hath bothe assayed. In this fyre I was abydyng ful longe, as me thoughte, about for to brenne this vnthriftly fardel, wherwith I myself also brente contynuely. Hit femyd me sothely, that I was in that peyne passyng a thousand yere. And ouer al my grete and greuous peyns it dysplefyd me most in parte, the presence of this Sathanas, that alweye continually shewid me so vnthriftly semblaunt, that dyd me a grete discomfort, for fayne he wold haue neyed me yf he myght ; yet it nedith noo thyng : for I felte ynowe of that that I suffred vpon myn owne persone, al withoute hym. And sothely to me ne myght he not neyhen, ne done none disese as to my owne propre persone, myn Angel alweye soo befily defended me fro his malice, and often tyme comfortid me, abiding euer before me, ful neye to my persone. And elles shold I nought as me semed neuer haue endured the tenthe parte of the peyne. And oftyme thus said he to me : “ loo ! now myght thou by this wel vnderstande, and see, how moche hit harmeth and annoyeth a pylgrym, for to leue the ryzt wey, and the trew path, that oure lord god hath shewed to pylgrymes, bothe in the olde lawe, and also newe late establyshed : in the newe, so that for as moche as thou hast erryd, and myf-went, now arte thou thus in peynes that greuen the I wote wel, wonderly fore : and soo thou hast ful ryghtwisly deserued. And noo doute had not the hye mercy of oure lord god sparid the, and forborne, thou haddest yet deseruid moche more.

“ Wherfore, ne be thou nought dismayed ; for when thou art full purged of thy fylthe, and dyscharged of thy fardel, soo that hit be wasted vtterly, and euery dele forbrent, thenne shalt thou be fynally deliuered oute of these peynes, after thy desire. For, wyte it wel, ful heuy is to me so long iourneyng out of my ioyeful felaushyp, and wonder fayne wold I be fro hennes. But soothly, sith I haue thus fer brought the on thy wey, I wyl not departe fro the tyl that thy self be purged, and thou go euen streyght with me in to the hye blysse : for I abyde nought elles but only thy persone.”*

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CAPITULO LI°.

Why the fend trauayleth for to destroyen sowles.



HENNE sayd I to myn Angel : “ I am,” quod I, “ hugely abafshed of this cruel Sathanas, that so fowle grenneth vppon me, as it were thretyng me with more greuous peynes, ne it suffyseth nought to his malyce the peynes that we

* The four following Chapters contain diffuse descriptions of Purgatory.

suffre. I wonder moche, and wold fayne wyte, yf he ought wynneth ther by, or may winne herafter; and also I wold wyte yf he may thus endure within the fyre withoute hete or brennyng, as yow self dothe." "Soothly," quod he, "al the cure and besynesse that these Sathan doth for to greue pylgrymes is only of enuy; for he is wonder forowful that the place fro whiche he was cast out, is granted them. Therefore alweye he occupyeth his malyce to ben auengid, yf he myghte, ne neuer hath be ynough, ne neuer shalle, of suche malycious and curfyd occupacyon.

"For, vpon tho that ben dampned he besyeth hym contynuelly to tormente and dysese them. And no doute he wynneth nought theron, ne kepeth none other yefte, ne wynnyng, but that the wretchyd sowles be greuoufly peyned. And wyteth wel, when he seeth ony pylgrym escapen, that he may nought tormenten hym, ne dysesen, he hath an huge forowe. And trowe thou nought that he is withoute torment and peyne: for alwey withouten cessyng he is in the hote fire, contynuelly brennyng; ther is no parte of hym that nys with the fyre peyned, and tormented. The cause loo! is this: he is entatched with synne irremysyble, ne he may haue no redempcion, for as moche as he synned withouten suggestion of ony entycement of withoute, ageynst hym that was his souerayne, almyghty lord of heuen. And by cause of his symplenes of nature he myght not be chaunged fro that fowle affection of pryde, and enuye. And duryng that fowle affection he myght not, ne neuer maye, ne shal here after to grace be reformed. But, for cause that man is of double nature, both he hath occasion of synne by his fleshely kynde, and also chaungeabylyte of wylle, and of affection fro euyl to good, and fro good to euyl. And loke! what is his affection at the departyng of these two natures, the ghoost that is symple, ne may neuer forleten it. So, haddest thou departed fro thy body with affection of ony maner of synne, withouten repentaunce, and forthynkyng of thy rather forfet, no doute hit had ben impossible that euer thou sholdest haue be saued, but sholdest eternally haue ben felawe with the fende of helle. But, for as moche as the synne that thou hast done was by fals entycyng of the curfyd fende, by drawyng and inclynacion of the freel fleshe, and not by very malyce engnyed of withynne;—therefore, whan the wyll chaungeth, the swete lord receyueth the to his grace. For why? he that is by another deceyued, by another he may be reformed; but he that wylfully deceyued hym self, who may hym releue of myschyef?"

CAPITULO LII^o.

The Sowle axeth why sowles ben dampned eternally, and the Angel answerith.

AND why," quod I, "ben they dampned to eternall peyne that were so deceyued by the deuyl and by their owne fleshely febylyte? And why may they not be reluyd by other, which that by other were falsely begyled?" "For cause," quod he, "that they haue done wors, and in maner more ben to blame than the fend hym self. For why? Also sone as Sathan had synned he was confermyd in malyce by symplenes of his nature, ne he myght not be reformed by cause of his vnchangeabylyte. But these that ben dampned, no doute they hadden lyberte of choys

and refonable space for to amende them. And yf the fende haue myfconceyfed them, they hadden also counceyll in that other fide, which that defcouered to them the venym and the malyce that was hyd in his fals fuggestion. And fkylful menes they hadde also, how they fhould auoyden it, and plenly was it fhewed them the mefchyef, and the foly, with his counceyll; and in that other fyde, the medeful reward, and excellent ioye, that was ordeyned for them that myztely withftandeth his fuggestion. Some of them haue redde, and herd in fcriptures, approued examples of many good pylgrymes, how they haue gone and wel acheued theyr iourney; but al this haue they fet at nought, and better loued theyr enemy, that drewe them to myfchyef, than theyr frendes, whiche that enforced to faue them ther fro. And foo they dyden euen contrary to that they hadde lerned. And notwithstandinge al that myfgouernaunce, when grace was profered them, and mercy of al that was myfdone, yf that they wold torne theyr fowle affection, they refused it, and wold nought therof. Wherefore I fey, and wel maye, that a creature that hath hadde good counceyll and vtterly refufeth it, is moche more to blame than he whiche neuer had counceyl, ne grace profered hym, after hys myfdede. Sythen thenne that thefe dampned foules haue ben euer adherent to the fendes counceyl, obftynat to grace, and rebelle to al good enformacion, with a peruerted wil, and malicious herte, good fkyle it is, that they with hym be peyned, and tormented endeles perdurable.”

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CAPITULO LVIIº.

Here the fowle neyhed to his dede body.



F fuch maner thynges I fawe many mo than I haue tyme to telle in al a moneth space, though I nought elles dyd. And thus myn Angel ledde me al aboute, and fhewed me, as I haue fayd, many wonder thynges, whiche I wold for no mannes word neuer haue beleuyd, lyuyng here in this mortal erthe, but yf I hadde fene hit and proued hit by myn experyence * * As me thought myn Aungel ledde me forthe, as though I fhould entre in to the erthe, where I felte anone a wonder greuouf ftyнке. And foo I ftent a whyle for to byhold, and fee what maner thyng hit was, that hadde fuche a wykked fauour. Thenne fawe I lyggyng in a pleyne many dede bodyes, among the whiche I apperceyued myn owne bones, whiche I knewe ful wel. And of that fame it was that I felt fuch a fowle fente. But notwithstandinge al this fowle fauour, I myght not ben in pees tyl I had with that body a fpeche, by caufe of old falaufhyp. “Art thou there,” quod I, “thou wretched body, foo horryble, and fo fowle, ftynkyng wormes mete, and noryfshyng of corrupcion? where is now thy pryde, and thy fyers herte? in what lewed pleye were thou, and how haft thou loft al thy queyntye? Sothly, as me femeth, I fawe neuer a fowler defourmed fygure. And certes, wel is worthy! for I myght neuer haue ben fully venged vpon the; for while that thou and I were coupled to geders, thou madeft me to lede a ful vnthryfty lyf, and madeft me to lefe many a dayes labour in foleyeng, and in tyme waftyng by crooked weyes; for thou

foughtest alwey thine owne ese, and thine owne plesaunce, and madest me languyshe with thy mysgouernaunce, alwey contraryeng to that that shold haue ben to myn auantage; wher by I was brought in ful grete dysese and heuynes, and hast made me ynowe to doo for many a day herafter. But, yf the mercy of god abredge in distresse, but nought for thy, bleffid be his grace that hath me putte me in sykernes, oute of the perylle that thou haddest me brought ynne. And had nought ben that grace, I had be lost and dampned by thy purueaunce."

CAPITULO LVIII^o.*The body speketh to the sowle.*

THENNE lyft he vp a lytel his foule lothely vyfage, and beganne to opene his horryble mouthe, seyng in this wyse: "What feist thou?" quod he, "Euel comen be thou! that now begynnest thus to despyfen me, that owest for to comforten me as moche as were in the. Ne thynkest thou nought that thou somtyme were mayster, and governour of my fleshe, and that thou shalt in that same fleshe come to jugement, at the general resurrexion of me, and of al other dede. Hast thou not vnderstanden here bifore the wordes of Ezechyel, that somtyme was here in the same feld, and in this same place, seyng in this wyse, 'the drye bones here ye the word of god,' att whiche voys euery bone went to other, ioynynge them self in theyr propre places, and sewyngly the spyrites repayred to the bones, soo that they stoden vp, as men, in the same perfonnes, ryght as they were byfore, withouten ony spot or vylonye? Wherfor, thou owest nought so fowle to despyse me, ne soo rudely for to blame me; for, sothly, this fyght that Ezechyel sawe in spyryte, it shal be fulfilled at the day of Jugement, veryly and bodely, withouten ony doute. Therfor sholdest thou not soo shortly sette me at nought, for cause that I am now thus fowle deformed, and thus greuouly tormentid amonges wormes and al fowle corrupcion. For thou hast better ryght to blame thy self, than to pleyne on me; for of al my fowle horribilite thy self art the cause. What reson hath the fyre to pleyne vpon the wode, whiche when hit hath caught, hit brenneth in to ashes? why shold these ashes be blamed, or rebuked for theyr vnthrystynesse?" "Noo cause," quod I, "of skyle hath no wyght for to blame the ashes; but bytwene the and me this maner of lykenes is not comparable." "Sothly," quod this body, "this lykenes is accordaunt. Vnderstandist thou not that when I was departid fro my moder wombe with me thou were? And after that tyme alweyes occupiedst me til I was thus vterly wasted, and when thou fondest in me nomore for to waste, thou forfoke me, and ledest me lyke vnto ashes? And I suppose wel that yf thou haddest leste me sodenly in my helthe, or els that thou haddest by vyolence be cast oute fro me, thenne woldest thou nought haue despyfed me as ashes, but paraenture called me black forbrent coles."

Ezekiel xxxvii.
1—14.

CAPITULO LIX°.

The sowle to the dede body.

PUTTE caas," quod I, "that al this were sothe: yet must I nedes blamen the, and forowen and compleynen that euer I come in thy companye; for I was in my nature as clere as is the pure element of fyre, withouten ony corrupcion. And ryght as the fyre taketh smoke, and derkenesse of the mater to whiche he is conioyned, ryght soo toke I of the, what tyme that I approchid the, and medled with thy company, suche fowle derkenes and smoke whiche thou castest oute fro the, by thy foule, vnclene, and stynkyng vapours."

CAPITULO LX°.

The body to the sowle.

BUL wel," quod the body, "may I answere to this, thou were in me actyf as fire is in the wood, and I in to the passyf as woode is in the fyre. I ne myght not hyde myn humours in soo pryue place that thou ne foughtest them oute, and drofe them oute fro me, whether I wold or no, soo that I ne left nought myn humours by myn owne assent, but only compellyd for to suffre the to doo what the lyst, by as moche as thyne was the action, and I nought but abyl for to suffre, whether I wold, or no. Wherefore, yef hit so is that in the is ony fylthe, or vnclennes, infectid by my vapours, as thou berest on hond, soothe it is, syth that thyne is the action in me, as in the mater that hast thou procured thy self, and on thy self is only the defaute, I was bytaken the that thou sholdest me gouerne, and teche in the best wyse. My maister were thou ordeyned; and yf I haue disobeyed the, I trowe thou puttest on me but litel disciplyne wherby that I myght haue ben holden vnder subiection. What that I desired thou grauntedest me, and so moche thou entendest to my plesaunce, that I was encombred ful oftyme of our bothe ryote. So haste thou, that sholdest haue ben souerayne, made me thy mayster, that sholde haue ben subget. Al that I haue desyred was but only of naturell inclinacion to the countre whiche I come of, that was this wretchid erthe. Wherefore in erthe I lye rotid, hauyng here my veray purgatory, but thou that art of that souerayne countre, and the noble werke of the hie Trynyte, thou sholdest haue drawe me to the with thy good gouernaunce after goddes lawe, to the countre which that thou come fro. Therefore was I betaken to be vnder thy reule, and thy gouernment. But, sothely, al otherwyse hast thou done, nought consentyng to myn vnrewly lustes, but moreouer ful oftymes thou hast excyted me to synne, and moche vnthryftynes, techyng me for to caste sleightes and cauteles, whiche that ne come me neuer of nature, ne but only by thy techyng I had neuer knowen them. And for to speke more propyry of my defautes, thy seluen arte to blame as cause of euery dele; for withoute the myzt I not parforme no maner of desyre, neither good, ne euyl. And ther that thou hast me cleped fowle, and stynkyng, yf thou reward to Refon, and wel auyse

thy self, of the come all my stynke; for wele thou wost, that of wexe, ne of matche that is close withynne, al be it hempe, or coton, ther cometh neuer stynke, but yf that it be fyrst enflammed with fyre, yf that this fyre be quenched, thenne cometh of this mater fowle smoke, and stynke. I aske the, thenne, that hast lerned of Aristotiles the causes of corrupcion, wherof cometh this wycked fauour, and smoke of the torteys when the fyre is oute? Whether is it of the matche, or only of the wex? sith it so is that neyther stynketh of theyr propre nature."

CAPITULO LXI°.

The fowle to the body.

SOTHELY," quod I, "as I vnderstande, that fowle vnholosome fauour cometh of the corrupcion whiche the fire hath caused in the torche, what tyme that the fire is withdrawn hym by vyolence, or elles in maner of compleynt he casteth oute foule vapours and smoke whiche ben, as it were, terys of wepyng, by cause of the harme that the fire hath done theryn in wastyng of his substaunce. And, as me femyth, the more noble that the mater is, the fowler is the fauour when it is thus corrupt, as it is preued clerely by wax, that smelleth wors after it is quenched, than doth ony talowe."

CAPITULO LXII°.

The body to the fowle.

