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The booke of the pylgrynage of
man.







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 BUNYAN

Author of the Pilgrim's Progress

As presented to the House of Commons by the Society of the Friends of the Pilgrim's Progress

Printed by W. B. Whittaker, 1840

THE ANCIENT POEM OF
GUILLAUME DE GUILVILLE
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



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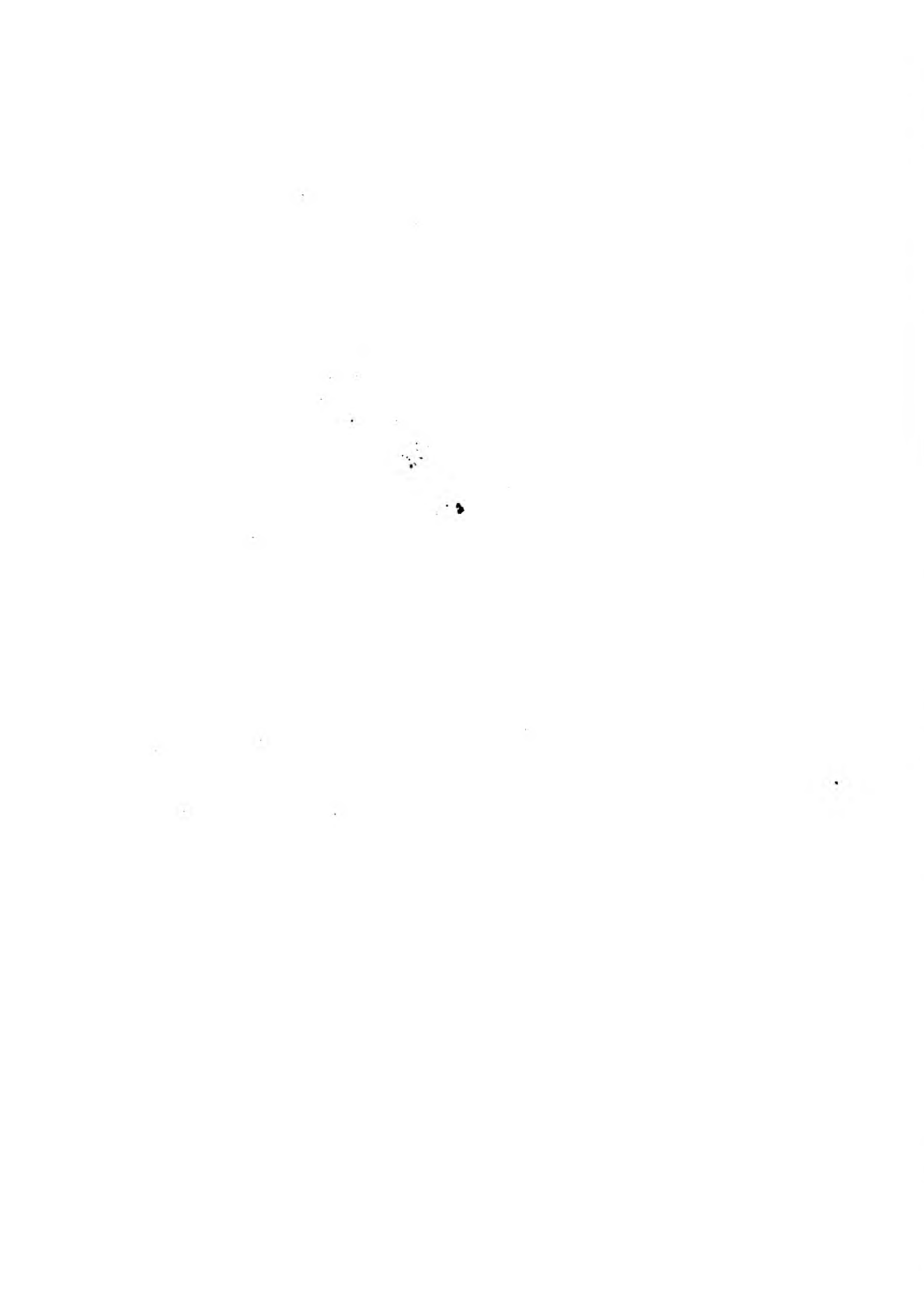
TO
John-William-Spencer-Brownlow Egerton,

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 pèlerinages*, 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 Guileville, 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 Guileville 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 Progresse 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 himfelfe with experience of ye worlde, umility, and learned diffcipline, 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 touns 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 engraven 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 Poefye.”

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. Fofs, 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

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."

^a A red herring.

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 Haydn, and Beethoven, and Mozart—as it made Shakespeare, or Milton, or Raphael, or Titian, or Rembrandt—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 antiquitye,
Of the poetes olde, a tale to surmise
To cloke the trouthe, of their infirmitye,
Or yet on ioye to haue moralitye."

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 Guilleville 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 attesterà 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 furannés, 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 Philariète Chastel*, 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, Duchess of Lancaster, as a prayer 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 n'est pas neceffaire
 A moy se tu tresdebonnaire
 Ne me fecours comme autruy

B IEN croy que par toy conforte
 Sera mon cueur defconforte
 Car tu es de salut 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 deporte
 Ma dolente ame a toy iaporte
 Sauue la ne vault plus que morte
 En luy tout bien est avorte

C ONTRE moy font grant action
 Ma vergoigne et confusion
 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-mercifull
 quene
 To whom all this world fleth
 for succour

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

B OUNTIE so 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 so fre
 Thou art largesse of plaine felicite
 Having and refute of quiete and rest
 So how that Thevis fevin chafing me
 Helpe ladie bright or that mine ship to
 brest

C OMFORT is none but in you,
 Lady dere!
 For lo! mine sinne and mine
 confusioun,

Which ought not in thin presence for to
 apere,
 Han taken on me a grievous actioun,
 Of veray right and disperatioun,
 And as by right they mighten well sustene
 That I were worthy mine dampnatioun,
 Ne were it of thy mercy, blisfull Quene!

11/11/11

11/11/11

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



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
Quauifer ie ne me pouoie
Si ia mort ou en vie iestoie
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner
Lorloge de nuyt pour leuer
Et auffi 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 aduentureux 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 goddes 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 confydred full wysly of my lord
Of Salysbury, 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 Cryste's incarnation
 Ffour hundryd and nouthur far nor nere,
 The furplus over fyxe and twenty yere ;
 My lord that tyme being in Parys,
 Wych gaff me charge by his dyscrete avys,
 As I feyd erst to settel 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 translacion (as he is bounde of dette), in order that it may enlumine :"—

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

He then proceeds as follows :—

And touchynge the translacion
 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 substauce,
 Ryght as yt ys ymad in France,
 Ffull devoutly in sentence,
 In worschepe and in reverence
 Off that noble hevenly quene,
 Bothe moder and a mayde clene,
 And fythe 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 afory 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 pleynty 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 sit fugienda via."

" O worldly folk avyse yow be tymes,
Wych in thys lyff ben but a pylgrymage,
Lyk straungerys far fro yowr contre,
Unfranchyfed 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 Frensch into Englissh, with some addicions, ye yere of our Lord M iiiii. '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 Jerusalem*," 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 Sowle*," in the library of University Coll.—"*The Dream of the pilgrimage of the soul*, 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 Soul*, translated out of French, 1414."

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

and the Pilgrim's Progress.

II

of the lyfe of the manhode, which ys maad for good pylgryme that in this world fwich 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, ymagined after the manner of the Romans of the Roos,^b which al parte of love doth cloofe, translated oute of frenshe in to Englyshe by oon that cleped him *Johan the preefte*, preyeth for the maker, the translatour, 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 disclofe"—

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 *vlaemfchen 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 verftanneffe*, 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 *Palfter*;^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. I., 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 GUILEVILLE. 1330.

Pour qui a bon fens 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
Jefcripz a mon reveillement.

Description of the Holy City.

Il nest nulle cite si belle^a
Ne qui de rien lui soit pareille
Mafson en fut seulement *dieu*
Nul autre ne feroit tel lieu
Car les chemins et les alees
Dor fin estoient toutes pauees
En hault assis son fundament^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 exprefs 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 GUILEVILLE. 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 lentree
 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
 Mefmement 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
 Monfrans semblant quilz enseignoient
 Plusieurs des pelerins dauail
 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
 Monfrant 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 saint benoist y recongneu

* * * * *
 ¶ La endroit saint francoys aussi
 * * * * *
 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
 Lescharpe ou bourdon que portast
 Acomply lors estoit leur veage
 Et fait tout leur pelerinaige

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.

* * * * *
 "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.

¹ "Lecharpe et le bourdon" represent the Certificate of pilgrimage. The latter is thus explained in the Dict. 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.² 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 necessaire

Mestoit a ce quauoye a faire

¶ Ainsi comment querant aloye

Et *en pleurant me guermentoye*

Ou ce *bourdon* peusse trouuer

Et celle *escharpe* pour porter³

Une dame de grant beaulte

Et de *tresgrant nobilite*⁴

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 iouuencel et iouuencelle

IV



De charboucles seme 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 coulon lui yffoit du fain
 Quelle applanioit sur fa main
 Son chef dor couronne estoit ^a
 Et tout en entour lenuironnoit
 Grant foison destoilles luisans
 Moulit fut certes cil bien puiffans
 Qui telle lui auoit donnee
 Et qui ainfi lauoit paree
 Moulit courtoise et de douce chere ^b
 Me fut grandement car premiere
 Me faulua en demandant
 Pourquoi nauoie meilleur semblant ¹
 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 feullement pour autant
 Que cil qui a bonte plus grant
 Plus a en soy 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 fouspirer
 A dire helas
 Adonc me dist grace quas tu
 Pourquoi 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 bloquel pesant* ¹
 Le corps et ung retenail grant
 Il me rabat quant vueil voler
 Et retire quant vueil monter ^b

^b Eph. iv. 17—24.

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

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 *bloquel 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 suis *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 prist en celle heure^a
Et tost me mena sans demeure
Vers une maison quelle auoit
Qui sienne estoit comme disoit
Et la me dist que troueroie
Tout ce de quoy mestier auroie
Laquel maison auoit fundee
Selon son dit et massonnee
Treize cens et trente ans auoit
Comme bien lui en fouuenoit
¶ 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 ses 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.
Psalme cxii. 3.

^b Eccluf. 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 assauoir^b
Qua trois choses doit auoir paix
Icelluy a qui est laisse
Ce beau ioyel et octroye

^a 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*.



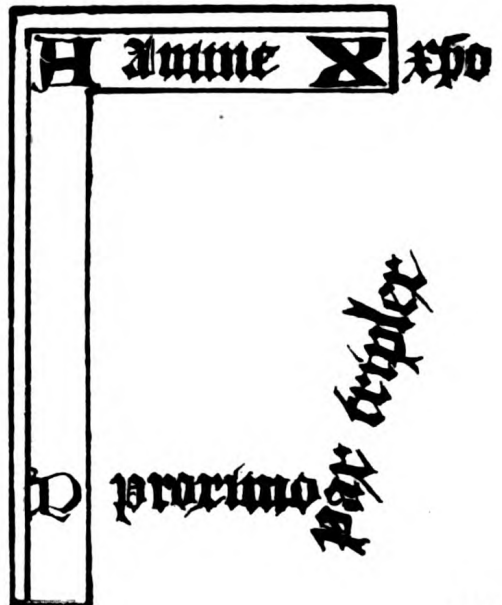
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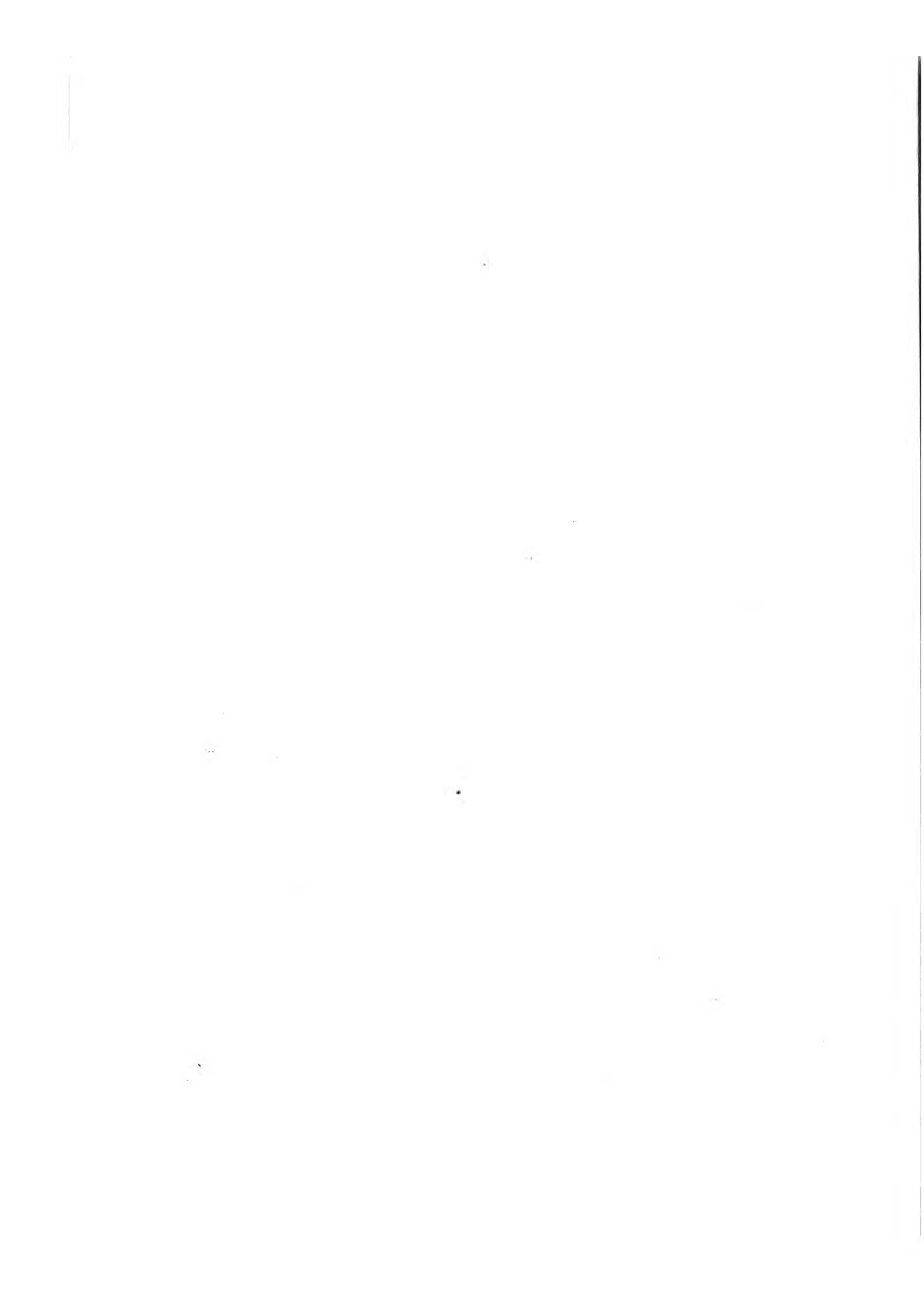
VI



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 soient 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
Sinderefis ne ne remorde
Après encor a son prochain
Qui par le P mis primerain
Est entendu doit paix auoir
A quoy le doit moult esmouoir
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 Psalm 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*.

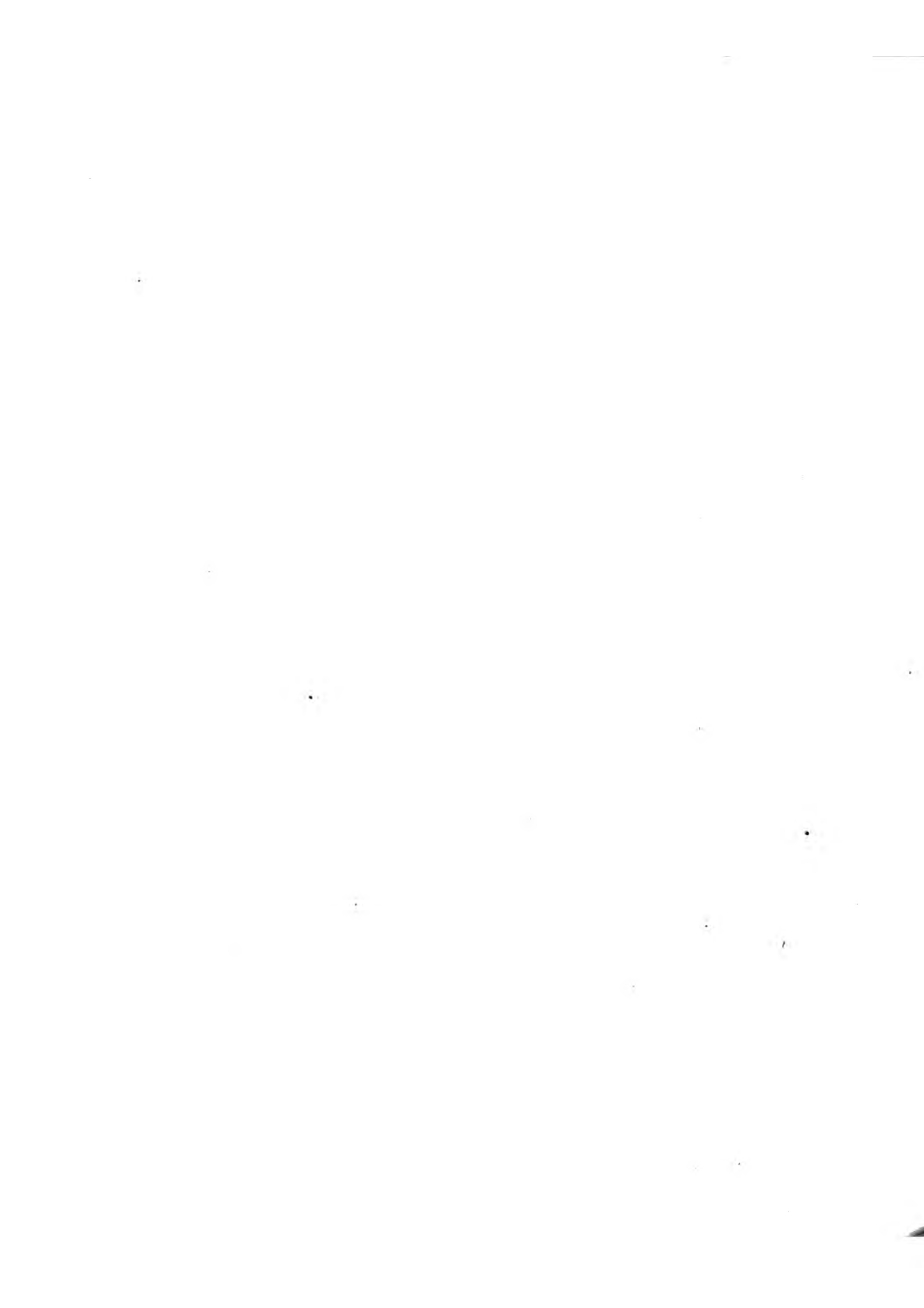
In the dream of De Guileville, as soon as *Charity* had made an end of her oration, many of the pilgrims appeared very desirous of accepting her proffered conditions, and addressed themselves first to her, and afterwards to *Repentance*. But he also perceived many unfortunate ones amongst them, who, 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 boubrier 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 silk, 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 saige
 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 cuer et faire ainsi^e
 Que les glorieulx martirs qui
 Trop mieulx amerent a respendre
 Leur sang pour leur foy fort deffendre^f
 Quaucunement leur feust ostee
 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 *Pèlerin*, 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 saison
 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 *Jesu 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 Ifaiah 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 Ifaiah liii. 7.

^f Pfalm 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." Armour^e 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
Assez en voys pour bien tarmier
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

Ce gambezou 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 rançon batue et forgee
Deffus 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 aussi de odorer
Choses qui te puissent greuer
Car sicomme cœuure et refraint
Le heulme tes sens et refraint
Tout ainssi atemperance fert
De garder loeil que trop ouuert
Ne soit ne trop abandonne
A folye et a vanite
Car se loeilliere assez nestoit
Estroicte entrer dedans pourroit
Telle *sagete*^b qui occire
Pourroit (the arrows of Satan.)

“ 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

“ 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.”

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 lespee *ogier*
Celle de *roland noliuier*
Si vertueuse ne puiffant
Si noble ne si excellent

“ 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

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

^b Dart.

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

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

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

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

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 *Sifera*; 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 Escription*, 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 arbour, one comes and awakes him, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways, and be wife.'"

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-harnes, (*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, blesteth 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 enterprife.”

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

Sapere est quod supra est.

O Courtiers
 Reader retires
 Ask begin
 To trade the
 Adversary path
 Truths
 Put on the
 Pilgrims
 Faith be
 Shine the
 Staff of
 Take
 Slaves



ADVE deceitfull worlde, thy pleasures I detest;
 Nowe, others with thy shoves 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 deathe 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 runne,
 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 stravgners, 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, deathe hee tastes: And there, shall neuer die.
 Here, hathe hee grieffe: And there shall ioyes possesse,
 As none hathe seene, nor anie harte can gesse.

Peregrinus
 Christianus
 Loquitur

Iacob 1.
 Ecclesiast. 4.
 Ilaia 40.