THIS answere," quod the body, "suffiseth to myn entente; for that thyng only that is corrupt, stynketh, and is of euil fauour; soo that bothe the waxe, and the matche, haue toke corrupcion only of that fyre that both alterate the mater, and appeyred hit, specially at the forletyng of that same mater. For why? thou hast no cause to repreue me by cause that I stynke; for in me hast thou ben as fyre in the wax, and me thou hast corruptyd and caused that I stynke; in as moche as thou hast thus forleten me, thou owest of right more to be blamed than I. And more cause haue I to compleyne on the, than thou hast on me. And femyth wel by the fowle fauour that thou felyst, whiche ascendith fro me, to the compleynyng of the corrupcion whiche that thou thy self hast caused in me. The stynke that thou felyst in me is nought elles but thyne owne synne. And I seye the ferthermore, that there ben many one lyeng on this place al hote, withouten ony corrupcion in theyr sepulture, wherof the cause is nought elles but that they were wel taught, and disciplyned, and kepte oute of synne, and gouerned in a ful gracious scole, vnder a full good and gracious mayster, that had them vnder gouernaunce. And yf thou haddest also holden me short, I had nought now so fowle be corrupt; for only by thy synnes it is that I am so lothely, and of so fowle fauour."

CAPITULO LXIII°.

The fowle to the body.

HENNE said I thus, "Who that is put in a narowe sack, bounden fast without, he hath not the maystry, ne the gouernaunce of the sack, but the sack hath the maystry of hym whom that he holdeth so enclosed. Now this knowest thou wel, that holdest me enclosed within the, and keptest me ful derworthly, that I went nought fro the, ne that I myght not doo myn own plesance; so that by the is it that I haue be let fro gracious gouernaunce, and thou art cause of my forfet and of al my foly."

CAPITULO LXIII°.

The body to the fowle.

NOW quod that other, "now arguest thou folyly; for thy reson is more to my purpos than it is to thyne. For he that is clofid in a sack hath more myght and power than hath the dede sack, that kepeth hym enclosed, namely, sith that the sack is of grete largesse, soo that his wyttes mowe vsen theyr jugementes withouten ony lettyng. Sothly the sack it self may nought meue to, ne fro, but yf he that is sacked, meue hit of his owne myght. I haue ben nought els but, as it were, thy sack, whome thou hast caryed whyder that the lyst. Thou haddest within me large space ynowe, and al thy myght myghtest thou vse atte thyne owne plesance, soo that thou ne woldest nought departe, ne suffren thy sack for to be vnbounden, ne disclofid by thy wylle."

CAPITULO LXV°.

The Angel endeth this parlement.

MYN Aungel thenne auanced hym before me, and said, "what, hast thou," quod he, "fouden cause of Ryotyng? Hit is ful hye tyme that the discencion of you bothe stynte, and take an ende; for it is nought to youre hele auaylynge, bitwene tho suche maner of stryf and wordes shold be meuyed, whiche that ben perpetuelly dampned in to the peyne of helle; but ye that ben predestynate to saluacion, and shal hereafter be reioyned as frendes, ye oweth nought for to stryue, but ye sholde ben of acord; and soo wylle I that ye be, and that ye soo departen."

Thenne my fowle body bigan to hold hym still, and spak no word. And I also held my pees, and wold no more seye, saue only that I bad hym adyeu; "And god graunte," quod I, "that I maye be with the hereafter in the souerayne ioye!"



Liber Quartus.

The Third Book gives long descriptions of the pains suffered in hell, and the Fourth Book begins with a very fanciful description called "the greene tree and the drye," containing a comparison between the fall of Adam and the Redemption of Christ.

Then follows an account "of two wonderful ymages one armed and the other naked whiche the soule sawe."

CAPITULO XXIX°.

MANY suche thynges tolde me this wyfe lady whiche I haue now to rehercen. Soo thenne wente we forthe, myn Aungel and I, and at the last I saw before me a wonder machynament, and meruaylous! Two ymages huge, of disparayl fourme, were set in hyhe place, that one ymage was lyke to a lusty knyght syttyng vppon horsback, shewyng first by manere of his contenance, and femyd al redy for to wage bataylle.

That other ymage was wonderfull, as I shal shewe hereafter. And nought ne wyft I what hit wold mene; but as I asked of myn Aungel. Neuertheles, I me remembrid of the statua which Nabugodonor somtyme sawe in his seueenyng. And soo was this resembled therto by text of the Scripture.

This ymage was huge of quantite, and gryfly to behold; and had the hede of fyn gold, the armes and the breste of clene pured syluer, the thyes of bras, the legges al of yren and of erthe. Thenne ganne I to behold toward myn Aungel, in purposos to asken hym what this sygnyfyed. "Full well," quod he, "haft thou long tyme passid seen them, and redde in the book of Danyel, how that Nabugodonor somtyme laye thynkyng in his bedde, how that his Royamme and his peple myght be gouerned, treted, and demened, soo that it myght be to his own hertes reste, and worshyp to withouten. Soo was hit shewed hym in his slepe, of the lordes grace, by Interpretacion of the prophete Danyel, to knowe how that it stood for the tyme present, and hit shold standen after his dayes; how that his Reame shold be wasted, and destroyed, what ende it shold take, and in to whoos handes it shold bycome. The facione, and the fourme of this forsaid ymage haft thou sene thy self, in this present statua, and by the delaracion of the hooly prophete. Or this ymage signyfyed the same kynge Nabugodonor, whiche hadde an

heede of gold, to that ende that alle kynges, and emperours, and al that hauen estate of gouernaunce therof, sholden taken theyr ensamples to vsen good gouernment. Take good heede now, what I shalle seye to the, as I haue lerned and herd seyen byfore, this word *statua*, whiche that we transfumen in to Englyshe, that is to mene an Image, hit cometh of this latyn word '*statuo*:' that is as moch to seyn, as for to ordeyne, setten, or stablyshe a thyng to be nought remeuyd oute of his place, but for to standen stedfastly, alwey permanable. And therof ordynaunces of pryuate lawes in Reames and in comynaltees ben cleped '*statutes*,' for they sholde be stably kepte, and obserued, euer withouten chaungyng.

"Hit was somtyme ordeyned, and establyshed to that ende that a kyng shold ben in remembraunce to alle tho that were his lyeges, that ther shold be made an Image also nyhe resemblyng to the kyng of the Countre, as ony crafty man couthe cast, or counterfeten; that, for as moche as the kyng myght nought in alle places be present, ne his persone myght come to the fyght of comyn peple, they shold bihold that Image: by whiche fyght they sholden be adred for to disobeyen, or rebellen ageynst the lawes. And this ymage shold representen the kynges estate to euery man's herte, as though he said to them in this maner wyse:—'Suche is your kyng, this is his land: beware! for he wylle be wroken of his enemyes, and tho that disobeyen hym.' And trewely, ful sothe it is, that the moste parte of kynges, and gouernours, that haue ben in oure dayes, ben lyke to the dede ymages, as to ony comforte or help of the peple, and trewe mayntenance of the iust lawes. They faren right as done weryels of ymages made of clothe, stopped with strawe, that holdith in his hand a bowe, bent to fere away the fowles oute of the corne; but, soothly, they sheten neuer shotte, ne they done none execucion vpon extorcioners, ne tyrauntes, that falsely opprefsyn his peple, ne nought els he rewardeth, but only that his persone be mayntened myghtely in honour, and worthyp.

"And who that ought seith, or doth that therto repugneth, he nys but dethe's mete. But the wyse kyng Salamon, in his book *Ecclesiasticus*, writeth and saith ryght thus: the gouernaunce of the wyse man is euer ferme, and stable; suche as is the Juge, such ben his Jugementes; suche as is the kyng, eyther lord of the cyte, suche is the peple. An vnwyse kyng or gouernour, lesith his peple; but by the wytte of a suffysaunt souerayne, the peple is saued, and defended. Wherefore, I seye, the werkes of a gouernour ben properly his '*statua*,' or his ymage fourmed and depeynted to his lykenesse, by maner of his gouernaunce, whiche must nedes be open to al his peple, be it one, or other; ne he ne shalle nought ben of power be he neuer so myghty for to werne the peple jugen his ymage pryuely, amonges them, and for to descryuen to the vttermoost, be it good, or badde. Of this *statua*, or ymage it is, that men of hye power ben cleped '*men of estate*,' for they standen alwey open to the peple by maner of theyr gouernaunce, that they vsen better or werse. And euery persone of estate shold ryghtwyfely bere that name of estate, by stablenes of his gouernaunce. And yf he be nought stable, but varyaunt, and flytting fro veray stedfastnes, thenne bereth he the name of estate after '*statua*'—that is an ydole, or an ymage, that nothyng auaileth. Of suche a persone or gouernour speketh the prophete Ysaye in repreuyng his vnthriftynesse, and

seyth ‘ O pastor et ydolum domus Israel ; ’ ‘ O thou wretchyd herd and fals feder of the hows Israel, that arte clothed with gold, and sette in huge arraye ; alle folke the alouteth, and obeyeth, and thou arte veyne, and voyde of al maner of vertue, ryght as an Image that nought hath of manlyhede, but only of lykenesse, by maner of shap withouten.’

“ Wherfore, suche perfonnes of estate shold bere theyr name of stablynesse, and al that they sayde or dyde shold be of suche delyberacion, that it myght be taken for autoryte of lawe, right as a statute, ordeyned and sette to rewle the people. And, yf so be that a kynges wordes and werkes, be of suche sadnes, and lawes keped stably withoute ony cauylacions, or fals faouere of perfonnes, or Couetyse of propre lucre,—thenne is thilk estate trewely deryued of this latyn word ‘ sto,’ that is to seyne, ‘ stand,’ and stably abide euer in one, by veray constaunce of his free courage ; and thenne is this statua able to be honoured, and dred of the peple. In this maner of stabilite stood neuer Nabugodonosor, ne neuer had his ymage suche honour, ne worship, but yf it were of Japers and flaterers. But, shortely for to speke, by the stablenes of the statutes of a kyng, or prynce, wel kepte, and mayntened to gouernaunce of the peple, the gouernour is knowen, and in contynuel remembraunce many dayes after, and leueth, as it were, behynd hym a statua, or an ymage his allowable and sadde condicions. Wherfore, euery kyng and gouernoure, hath grete mater and cause that their statua be soo well portreyed, by their good maners and sadnes of gouernaunce, that it may be loued, and honoured of the peple ; for no doute he standeth in soo open place, that euery man full ofte casteth to hym his eye, beholdyng therupon, preisinge it, or blamyng in his herte, after that hym semeth he duely hath deserued.

“ The Emperour Constantyn somtyme said in this wise, as touchyng this mater : ‘ In the more heyhe place of estate that we ben set amonges other men, the more clerely be we sene, and apperceiued of euery mans eye ; wherfore all thyng that we seyen, or done, shold ben att al tymes good, and commendable, that noo reproof were founden therin.’ This Constantyn by this maner of seyeng, sith he had soo hye estate as Emperour, and cheef of the world, in temporel gouernaunce, he wold establishe soo hym seluen and his lawes, that no man fynde in hym noo manere of defaute ; but that euery wight preised and bleffid, both hym, and his lawes.

“ For why ? euery good kyng is preised by the exampler, figure, or statua of his good condicion, and knowen therby, ryght as a man is knowen by his visage. And therfor, this haue I said, and yet seye : that a kyng, or prynce, that hath a Reaume to rewle, and to gouerne, he may no better shewe hym self to his peple, ne putt him self in knowledge, than by his good and vertuous gouernement, by the whiche he shall be honoured, and worshiped, either els by his euyll gouernement, be blamed, and dispresed. If he be a Tyraunt he shalle ben hated, and despised ; if he be lacheffe of his lawes, men will scorne hym, as a dede ymage, that of nought ne feruyth.”*

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* The next eight chapters contain “ a descripcion of this ymage in speciall,” given by the “ Aungel.”

CAPITULO XXXVIII^o.

Here he telleth of the Chaumpon of liberalyte.



OF the knight," quod I, "that stondeth besydes this ymage yet haue ye seid me no thyng at al." "Ful soothe it is;" quod myn Aungel, "but ful soone I shalle seye the somwhat therof. There was somtyme a noble kyng that hyght Poeticus, of grete power, and wonder grete renoume. To this kyng by cause of his worthyp and also for his worthynesse, knowen into full ferre countrees, ther come knyghtes and soudyours of many dyuerse costes, for to see, worthyp, and also for to done hym seruyse, in what that hym nedid; supposyng therby for to geten honoure and fame, where that they shold come after. For why? soo grete and worthy name had this kyng neuer none had gretter sith the world bigan, soo that his loos and his fame spred euerywhere in to ferre countre, by long tyme withouten admenusyng, or lesyng ought of his renoume. Soo, after a grete whyle, there come to his Courte a knyght of a straunge countre, for to seken worship, for as moche as he had herd speke of the worthynes of this noble kyng. And as it happed, the tyme of his comyng there was no meyne walkyng ne steryng in the Court, ne no wyght founde whome to speken to, in spedynge of his purpoos. Soo walked he forth tulle he come to the entre of a lytel gardeyn, where he sawe syttyng vnder an ympe in an herber, a wonder fayre damoyfel, of passyng beaute, that ful bitterly wept, grete doel and pyte was hit to byholde. He sawed hyr goodly, and she welcomed hym ful connyngly, as she wel couthe. The knyght thenne asked of hyr, why she wepte so? But she wold nought tellen hym, but said it was for a thyng nought hym for to know; so left this knyght to aske ony more of that mater, but he enquiryed of hyr, where the kyng was. But thenne began she to wepe wel faster than byfore. 'Now worthy knyght,' quod she, 'I preye yow of youre gentilnes, and for the loue of god, yf ye lyst for to see hym abydeth for to morowen, and thenne cometh, and ye shalle me fynden in this same place; and I ensure you feythfully, I shalle bryng yow to a place where ye shalle sene hym all youre hertes fylle.' Then sayd this knyght, 'I wylle, with ryght gode herte, doo by youre counceyll. But, paraenture, whan I am returned I fynde yow nought here, ne knowe nought youre name, thenne sholde I hold my seluen as deceyued, and fayle of my purpoos.' 'I am,' quod she, 'by my ryght name clepid "Lyberalyte," and here shalle ye fynde me to morne at this tyme. Asketh of me now no moo demaundes, I praye you. I am soo full of sorow, and of heuynes, that I haue no herte to speke to yow, ne to doo yow suche chere as to youre estate bylongeth.' The knyght soo departid, and vpon the morowe he come thyder ageyne, right as he was assigned, this damoyfel was redy, and honestly receyued hym, and took hym by the hande, and soo ledde hym forthe in to the paleys, where the kyng was that tyme with full lytell meyny of noblesse, or of worthy perones; but he found in his presence an old vnseemly one. I ne can nought calle hyr lady, ne wyl nought dishonoure the honeste of wymmen with so fowle a name as she semyd worthy. She was ryght fowle, disfigured with a lothely mouthe, whiche that fat

al a wry in ful dishonest wife. This same of whome I speke, pletid and held parlement ful vnwomanly bifore the kynges presence, and bare hyr seluen boldely, right as she were maystresse, and hadde alle the gouernement of the kyng, and his houshold. What tyme that this worthy knyght sawe this maner of doying, he helde hym self abashed, and dismayed, and anone retourned hym withouten ony speche, seyng to this damoyfell, whiche had brought hym there: 'What is this,' quod he, 'that I am comen to seken oute of so ferre countre? Sothly, I am deceyued, and that wonder foule, of this kyng that I haue now sene; for I haue herd all otherwyse speken of his persone, than I see at this tyme present, with myn eye. But feye me,' quod he, 'gentil damoisell, what meneth al this? and what is this old one, that soo besily pletith in the kynges presence?' 'O!' quod this damoiselle, 'my dere, gentil knyght, for these same it is that I am thus in anguyshe, and dysese; for I was woned to be loued of the kyng more than ony other, and euer in his companye. And that tyme was he lyke to a lord, and euery man hym loued, and recommendid; thenne he hadde pryce, and renome, wel more than euer hadde Salamon. But now, allas! with sorowfull herte, that I shall ought feye, other than worshyp by hym that I haue founden soo noble a lord! For now hath he had newe councelle, of folke newe comen, whiche haue brought hym fro bynethen the erthe this old one, that ye seeth, and dryuen me oute of his presence.