2 Corinth. 5.

Via veritas
 vita.
 Ioan. 14.
 Math. 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* beneth a dungeon therin
With *depe diches* 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 sepe*
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 Juv.*

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 excellisse."—*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 wost wel coth he and no wyghtte bettre
 Wot I what thou art *Thoughtte* seide he thanne
 I have fuwid^c thee this sevene yere fey 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 wylderneffe
 That founded was all by lyyckelyneffe

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

Not upon stile but on a craggy roche
 Lyke yse yfroze
 Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
 Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura

* * * * *
I non so 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 nought 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 merry 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 fo 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 sound of the matin-bell:—

POURTANT le dy car vne foiz
Lan mil trois cens dix par trois fois
Ung songe vy bien merueilleux
Lequel ainsy com fommeilleux
Jescripz a mon recueillement

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 desdormy fu
Et me trouuay fi esperdu
Quauser ne me pouoie
Se ia mort ou en vie iestoie
Jusqua tant que iouy sonner
Lorologe de nuyt pour leuer
Et aussi 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 songe
Ou quel se quelque vne mensonge
Estoit meslee ou contenue
Ou qui fust de peu de value

And Chaucer follows in a simular strain:—

Right thus me mette as I you tell
That in the castell there was *a bell*
As it had smitten houres 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:—

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

Le Pelerinage de l'Homme

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 naçtende au lendemain*
 Car trop açtendre *le feroit*
Oblier et nen fouuiendroit

There is, moreover, a fimilarity between the "Envoye," or "way of fending forth their books," of Bunyan and De Guileville, which appears to be fufficiently deferving of a paffing remark: though it muft, of course, be regarded as a circumftance perfectly fortuitous. De Guileville informs us that the firft rough fketçh of his *Pilgrim* had been ftolen 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 efueille ie feroye
 Et que penfe plus y auroie
Ce que ie cuidois moult bien faire
 Se ie neuffe eu en *ce contraire*
 Car fans mon fceu et volente
 Tout mon efcrypt me fut *ofte*
Par tout diuulge

Not being able to root out the copies of his original fketçh, he refolves 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 addrefſes his book:—

¶ *Doncques fonge tu ten gras*
Par tous les lieux ou eſte as
 A tous tes *prouuains*^a ie tenuois
 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 stitched 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 wish *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 similitude 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 metryng by wrong impreffion,
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 compyle 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, quaak for drede,
For to appere in so hye presence.

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

O little book ! thou art so 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 feyde yer ho lyst take kep^a
 I was avysed in my slep
 Excited 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 fyght
 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 mansyouns
 Placys and habytacyouns
 And ther was also al gladnessse
 Joye with ovten hewynesse
 And pleynly who that hadde grace

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

^b Beauty.

^c Mafon.

^d After his own
 plan.

^e Pfalter.

<p>^a Slain.</p>	<p>Ffor to entre in that place Ffond on to hys plefaunce Off joye al maner suffysaunce That any hert kan devyfe And yet the entre in swych wyfe Was strongly kepte ffor komyng in Ffor the awngel cherubin Off the gate was cheff porter Hauing a sward 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 sermon ther off make That they suffrede ffor the sake Off crist ihū vnto the deth Ffor love tyl they yald vp the breth</p>
<p>^b Better refuge.</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>Myd ther mortal peynes smerte Ffor ther ys noon so hard on hert So despytous nor so ffelon That he wold ha compassyon Ben agryfed^c off pyte And specyally ffor to fe</p>
<p>^c Slaughter.</p>	<p>The vengeaunce 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>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 afor Cryst to suffre was yborn</p>
<p>^d Together.</p>	<p>Fful many wonderful torment Lyggyng awayt fro day to day To slan pylgrymes in ther way</p>	<p>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</p>
<p>^e Affected with.</p>	<p>Makyng ful grete occysion^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</p>	<p>Recordeth pleylny who taketh hed Of al those wyfe ys had^f For wyth the membrys as was due After ther hed lyst to sue^g Wych by example went afore To whom thentre was not forbore</p>
<p>^f He who heeds these things is esteemed wife.</p>	<p>Wern out of ther skynnes flawe And somme by ful mortel lawe Were hew as bokys kan remembre Afonder partyd every membre Crucefyed of blood al red And many other lost hys hed Off somme the bowelys wer out rent</p>	<p>Ffor swych as deyde ffor hys love By wyketys entrede in above Vp the gate hih a loffte Thogh there was passage was not foffte The porter lyst hem nat to lette And ther pencillys^h vp they sette</p>
<p>^g Follow.</p>	<p>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</p>	<p>On cornerys wher them thouhte good All steyned 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</p>
<p>^h Banners.</p>	<p>Somme sawyd evene affonder Nerff and bon affonder rent And ther entraylles afor hem brent</p>	<p>By manhood only and by vertu For by record of feyn Mathew</p>

The hevene 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 hevene in many wyfe
 To wych kynde may not suffyfe
 To cleyme ther poffeffion
 But the be guyded 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 aftonyd 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 flawne bryht
 But now the fsharpneffe and lyht
 Was queynte^a to do no more vengeance
 By vertu off cryftys gret fuffraunce
 Wych fhall no more for man be whet
 * * * * *
 Afterward 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 fholde 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 vertuoues
 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 ffyht
 Hih in to that ffayr cyte
 And hiher vp they dyde ffele
 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
 Werby they han the hevene kauht
 And ffonde ther in gret avauntage
 To fforthre hem in ther pylgrymage
 And how hem fylff they fholde guyde
 And vp on the tother fyde
 Vnder the wal of the cyte
 I fawh off gret autorite
 Ffolkys wych dyde entende
 To helpe her ffrendys to afcende
 By ful gret fubtylyte
 To make hem entre the cyte

^a Quenched fo as to do.

^b By their countenance or gef-ture.

^c Auftin friars.

^a Ladders.

^b Each one.

^c St. Benedi^ct.

^d I knew not.

^e Get again.

^f Affirm.

^g For ever his scarf and staff, i. e. faith and hope.

^h Owe.

ⁱ Reason.

^k Moved.

^l I cared for no other joy.

^m See as in a vision.

ⁿ Better.

^o Before.

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

Wych as I rehers shal
Ffor to scale that hih wal
That was so myhty and so strong
With hym brouht a ladder long
In the wych men myhte se
¹XII grees off humylyte
By wych thorgh deuocyon
Ffolk off hys relygyon
Ascendys vp gre by gre
With oute lette to that cyte
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 sylff assure^e
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 dyspleasance
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 perpetuelly
With feyth hope and charyte
To lyve at rest in that cyte
Ffor other thyng in hert and thouht
To her desyre they wolde nouht
Ffor as the phyhsosfe seyth

To whom men mosten eyven^h ffeyth
That al folk wherso they wende
What they do ys for som ende
And for that skyleⁱ more and more
I was steryd^k wonder fore
Ffor to take my journee
Lyke a pylgryme to that cyte
Off more joye I nat kepte^l
And me thouht ek as I slepte
And in my dreem did ek mete^m
That ellys I myghte ha no quyete
And thus feel pensyff in my guyse
A noon I gan me to a vyse
And thouht in my avyision
I ffaillde a sherpe and bordon
Wych al pylgrymes ouhte to have
In the wey hem sylff 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

And I roos vp and that anoon
And fro my hous gan out gon

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 necesfarye
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 sylff tryst and wepyng
Cerchyng toforn^o and ek behynde
Sherpe and bordon for to fynde
And whil I dyde my besynesse²
A lady of ful gret ffayrnesse
And gret nobleffe soth to say

¹ This is an allusion to the foundation of twelve monasteries by St. Benedi^ct, 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
 Plauynyge 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 Richesse 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 wyfe 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 nobleffe
 Dydenede 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 forowe and feyn 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 thysylve to dysconforte

* * * *

The PYLGRIM.

Certys quoth I I may wel wepe
 For yiff ye lyft to take pece

^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 forsake
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 sefon
But now I am avalyd don ^a
And fynde by gret adverfyte
Al that ys contrayre unto me

* * * * *
Cheyned 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 flen 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 wakyng nor a slepe
For wych certys I may wel wepe
And feyn allas and fory 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 lyste rewarde ^d me
And lyste 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 thou owest 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 thou dost se
Wych I bere with wynges fayre
Humble benygne and debonayre
I am tokeynyd who lyst seke
With hyr goodly eyen meke
And so thou shalt me calle in dede
Whan thou hast on to me nede
And that shal be ful offte sythe ^f
That I may my power kythe ^g
Telpe the in thy pylgrymage
Ffor fynally in thy vyage
As thou gost to that cyte
Thou shalt haue offte aduerfyte
Gret mescheff and encombraunce
Empechementys and dysturbaunce
Wych thou mayst nat in no degre
Passe nor endure withoute me
Nor that cyte never atteyne
Thogh thou 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 founderesse
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 hevenely mancyon
 With steplys and with toures hihe
 Fresshely 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 house by the waters of Baptism, he thus replies:—

The PYLGRYME.

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

I kan nat swymmen 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

GRACEDIU 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
 Paffen ferst the gret see

Or thow come ther to her ys al
 And dredyft 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 wasshen hym yt was no nede
 But that hym lyft off lowly hede
 Schewe example by hys grace
 How other folkys sholde passe
 Wher by the same went
 Wherfore tel me thyn entent
 Yiff thow thys ryver lyft atteyne
 And I shal anon ordeyne
 A sergeaunt 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 crossie the round aboute
 Make the sur as thow shalt fe
 From al tempestys of the fe
 Tescape the wawe of euery streem
 And make the wyne Jerusaleem
 By conquest and fynally
 That thow shalt drede non enmy

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 Pfal. 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 sefon 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 trespase
Purgyd clene and frely quyrt
The caff^m and the strowh abyrtⁿ
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 retreuee vestu
De paille et de nouvelle cote
Qui estre te doit vne note^o
Que se tes parens font purgez
De leurs originelz 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
Riuere ou preigne lauement
Sil veult auoir son purgement

That kyndely be sown here
 In this world fro day to day
 The huske with hem abyt alway
 And feveryth not in no manere
 Tyl they be wafshed 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 wafshe anoon
 In al that ever he coude or myghte
 And Guyllyam ffor sothly he hyhte ^b
 Hys surname 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 sefon
 Affter your oppynyoun
 That he mak by your byddyng
 Off thys pylgrym the wafshyng
 Wher of ye han so mych seyde
 Quod she I am ryght wel assayd
 And ther withal benygne of look
 The advocate anoon me took
 Of Charyte by gret plesauce
 Affter the custum and usauce
 And made calle of fyrst of al
 To helpyn hym the offycyal
 Bad hem also among hem alle
 Affter hys name me to calle
 The he shold ek don hys dever ^d
 To helpe me pass the ryver
 That I were wafshen 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 anoon
 That I saw ther fro me goon
 A foul that was of colour blak
 And in his lydene ^e thus he spak
 Crying men herd hym every cost ^f
 I wys quod he I have al loft

^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
 Et ie lui dis quil mappelast
 Tout ainsi com lui et nommast
 Et que tantost me fist passer
 Leue pour moy dedens lauer
 Celui vint tost et ainsi fist
 Mais quelque chose auant il dist
 Sur moy qui auoit tel vertu
 Quen ce point aduis il me fu
 Que de moy vng oisel yffy
 Qui estoit noir et a hault cry
 Difoit en lair iay tout perdu
 Cest official mal venu
 Soit qui ainsi moste mes droiz
 Et maintenant et autrefois
 ¶ Puis lofficial me baigna ^h
 Et dedans leue me laua
 Trois foys me croisa et si me oint

Gracedieu ne men mentit point
 Et quant ie fuz oultre passe
 Et laduocat sen fut ale
 Qui me fist si grant courtoisie
 Quoblier iamaiz 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 monstreray
 Dont ton prouffit tresgrant feray
 Se tu as volente daprendre
 Et adroit y veulx bien entendre

^g f. 6. b.