"'And soothe it is, he is ful wery of hyr, sauynge that he dare not offende these councyllours, they ben so wonder wyse, and ben as ful of eyen as euer was Argus, that had a thousand eyen; the beestes that seynt Johan sawe, that were so full of eyen byfore and behynd sawe not half so clerely. Wherefore hath he graunted, and establyshed, that alle thyng ordeyned and deuyfed by theyr councelle, shall be holde, and kepte of alle men, be they more, or lesse. And sothely, the kyng ne thynketh none other, as I suppose, but that all theyr ordynaunce is to his hye honoure, and worship. And yf he wytt the contrary, withouten doubt he wold not long suffre them; he wold rather dye; for wyte it wel, fyre knyght, theyr ordynaunces whiche they maken, is to grete greuance, and oppresyng of the poure peple. Ful soothe it is that Pharao put the children of Israel in to grete seruage, and in to grete afflictions. But no wonder was it, for they were straunge foreyners, nought of his propre peple. Wherefore, though that he put them in trauaile, and distresse, it was not moche merueyle, ne soo moch mystoke hym not, as yf he hadde thus oppresyd his owne kyndely peple of his owne countre. But here is it otherwyse. For nought only straungeours, but also the kyndely borne men of this same land, ben troubled, and dysefed, by councelle of these fals deceyuours. Soo they leden the kyng at theyr owne lust, ryght as tutours and curatours, for to ordeyne and gouerne hym, ryght as he were to yonge within age, and couthe nought gouerne hym seluen.' 'But wote ye euer,' quod the knyght, 'yf the kyng take ony grete auauntage by these folkes gouernaunce?' 'Soothly,' quod this damoisel, 'neuer a dele at al; but it torneth euen contrary. But they hauen the auauntage, and he moche harme. Hit is wel seene in theyr howses; for they hauen gold ynowe to bye, and purchace grete londes and rentes. They haue plente of jeweles, and of siluer vessel; but the kyng hath nought wherof to paye for his mete, but of white stikkis that no thyng auailen; wherof

hit is grete pite for to knowe and here. Thus is the kyng of his people waryed, and curfid, soo that meschyef and myfauenture mote nedes falle at the laste; bothe he and his Court torne to nought, and vtterly be destroyed. For soothely, alle his trewe seruauntes ben departid fro hym, for drede of the old deuel, that hath hym vnder hande. But whyle that he was woned to haue me in his company, and we lyued to geders in ioye, and gladnesse of herte, thenne was the kyng moche preysed, and worshypped in alle the world aboute. Wherefore, sith I see this fowle, monstrous old one, brought in to his companye, for to fordone his noble Renome, and I am cast oute fro hym, to his grete dishonoure—no wonder though I dye for sorowe. And yet weyle I more the lesyng of the kynges worship, than of myn own dysese; for he had more worshypp by me, than euer I had by hym, or may haue herafter.'

“Thenne said the knyght: ‘Now gentil damoyfel, cesse of thy wepyng; for wel I see that thou art to the kyng stedfast, and trewe, and louest hym hertely. But seye me, what wolt thou yeue me, yf I make thy pees, so that the kyng put away that foule, mysfarynge old one, and take the to his companye ageyne?’ ‘Certes,’ quod she, ‘ther shalle neuer be that day that ye shalle fayle of my loue. And yf I may els doo that may be to youre worship, and myn, I shalle hit done ful gladly, with all my dylygence.’ ‘Now, by feynt george,’ quod this knyght, ‘I shal speke to the kyng; I wol no longer tarye.’ ‘Syre kyng,’ quod he, ‘god yeue yow moche worshyp! With hugefull payne, and laboure, I am comen fro ful ferre countre, for to visite, and see youre Ryal estate, and for to honouren yow, after my symple power—for as moche as I haue herd speke of youre full excellent, and noble persone; of whiche the renome is spred in all the world about. Soo haue I, syth come in to youre land, founden the soothe, that ye ben full worshipfully gouerned with Justice in youre jugementes, and in your assyses al your offycers in the countre, done wel theyr deuoyre, that moche plesith my herte. Wherefore ye ben moche to preyse, and commende. But of another thyng haue I herd speke of sythe I come to countre, by which youre loos and worship moche empyreth. I haue founden a damoisell fayre, and gracious, ne were nought here importable sorowes, that she maketh hyr teres, and hyr pytous wepynge, whiche ye were woned to cherisshen, and to loue, right as youre owne peramour. And standyng soo that she hath nought mystaken hyr, ne no thyng mysdone, but moche honour and worship haue ye had by hir, ye haue cast hyr oute, for an vnthrifty, and vnsemely tyraunt, whiche ye haue take in hyr stede; for whiche thyng al folke prayseth yow the lesse, and lesse wylle herafter, whyle that she is with yow in companye. Wherefore, by my counceylle, casteth hyr fro yow, and take to yow that other, as it better bysemeth youre honourable persone, and also your worshyppfull and Royall estate.’ ‘Fayr fyre,’ quod the kyng, ‘ye speketh of a thyng wherof ye knoweth lytell. The Damoyfel, that ye speketh of, haue I not put away, ne taken this other: but my counceylle hath done hit, for my greete profite, and worshyp. I must nedes trowe my counceylle, and be gouerned after them, as euery kyng mote, yf he wylle sauen his honoure; soo that I nyl not cast away this olde, ne receyue the yong, but yf I doo it by the counceylle of them that brought me to that gouernaunce. But therto suppoſe I nought that they wylle

consenten.' 'And how wylle ye,' quod this knyght, 'suffren them thus bytrayen yow, withdrawynge youre worshyppe, and your fame, by suche maner of gouernaunce?' 'I wote nought,' quod the kynge, 'but I byleue fully they done hit for my worshyp, and my profyte.' 'Soothly,' quod this knyght, 'and I shalle anone, right bifore yow, prouen the contrary, and shewen yow openly, that tho whiche yaued yow this counceyll, haue done aweye the worship of youre name; and falsely is it done, and traitourly, of whofo euer it be. And of trefon I appele them here in presence of you, and of alle youre baronage! And here I wage my gloues, to proue this vppon their perfonen, with my right hand. Make them to come in to youre presence; for I am redy for to take this bataille, be there neuer soo many; therefore wille I not spare. Soo moche I triste in the trowth of my quarell, and soo moche trefon I knowe in their perfonen! Soo that I wille not leue them, till I haue made them for to crye you mercy, and knowleche their trefon, that they haue falsely and wickedly put liberalite oute of youre presence, and brought in Couetyse. Wherfore, sire kynge, doth me right as touchynge this appele. For ye maye nought with worship werne me myn askyng, ye knoweth well you seluen.' 'Soothly,' quod the kyng, 'I graunt yow this bataill, for to be done in the playn ordeyned therfore, the eighte daye after this daye present.'

"'And I accepte this iourneye,' quod the knyght, 'with ful gladdes chere, al redy anone right in this fame houre.' 'And I shall,' quod the kynge, 'fitten present as juge. And in this eighte dayes I enquire whiche of them alle is moost able to defende this quarel, and take hit on hand.' Soo thenne, at the eighte daye, the feld was arrayed; the kynge set in his tente redy for to see this bataylle. Forth cometh this knyght, ful thriftely armed, and entred the feld. And whan that the Heraudes hadde made theyr proclamacion, hym seluen of hie courage byganne to cryen and feyde:— 'Cometh forth, ye curfid traitours, that haue bytrayd youre lyege lord, youre kynge, byreuyng hym his good fame, and honourable loos. Cometh forth! I defye you as fals and vntrewe! I shal shewen the trefon openly, whiche ye haue withyn yow pryuely counceyled. Cometh forth oute, and shewe yowre seluen present!' Soo this knyght abode a wonder long tyme, appelyng these traytours, but none was so bold, ne so hardy for to shewe hym selue: wherfore the peple that there was assembled, and had longe abyden, were annoyed gretely.

"The kynge thenne, syttinge in his tente abydinge this bataylle, lete cryen pees, that he myzt haue audyence to speke to this knyght. Soo was this knyght clepid to the kynges presence, and he vnhelmed hym, and come before the kynge, to whome the kynge said: 'Fayre sire,' quod he, 'I hold the for a worthy, and a valyaunt knyght, ful able to moche worshippe, and worthy for to bere the signe of knyghthode, and of worthynesse; for thou hast manfully purfewed thyn appele, and hast deserued victorie of thine aduersaries. And in as moche as they wol nought apperen, I deme them culpable. I wol neuer trusten them hereafter, but they shalle haue their peynes, as to suche fals traitours belongeth. And the I yeue the worship of the felde, as thou hast wel deserued; and my self I abandoune to be gouerned after thy counceill. Wherfor make

come to me the damoifelle, for whome thou tooke this batail. And this other olde one, I will that ſhe be voided as faſt, withouten ony taryeng.’

“ And ſo was the damoiſel liberalite brought to the kynge, and that other put oute of his preſence ; by the which thyng the kynge recouered ſuche honoure, and preiſing of the peple, ſo that al folk loued hym entyerly, as they owed their lyege lord, with al their hoole hertes. And here myght thou ſee the courage and manfulhede of a good knyght. Here myght thou ſee the meſchyef of vntrewe counceylle, that made this gentil Lyberalite priſond, and put oute of preſence, and curſid Couetiſe clepid in to Court, and coupled to ſoo hye a perſone of eſtate as is the kynge hym ſelue. Caſte, and ymagyne, euery man his luſte. Worſhip and couetyſe acordeth not to geders, but they ben euen contrary. Who that loueth that one, he voydeth that other, withouten ony doute. Now I feye the that this worthy kyng, for the grete courage of knyght-hode, and trewe counceylle, that he fond in this noble knyght, he lete grauen his ymage, and ſet it here in this open place, for to be had in contynuel remembraunce ; and to that ende that euery kynge therafter ſhold take enſample to kepen hym ſeluen fro vntrewe counceylle. And this is thyng wel knownen to all tho that dwellen nyhe the place, where this ſtatua ſtandeth here in open ſyght.”

HERE ENDETH THE FOURTH BOOKE OF THE PYLGREMAGE
OF THE SOWLE.



Liber Quintus.

Here begynneth the fyfthe book.

CAPITULO Iº.

How the soule was toke out of purgatory and led vp thorough the heuently speres toward the blisse.

AFTER this parlement of these two ymages, I retourne me ageyne to my fyrst purpos. And, soothly, me femyd that wonder lytel or nought my peynes were abredged in all this mene tyme. And certeyne, yf it had ben pleasaunt to grace dieu, me thought it had ben tyme that somwhat had ben lessid of my peyne, and that I had ben brought to another more restfull place. And sykerly, after this, ful longe there I boode in my torment and peyne that I suffred, soo that alwey it decrecyd by a litel and a litel. And soo long I there abode that I ne felte no more peyne at al, and that my fardel was wasted and torned to nought, I sawe no more therof. Thenne femyd I to my self so lyght, that I bygan to flee withoute ony lettyng, and so sawe I in to heuene, whiche was thenne to me disclofid and open, so that I saw thenne the thynges whiche I haue before hand seyde were cortheyned fro my sight, that is to seye, the hye prouost of heuene, seynt Mychael, sitting as Juge, and alle these other that shold make jugements of all dyuerse peples. The grete clernes that there was within, shynyng al aboute, made me haue so grete ioye, and comfort, that I ne felte no maner of dysese. Myn Angel oftyme flowe vp to that place, and oftyme returned ayene, and badde me that I sholde a whyle abyde, and be of good chere; for within a lytel tyme I shold be brought in to hye heuene.

“Ful soone,” quod he, “shalle I lede the thyder, for I haue leue of the prouost, and alle his affeours, that there ben present with hym. For now ben Misericord, and Justyce acorded to geders; and soo ben as well Refon, Trouthe, and Equyte, withoute ageyne seyng; all they ben one, and of one wyll.” When I thus had abyden a whyle, and sene many thynges, that is to saye, the elementes, and al that was within, Angels also I sawe fleen to and fro, and Sathanas, ful besyly, by see and land, and in the eyer

abouen. I sawe hym ful ofte fle hyder and thyder, for to espye pylgrymes, by pathes, and by weyes. Soo, at the laste, myn Aungel took me by the hand, and syngynge, he said to me thus: "Now goo we vp in to that fouerayne Cyte, withouten more abydyng; for now ben ended the peynes, and tormentes, and fully adetermynd. Now syng we, moute we, fle we vpward, as fast as we may! for full nyhe is the ioie whiche that we abyden; we ben full nyhe to that reste that we haue longe desired, that neuer shalle failen, ne be ended!" And thus syngynge, he ledde me forth, and shewed me the fyrmament. But in this poynt I sawe grete foyson of byrdes, in euery side aboute, that songe in the eyer, no thyng els seyng but euer "Jhesu! Jhesu!" withoute ony cessyng. "What may this be?" quod I to myn Angel, "where haue these byrdes lernyd thus to syng so redyly, and lustely to nempne this blysfyl name Jhesu? It is grete ioie, and solace to here them, and for to see them also it is a plesaunt thyng." "Certes," quod myn Angel, "thou sholdest nought ben abasshed, for thou hast sene them er this, but thou art not auysed therof, now at this tyme, ne hast bifore this tyme taken but litel hede of their swete songe; and that hath hyndered the gretely. And grete dole hit is when that mortal folk taketh none hede to theyr owne auantage. These ben the byrdes that god almyghty maad, to that entent, that mortal folke shold take theyr example, to done as they done. These ben cleped larkes, whiche that in latyn haue the name of preifing, and of worthyppynge, and ben cleped 'alaude,' nought withouten cause. For why? they ryfen, and mounten ferre fro the erthe, and spreidyn theyr wynges, preysen god with theyr mery songe; and alle theyr disport and pley, is to syngen 'Jhesu.' And no byrd is in erthe whoos werke and occupacion is haluendele so fayre. They ben the fygyre and the patron, by very lykelyhede, of the ioie of paradys of angels, and blessed spyrytes, that there contynuelly worshipen theyr creatoure, with grete reuerence, and honoure. And they also haue take ensample of contemplatif men, conuersaunt in erth, that hauen contynuelly Jhesu in theyr mouthe; therof they maken all their song and solace, sprede and extendyd with cryst on the crofs, by compaffion of hert presyng hym alwey, withoute ony styntyng. And thus for to done, nought only mortal folke, but alle thynges fourmed of god, counceyled the three children in danyels book. And Dauyd in the ende of his sawter clepith alle creatures for to preysen god. 'Preyseth god of heuene first ye blysfyl angels, for ye haue gretteft cause. Preyseth god bothe sonne, and mone, sterres, and alle that yeueth lyght. Preysyth god, ye hyhe heuens, and waters that ben abouen in the fyrmament, preysith the name of the hyhe lord! for only his name is, and oweth for to be, exaltd, and presyd of alle creatures!' And wyte it wel, for sothe there is no thyng that it ne dothe his deuoyre, but only mortal man, whiche that is abouen alle creatures bounden moost therto. Soo, haddeft thou somtyme soo done thy deuoyre, lyke to these larkes, thou haddeft not soo longe be lette fro this ioie, but euer now here after this shalle be thyn occupacion, when thou arte in heuene. That shalle be ful hastely; goo we fast thyderward, for we ben loked after!"