^h 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 fe
 Anoynted in the stremes cold
 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
 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
 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 fene
 Thou art wafshed and made al clene
 And art passyd the ryver
 Without a pereyl or daunger
 Thyn enemy fled out of thy brest
 Wher he aforn hadde made hys nest
 I shal the shew of gret delyt
 Fful many thyng for thy profyt

^b Snatched away.^c Vitell. C. XIII.
f. 31.^d And always
continue thus
together.^e In good or evil
circumstances.^f f. 8. b.^g Gen. xii. 10.^h Gen. i. 27, 28.ⁱ f. 7. b.¹ See Woodcut IV.LE IOUENCEL ET IOUENCELLE.^f

LE PELERIN.

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

LE PRESTRE.

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

¹ ORDRE OFF MARYAGE.^e

The PYLGRYME.

And tho myn eye as I vp caste
 I sawe komen wonder faste
 A pylgrym al fodeynly
 Holdyng hys weye fynally
 As methouht in hys entent
 Drawynge into the oryent
 And even in the oppofyt
 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 dyffevere
 * * * * *
 And that your trouthe on outhere 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 promettez par foy
 Tresbien a certes deuant moy
 En gardant bien que vous ferez
 Car sapres vous vous parierez
 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 fcez pour quoy
 Ma len fait la teste cornue
 Et baille la verge pointue
 Nest ce pas pour punicions
 Des maux 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 awaylle 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 trespase
 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 chaftyn 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 Refon
 Tak hed in thy discrecioun
 Understond me euery del
 I wot that thow menest wel
 And knowe platly^d thy menyng
 Mefure 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 dyrecte^f

And with fayrnes hem correcte
 Swych as thow sey day by day
 Erryn from the high ryhte way
 And yiff thow founde hem obstynat
 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 sweetnesse afor Rygour
 And thogh the prykke of Rygour be^h
 For chaftyng the yoke to the
 Be alway war touchyng ryht
 Whan thow chaftyest any whyght
 Do yt never by swych duresse
 But yt be meyntⁱ ay with swetnesse
 Medle with al the unctyon
 Off pyte and compassyon
 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 justfised
 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 Ecclef. 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.

Ex. xiv. 21, 22.	<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 Underftondeth 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 grown in your herte^b To make your shep^c so fore smerte Thogh ye shewe outward dredful Be the in your hertys merciful</p>	<p>And in thy drauht 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 underftonde 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 Pontifex¹ they doth the calle Making a bregge thys to feyne The passage that they may atteyne²</p>
John x. 11. 1 Pet. v. 2.	<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 Aboue crookyd to enclyne</p>	
Flock.	Schowe hem euer of love a fygne	
Perfectly.		
1 Tim. i. 15.		
Bridge.		
Rom. xv. 14.		
Hofea xii. 6.	<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."</p>	<p>Et par tel cop faire mourir Par le plat du glaiue sentent Bon et loyal aduifement^a Veritable monicion Virile predicacion^b Qui fiert les maux en espurguant 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 voyezⁱ Exorter souuent et prescher Fait mainteffoys peche laisser Sainfi les pouez garantir Mieulx vault que du taillant ferir * * * * * 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 Moulte de maux faire vous pourriez^l * * * * * En main aussi diracondeux^m Rest ce glaiue bien perilleux Car flamboyant il fut baille Par grace dieu et octroye La cause se sauoir voulez Si est car quant vous le tournez Soit en jugeant ou en preschantⁿ En punissant ou corrigeant Monstrer le deuez enflambe</p>
1 Cor. iv. 14.		
Heb. ix. 5.		
Prov. i. 20.		
Prov. xxix. 7.		
Ecclef. vii. 5.	<p>Nul ne fiert se premierement Du plat du glaiue feru na Et quauant bien aduife na Cellui quil veult ainfi ferir</p>	

NATURE.¹

² I ha the governance^a
 Off fyr of hayr as ye may fe
 Off erth and off the large fe
 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 refrefshyng off her hewe
 The erthe I clothe yer by yer
 And refrefshe 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 freshe 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 freshe and yong ageyn
 * * * * *
 And off the feld the lyllyes ffayre
 And off herbys many a payre
 That winter slowh with hys constreynt

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

De bon amour et charite
 Car amour est le feu ardant
 Qui le doit faire flamboyant
 Et moult grant mefchance 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, saith 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 toughness 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 Maistresse 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 laisse efter
 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 desguifees
 Oncques ne vestit salomon
 Tel robe que fait vng boiffon
 Et ce que fais par loifir 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 cost me lyft not spare
 But thar rycheffe I do repare
 Whan hete off cold hath the victorye
 That Salomon in al hys glorye
 Was not clad I dar wel say
 Half so 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 hasty
 I hate in myn oppynyous
 Al fodeyn mutacyous

^a Vitell. C. xiiii.
 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 bestial
 Ne kan no ferther fe at al
 Toward the hevене nor the tre
 Wher he receyveth hys plente

^b Do not have a
 grudge against.

That bar the frut for hys repaft
 Al that ys from hys mynde paf
 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 supposeth
 I am lady hool and entere
 And ye be but my chamberere
 Thys shal ye fynde al openly
 Yiff ye look avyfyly
 Leve your wordys hih aloffte
 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

¹ GRACEDIEU.

Vous semblez bien le porc sauuaige^c
 Qui mangeue souuent 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 feulement se tient
 Aussi point ne me congnoissez
 Ou ne me congnoistre faignez
 De qui tenez tout ce quaez
 Ne rien fans moy vous ne pouez

^c f. 14.

^d Matt. vii. 6.

^e Psa. cxxiii. 2.
 Philipp. ii. 13.

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

Ouurez doncques discrettement
 Les yeulx de vostre entendement^e
 Car se bien ouurez 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 esaiie 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 difant 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 making
 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 humbly 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 follyly^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 so graciously
 Off alle that ever me alterte^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 folkysⁱ that me se
 And trewly I am ek she
 Now adayes lytel preyfyd
 And yet ful worthy to be reysed
 Off prys to folkys that be dygne^k
 Rygerous and ful benygne
 To al that be vertuous
 Happy also and right grewious
 The graciously 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 euere 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
 Allegement withoute the^m

^a Ifaiah.^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 ameeⁿ
 La debonnaire trop doubtée
 La peu prisee peu plaissant
 Penitence suis appellee
 De ce maillet iamoliayJadis sainct pierre et le froiffay
 Qui si dur pierre auoit este
 Que son bon maitre auoit nie
 * * * * *
 Et grande amertume et douleur
 De la magdaleine ainfi fisⁿ f. 15.

- ^a Job x. 20.
^b Ezra x. 11.
^c Guilt.
^d Soft.
^e Matt. xxvi. 75.
^f "Juice" of his weeping, i. e. his tears.
^g Strong.
^h Luke vii. 38.
ⁱ Isaiah i. 16.
 Prov. xi. 20.
 Ezek. xvi. 30.
 Ecclef. iii. 26;
 vii. 17.
 Jer. xxiii. 29.
^k Matt. xii. 43,
 44.
 Romans x. 10.
 Psalm xxvi. 8.
^l 2 Cor. vii. 1.

But thow grant off thy pyte ^a
 That I may al outterly ^b
 Off my gyltes ^c ha mercy
 So that I do no more amyfs
 Now good lord thow grante thys
 Thus I maken hem crye offite
 And with thys hammer I made soffite
 Seyn petrys hert and yt to brak
 That yt wente al vnto crak
 Wych ffyrft was hard as any fton
 But I made yt nefshe ^d anoon
 Whan he hys maystee ffyrft forfook
 But whan I the hammer took
 I smet hym so 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 so gret dystresse
 In hys greuous hertly ^g peyne
 And also Mary Mawgdelegne ^h
 With thys hamer I smot so
 That hyr herte I rooff atwo
 Wych was fulhard with synnes old
 But wt strokys manyfold
 I made hyr tender yt ys no doute
 That the terys yffede oute

Repentance adds that the heart of man ⁱ resembles an earthen vessel full of loathsome corruption; this vessel must be broken in pieces, for it is not sufficient to look upon sin in the abstract, but each particular sin must be done away with. There is also a worm contained therein, called the "worm of conscience." None could endure to live gnawed by the

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 goust, du tast, 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 bysme that al thys doth
 Ys myn owne tonge in soth.'

"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 so ⁿ
 For she ne wyl nowher abyde
 But yt be clene on euery fyde
 Whos chambre and whos mansion

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 Wilton, M.D., F.R.S.E.

² Rien na dedans ne sus ne ius ^o
 Ne en anglet ne en pertuz
 Que tout ne vueille remuer
 Cherchez tracer et hors geeter
 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 balice

^m Walk.

ⁿ Ecclef. vii. 2.

^o f. 14. b.

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 confesse 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 bysme^a [human hearts] submitted be¹
Off lownesse and humylyte
That they be swept clenly at al
And that the hammer breke smal
Ffyrst 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 reson

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 chastyer

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 satisfation

^a Befom or broom.

^b Rod or staff.

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

^d f. xvi. b.

Trewe fatysfaccion
 And fothly yiff I shal not feyne
 Satysfaccion ys to feyne
 Affeth ^a that ys mad for fynne
 And that a man haue withinne
 As myche forewe and repentaunce
 As he hadde ffyrft plefaunce

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.

Our Saviour says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

In De Guileville, *Repentance* 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

^a Sufficiently.^b Rom. xi. 5.
Luke xxii. 19.^c Long ago.^d f. xvii.^e 1 Cor. xiii. 3.^f 1 Cor. xiii. 6, 7.^g 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.^h Eph. i. 7.

Car satisfacion vault tant
 Que faire allez ou tout autant
 De peine sans nul contredit
 Comme au peche eut delict

1 CHARITE.

Je suis la mere des vertus ^d
 Celle qui reuest les gens nudz
 Qui saint martin fis despoillier
 Pour poure vestir et aiser
 Je suis nourrice d'orphelins
 Hosteliere de pelerins
 Qui les maux dautruy faiz les myens
 Et a tous communs sont mes biens
 Sans laquelle saint paul disoit ^e
 Que riens nauoit qui ne mauoit
 Et quelque bien faire ne peut
 Si non quavecques foy il meust
 Aussi certainement ne fait
 Car sans moy nest aucun bien fait
 Mon nom se fauoir le voulez
 Charite vous mappellerez ^f
 Car charite tient en cherte
 Ceulx quautres ont en grant vilte
 Je repais les gens familleux
 Et visite les langoureux
 Je suis celle qui dautruy bien

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."