Thus, thenne, myn Aungel ledde forthe, and shewed me the fyrmament, whiche with his tornyng aboute made a wonder Armony, soo melodyous, and so full of swetenes, that alle erthely Instrumentes that euer haue ben, or ben at this tyme ordeyned by

deuys of mayftres of muſyk, ſhold be ſett at no reputacyon of hym that had herd that folace, and that myrthe. The cauſe of this melodye is the merueylous mouyng, and wonderfull tornyng of the ſpyeres, whiche I ſaw tornen, and wenden, eueriche within other, by contrarious mouyng, and by embelif, tornyng ſo ſwetely, they entercounted to geders in their circute about the erth, and alle other elementes, withouten any tyme ceſſyng, or reſtyng. Two greete ſpyeres ſaw I tourne, that one within that other; in the Innermore of whiche, the ſterres were faſtned bryght, and clere ſhynyng, ſomme more, and ſomme leſſe, as it lyketh to the ſouerayne maker. This nether ſpyere, after the wordes of tholome,* ſo contraryeth contynuelly the mouyng of that other, that in a honderd yere ne hyndereth a degree, fro there he was beforne. And thou ſhalt vnderſtande, that in the hole compas of the ſpyere ben of ſuch degrees thre honderd and ſyxtie. Within this Innermoſt ſpyere, I ſawe ſeuē other ſpyeres, moche leſſe than theſe other two, of whiche ſeuē eueriche was leſſe than other, as nedes muſt the leſſe be con- teyned within the more. And within eueryche of theſe ſperes, there was a Cercle, embelyſyng ſom what, and thwartyng the thыcknes of the ſpyere; whiche Cercle clepeth the different. In the circumference of eueriche of theſe cercles, was ſette a lytel Cercle, whoos compas ne paſſid nought the forſaid thыckenes; which Cercle is cleped of Astronomyens the Epicikle. This Epicikle was ſoo wonderful ſet vpon this difference, ſoo that it abood not euer in one poynt, but moued vpon this Cercle by ordre, and proceſſe, fro place to place, about this forſaid different.

In eueriche of theſe Epycicles was fitted one of the ſeuē name couthe planetes, that ben cleped of clerkes ſterres erratiks; ſawe only, that the ſonne was withouten epycikle, fitted euer in circumference of his different. Theſe epycycles beren aboute merueylouſly the bodyes of the planetes, ſomtyme forthward, ſomtyme backward; ſom- tyme abouen, ſomtyme bynethen, ſo that who ſo hadde playnly ſene the mouyng of them euerichone at ones, hym ſhold wel haue ſemyd, that they hadden pleyed and made grete ioye, namely, for to here the merueylous melodye whiche that they maden in theyr mouyng. As I thus beheld this merueylous tornyng of theſe forſaid ſpyeres, that moch dellyted me, myn Angel ledde me heyer; and abouen al theſe ſpyeres he ſhewed me a water, whiche that beclippyed them in compas al aboute. Soo clere it was, and pure in hit ſelf, that nature ſhold haue ben abafhed in the beholdyng. For, as to my juge- ment, ſhe made neuer ſuche an other. For clerely ſaw I through oute this water, alle thyng that I had ſene byfore, bothe erthe, and ſee, and alle other elementes, with all theſe forſaid ſpyeres enclouſid within. Forth paſſed we thenne, thorough another ſpyere, that ſemyd all of Criſtall. And forthe I behelde, and ſawe far abouen me, the prouoſt of heuen, whiche as me ſemed, I had ſene bynethen; and there I ſawe al the Court ſyttyng, with the ſame perſones as is bifore ſeid, alle but Sathanas, and the peple abydyng judgement; for them ne ſawe I nought.

“What maye this be deere Wardeyn?” quod I. “Me thynketh that I ſaw many yere ago this ſame prouoſt, ſyttyng in his aſſyſes in another place, whyder ye hadde

* See Plate II, Coloured Drawing, and Note C.

brought me for to answere to Sathanas, myn aduersary, of myn olde errour." Thenne beganne this Aungel softely to smylen, and said in this wyse: "Haft thou nought mynde," quod he, "vpon the black corteyn that was drawn bytwene the and the prouost, what tyme that thou were abydyng thy jugement?" "Certes," quod I, "ful wel I remembre therby." Quod this angel, "thou muste vnderstanden that the fyrment was but as a corteyn, bytwene thy syght, and that thou seeft now presently. And moche more clerely shall thou sene hereafter, what tyme that thou arte passid somwhat. Ouermore, this corteyn semyd black, by cause of the syght that deceyued the, that so fowle was, infect with filth of thy synne. Also, it was nought well apertynent, that thou haddeft that tyme seyen ony thyng that shold haue gladed the, or caused ony ioye in thy herte. Ful sooth it is, that for a lytel moment that corteyn was withdrawen, to that ende that thou sholdest see how fowle thou were deceyued, that thou, thorough thy folly, haddeft lorne soo moche blyfshe. If that this Court semyd the lowe at that tyme, and not here, on hyhe, as thou seeft now, in soothnes, yet was it not so in very trouthe; but this same place it was, that now thou seeft it inne. But to synful wretches this Court semeth lowe, and nyhe to theyr syght, for the more peyne and drede that they shold haue therof. What tyme that thou were alowe at thy jugement, thou sawest this Court nyhe the, for as moche as thou haddeft deseruyd the dethe of endeles dampnacion; but now, thou art escaped by the grete grace that god hath done to the. The semyth that the Court hath changed his place; neuertheles, in sooth, hit is no thyng so, as thou shalt knowen clerely when thou art passed the corteyn, of whiche thou art now fulle nyhe. The entre, that is, the Crystallyn, that yett is not ouerpassid; this same hit is which that thou clepedst the Corteyn." "Sootehly," quod I, "soo am I surprysed of the Joye of this Countreye, that I not what to asken, ne wherof for to speke." "Seye, or aske," quod he, "what that the lyketh. The grete comforte, and solace, of this Countre, is so moche merueylous, and the perdurable ioyes so blyssfull, and glorious, that herte may not thynke, ne no tong telle. This is Jerusalem, the noble, Royall Cyte; to whiche thou were excited for to trauaylen, somtyme in thy youthe. This is the ende of thy iourney, and the fynall reste of alle thy pylgremage." Thus this Aungel talkynge to me, and ledynge me forth thorough the cristallyn, I come where he made me to behold, and loken al aboute. There sawe I soo grete lyght, and clerte, that it myghte not fall in no mans mynde fully to descryuen it. And though that the sonne were seuen fyches clerer than it is now, it suffyceth nought to shewen hym self in prefence of that lyght, that was so excellent.

Ful sooth it is, that oure blyssful lord Jhesu said in his Gospel, that in his faders hous were many dyuerse mansiouns. And this found I veryly trewe; for this hows is chyef and pryncipalle of alle other howses. And to this hows all other ben subget, and seruantes, whether they wylle or noo. And for to vnderstande shortly the manere of this hows, the largenes therof may not be comprehended by thought of mannes wytte; for it is Infynyte. Now shall I seye yow of these mansions, and of the grete dwellyng places that ben in that noble Cyte, after my power, and after that I myght sene hit my self; for soothly, I sawe therof not the hondred part, ne no part proporcionable, as

to regard of alle the hole cyte. For why? this cyte is so large, that hit is endeles, bothe in lengthe, and brede; and of endeles thyng maye no proporcion be lymyted, ne accounted. And no doute the grete heuen, with the sterres, in regard of whiche, the erthe hath no proporcion sensible, that may ben assigned at certeyne, and yet it is nought endeles, ne infynyte, as clerkes knowen wel, ne may nought enclofen within it self soo many smalle pelotes, of the quantite of a small pese, as this noble cyte may enclofen within it seluen, of such worldes as we sene, and dwellen in, acountyng the world for as moche as is enclofid within the sterred heuene. And yet shold it semen neuer the fuller. For a thyng that is infynyte maye not be fulfilled. Wherefore, I may full well seyn, and affermen, that I ne sawe not the hondred parte of Royal habitacions that weren in that cyte. And euery habytacion yet femyd me as moche, and no doute wel more, than alle this wyde world.

But alle these forsaide mansions weere cleere, and transparaunt, soo that I myght sene clerely thorough oute them alle, as ferre as me lyft. These mansions so wonderly were disposid, that euerichone enuyronned and enclofid this world that we ben inne. The centre of the myddes of this Cyte, was oure lord hym seluen, fulfyllynge alle this huge, noble, and merueylous cyte; but the boundes, or the bordures of this cyte, ne mowe nought be founde. The beaute of this mansion ne maye no man telle, ne diffyne the ioye, and the grete arraye, the enhabitours of the places, the ordynaunce of theyr dwellyng, theyr ioyefull occupacion, the swote lusty smelle, the glorious disportes; the swete and lusty sownes, and delicious songes, maden alle heuynes fully to be forgotten, and for to conceyue a ioye, and a gladnes withouten ony ende, continually, with grete reuerence, to worshipec, preysen, and honouren oure blessid saueour! In the place next to this Crystallyn, was put this Comyn peple that come fro purgatory, and they continually answered to them that songen aboue. Ful often was rehercyd this word "sanc-tus," and ful deuoutely songen aboue, and bynethen, there was ne tune of musyk that ther was forgotten: the fayre dyapente, the swete Dyapason, and ofte, amonges other, the lusty Dyatefferon felle in theyr songes. And who that had herd the song that was among the Angels, by wonderfull entermellynge, and full swete accord, he myght wel haue saide that there was a feste, disparayle to alle festes that euer he sawe before. Thenne was seynt Poule, of whom that I had redde in his owne scripture, that he was rauysshed in to the thyrd heuene, and there he sawe secretes wherof he wold not speke, seyenge that no man ne owed, ne durst speke therof. And fayne I wold haue wyft whiche that he cleped the thyrdde heuene, sithe hit soo was that I sawe soo moche merueylous clerte and ioye, that ther is no creature in this erthely Regyon that myght thynken or conceyue soo moche as I saw.

2 Cor. xii. 2.

Thenne said me myn Aungel: "Of the Appostle paule, I saythe for certeyne, that he hath his heuen above, as many other seyntes haue; but he was rauysshed in to a full hyhe place, where that was shewed hym moche of goddes pryuytees, whiche that were shewed to none but to tho that were fully bylouyd; whiche pryuytees, were nought to be tolde to them that dwellen alowe in erthe, for they wold not byleuen hit. Soo sholde they neuer be the better thouz that it were told them. On that other side,

these priuitees were so grete, and merueilous, that he held hym self vnable and vnworthy to speken ought therof. And soothe hit is, that he ne myght nought seye hit; for hit passed his wytte. Thenne muste hit nedes passen the power of his speche. And also, no doute, euery man is holde for to kepen pryue the counceylle of his lord, but yf he haue commaundement, or leue, at the left for to telle hit forthe. But, in as moche as faynt powle was cleped of god a vessel of election, and shold ben excellent in the pryncipal merites, for which merytes he shold deserue the treuble Aureole, that is to sey for mayden hode, for prechyng of goddes lawe, and for martirdom, shedyng his bloode for the loue of Crist—therfore was he rauysshed through oute the two, in to the thirdd and hyst, that is martirdom. In the fyrst heuen of vyrgynte, that first is in worchyng, and first his deseruyd, he was taught in the lore that bylongeth to maydens, and also to them that ben maryed wherof he speketh in his Epystel to the Corynthes where he seith *De virginibus*. In the second, was shewed hym the fourme of Cristes feithe, and alle the hoole gospel, ryght as he shold prechen it after. Soo thus he seythe hym self, *notum vobis facio euangelium*, I make knowen to yow, to wyte, that the gospel prechid of me I had never of man, but only by reuelacion of oure lord Jhesu. In the thyrd heuen, was shewed hym the mede, and the reward, that he sholde receyue, yf he dyd his deuoyre, to that ende that he sholde be the more afterward, for to done his besynes in ful hope, and trust, for to receyuen that noble reward, whiche tonge maye not telle, ne herte thynke, ne no creature maye veryly, ne worthyly, deserue, but only of the grete goodnes of our blessid lord, as hym self seith: *non sunt condigne passiones huius temporis*, all the passiones and peynes of his lyf ne ben nought condigne, ne euen worthy, to the ioye and blysse, that shalle be shewed in vs. Now shal thou vnderstande, that what tyme faynt powle hadde ben ther abouen, and was returned ageyne in to the world, he confydered and was wel auysed of these worldes that he sawe abouen in that blysse, and said in this wise: *Regi seculorum*, to the kyng of worldes, immortall, and inuysyble, to hym only god, honoure, and glorye in the world of worldes!

Romans viii. 18.

1 Tim i. 17.

“ Holy chirche also feith, as oftymes as she prayeth god of helpe, or of grace, or dothe hym ony worshippe, hit is nought foryete but that he feith euen in the ende that his regne dureth by worldes infynyte. And therof prophecied Dauyd and sayd ryght thus: *Regnum tuum regnum omnium seculorum*, thy regne and thyn empire is the reame of alle worldes.” “ Here nedeth hit,” quod I, “ that thou me answere to a lytel doute whiche that I am inne. I here yow well speken here of many worldes, but in latyn the world hath twoo names; for it is cleped *seculum*, and hit is cleped also *mundus*; nought for thy it is not al one in clere vnderstandyng, though we, for defaute of langage, take one for another. For well I conceyue that *mundus* is the material world, but *seculum*, is taken for the enduryng of the world. Neuertheles, the competister in the Craft of the Kalendar, he cleped *seculum* the ‘ tyme of an honderd yeere,’ and ye clepe *seculum* the world here abouen. What mene ye wold I wyte, by this equyocacion of that name?” “ Sothly,” quod this Aungel, “ he that made this compute, and the kalendre, ne saw neuer these worldes, only the world bynethen he saw, for his tyme supposyng that there were no moo, ne none other. And, for as moche

Pfalm cxlv. 13.

as mannes age passith but feld the place of an honderd yere, therefore, he cleped that space *seculum*, that is the tyme of duryng of a man's world; soo wold he thenne, by distribucion of many honderd yeres sewynge by succession, eueryche after other, shewen the pluralite of worldes: wherof the scripture maketh so ofte mencion. And ryght as the world bynethen is made of many honderd yeres, and so of many worldes whiche though the nombre be vnknownen to man, yet it is atermynd at a certeyne ende in the fize of god; rizt so is this fouerayn world made of Infynyte, such hole worldes, withoute ony nombre lymyted euer to be endyd. So seith holy chirche, presynge oure lorde, that he regneth and shalle regne by worldes Infynyte. And that thou trowe me the better of this that I fey, what tyme that hooly chirche maketh mencion of the Trinite, in the vers *Gloria patri*, that ofte is reherced, he seith in this wyse: 'worship, and ioye, to the fader, sone, and holy ghoft, as was in the begynnyng, now, and euer shalle be, in to the world of worldes.' Ne it sufficeth not to setten this word *semper* that is 'euer,' but yf he adde therto *in secula seculorum* whiche wordes no man may conceyue, but yf he haue hoole vnderstandynge. For this word *semper* enclofith nomore but al the tymes of the world binethen, whiche shalle haue an ende: but by this word sewynge *in secula seculorum*, wherby is vnderstonde this world her aboue, that conteyneth suche worldes withoute nombre infynyte, that ne euer shall ben atermynd. Yet shall I feye the ferthermore: oure lorde god that in hym self is Infynyte, sythe that his grete power maye nought be comprehendyd, no doute his werkes ben infynyte also; so that none entendement ne may them vnderstande. For why? he werketh and maketh as many werkes as better ben made, than vnmade. And no doute there is noo good thyng vnmade, that he ne may make. And there is no good thyng that he may make, that he ne hath made, maketh now, or shal make hereafter. For he is the welle of all manere of goodnes; and he hym seluen is fouerayne bounte. Therefore, hit is conuenyent that his goodnes be shewed and spred aboute among alle his creatures. He must nedes contynuelly flowen oute his bounte; for there is nothyng that may therof empeschen hym. How thenne durst ony wyght trowen, or supposen that he wold leuen his regne that is infinite, vngarnysed of his werkes, as a thyng deferte, and was as thyng that were forsake?

"But, sith he is almyghty that he wolde anone fulfill hit with his creatures; for hit is wel syttyng to eueryche that may doo wel, that he sholde doo hit, wherof he may nought faile that may doo what he wylle. Wherfore, when thou hereft speken of worldes infynyte, ne be thou nought abashed; for, sith hym seluen is infynyte, his werkes must of reson be endeles; for he maye nought be voyde, ne ydell for to werken thynges that ben profitable, belongynge to his worship."

CAPITULO II°.

The sowle axeth a question of the mansyons of heuene.

SYTH ye haue," quod I, "said me thus moche, yet wyll I asken a lytell what more, yf hit lyke yow for to feye me, of that I couete to knowe. Of these worldes, and these wonder mansions, in whiche the seyntes of heuen dwellyn, somewhat I see, but fayne wold I yet knowe a lytel what more, for to vnderstande better that I haue herd before." "O swete god," quod he, "what seist thou? hast thou not lyued in erthe more than fourty wynter? and yet, for al thy peyne and besynes that thou haste put to lernynge, with labour of thy wyttes, yet knowest thou but lytel of the world in regard of alle! And now thou arte comen hyder thou woldest knowe anon al that there is merueylous, ordynaunces that ben withoute nombre; but, certes, that shalt thou neuer knowe in to the tyme that thou haue beholde in the mirrour of the fouerayne deyte, that is god hym seluen, wherin thou shalt see clerely all that thou canst desire. I see nought but that I will gladly telle thee somme thynges in speciall, of whiche thou hast mooft desire to knowe. For yf I shold speke of all, I shold neuer make an ende. So faye me thenne wherof thou hast lieuest for to here." "Of eyghte worldes," quod I, "wherof thre ben coronned with flowres of disparayle kynde and coloure eueryche fro other; herof wold I here tydyng with right grete desire. One of them is coronned with faire rede rosys, that other with rodys, and the thyrd with lusty prymerofys and lylyes entermellyd, and graciously arrayed. Of these thre worldes, and of the other fyve, I hadde leuer here speke, than ony thyng elles, for cause of the grete Joye that I see therynne. Ther is none herte that he ne must be rauyshed with the desire of soo hyhe, and excellent gladnes of this rial cyte, whiche that I am ynne, thanked be the lord of his grace!" *

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CAPITULO V°.

Of the eyghte mancion, that is of the godhede.

THE eyghte worlde, whiche thou seest hyhest of alle, theryn sytteth the hyghe kynge, and in myddes therof is sette his royal throne, that is wondre precious, and ful clere polyshed. And it is full lyke to the sonne, but his was moche more reede, and also moche more shynynge bryghter in it seluen.

"There he yeueth his blefsynge in euery parte aboute, to them that hym seruen, and obeyen, as to their fouerayne lord. Abouten hym is that ioye with whiche he is coronned, more lusty and fayre hit myght nought be deuyfed. And this coronne is ful fowen of precious stones ful bryght shynynge, of merueylous beaute.

* Chapters III. and IV. contain detailed descriptions of the "seven coronned mansions," and of their occupation by saints, martyrs, &c.

“ Among the whiche ben sette, wonder subtylly, sterres of huge light, wonderfully sparkelyng, and castyng oute bemes of huge bryghtynes, and passing clerte.”

* * * * *

In this poynte I ganne to byhold in to the hyhe heuene, that euerydele shyned as bryght bornyshed gold. And there I sawe a merueylous cerkle, of syngulere gretnesse, conteynyng within it self wonder grete space, and a full circuite hit made, the gretenes therof ne couthe I not gesse, nor acounte.

This Cercle entred in to that one side of that golden heuen, and come oute in that other, in maner of a Reynbowe. This Cercle in his bordure was, as me semyd, of mesurable brede of coloure, saphyryn, and was redyly lyned by ordre, and set full of sterres, wonder bryght shynyng, and clerely flammyng, whiche were sette by thyrty, and by thyrty, in suche a maner wyse, that in euery thyrty was sette a grete sonne, as me semyd, as large as the bordure of this Cercle.

Abouen this Cercle Aungels songen, and maden moche melodye with many dyuerse instrumentes, that yf ther had be herd suche a songe in erthe, I suppoſe that the stonnes sholde nought haue kept them fro syngyng, for the passaunt ioie. There nys thyng in erthe that ne wold haue hasted thyder, and have receyued lyf by meuyng of this forsaide cerkle, different soo mesurably it torneth aboute. These forsaide Aungels ledden thre spirites whiche were coroned with gold, and clothed to the foote, of reed bloody purple, gyrd with ceyntes of gold, wonder bryght shynyng, within this golden heuen they entred. And in a litel while they comen oute ageyne; and all these other sayntes oute of their manscions assembled them, redy for to mete with them. And soo they wenten aboute enuyronnyng the heuene, and syngyng befily, and said in this wise:—
“ Bleffid bee thou, lord, oure god, and oure souerayne god, Jhesu goddes sone, that bought vs with thy blood! that so honourest oure felauship, for the good dedes of whiche we ben partyners of thy souerayn grace.” Thenne I bethought me vppon the byrdes as thruſhes, and thruſtels, and staes, which I haue sene fyttyng in assemble vpon an hye tre, in a clere day, syngyng so swetely and preising the lord, that is hyr creatour! Ryght so dyde alle these sayntes, ful befily, honouryng and preysyng the souerayne lord aboue, ful mekely and deuoutely ioynyng theyr handes.

CAPITULO VI°.

Of the kalender of heuene.



DERE Aungel,” quod I, “seye me, I byſeke yow, teche me somewhat of the yonder Cercle, and also of that solempne fest, whether that it endure in suche solempnyte.” “Thou wotest well that the chirche militant,” quod he, “that laboureth here in erthe, hath in comyn vsage for to holden oftymes solempne festes, somme more, and somme lesse, after the tyme and dygnyte bylongyng therto, and after the worthynesse of the sayntes for whiche they ben holden: eyther els, for somme specialte of seruyce that they owen to them, as knyghtes to seynt George; Goldsmythes to seynt Dunstone; and soo forthe, of other; thenne to that ende, that no defaute be

ne the tymes foryete, ne falle oute of mynde, att whiche tymes fuche feestes shold be holde they ben wryten in a kalender, eueriche in theyr ordre, as the yere falleth. Now is it so, that this chirche mylytant, enforceth for to sewen, and counterfeten, as moche as he may, the hye chirche aboue. For wel she wote, and vnderstandeth, that fro thennes she come, and there she bygan, as the doughter comyng fro the moder. Loo ! thus seyth seynt Johan, ' I sawe,' saith he, ' the cyte of Jerusalem, descendyng newe fro heuen !' And yf thou knewe clerely, or vnderstood this thyng, thou sholdest wel wyte what it is that thou hast sene, here aboue, and that it is the exampler, and the patron of this cercle aboue.

" This Cercle aboue that thou seest, is the kalender ; whiche, with the tornyng aboute, sheweth the dayes of the sayntes, what tyme they shall solempnyse theyr festes. Euery yere this cercle maketh a torne aboute ; euery sterre standeth for a day ; and euery sonne for the space of thyrty dayes, whiche is cleped a monethe.

" But thou shalt vnderstande the mesuryng of these dayes after the mouyng of the materiall sonne, and sterred heuen bynethe ; for we taken for a general rewle, that these ben none alternementes of dayes, neyther of monethes ; but one contynuell day that neuer shalle ben ended, alweyes, that other may be had parfyte remembraunce of alle these that haue put peyne and laboure, to louen oure lord god, as some hauen for his loue shed all theyr blood, and somme in otherwyse suffred grete dysese, the dayes of theyr obitus, in whiche they yelden theyr ghooftes, ben marked in this present kalendre. The sterres that standen, as I haue sayd the, in stede of the dayes, haue suche an ordynance as I shal here telle the. The day byfore the feste that shall be solempnyfed, the sterre sheweth hym self, castyng a beme of ful grete clarte to the same saynt of whome shalle be the fest, for to make this feste the more notably to be knowen to all. Thenne cometh the angel of that same saynt, of whome shalle be the fest, with moche multitude of other Angels, to the forsaid shynyng sterre, syngyng, and makyng moche melodye, and bryngyng with them this forsaid saynt, and presentyng before the mageste, ryght as thou hast sene here, thre clothed in purple, and coroued with gold, whiche entred within the golden heuene. These thre ben thre noble marters, that myghtely stoden for the feythe of Cryst. That one is saynt Laurence, whiche that now the day of his feste is brought byfore our bleffid lord. These other two ben seynt Steuen, and seynt Vyncent, whiche that were in erthe of the same ordre of dekene. These gone forth with hym for to doo hym honoure byfore the hye lord. There is before oure lord now made an huge assemble of moche multitude of sayntes, that ben comen for to see this grete solempnyte, and for to amplye this feste with ioye, and with preysyng of god. Right soo after them, by tornyng of this Cercle, cometh forth other sayntes in the same wise, eueriche after other, as theyr dayes fallen, for to holde also their solempne festes. For this maner of doyng ne stynteth no tyme, that here nys a feste ; neuer the later nought all y lyke ryall, but somme ben holden more solempne than some, after the merites of them for whome they ben ; but alweyes lytel feste sawe I neuer here, but alle grete, and ryall. And yet I seye the more, there is holden a ful ryall and solempne feest of Mychael the prouost, and alle his companye of angels, in

remembraunce how he chacid lucifer fro hens in to helle. And also in honoure of alle these orders, and Ierarchyes of these hooly Aungels, they doubleth these feste, and sheweth them seluen before oure lord god, preysynge and worshyppyng, with grete solempnyte. Also in the feste of al halowen, euery saynt in this cirke taketh his owne place, as it is ordeyned them of god. There is the grete assemble of his honourable Court gadred to geders. A wonder thyng to tellen of the ioye and myrthe of the swete songes, and of the lusty Instrumentes, founyng ful delyciously.”

* * * * *

CAPITULO VIII°.

How the Angels recordyd theyr songes ageynst the comyng of oure lord.

* * * * *

WHEN it was come to the tyme that this plaunte was woxen, and shewyd hym self openly to the world al clene aboute the erthe, the Angels that nought elles dyde no longe tyme hadden doo but abydyng this feste, recordyng theyr songes and theyr ioyeful armonye, and hadden longe tyme boren naked swerdes to warden the entre of paradys and forth do vengeance vppon wretchyd synners: anone they putten vp theyr wepen, Cherubyn forthmost of alle, and taken theyr Instrumentes, and bygonne to pleyen soo delyciously that heuen bygan to laughe of the newe ioye that there was begonne.*

* * * * *

CAPITULO XIII°.

The songe of Aungels on Estern day.

HONoured be thou, Jhesu saueoure,
That for mankynd were done vpon the rode!
And therto woldest done vs that honoure
To fede vs with thy fleshe, and blood.
Was neuer feste vnto vs half so good:
For wonderly oure ioyes doth renewe.
Euer heryed be thou, blyssfull lord Jhesu!

When thou were dede, to helle thou descendyd
And sette them oute that lyen there in peyne.
For by thy deth oure mys is amendyd;
The thyrd day thou roos to lyf ageyne
With hye tryumphe, and ioye souereyne,

* The intermediate chapters contain “The songe of the natyuyte of oure lady;” “the feste of the Annunciacion of oure lady;” “of the purification;” “the song on the twelue day;” and “the causes why the sonne entred the signe of Cancer.”

As Champyon of wonder hye vertue.
Honoured be thou, blysfyl lord Jhesu !

On thurfday thou a noble foper made,
When thou ordeyned fyrft thy facrament ;
But moche more it dothe oure hertes glade
The dyner of this noble day present,
In whiche thou shewed thy felf omnypotent,
Ryfyng fro deth to lyf, it is full trewe.
Honoured be thou, blysfyl lord Jhesu !

The greuouſ iourney that thou toke on hand,
Hath clerely made to euery wyght appere
In fothfaftnes to fee, and vnderftande,
That only was thy talent, and thy chere.
So fuffyfaunt, loo, that oure raunfon were
Superhaboundaunt, ouer that was due.
Honoured be thou, blisfull lord Jhesu !

Now for this feſte ſhalle we feyen the graces,
As worthy is, with all oure dylygence,
And thanken the here, and in all places,
Of thy full bounteuouſ benyuolence,
Thy myght, thy grace, thy fouerayne excellence.
Thou art the welle, and ground of vertu.
Honoured be thou, blisfull lord Jhesu !