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,

"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."—*St. Matt.* xxvi. 26—28.

CHARITY.¹

* * * * *

I made feyn martyne yore agon ^c
 Al be that he hadde but on
 Hys mantel to kutte a tweyne

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
 Dautruy ne a autruy 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 fuy
 Qui faire luy fis tel ennuy
 Car du ciel ie le fis descendre
 Pour la vostre humanite prendre
 A lestache le fis lyer
 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

And dyde al hys byfy peyne
 To clothe the poore wych nakyd stooð
 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 sylff that yt endure
 And al my goodys I ensure
 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
 Hern to cheryshe ys my delyt
 I feede folk that hongry be
 And part ^c with hem off my plente
 And vyfete hem that lyggen feke
 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 benygnely
 Alle sorwes wel apese
 And I am she that kan don ese

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 entencion
 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 sont les maux que iay fait faire
 Sans peche voir et sans meffaire
 Or vous diray que ce roy fist
 Auant que ces paines souffrist
 Quant il vit sa mort approucher
 Ne vout pas en oubly laiffer
 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 affauoir."

^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 bettere
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 fue
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 cryst 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 *Xριστός*, "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 pofessioun
Off thys jowell most off renoun
And he to whom cryst 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 sygnyfyed

In tookne that noon be rekkeles
Fyrst to haue parfyte 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 wyse
Ne do no thyng in no degre
Wych that sholde dysplese me
And yiff yt happe off neelygence
Ageyn me that he do offence

* * * * *
Ther by ys pleyntly understonde
The sowle of man with whom ech whyht
Sholde ha pes of verray ryht
So that in a manhys thought
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 yset 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 pleynt

Ys as myche for to feyn
By notable description
The hiher party of Refon
Wherby a man shal best discernen
Hys conscience for to governe

For al shal passe by o passage
 And by on hole off gret streihtnesse
 Poverte and ek rycheffe
 Al goth o way bothe gret and smal
 Excepcion ys noon at al
 To helpen in thys streichte 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 sothfost 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 tovyng 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 Giffiys 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 gyyv to the now kep hem wel
 Consydre the maner everydel
 How they be ryht necessiarye
 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 avaylle
 Ffor thy bred and thy vytaylle
 Ther in thou shalt alway conserve
 And all tymes thou shalt observe
 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 pyffel ^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 *Abachuch* that hooly man
 In hys wrytyng reherse kan
 The seconde chapytle 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 syht
 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 syht
 Whan the grene al withoute
 Ys spreynt ⁱ with dropys rond aboute
 Off red blood who kan entende
 Then the syht yt doth amende
 Fful gretly I dar wel feyne
 Ffor ther ys drope noon certeyn

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

^b Promised.

^c Advance thyself.

^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. xiiii.
f. 108.
f. xxvii. "Or en-
tens ben de ce
bourdon."

^l I advyse thee.

^m Jhesus Christ.

But yt ys worth and off more prys
To pylgrymes that be wyfe
Than outhr perle or margeryte
And as I dar ryht wel endyte
Yt ys mor ryche and precyous
Mor off valu and vertuou
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 syht
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 pleynly the rednesse
Wyth that was shad in clennessē ^b
Off glorious martyrs longe agon
That spente 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
Wherso 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 magnefyne
Nor make myhty resistence
Ageyn Tyrantys by dyffence

* * * * *
But ffyrst tak hed off the Bordon ^k
How yt ys good in ech seson
Ffor he nat ffalleth commonly
That leneth ther on stedfastly
Ffor wych thow shalt as yt ys ryht
With al thy fforce 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 gost 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
Aftter 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
 Refte vpon hym with herte and thouht
 And go furly and dred the nouht
 And to hys helpe alway calle
 And trust 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 champiouns
 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 resistence
 Talle that wolde hem don offence

* * * * *
 Thys *helm* callyd *attempraunce* ^f
 Ys nedful in thy dyffence
 Ffor to make resistence
 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 sette yt on ther hed
 As ffor ther chef salvacon

* * * * *
 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
 Thow mustest taken hede ther to
 That yt be not too large off space
 Lyft that by the fame place
 Entrede by collusion
 Som noyce off fals detraction

* * * * *
 Tave a swerd ek by thy fyde ^h
 A better was ther neuer founde
 Off stel forgyd whet nor grounde
 Wych shal ynowh suffyse
 The to dyffende many wyse
 Yiff any enemy the assaylle
 Outher in skarmush outhere bataylle
 I the ensure in al thy nede
 Whyl thou hast 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 folk 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 represented.

^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 fon 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 I Peter ii. 11.
Gal. v. 16—19.
Rom. vii. 22, 23.

^e Matt. vi. 25.
Gen. ii. 7.
I 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 gift.’

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
Que ie te dis questoye trop gras
Par trop remply et par trop peuz
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 marmar

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 doreinaunt
Et ce dois tu mieulx desirer
Et mieulx vouloir et procurer
Que tu ne dois faire la mort
Car baille test pour luy a port ^k
De vie et de salut mener
Et de tous perils 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 dowbylness
 What that ye mene verrayly
 Ffor her ys no whyht but ye and I
 Except only my chamberere
 Wych that folweth ous ryht here
 A noon to me doth fynifye
 Wher yt be trowth 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 sewe ^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 fyde
 Ffyndeth vn to hys plefaunce
 Soiour ^g with oute varyaunce

Ys that verrayly quod she
 Soth that thou haft sayd to me
 I understonde by thy language ^h
 Thou woldest leue thy pylgrymage
 And platly ⁱ 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 fayde a noon ryht than
 O wrecche o thou 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 come to tymely ⁿ 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 thou haddyft lyberte
 Joye merthe and al solace
 Woldestow fro thylke place
 Yiff thou haddyft fre chois at wylle
 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 cyrcustancys euery del
 Confydryd vp on euery fyde
 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
 Thou haft not lernyd euery del
 Thynges nouthur hih nor lowe
 Syth thy sylff thou kanst not knowe
 The wych a boue all other thyng
 Ys the beste knowelychyng
 That man may han in thys lyff here
 And yiff thou lyst platly lere ^q
 To knowe thy sylff ys bet knowing
 Than to be Emperour outhur kyng
 And for to knowe al syences
 Praetykes 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 Iffaiah 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 Pfal. 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 cloſyd withoute
Whan yt ys fro the ſegregat
Dyſſeveryd and ſeparat
Than off the I dar wel ſeyn
And afferme yt in certyn
Off god thow art the portraiture
Thymage alſo and ffygure^a
And off nouht yiff thow kanſt ſe
He ffourmede and he made the
That lord ffyrſt in thy creaunce
To hys owne reſemblance
And ymage wych of lykneſſe
Moſt dygne and worthy off nobleſſe
A prent to ſpeke off dygnyte
He myghte nat ha ſet on the
Mor worthy nor more notable
Than to hym ſyllff reſemblable
He gaff to the off hys goodneſſe^b
Cler ſyght off reſon and ffayrneſſe
And off nature to be mor lyht
Than any ffoul that ffleth in flyht
And never to deyen ek withal
For he made the immortal
Permanent and even ſtable
And tadwellyd immutable^c
Yiff thow not haddyſt off entent
Forfetyd hys commandement
Than haddyſtow thorgh thy renoun
Excellyd in comparyſoun^d
Comparyſoun myghte noon ha be
To thy nobleſſe and dygnete
Off hevене nor erthe in certeyn
Nor to declare and ſpeke in pleyn
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 greteſt ſtyle
Ffor off Thomas de Guillevyle
Thow art not ſone on that party
I dar afferme and ſeyn trewley^f
Who euer gruchche^g or make ſtryff
That he nat hadde in al hys lyff
To ſeke in al hys nacyon

No ſone off ſwych condycyon
Douhter nouthere yt ys no fable
Off kynrede ſo notable
But off engendrure bodyly
Thow haddyſt 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 greteſt foo
On that party yiff thow lyſt ſe
Roos^h fyrſt the grete enemyte
Nature hath yt ſo ordeyned
But yt thorgh vertu be reſtreyned
Ffor the ffritⁱ what euer yt be
Bereth the carage off the tre
* * * * *
And her vp on yiff thow lyſt ſe
The ſame lord he made the
Off his goodneſſe 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 preſſe
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 devyſe
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 glofing 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 counsayl al he wyl dyscure^c
 And thy secretys eveicchon
^d To *phyllystres*^e that be thy ffoon^f
 Other frenschepe truste me
 He hath pleylny noon to the
 Know thes and to my speche entende
 How thow wylt thy sylff dyffende
 Be nat to thy confusyon
 Deceyved as whylom was *Sampson*

* * * * *
 Quod Gracedieu a noon to me
 What thow haft sayd tak hed quod she
 And understond ffyrst in thy fyht
 By the sonne that shyneth bryht^g
 Thy foul 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 clowdy skye
 And lyk also who can dyscerne

To a murky blak lanterne
 And nat^k for thy I dar expresse
 Men may fen thorgh the bryhtnesse
 Off the soule 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 so
 Eclyped 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 fen 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 soule 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 afyde^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
 Affter 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 conclusion
 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 betray.^d Judges xvi. 18, 19.^e Philistines.^f Foes.^g Ecclef. i. 5.^h I Cor. ii. 14.ⁱ Thick.^k Notwithstanding this.^l Schools.^m Suppose.ⁿ One.^o Matt. v. 16.^p Luke xii. 35.^q Mark viii. 17, 18.^r Vitell. C. xiiii. 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. xliv. b.

ⁱ James v. 3.