* * * * *

“ Thus moche haue I ſaid of the gloryouſ feſte of refurection. But yet haue I for to ſpeke of that other feſte, that alſo bylongeth to the ſygne of Cancer, in whiche Criſte retourned to his blyſſe. At the days of holy Aſcenſion the Angels of heuen beſeyn them in theyre array, for to meten with this bleſſid lord, and to conueyen hym vp in to his faders preſence. Of the Royalte of this feſte hit is ful hard to ony creature to maken declaracion. For, no doubt, the eyer was ſoo fulfilled with Aungels, and eueryche in hyr places, to abydyng the comyng of this glorious lord, with ſoo moche ioye, and huge melodye, that who ſo had comen amonges them, he ſhold fully haue trowed that there had ben none other heuene ; eyther els, that heuen had ben tranſlated in to that ſame place. No doute but many a legyon wenten to the foote of Olyuet, ordeynyng theyr proceſſion to brynge hym therupon ; and there were aſſembled ayenſt hym, al that companye whiche that he had taken oute of helle ; and, amonges other, the theef that deyde, before hym come ful deuoutely, and thanked hym of his grete mercy. Thenne ſaid this glorious lord to them in this wyſe :—‘ Cometh, dere chyldre, cometh on with me in to my ioye ! for tyme is that I preſent to my fader the proye that I haue toke oute of

the peyne of helle. Ful dere haue I bought yow, and yet I hold me content with my iourneye.' Soo goothe he forthe with his belouyd disciples, this companye sewyng hym, in to the mount of Olyuete. And there he took his leue of his moder, and of alle his other disciples, and wente his weye vp in to his blyffe, assignyng his company, euerych in to his place, after that they had duely deseruyd in erthe. So was he receyued in to the hye throne of his faders mageste, with hye solempnyte, and to a veray fulfilling of this ryall passage; yet many of these Angels abyden behynde. Yf ony man wol axe, what lord it myght be that went in suche array, of soo moche multitude of peple, they myght answere and seye, as the soothe was. In witness of whiche thyng two were sene openly clothed, in whiche that he seyde to the Apostles in herynge of other, 'ye people of galylee (that by interpretacion ben cleped people of passage,) why wonder ye so moche, lokyng in to heuene? For douteth it nought, ye shalle see hym come doune to the fynall Jugement, in as grete array of gretter than he goth hens now. And therefore, syth that ye ben here but pylgrymes, and peple of passage, arrayeth yow ageynste that tyme, that ye may be redy when that he retourneth to his blyffe, to passen in his company.'

"Loo! this is the feste, and the hye solempnyte of Crystes ascension in the sygne of Cancer. But of the sygne of pysces yet haue I for to seyn; for after this the Apostles whiche many of them were fyshers were fulfilled with the holy ghooft, these were the fyshers whiche that Cryst found in this worldly see, and took them with the nette of his grace: whiche fishes he putte in the stewe of his loued Chirche, where they haue spawned and multiplyed soo hyely, that alle the wyde world is fulfilled with the fruyte of theyr good labour. The feste of these fishers is halden in this wyse:—ther was made in heuen a wonder sowne, and sodenly was sente doune the hooly ghooft in semblaunce of fyry tonges: these tonges were taken them as for their pryncipal Instrument for to fyshen with. For Cryste found them as fyshers, and made of them his fyshers; and este made them fyshers, and sente them for to fyfsh this wyde worldly see. In this feste al the holy Apostles comen vnder this Cercle, and ben presentyd forthe byfore the hooly trynyte, with huge songe and melodye, and hooly sayntes sewyn theyr assemble, syngyng, and seyeng in this wyse:—

"Honoured be thou, hooly ghooft on hye!
That vnto a people of soo poure estate
Hast yeuen that grace, to stande myghtely
Ageyne tyrauntes fyers, and obstynate;
For to subdue them to thy pryncipate,
To leue theyr errour, and theyr lyf amende.
Euer heryed be thou, lord, withouten ende!

Thou yafe them wytte, and connyng for to preche,
And courage, for to standen by the lawe,
Al maner folkes for to wyfse, and teche
Fro vyces alle theyr lustes to withdrawe,

And of theyre lord and god to stande in awen ;
To thy plesauce theyr hertes to entende.
Honoured be thou, lord, withouten ende !

This fyshers auoyded ben of slouthe ;
For blandysfying, for manace, ne for drede
They spared not, but stoden by the trouthe.
Of peyne, and torment, took they none hede,
But fayn to see theyr hede and sides blede,
Ful myghtely thy lawes to defende.
Honoured be thou, lord, withouten ende !

* * * “In presence of the hye Trynyte thou shalt for euer abyde ; therfor, when thou comest thyder, and art of his hye grace benygnely receyued, thanke hym of all thy hert ! The prouost also, when I shall bitake the, thou must thanke with full lowely chere : for I shall anone goo to hym, and ordeyne for thy comyng. And oftymes wille I come and visite the, and shewe the diuerse fightes, wherof thou shalt ful hugely merueilen. And so shalt thou ioyefully abide the general resurection, when thou shalt eftsones receyue thy body, and ben to hym ayeneward conioined, and withouten ende ioyefully lede your lif to geders.” And euen with this word this Angel flewe his weye vp in to heuene ! And, as I loked after hym, a wonder huge light descendid fro the hye heuen, smyting on myn eyen, soo that it made me for to opene them, after that they hadde long tyme ben closid in slepyng. Soo thenne I awoke, and found my self lyeng in my bedde, wherof I was ful sory that I was so soone departid fro so mochel ioye, as I was nyhe to ward, as me thought, after so moche peyne, and in heuiness whiche I had lyued, so many thousand yeres, as me femed. And by this tyme the Horologe had fully performed half his nyghtes cours, shewyng that the sonne was comen to the Angle of the erthe, and hastyd hym vpward toward the east oryson, to bryng ageyne the day. And sodenly the belle gan sowne the hour of mydnyght. And I me remembryd that I had not yet slepte fully thre houres. Now, Jhesu, yeue me grace for to comen to the trouthe of this blyshe, wherof I haue dremed, soo that I may here deseruen for to haue it, porfytely withouten ende ! And soo he doo to alle tho that goodly, and benyngly expownen myn auenturous dreame, and goodly correcten, where that it nedeth oughte to adden, or withdrawn.

Here endeth the dreame of pylgremage of the soule, translatid oute of Frenshe in to Englyshe, with somewhat of addicions. The yere of our lord M. CCCC and thyrten, and endeth in the Vigyle of seynt Bartholomew. [23 August.]

EMPRYNTE AT WESTMESTRE BY WILLIAM CAXTON AND FYNYSSED THE SIXTH
DAY OF JUYN THE YERE OF OUR LORD M. CCCC. LXXXIII AND
THE FIRST YERE OF THE REGNE OF KYNGE
EDWARD THE FYFTH.



T the end of the MS. Egerton, 615, which is likewise a translation of the “Pélerinage de l’Ame,” and from which our coloured drawings are taken (but which is unfortunately imperfect at the beginning), the following curious passage is added to the text:—

“Now, Jhesu, gife me grace to come to the trowthe of this blisse, which as me thought I had be inne, be semyng of my dreem; so that I may here deserue to haue it parfightly wt owt ende; And so he do alle tho that benyngly expowne myn Auentures Dreem, and goodly correcte it, where that it nedith owght to amende, or withdrawe; For yere may no thing be approvid, ne affermed, but if it be founde in the feith be aduysement of kunnyng clerkes. Wherefore if owt in this proceffe be founde vntrewe, wite it my swevene, and so beseke I alle that shal rede it, or here. *Here endith the dreem of the pylgrimage of the soule translated owt of frensch in to Englysch the yeer of oure lord mcccc xiiij^{mo}.* Verba translatoris—and I, the symple and vnsuffisaunt translatore of this litel book pray and beseke, as lowely as as I kan, to the reder or herer of this proceffe to forgeue it me, yt I haue not translated worde for word, as it was in the frensche, somewhat because of ille wrytyng of myne exemplar, somewhat because of hard frensch, specially sith I am but litel expert in that langage; somewhat also, because of some thinges yt were diffuse and in som place ouerderk. Wherefore I haue in dyuers places added and withdrawe litel, what as me semed needful: no thing chaunging of the proceffe, ne substaunce of the matiere, but as myghte be most lusti to the reder or herer of the matiere.

“Also, I must excuse me to the reder or herer of the matiere, in som place thei it be over fantaftyk, nought grounded, nor foundable in holy Scripture, ne in Doctoures wordes; for I myghte not go fro myne auctore.

“Also in myn addicions, specially in pletyng of mercy, and in the sermon of Doctrine of nature, of the soule—and here at the ende in the matter of the Trinite, if I haue said owt other than Autentik, I besече you all to amende it, which yt haue kunnyng in yt matiere, more than haue I; for myn is symple, and of litel value.

“This is the mark at the begynnyng of myn addicions A K and this at the ende, R. W.”






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Notes.

NOTE A, page 19.

ERPENT with a human head. Perhaps the most ancient representations of this figure are to be found in those papyri of the ancient Egyptians called the "Ritual of the Dead," in which are depicted the progress of the soul through the regions of the nether world (Hades) to a future state of existence. Facsimiles of the Ritual have been given in the great French work entitled "Description de l'Egypte," "Rossellini Monumenti dell' Egitto," Dr. Lepsius's "Todten Buch," Lord Belmore's "Hieroglyphic Monuments" (plates), and others. A similar form occurs in several of the woodcuts inserted in Antoine Verard's prose version of "Le Pélerinage de l'Âme" (specimens of which are given in the present volume). At the end of the pilgrimage represented in the Egyptian papyri, the soul is conducted by her guardian angel into the great Hall of Judgment, where the deeds done in the body are placed in the balance in the presence of Osiris, the judge of the assize, who passes sentence. A representation of the same scene became a favourite decoration in mediæval Christian Churches, of which many vestiges have been discovered of late years in this country; with this difference, that in these fresco paintings St. Michael was substituted as judge of the tribunal for Osiris. In the woodcuts above mentioned, published by Verard, the woman-headed serpent pursues the soul, like an accusing spirit, into the Hall of Judgment, seats herself in one of the scales of the balance to counterpoise the good deeds placed in the opposite scale, by the soul telling her at the same time that her name is "*Sinderefis*," or the *Worm of Conscience*. This monastic legend of the fourteenth century may therefore help to explain the symbolic form given by the Egyptians to Remorse of Conscience, under the figure of the Cobra di Capella with a human head.

NOTE B, page 36.

Anone this lady Justice took this balauunce by the ryng, &c. In illustration of this, we may mention a fresco painting discovered in Preston Church, near Brighton, in 1830. The church was built towards the end of the reign of Henry III, and the date of the painting is presumed, from the costume, to be of the reign of Edward I. See *Archæologia*, vol. xxiii. p. 314.

The subject represented is the murder of Thomas à Becket; and beneath the principal figures is an angel in the act of weighing the souls of the departed, an office commonly appropriated to Michael. (See numerous authorities cited in Gough, *Introd. to Sep. Mon.* vol. ii. p. cxxxiv.) The devil is seen striving, by his weight and strength, to pull up the lower and successful scale, in which is a little figure whose fate is in deliberation in the posture of prayer; and beside it is another figure (probably the Virgin) applying her strength so as to counteract the efforts of the adversary.

Of the date and history of the adoption of this religious emblem into the Church we are not informed. The selection of the Archangel Michael from the celestial hierarchy for this office must have arisen from his being considered by the Rabbis in the Jewish Church as the officiating angel of justice, as Gabriel was of mercy; and he continued, probably for that reason, to be so represented in the Christian Church, "bearing the scales in his left hand and a sword in his right" (vid. Callot's *Figs. of Saints*), and he was, moreover, the especial guardian of souls after death;^a and in general, as the devil is the sworn enemy of good and holy men, so Michael is their especial protector against his assaults and accusations.^b There is an early tradition of a contest between Michael and Satan for the possession of the body of Moses (vid. *St. Jude's Epist.* v. 9); and hence it was handed down to the Christian Church, through the writings of the Rabbis, that a similar contention existed for the possession of every departed soul. But in itself the subject of the scales presents so simple and clear an image of the scrutiny to which our works are to be subject after death, that a very slight authority from Scripture (cf. *Job xxxi. 6*, *Psalms lxii. 9*, *Daniel v. 27*, *et alibi*), and the tradition of the early Church would be sufficient to establish its reception in the middle ages. The invention is indeed so natural, that we find it in Homer (*Iliad*, viii. v. 69, xxii. v. 209), in Virgil (*Æneid*, xii. v. 72), and in Milton (*P. L.* iv. v. 995); and Æschylus founded a tragedy upon the same idea, of which, however, only a few fragments remain; but from Plutarch's account of it, and the drawing from it on an Etruscan vase (see *Lanzi, Ling. Etrus.* v. ii. p. 224), it appears to have had the closest analogy with the subject of our present inquiry, for Achilles and Memnon are themselves placed in the scales of Jupiter, and their mothers, standing beside each scale, are praying to him for the success of their sons. In Homer, Virgil, and Æschylus, the scale ascending to heaven is the token of good; in the prophet Daniel, Milton, and in this painting, the metaphor is changed, and the ascending scale is made the sign of lightness and insufficiency.

In one part of the paintings in the Campo Santo at Pisa we see the souls of deceased men escaping from their mouths in the forms of youthful figures, for the possession of whom much contention takes place between the good and the evil angels. And this same idea is represented in many of the illustrations of the early Block-books, and it occurs also often in fresco paintings on the walls of churches, as, for instance, on the tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster Abbey,

^a "Cum anima ascendit ad portas Hierosolymæ cælestis Michael Dux Magnus cum ipsâ ascendit, eamque salute excipit."—PIRKE, *Eleizer*, c. 42. "Cum David mortuus est angeli superni noluerunt ipsi transitum per portas Hierosolymæ cælestis concedere. Michaeli vero precepit Deus ut Davidem unctum introduceret per portas."—SCHEMOTH RABBA.

^b "Michael et Sammael (Satanas) stant ante thronum Scabkinæ, et Satanus accusat; Michael vero merita Israelitarum proponit."—JULKUT RUBINI, fol. 72, 73. See the interesting and learned Notes to the 4th Discourse of *Reginald Heber's Bampton Lectures*, where the character and office of Michael are treated of, and from whence the above quotations are copied.

and on the tower at Glastonbury, of which the following account is contained in Warner's "History of Glastonbury:"—

"St. Michael appears to have been chosen as the patron saint of all such places of Christian worship as were situated on lofty and commanding eminences. The faithful recognized him as the head of the hierarchy of heaven, the combatant and conqueror of the great dragon, and thought that the sense of his dignity and after value of his high achievements would be best expressed by consecrating to his celebrated name those ecclesiastical edifices which, from the loftiness of their site, would be visible at the greatest distance. Hence we may infer that the first structure on Glastonbury Tor would be dedicated to St. Michael; and upon the same principle it was that the Church, of which only the tower now remains, bore the name of the saint in former times, and continues to be called St. Michael's Tor or Tower at the present day. Over the door are two panels of singular sculptures: the one represents St. Michael holding in his hand a pair of scales, and weighing the Bible against Satan, while another devil vainly strives to make Satan's scale preponderate."