A place delytable and ffayr
And me thought ek in my syht
I was nat hevvy 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 dysplefauce
I hadde off o thyng in certyn
That I muste go dwelle ageyn
With inne my body wych that lay
Lyk an hevvy lompe off clay
Wych to me was no forthryng
But perturbance and gret lettyng
Thyder to resorte off newe
Tho wyft I wel that al was trewe
That grace dieu had seyde to me
And thanne I went for to fe
Wher ^a the body slepte or nouht
And whan 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 thow konne now clerly
Knowe in erthe thy gret enmy
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 Je-
rusalem, beyond the sea (of this world). *In-*
dustry replies that the opposite path conducts

pilgrims into great peril, but that the one
wherein he is, was always discovered to be
safe 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 re-
plies, that he ought not to be blamed for so
doing; that it is not every one who can make
gold crowns: ^d

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

that an honest trade is not to be despised, how-
ever humble, provided it is pursued with dili-
gence, 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 hymself not occupye
By ressemblance thow 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 ainfi est il ⁱ
Ainsi que le fer est en peril
Du lacier dont riens on ne fait
Que tost apres rouille ne soit
Aussi l'homme qui oyseux est
Et riens ne fait en peril est

Quassez tost bien fort enrouille
Ne soit par vice et par peche
Mais quant il se veult occuper
Et en labeur exerciter
Celuy vault vng bon forbisseur
Et vne lime et vng limeur
* * * * *



life as a choice between

diverging paths may be

the idea of representing human

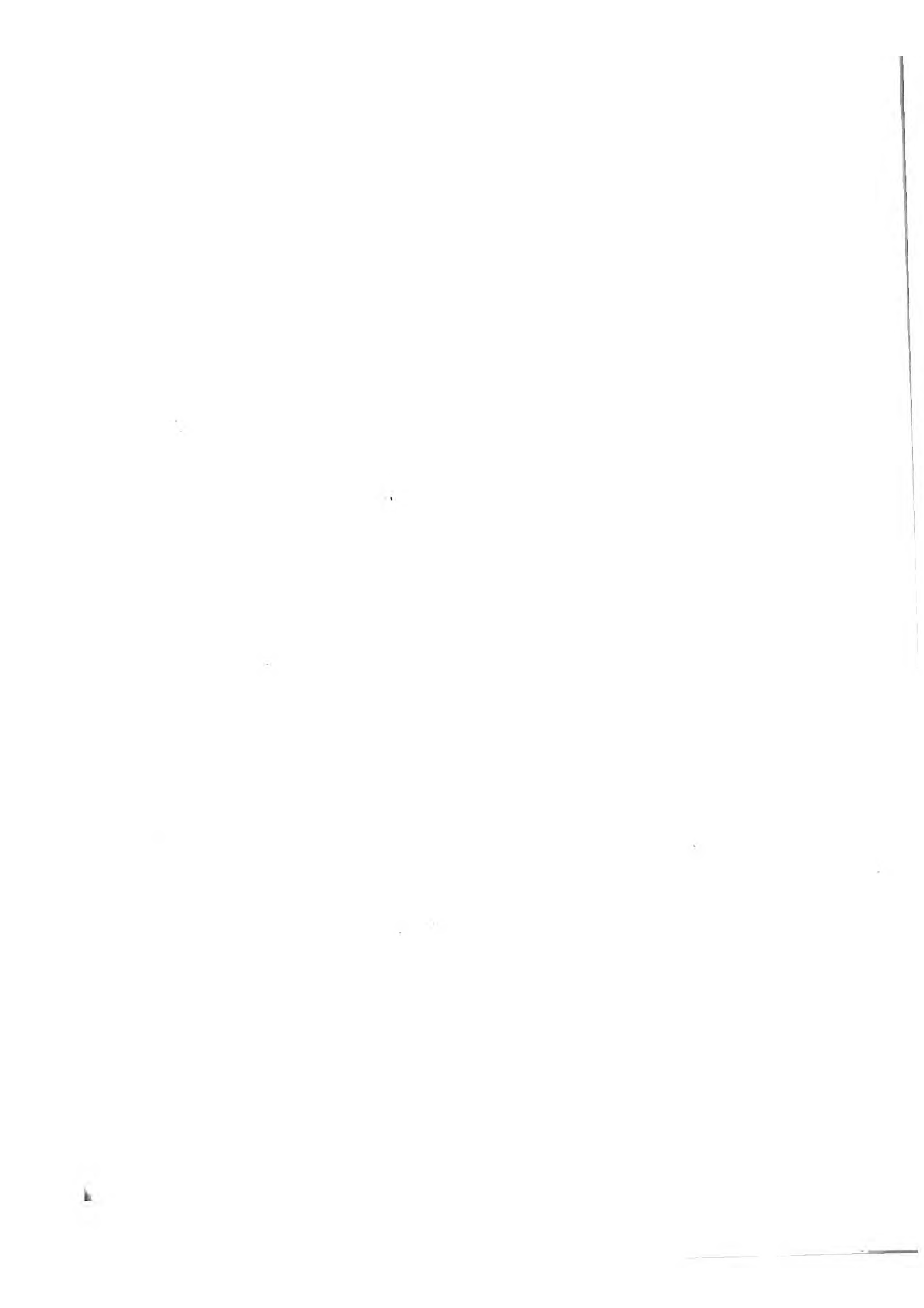
found in the famous Aphorism of Pythagoras



Remember that the paths of Virtue & Vice resemble the letter Y

Mittra Pythagore discriminate secta bicorni

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:—

¹ And 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 Occupation

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

Yt ys most esy off passage
To ffolkys old and yonge of age
Smothe and pleyn yt ys no nay
And most yufed nyght and day
And by thys ylke fame 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 sake
Endyte lettrys and songys make
Upon the glade fomerys days
Balladys roundelys vyrelays
I teche hem ek lyk ther ententys
To pleye on fondry instrumentys
On herpe lut and on gyterne
And to revelle at taverne
With al merthe and mellodye
On rebuke^g and on symphonye
To spende al the day in ffablys
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:

¹ Et touteffois ie suis celluy
Qui a trestous donne du pain
Et fans moy pieca mort de fain
Fust dadam tout le parente
Rien ny vaulsist larche noe
Je suis celluy qui fais passer
Le temps brieftment fans 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 p'e et de cheual
Et pelerins passent le plus
Bien vois quil est le plus batus

Par luy ie meyne gens au bois
Cueillir fleurs violettes et nois
En esbatement en deduit
En lieu de joye et de delict
Et la leur fais oyr chansons
Rondeaux balades et doulx fons^o
De herpes et de simphonies
Et plusieurs autres melodies
Dont long le parlement seroit
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 muserie

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 Ecclus. xxxiii. 27.

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

^e Job xxxvi. 13. Ecclus. 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 *Luft*, meets *Wrath* ^e and ² *Tribulation*. ^f He is assailed by the former, who is represented as a four-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.

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

Dicunt enim humanæ vitæ cursum, Y, litteræ 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, accipiofam 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 miseris, ignominiaque victurum,
Nos igitur melius, et verius, qui duas istas vias, cæli, et inferorum esse dicimus, quia iustis immortalitas, iniustis pœna æterna proposita est.—*Lactantius, 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 nefcius error
Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes.

Ibid. Sat. v. l. 34.

Pythagoræ bivium ramis pateo ambiguis Y.

Ausonius, Idyl. 348-9.

² See Woodcut XII.

mouth, the use of which she thus describes:—

¹This 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 dyssveraunce
Yt cut a two ech vertu
In Jacob and Esu
Thow mayst se a playn figure
Yiff thow rede the scripture
Thys sawhe made hem gon affonder
The ton her the tother yonder
And long tyme affonder 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 trynnye
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 forgyve 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
Worshepe honour but fals delyt
But gret damage and harm ful offte
And he that sholde stonde alofte
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 sauuaige 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 seee
Union de fraternite
Et alliance dunité
En iacob et en esau
Tu en as la figure veu
Je les siay et les desionctés
Et lun de lautre enuoyay loinge
Auffi ay ie maint autre fait
Dont racompter auroit trop plait
Aux dens ceste see ie porte
Afin que se la pater nostre
Je dy que ie soie bien seee

De dieu le pere et separee
Car quant le pry quil ait mercy
De moy et me doint tout ainfi
Mes meffais comme les pardonne
Et qua nully ie ne pardonne ^h
Bien seay 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 deffoubz 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.
¹ 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. lxvii. 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 sought a good and sure refuge.^b

How much more scriptural than this is Bunyan's "key of promise," which unlocks the door of *Doubting 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 alfo
 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 caufed offte
 To fien up to the sterre^e aloffte
 To whom thow fleddyft with gret labour
 Ffor to have of hym succour
 Comfort and confolacioun

¹ TRIBULATION. ^g

¶ Je fuis dist elle tout ainfi
 Que le vent qui maine a labry
 Et destourne les fueilles cheues
 Ou les rachasse vers les nues^h
 A refuge tay fait aler
 Et vers les nues regarder
 Qui es une feuille seichee
 Et deiectee et defuoyee
 En cestuy chemin maleureux
 Ou nest pas (dont meschief 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 chasse a la pitie dieu
 Ou a grace qui tient son lieu
 * * * * *

Ageyn al tribulacioun

* * * * *
 * * I have to the
 Partly declaryd myne offys
 As thow mayft 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 alone al fool^f
 Gan compleyne and make dool
 Havyng no thyng up on to reffe
 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 deuoir 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 fur moy rien ou ie me fie
 Fors le bourdon ou ie mapuye
 Se tribulation sen 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 preft
 Ainfi comme seul meditant
 Men aloye mon frain rongeaunt
 Vng val pfond en vng bolcaige

But I wherefo I woke or slepte
 With my refuge ay I me kepte
 To have by hyr protectioun
 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 chaunge and doublynesse
 Having in me no stabylnesse
 And whyl I wente thus musynge
 Withinne myselff ymagynge
 I fyll anoon in my passage
 In to a woode ful savage
 Me thouhte the weye peryllous
 And by to pafs 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 aweyt
 And wylde bestys many on
 Taffayle pylgrymes wher they gon

Bunyan expresses a similar idea thus:—
 “Now at the end of the Valley of *Humiliation* 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 before,) 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, deliver 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 dreadful 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 already 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 vehement 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*,

Horrible lait et moult sauuaige
 Vy deuant moy par ou passer
 Me conuenoit fauant 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 font pour nuire aux trespaffans
 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 translation of portions of De Guileville’s “*Pélerinage*”), and the coloured drawings are facsimiles from the latter MS.

^a By the great violence I had suffered.

^b Restless.

^c Unless he take care.

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 *Heresy*, *Sathan*, *Dame Fortune*, *Dame Idolatry*, *Sorcery*, *Scilla*, *Conspiracy*, *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 croisiez voy la mineurs
Su en vois la de toutes guises

* * * *

^a f. lxvii.

^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
Nainfi 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 vieux haillons et pendillaux
Ung sac auoit pendu au col
Et bien sembloit que faire vol
El voulsist car dedens boutoit
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 moingons

LE PELERIN.

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

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 fyde
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 *Charity*. *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 deust 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 fachel a pain
En la quinte auoit vng crochet
Et sur la teste vng mahommet
La fixefme main appuyee
Dessus la hanche eclopinee
Auoit et fouuant la leuoit
Jusqua la langue et la mangeoit
Celle vis ie tantoit venir
Encontre moy pour maffaillir ^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 fuis louee
Saige reputee honnoree



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 parolle
Finablement de mon ydole^a
Mon ydole est mon Mahommet
Le denier dor ou dargent est
Ou quel lemprainte est figuree
Du seigneur de celle contree

Celluy fans qui nul nest prise
En la terre nauctorize
Celluy par qui sont honorez
Mains grans folz et faiges clamez^c
A luy fault que tu te soubmeçtes
Et de le seruir tentremçtes
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 mayst 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 wife 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 Guileville’s poem the word *mawmet* is called the “*ydole Mahomet*,” meaning in this case the particular idol worshipped, i. e. “*money*.”