"St. Michel. L'archange St. Michel était considéré au moyen âge, comme le protecteur des tombeaux, et le messager envoyé de Dieu pour présider aux destinées du genre humain. Cette mission explique suffisamment le grand nombre de chapelles érigées sous son invocation dans les cimetières et les églises du moyen âge."—*Revue Archéologique*, v. ii. p. 548.

NOTE C, page 44.

It having been supposed by some that the Romish doctrine of Purgatory might have originated in Egypt through the medium of the Church of Alexandria, to those who are interested in tracing the origin the following notes may perhaps be of use in the course of their investigation. "If anywhere," suggests a distinguished divine of the present day, "the Doctrine of Purgatory ought to be found in notes upon Herodotus, Book ii. chapter 123, where the author states the Egyptian belief in the immortality and *transmigration of souls*." Larcher has no allusion to it. In Wheeler's "Geography of Herodotus," p. 439, there is a notice of the way in which students imagine that they shall find in the Egyptian rites some relics of true religious ideas derived from contact with the Israelites. Mr. Wheeler thinks such notions are all a fancy. My own idea would be, not that the Roman Catholic Purgatory was taken from a Pagan or Egyptian source, but that both the Roman Catholic doctrine and the Pagan doctrine have their root in the same instincts of the human mind. Under any system of religion (Christian and Pagan) men feel they have not that purity which God will accept. They also see that there is in suffering a certain chastening influence. These things put together lead them to *invent* (as what *appears agreeable to their reason*) the doctrine of a purification of the soul in a future state. The idea of *fire* being the purifying agent was, I should think, drawn from St. Paul's expression, "saved so as by fire," and our LORD's, "every one shall be salted with *fire*"—both very difficult passages.

"The old Egyptian doctrine of a future state," suggests another eminent divine, "has many resemblances to Christianity. But I do not believe that any of the doctrines were derived from hence. The Egyptian Purgatory, I believe, followed the Judgment, instead of preceding it, nor did the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory originate in Egypt, but in Western Africa and in Rome. The two fathers in whose writings it first appears are (1.) Augustine and (2.) Gregory

the Great. Had it come from Egypt, we should have heard of it first in Alexandria, and it would have been adopted by the Eastern Church, which is not the case."

"Broughton has endeavoured to prove that this notion has been held by Pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans, as well as by Christians; and that in the days of the Maccabees the Jews believed that sin might be expiated by sacrifice after the death of the sinner."—Buck's *Theological Dictionary*, Article "Purgatory."

"Rolls of papyrus filled with pictures, and explanations of them in hieroglyphics, are not unfrequently found in the tombs and mummy-pits of Egypt. The contents are always repetitions or abbreviations of the same formula. This has been called the Great Ritual, or, more properly, the Book of the Dead, for the first part of it contains the adventures of the body, and the second those of the soul, after death. This last commences with a scene representing the bark of Athom, the setting sun, in the twelfth hour of the day, in which the soul has just embarked for the purpose of being conveyed in it to the nether world. The first character of the hieroglyphic name of Heliopolis appears near the boat, denoting that the scene is laid there. After this descent the soul met with many adventures in the regions of the dead. It had to contend with many enemies, and to appease many divinities, before it arrived at the great hall of truth or judgment, where all its actions while incarnate in the body were weighed in the balance, and its future destinies depended on the result of the ordeal. The presiding Judge at this assize is sometimes Osiris, and sometimes Athom, in the many repetitions of the judgment scene that occur on monuments of every description."—*Egypt; her Testimony to the Truth*, page 17.

"A belief in transmigration suggested to the Egyptians the possibility of the soul being condemned to inhabit the body of some unclean animal.

"It is true that the duration of this punishment was limited according to the extent of the crimes of which the accused had been guilty, and when the devotion of friends, aided by liberal donations in the service of religion, and the influential prayers of the priests, had sufficiently softened the inexorable nature of the gods, the period of this state of Purgatory was doubtless shortened, &c.

"Plutarch says that 'the Egyptians thought the souls of men, which still survive their bodies, returned into life again in animals;' and that 'they considered it right to prefer for sacrifice those in whose bodies the souls of wicked men were confined during the course of their transmigration;' while the precept in the Golden Verses of Pythagoras commands men to abstain from food connected with the purifications and solution of the soul.

"The reason of this purification of the soul I have already noticed, as well as the greater or less time required, according to the degree of sin by which it had been contaminated during its sojourn in the world. Herodotus fixes the period at three thousand years, when the soul returned to the human form; and Plato says, 'If any one's life has been virtuous, he shall obtain a better fate hereafter; if wicked a worse.'"—RAWLINSON'S *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. i. pp. 428-9.

"Une partie des païens, surtout les Platoniciens, ont cru que les âmes étaient purifiées par le feu après la destruction de leurs corps. Platon, dans un de ses dialogues, semble reconnaître un tribunal, où les morts qui n'ont commis que des péchés légers seront condamnés dans l'autre monde à des peines finies et proportionnées à leurs fautes. Les Egyptiens, les Hindous, les Bouddhistes et tous les autres peuples qui croient à la métempsycose, admettent par là même un purgatoire; car la transmigration des âmes n'est, suivant leur doctrine, qu'un moyen d'expiation et de purification, après lequel seulement les âmes peuvent jouir de la béatitude.

“Plusieurs peuples anciens avaient aussi et plusieurs religions modernes ont encore coutume de purifier par le feu ; pour cela on passe rapidement à travers des flammes, ou on expose la personne qui a des souillures à la chaleur plus ou moins intense du feu. Tels étaient les Ammonites, les Phéniciens, les Carthaginois ; tels sont encore les Parfis, les Siâmois, les Régonans, les Otiabs, &c.”—*Encyclopédie Théologique*, par M. L'ABBE MIGNÉ.

NOTE D, page 70.

This nether sphere after the words of Ptolemy. “The ‘Ptolemaick System’ (of the heavens) is that system which was invented by Ptolemy, the great Alexandrian astronomer, the illustrator and maintainer of it, though the invention was much older, having been held by Aristotle, Hipparchus, &c.

“This is an *hypothesis*, order, or disposition of the heavens and heavenly bodies, wherein the earth is supposed to be at rest and in the centre, and the heavens to revolve round it from east to west, carrying with them the sun, planets, and fixed stars, each in their respective spheres. Next above the earth is the Moon, then the planet *Mercury*, next *Venus*, above her the *Sun*, next above him *Mars*, and then *Jupiter* ; beyond him *Saturn*, over which are placed the two *CrySTALLINE* spheres, and lastly the *primum mobile*, supposed to be the first heaven, that gives motion to all the spheres.

“This system was generally believed till the discovery of *America* disproved one part of it, and the consideration of the rapid motion of the Sun and the other planets put Nicholas Copernicus, a famous German mathematician, about two hundred years ago, upon forming a new system that might be more consistent with the celestial phenomena, and late improvements have put this *Ptolemaick system* quite out of countenance, and even demonstration is not wanting to confute it.”—BAILEY'S *Dictionary*.





Glossary.

ACCYON, action, suit at law.
Admenusyng, diminishing, lessening.
Adrede, to dread.
Agryse, to terrify, to disfigure, to be terrified.
Algate, always.
Aloutetb, boweth down before.
Alowe, below, low down, beneath.
Amenuffing, *amenufe*, to diminish.
Amplie, to embrace, seize, partake of.
Anentz (or *anempst*), against, concerning, with respect to.
Anoyed, turn away, avert.
Appelyn, to appeal, accuse.
Appeyre (more commonly *apayre*), to impair, to become or make less or worse, to decrease.
Arest, stopped, prevented from proceeding further.
Asozt (more commonly *assote*), to dote upon, to seek affectionately.
Assettyb, assaileth.
Astatis, estates, dignities.
Auterer, a person who stands or ministers at an altar.
Ayenseing, denying, gainfaying.
Basene, clad, clothed, adorned.
Bilapped, wrapped up, enveloped.
Biwernyd, refused.
Bote, help, remedy, means of salvation.
Bowkid (commonly *bouked*, from *bouke*, to wash clothes; sub. a pail), purified by means of water.
Brecke, wild tract of country.
Bryse, to bruise.
Buskytb, to busk, to go; to array, prepare, make ready.

Bybete, promised, didst vow.
Bybote, to vow, promise.
Byleue (more commonly *bilive*), faith, belief.
Byreuen, bereaved.
Bysene, myself; look about me.
Bywernyd, forbidden, refused.
Careyn (oftener written *caraing*, from which *carrion*), a dead body, a carcase.
Caste, plot, devise.
Cautel, a cunning trick.
Cauyllacion, cavilling, dispute.
Chere, countenance, behaviour, entertainment.
Chese, to chose.
Clothes, claws, talons.
Commyner, a partaker, sharer, communicant.
Competifer, calculator, reckoner.
Conne, to know; to be able.
Connyng, learning, knowledge.
Costeyed, coasted, kept along side of, approached.
Cours, running, haste, eagerness.
Cryden, cried.
Dekene, deacon.
Dele, circumstance, time, way.
Derworthy, preciously, closely.
Doele, dole, grief, sorrow.
Dyapente, *dyapason*, *dyatefferon*, terms used to the stops in organ playing—a fifth, the whole swell and a fourth.
Dyght, disposed, decked out, prepared.
Dykerly, thick.
Dysclaundrynge, slandering.
Dyte, ditty.
Efte, *est*, again; also soon, speedily.

Eftfone, very soon, immediately.

Encheſon, cauſe, occaſion.

Engnyed, deceived.

Enioynte, duty, appointed taſk.

Entachyd, *entached*, *entatched*, spotted.

Entermete, to interpoſe.

Euerychone, every one.

Euerydele, upon every occaſion, at all times.

Eyer, air.

Fardel, a burthen.

Felaufhip, fellowſhip, companions.

Ferforth, far, forth, much.

Fletyn, float, fly.

Flobotomie, phlebotomy, ſection of the veins, bleeding.

Floyted, played on the flute.

Forbroken, broken in pieces, jagged.

Forecloſyd (*for-cloſe*), to ſhut up.

Forfaren, ruined, decayed.

Forkerue (*forkerve*), to cut at or through.

Forlete, to abandon, forſake.

Forſet, a little trunk or coffer.

Forſette, to ſhut, cloſe in.

For thy, for this reaſon, therefore.

Foruoyen, to wander out of the high road, to trefpaſs.

Forweryd, dilapidated, worn or ground down.

Foyſon, plenty, abundance, crowd.

Furcloſyd, forecloſed.

Furfet, forfeit.

Furfetyd, worked, been employed.

Gabbynges, gabbing, lying, jeſting fables.

Gotb, go.

Gredyng, *gretyng*, crying, proclaiming.

Grete, to cry or weep.

Grutchyng, *grutch*, to grudge, to grumble.

Haldytb, to hale, to drag.

Haluendele, by half.

Herber, a lodging, ſhelter, or harbour, arbour or garden.

Herye, (1.) to plunder or ſport, to ravage; (2.) to honour or worſhip.

Heſte, a command, a promiſe.

Hote, promiſe, vow.

Hotetb, *bote*, to ſhout, to make a noiſe.

Huge, great, large, high, vaſt.

Lauure (*lavour*), waſhing

Loken, to lock or ſhut up; alſo to look to, regard.

Loos, honour, praiſe.

Lothly, loathſome.

Lore, learning, ſkill; alſo direction, teaching, advice.

Luſtynesi, pleaſure.

Lykelybede, likelihood.

Lyte, tarry, wait.

Manlybede, manhood, courage.

Marches, boundaries or traſts of country, as the *marches* of Wales.

Maugre, by wrong, in ſpite of.

Meftier, need.

Meyne, *meny*, a company or crew.

Mote, *motys*, a mote, a mite; or as a verb, might or muſt.

Mowe, may.

Myſeſe, want of eaſe, trouble.

Myſgoyn, go wrong, wander, tranſgreſs.

Myzt, might, canſt.

Namecoutbe, aſcertained, known by name.

Neyben, draw near, approach.

Obitus, death.

Oritber, either.

Owe, to poſſeſs, to own.

Owen, own.

Paleis, a palace.

Parde, for *par Dieu*.

Peysed, weighed.

Placebo, to ſing placebo; i.e. to endeavour to curry favour.

Plete, to plead.

Pouce, the pulſe.

Pounce, thump, blow, pulſe, throb.

Powſe, pulſe.

Preſt, ready.

Queyntyſe, neatneſs, cunning.

Rather, earlier, former.

Red, *rede*, counſel, advice; to adviſe.

Refute, refuge, an aſylum.

Rialayte, *rialte*, *royalte*, noble conduct.

Roung, to gnaw.

Routbe, compaſſion, pity.

Rybaudes, low profligates.

Ryote, company, fellowſhip.

Sad, ſerious, diſcreet.

Schytt, hinder, prevent.

Sekerly (or *ſikerly*, *ſykerly*), verily, certainly, truly.

Sekyrneſſe, ſecurity, ſureneſs, firmneſs.

Sely, wretched, fearful.
Seruyse, service.
Sewynge, following, ensuing.
Seyden, *seye*, to say.
Sbendship, ruin, punishment.
Sitbe, time; to figh.
Skyle (or *skill*), reason.
Skypet, a wooden vessel for lading water.
Sleygbtes, contrivance; the knack of doing anything.
Sootbe, *sooth*, *sothe*, truth.
Soudyours, soldiers.
Stares, starlings.
Stynting, limiting, putting a stop to.
Surfet, fault, offence, or surfeit.
Surreptyon, a stealing upon one, a surprisē.
Swette, perspired, dropped.
Syeges (more commonly *seges*), seat, throne, a stool.
Syth, since.
Sytbe, fit.
Sytben, then, since.

Tabellyon, notary.
Taberd, playing on the tambourine or drum.
Tarye, hinder.
Tedyng (*telde*), to build, construct.
Tbylke, the fame.
Tby, they, therefore.
Tbruffles, small thrushes.
Torteys, candles, torches.

Transumen, translate, cover.
Trowyd, known, believed.
Tryste, *triste*, to trust.

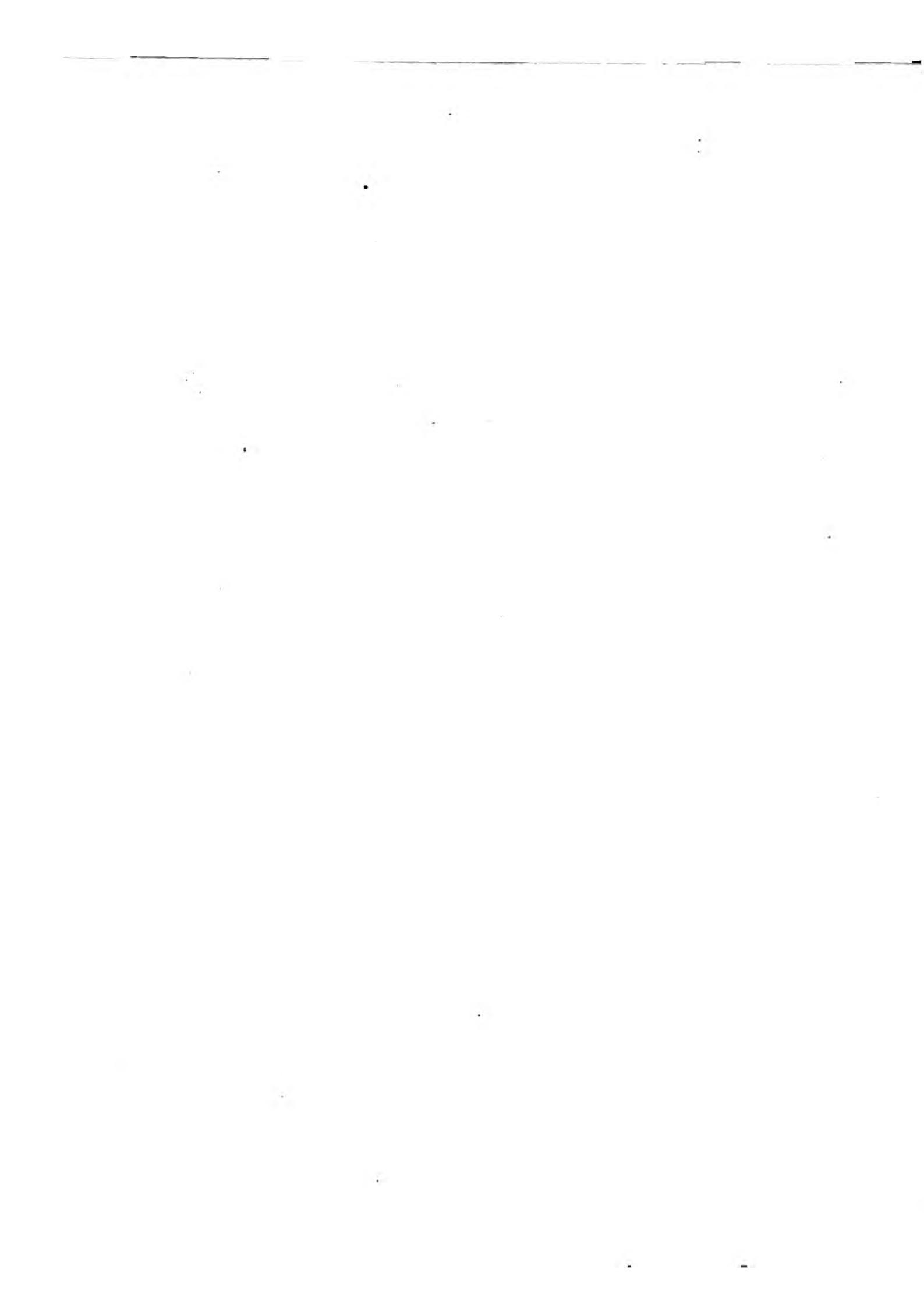
Vnbuxum, disobedient.
Vnconyng, void of knowledge, ignorant.
Vnderfonge, (1.) to undertake, to receive, to catch; (2.) to guard from beneath.

Waltred, *walter*, *wolter*, to roll and twirl about on the ground; to be greatly fatigued.
Wanne, (1.) wan, pale; (2.) gained, obtained; (3.) arrived.
Wem, spot, blemish.
Werne, to deny, to refuse, to guard.
Weryels, insignificant attacks.
Weyne, lament, weep.
Wight, sub. a creature; adj. active, courageous.
Wisse, to teach, to suppose.
Wote, to know.
Wost, thou knowest.
Wretbe, revenge, wrath.
Wroke (pret. of *wreke*), avenged.
Wynuerste, universe.
Wyzt (id. qu. *wight*), person or creature.

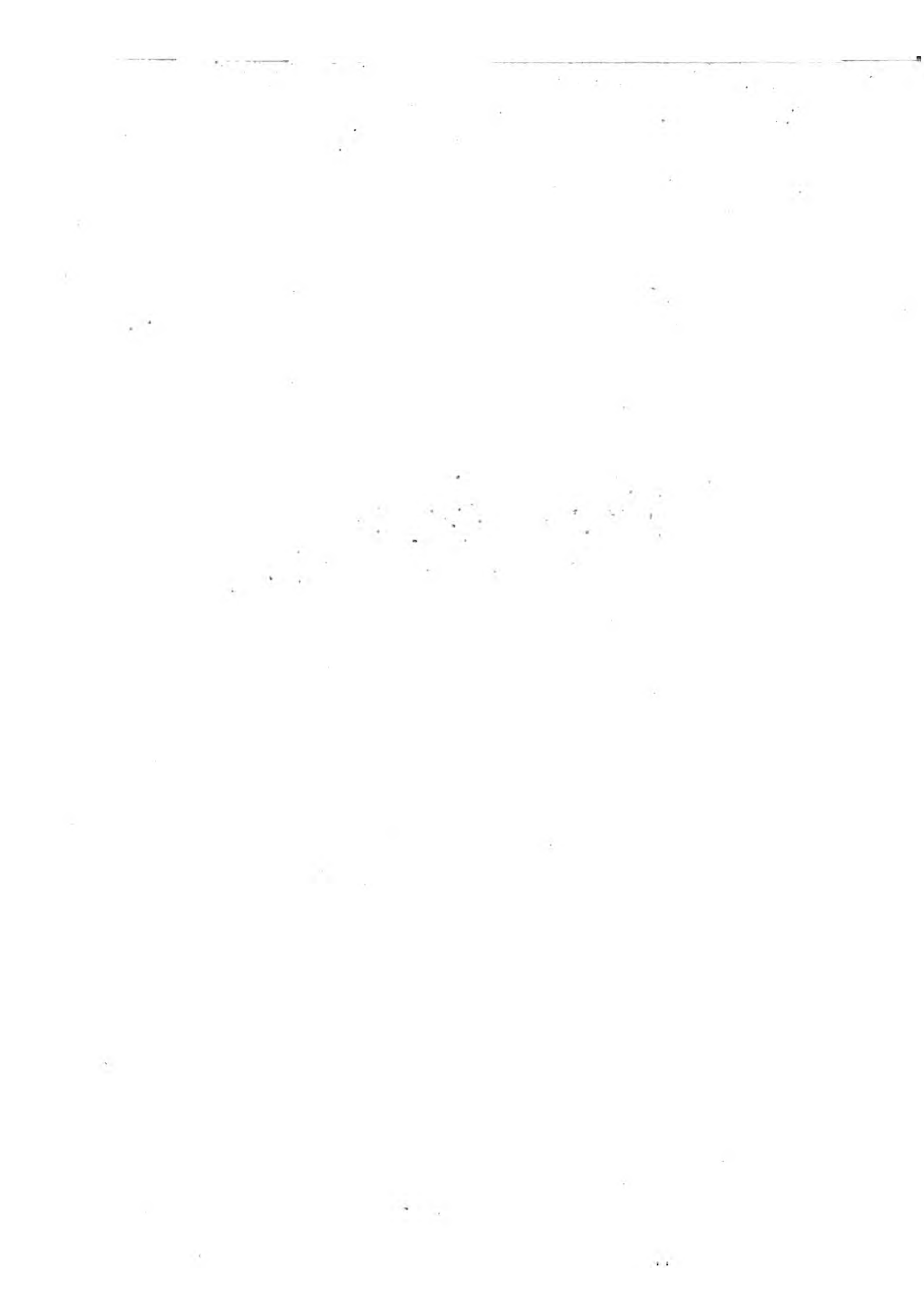
Yafe (*yaf*), gave.
Yimp (generally spelt *imp*), the shoot of a tree; hence used also for young offspring, children, &c.

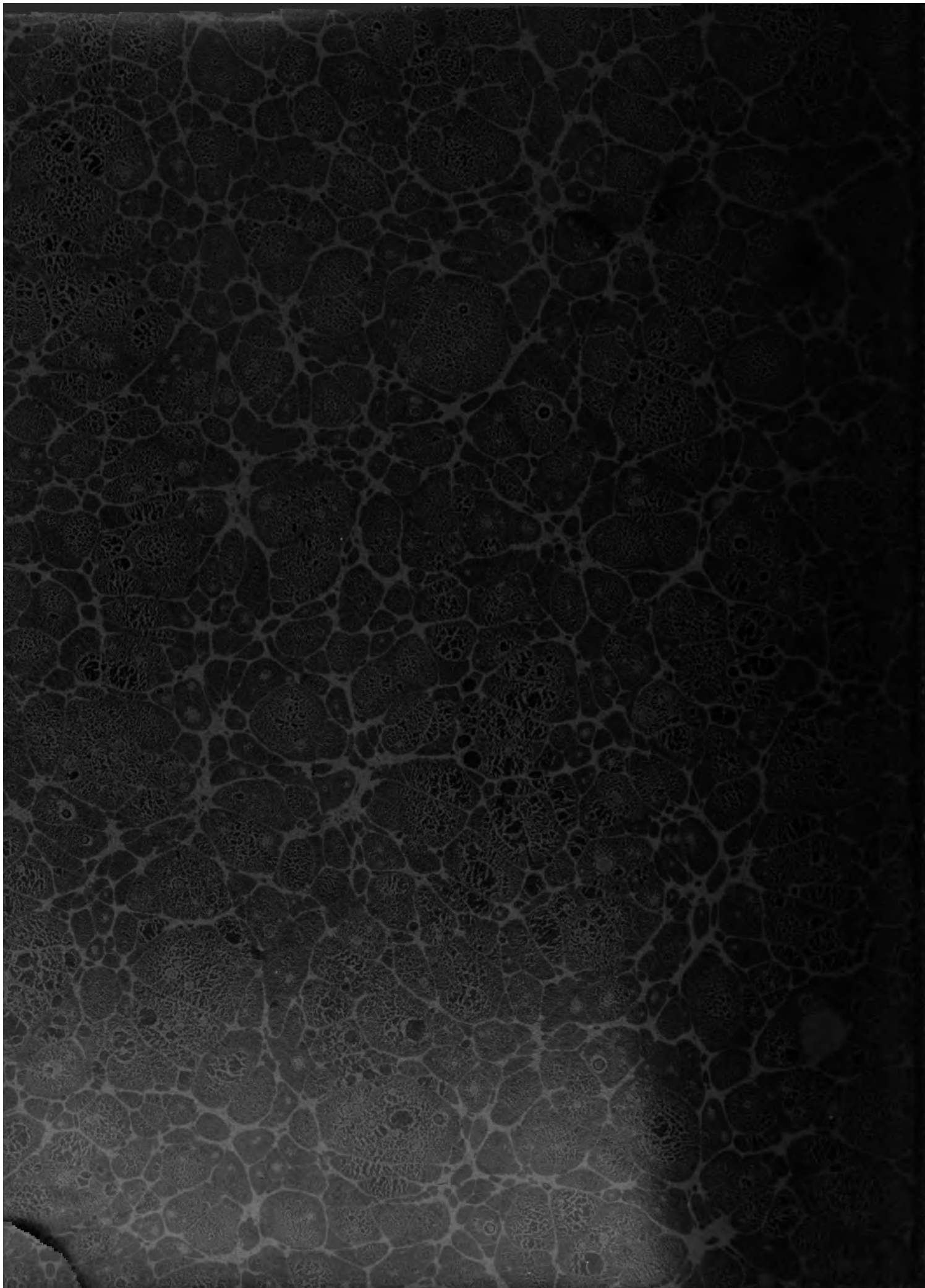


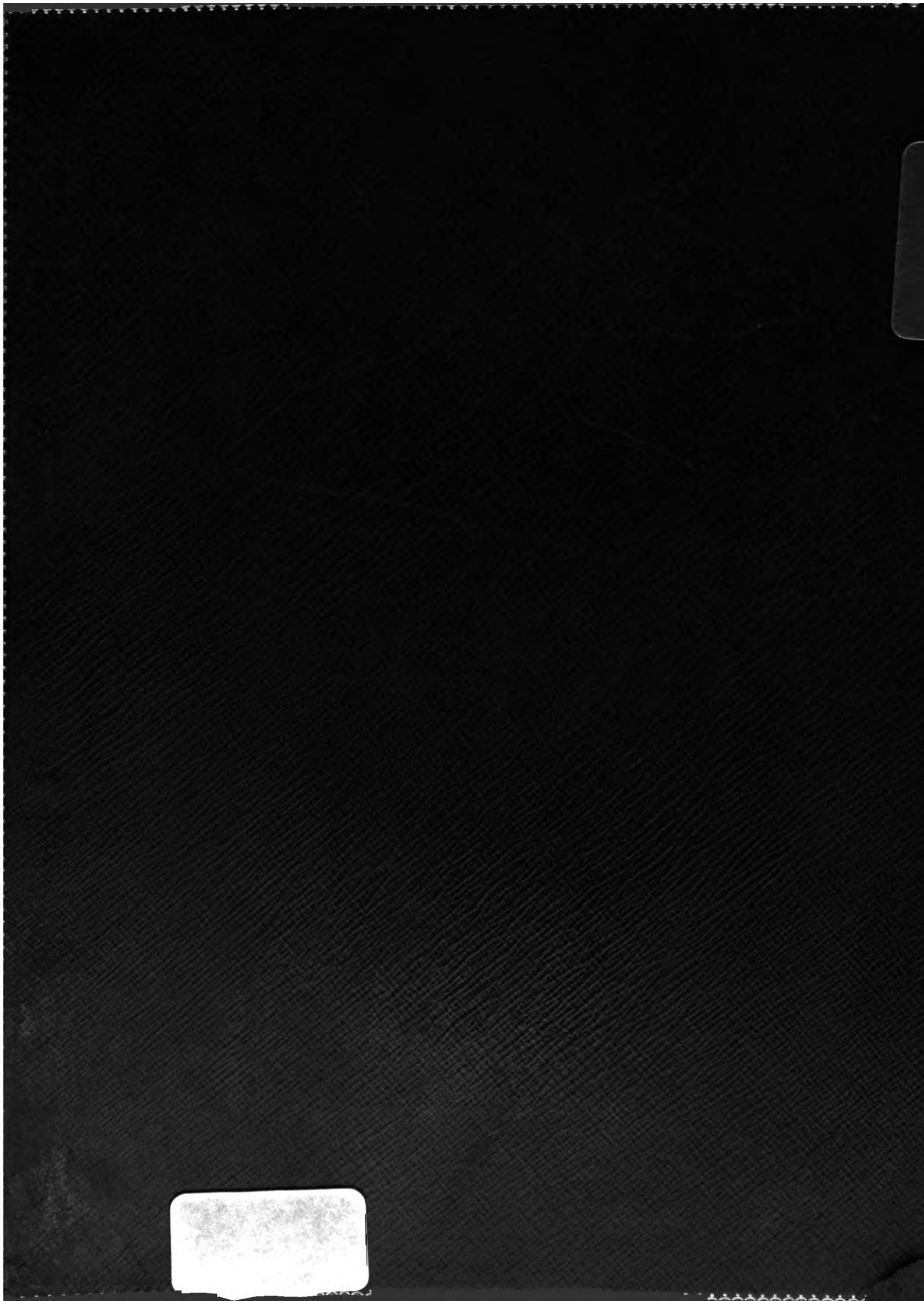












The pilgrimage of the Soule