⁴ *Ejcbiquier*. This word is thus explained by Roquefort:—“Lieu ou s’assembloient les commissaires que le Roi, les Princes souverains ou grands vassaux envoioient dans leurs domaines. Dans la province de Normandie cette cour étoit permanentre, et en 1250 on y portoit appel des sentences des baillifs.”—See also Du Cange’s Glossary, sub. voc. “*Scacarium*.” The word is introduced here as being radically connected with the game of “*eschecs*,” or “*chefs*,” 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 Hoſea 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—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 assist¹
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 reuendereffe
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.



Avarice XIII



Enigromancien 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 *Roguary*, 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 found 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 fauance
* * * *

Moult fait ceste main cy de mau
Couratiere elle est de cheuault
Et fait les mauuais bons sembler
A ceulx qui veulent acheter
Souuantefois par le pais
Faulx sainctuaires et sainctiz
Va montrant a la simple gent
Pour faulcement 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 meest
Ou vin ou eau ce qua plus prest
Afin que quant celle liqueur
Descend a val dicte fueur
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 contrefaitz
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 ymage gariffez moy
Et lors de ma main ie les lieue
Et tous sains en heure tres brieue
Les monstre merueilles nest pas
Car malades ilz nestoient pas
Et seulement mon mal auoient
Que les prestres pas ne cuidoient
Mais cuident que miracle soit
Et que par lymage soit fait
Et par ainsi gaigne le prestre
Et est faicte vne faulle feste
Aucunefois faiz baptifez
Daucuns petiz enfans mors nez
Dessus lautier ie les faiz meestre
Qui ressemble tout massis estre
Mais il est tout creux par dedens
Et par certains soubzterremens
Des charbons ardans ie soubzmeestz
Et lautier eschauffer ie faiz
Qui a lenfant donne chaleur
Et puis ie montre 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 iatife
Or et argent a ma prebende
Qui chose est horrible et horrende
De baptizer vne charoigne
Pitie est quautrement 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 silver^h 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 Coloss. iii. 5.

^e 1 Cor. x. 6, 7.

^f Wisdom xiv. 8.

^g Deut. xviii. 9—12.

² Chron. xxxiii. 1—6.

Eccles. i. 15.
Ecclus. xii. 13.

^h Tib. A. vii. f. 49.
Verard's Ed. f. lxxiv.

ⁱ 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.

^g 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 ffele
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 syght
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 sate hygh upon a tre
And pleynty gan to speceffye
Hor name was "Necromancye"
Whiche by my craffte in substaunce
Whan folke encessè and wel chaunce
That bee in my subiecyoun
And lyste 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 sowle incertayne ^q
And this nakyd swerd whiche I hoolde
As thou mayste thifilffe byholde
Therewith ffor schorte conclusyoun
Whanne thew haste herde my lessoun
There with thow schalt flayne 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
Ifeen 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.



B



C

Appendix.

xli

Upon hir bak and eke thereto
In hir hand sche heelde also
A peyre cysours 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 ffrowne
Lowde cryde hyr lyste not rowne^a

¹ HERYSEYE.

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 wyse
Lyche as my sylven lyste devyse^b

The PYLGRYME.

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

HERYSYE.

Ffor pleynely off lasse^f and more
Evene after 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 silfe allon
That schope the skryppes zere agon^g
Ffirste 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 "Heresye"
The whiche do away^h my labour
To bringe ffolke in greet errour

That ffolke my condyssiouns
Only by ffalse oppynyouns
Make her hertis to declyne
Ffro the trouthe off juste doctryne
And cause hem ffor to do their cure
And mysⁱ 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 church 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 ffaleⁿ
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 obftynacye
Contynue til the ffyre be hoot
Thereffore I beere thys ffagot
And ffirste thow schalte me not escape
But newe I wole thy skryppes schape
Or ellis I dar undertake
That thow schalt it here fforfake^q
And leve it with me utterly
My ffader is here ffaste by
Whiche hathe power as thow mayste se
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
An² 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 Less.

^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.

^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.

And he brought in hys companye
The ffalfe vekke heryfy
And that men schulde hym not knowe
His horne he gan fful lowde blowe
As it were to cacche his pray
Ryght so he blewe on the way
And his doughter herefy
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 so narewe layd
In londe on water and in the hayr
That I myght haue no repayr
To paffe ffreely that paffage
It was so fful off mortal rage
Off daunger and aduersitie
That but yiff that I amydde the fee
Durste 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 caste 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 arestis ^c
Namely on the kynges beeftis
I trow thou haveste no lycence
Ffor to don so greet offence

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

The HUNTE.

Quod he what makyste thou swyche fryff
Thow art wonder inquisityff
Befy also by argument
To hoolde with me a parlement
By langage and longe pletynge ^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 refous
And ffoward oppynyouns
Myn herte abachyd ^e gan to colde ^f
Namely whaune I gan byholde
Pylgrymes by greet aduersite
Fful many oon fwymme in the fe
And they were clothyd everychon ^g
And som off hem I sawe anoon
Ther ffeet reversed upfodown
And som in myn inspectyoun
Swamme forth fful clene and ryght
And som hadde whynges ffor the fflyght
That afforcyd hem fful offte
Ffor to flowe fful hygh aloffte
And though ther purpos was so 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 vyfage

¹ See coloured drawing E.



D



E



That they loften look and fyght
 And ffeble 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 devyse

The HUNTE.

I do fful wel quod he efpye
 Where on thou caftyfte fo thyne eye
 Ffor alle thi wyles and thi jape^a
 Thow fchalt not fo ffro me efkape
 I fchal the cacche by fom crook
 I haue leyde ffor the las^b and hook
 As thow mayfte thy fylven fe
 Thow fchalt 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 fee

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 fee
 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 fee
 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 covetyfe
 And overlade in many wyfe
 That they to swymme be not able
 Ther burthen is fo importable
 Whiche by ffalfe 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 fufstenaunce
 For this world ther joye is nought
 For alle ther herte and alle ther thought
 And ffynal truſte off ther workyng^h
 Is fette upon the heuently kyng
 But ffor alle that I the affiure
 In this fee they muſt endure
 Bodely by greet penaunce
 In hevene hemsylffe to avaunce
 And ffor the lawe off Crift ihū
 They make hem whynges off vertu
 To ffeen by clene affectyoun
 To the heuently manfyounⁱ
 Whiche greetly displefeth me
 Theder whaune I fe hem ffe
 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 fee
 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 doun
 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.
Pfalme cxlii. 3.^f Pleasant.^g Ezekiel xxxiii.
31.^h Job xxxix. 21.ⁱ Pf. xxxvii. 29.^k Water-quail.

^a In the same 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 hesitation.

^l Yet.

^m 1 John iii. 10.

ⁿ Make war against.

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

^p 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

^q Cease.

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

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

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

Amonge the sturdy wawys alle
To keep hym safe that he not falle
Til he resume ageyne his myght
Off acustom to take his flyght
Thus stoundemel ^a ye may hym se
Som tyme swymme som tyme flee
In bokys as it is iffoude
But they that haue ffeet iboude ^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 ffelicite
Is sette in verrey prosperite
Off the world and in rycheffe
Fful off change and dowblenesse
With whyche they be fore bounde
That her soulis yt wole confounde
Ffor they haue power noon nor myght
Newther to swymme nor ffeen aryght
So fore the world doth hem constreyn
That it were to hem greet peyne
Her hertes ffro the world to unbynde
And som also be makyd blynde
Ther eyen cloos they may not se
Ffor to considere 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 remysfyou
Whanne ther menyng trewley
Is voyde ffrom al ypocryfy
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 working ^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 se
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 consente
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



Se ratne on esbatentent mondain XVIII



XIX



Draifon

XX

I go and ferche day and nyght
 With all my force with all my myght
 Lyche a ravenous lyoun
 Ffor to devour up and down
 Alle folkys 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 crossen and eke sygne
 Ffor to assure my passage
 Ageyne his laafs^f so fful of rage
 And by my crossyng 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 stood the cas
 Out and anoon allas allas

The PYLGRYME answereth to SATHAN :—

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

But trustyng in conclusyoun
 Upon my skrippe and my burdoun
 And there upon I byleued me
 Whanne I entryd in to the see
 And in swymmyng 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 thundryng lyghtnyng 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 sauage
 Methought I sawe besyde me
 That there stood a greene treⁱ
 And I was glad alle thilke while
 Wenynge^k there hadde been an yle
 In hope that I schulde londe
 Hastely up at some stronde

* * * * *
^l And evere round as thoughte me
 This whel^l wente aboute the tre
 Wheroff I astonyd 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.
 Hofea 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 feyde off sodeyn moscyoun ^a
 Bordoun quod I bordoun bordoun
 But thow me helpe in this caas
 I may wepe and feyne 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 plefaunce
 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

FFORTUNE.

In me schortely to expresse
 Ther is no maner stablenessse

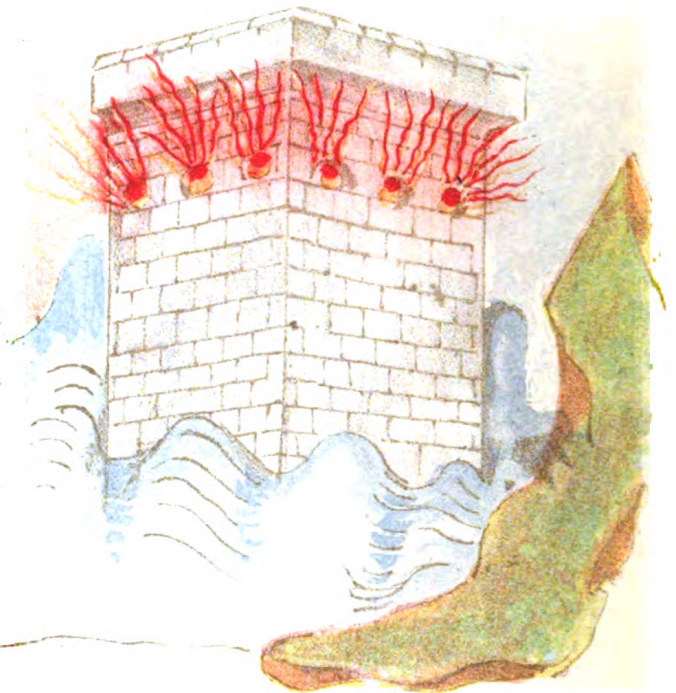
¹ Elle vers l'arbre sen ala
 Et desconforte me laissa
 Toujours dessus la roe tournant
 Et a son mouuement mouuant

Ffor be hereoff ryght wel certeyn
 Alle that I worke is uncerteyn
 Lyke my dowble contenance
 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 ffoward 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 cherishe 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 ratherste 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 outhere 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 I stood thus in awher ^b
 And drowh me toward the rever
¹ A towre I sawh wylde and savage ^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 wheel ^d
 Vpon the ffloodes envyroun ^e
 With the wawys vp and doun
 Som whyle as I koude knowe
 The hyeste 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 doun
 And in this while euere among
 I herde a meledyouſ 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 beeffe fful ſavage
 Lyke a man off his vyſage
 Spake to me fful curteyfly ^h
 And thus he ſeyde muriely ⁱ

GLADNESSE OFF THE WORLD.

Tel on to me and ſay not nay
 What maner ſolace or what play
 Loveſte thow beſte tel on lat ſe ^k
 And I ſhal pleyn to forre the
 Ffor I kan lyche to thyne 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 pleſaunce
 I kan karole well and wel daunce

Or es tu venu a ta fin
 Pourquoi fuz oncques pelerin
 Mieux il te vaulſiſt quauvorte
 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
 Pourquoi 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 font aduenuz ⁿ
 Et maintenant ou aſſez toſt
 Jen ſeray liure a la mort
 Helas ſacremens de legliſe
 Je ne ſcay ſaſſez ie vous priſe
 Jay grant doubte 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 ierufalem cite
 Ou daler ieſtoie exite
 Comment vers toy mexcuſeray
 Et quel reſponce te ſeray
 Promis ie tauoye en couraige
 Que feroye le pelerinage
 A toy pource que ie te vy
 Ou bel mirouer et poly
 Or ſuis du tout cy arreſte
 Ta ſoit quaffeſz ie foye tourne

¹ 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 fee
That syngge off custom ay ^b gladdeste
To fforne a storme and a tempeste
So make ek ffolke this my labour
To fforgete ther Creatoure
And ffolk in my subiectyoun
I brynge hem to distrustyoun

The PYLGRYME.

Though thou bygyne in gladnesse
Thow eendeste euere in wrecchydnesse
Ellys I wolde ffor my plefaunce
With the hauen acqueyntaunce
I praye the putte me out off doute
Off this toure turnynge 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 fee
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 diceyte
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 ylle venu
Qui perilleuse grandement
Et venu perileusemement
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 fmale
By what weye that they gon
Amonges whiche thou art on
And to disceyve hem in her way
Her ^g he maketh me fyttre and play
With foote ^h songe and armonyce
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 syngynge fodeynly
To me he gan turne his tayle
And with his pawmes fcharpe 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 fee

* * * *

I gan fwymme with inne a while
Ageyne vnto that same yle ^l
Ffro the which that I kam ffro
Whanne the *meremayde* was go
I mene this *worldes fals solace*
That gan so fore at me to chace
But lyfte sche scholde haue taken me
I swam ffyl ffaiste mydde the fee
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 matiens quoncques 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 distressys
 In greet pereyl dowteles
 Ffor *Scilla* ffyrst and eke *Cyrtes*
 Han caused me to gon amys^d
Syrenes and *Karibdis*
 And *Bythalassus* worfte off alle
 Ben^e attonys on me ffalle
 And mortally me to beguyle
 They han me brought in to this yle
 Longe in forewe to foiourne
 And kan noon other wey retourne
 To ffynde focoure in this caas
 I may wel forewe and feyne allas
 Out off my way in ouncerteyne
 And kan no mene to kome ageyne
 Was neuere pylgryme in swyche poynt
 Trewely nor in swyche disioynt
 Now good God off thi greet grace
 Be my focoure in this place
 Ffor thow ffor my salvacoun
 Art the *Pomel* off my *Bordoun*
 To the as ffor my cheff comifforte
 In this nede I ha reforte
 To brynge me thorough 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 fythe tyme off my tendre age
 My trušte and my affyaunce
 My joye and all my suffyaunce
 Alle hooly hath ben in the
 Ageynes alle adverstite
 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 maste
 Whereffore I was the lasse agaste
 I sawe a crossse 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 mansfounys
 And fondry habytacyouns^g
 By refemblaunce 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 meafure 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.

^a Jer. xv. 17.^b In the midt of.^c Woe is me.^d Afray.^e Are all at once.^f Iſaiah lx. 9.^g Deut. xv. 11.^h Lodging.ⁱ Pſal. cxix. 29.

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 toujours euz des mon enfance
 A toy me rends a toy mappuy
 Ayde moy ou perdu ie fuy

• • • • •
 Dame diſ ie bien est mon gre
 Bien doit le recreu pelerin
 Desirer court et brief chemin
 Recreu ie fuis et traueillez
 Le court vueil aller volentiers
 Et vous mercy treshumblement
 De vostre bon confortement

¹ See Woodcut XIX. coloured drawing H.² The "valley perilous" of Mandeville.

^a Nurfe.
Tib. A. vii. f.
91, b.

^b If thou carest
to learn it.

^c To signify.

^d Rom. xv. 4.

^e In times of yore.

^f Truly.

^g More than one.

^h Dissemble.

ⁱ Lying.

^k Numb. xvi. 26.
Jer. v. 25.

^l Stingy.

Gracedieu tells him, that, if he will enter her ship, she will receive him from the pity she feels for him, and will convey him by a short passage into the safe path; but that he must expect to meet with *Repentance*, the stile, the hedge, and the thorny plants again, just as he had met them before.

He answers, that every weary pilgrim should desire a short voyage, that he is himself weary and way-worn, and he thanks her very much for her comfort; he then promises that if she will take him on board the ship 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 himself; and she also tells him that his professions are great, but that he does not carry them into practice.

She then leads him to a rock from which water flows, in which he is washed, and afterwards conducts him to the vessel; he inquires its name, and is told it is *Religion*.

They then embark, and steer for the Monastery of Cisteaux. 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 sche chieff noryce ^a
To alle ffolkes that ffeen vyce
No cloyster is worthe who looke aboute
On no syde whan I am out
I make cloystris fferme and stable
Worschipe and honourable
And my name zeve thow lyste se ^b
Is callyd *Agyographe*
Whiche is to seyne ^c I the ensure
Off holy wrytynge the scripture ^d

THE PYLGRYME.

And off a merour that I ffonde

Whiche that I heelde in myne honde
I preyed hir without schame
To telle me there off the name

AGYOGRAPHE.

Hyt were good to hye and lowe
That alle ffolkes sholde know
And there off hadde a trewe syght
Justely what thys merour hyght
That ffolkes ffor greet lak off lyght
Were not deceyued in her syght
This merour by descripcyoun
Is called *Adulacyoun*
This is withouten eny blame
Verily his ryght name
Ffor take good hede that *fflateryng*
Is engendred off *lesyng*
Some callen hir "*Placebo*" ²
Ffor sche han maken an Eccho
Answere euere ageyn the same
Because that he wole haue no blame
There is no contradicyoun
Ffor bothe off newe and zore ^e agon
Ffolkes sothely ^f mo than on ^g
Han in adulacyoun
Ffinde fful greet decepcyoun
Lordes wherffore I feye allas
Han be difseyved in this caas
And by adylacyoun
Brought to ther destrucyon

FLATERYE.

For this custom hath flaterye
To feyne ^h thus by losengerie ⁱ
Whanne hym lykyth to begyle
Ffalsely by his sotel while
To hem that be mošte vycyous ^k
How that they are vertuous
And though they ben to vyces thral
They feyne eke they be liberal
Though they be streyte ^l and ravynous
And greet nygardes in her hous

¹ See coloured drawing I.

² *Placebo*, "I will please," 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 ffalfe extorcyoun
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 leefe or wyne
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 commission which has been entrusted to me; and know," she adds, "that if you send your request 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 alleⁱ
Latria they me calle
Myne offys is moſte in wakyng
To kepe the gate aboute the kyng
I wacche there on day and nyght
Do my fforſe and eke my myght
Ffor to lyue aye in awayt
That there be ffounden no dysceyt

• • • •

For bothe at eeve and eke at morew
I kepe the houres off ryſyng
To do worſchipe 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
Myne² orgones I tempre ffor to pleye^k

^a Plunder.

^b Doubt.

^c Basket or wallet.

^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.

^l Luke xxiii. 42.

^m Pſal. xcvi. 9.

ⁿ Tib. A. vii. f. 104, b.

^o I manage my muſical inſtrument ſo as to play.

¹ See Woodcut XX.

² The "Virginals" of Bunyan.

^a Sound.

And vpon hem I make a sown^a
 With outen intermyssyoun
 And trewely alle my melodye
 Is in songe off perpsalmodye^b
 And devoutely in myne ententis
 I calle fo myne instrumentis
 For thylke kyng that is mooste stronge
 Most hym delytyth in swiche songe
 To hym it is mooste pertynente
 Whanne it is songe off good entente
 In clernesse and in purete

^b Psalmody.^c Psalms cii. 23.
Heb. ix. 27.

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."

^d Jer. xlvi. 11.
Ecclesi. xviii. 21.
Rom. vi. 18, 19.
2 Cor. xii. 9.

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."

^e Isaiah xl. 30.

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

^f Deut. xxxiii.
25.
Gen. xxv. 8.
Job xii. 12, 13.

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 Hail'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 (*almsone*;) 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 Psalm 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.
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* interferes, 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 est
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 fera ce mie
Auant fera la chair pourrie
Et autre fois regenee
En la grant commune aſſemblee^d
Doncques regarde ſappoincte

Deument tu es et appaſſe
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 ſeras receuz
Celle entree tu auoies moult chier
Lors quant tu la vis au premier
Et touteſſois tant ie te dy
Qua mon pere tu cryes mercy
En promettant a penitence
Que ſe nen as a ſouffrance
Fait volentiers tu la ſeras
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 be 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 lxx. 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-book*¹ 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 sardius and topas
Unite in thee their rays:
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy fairs 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 fee thee,
 E'en now thy walls discern ;
 For thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and burn.
 O land that feest 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 fhall I come to thee ?
 When fhall my sorrows have an end ?
 thy joys when fhall I fee ?
 O happy harbour of God's faints !
 O sweet and pleafant foil !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 no grief, no care, no toil.
 In thee no ficknefs is at all,
 no grief, no toil, no care ;
 There is no death, nor ugly fight,
 but life for evermore.
 No dimning clouds o'erfhadow thee,
 no dim nor darkfome night ;
 For every foul fhines as the fun,
 for God himfelf gives light.
 There luft nor lucre cannot dwell—
 there envy bears no fway ;
 There is no hunger, thirft, nor heat,
 but pleafure every way.
 Jerufalem, Jerufalem !
 would God I were in thee !

O that my sorrows had an end,
 thy joys that I might fee !
 No pains, no pangs, no bitter griefs,
 no woful night is there ;
 No figh, 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 fpeed may go behold ;
 For why ? the pleafures there abound
 with tongue cannot be told.
 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 with carbuncles doth fhine ;
 With jasper, pearls, and cryfolyte,
 furpaffing pure and fine.
 Thy houfes are of ivory ;
 thy windows chryftal clear ;
 Thy ftreets are laid with beaten gold,
 where angels do appear.
 Thy walls are made of precious ftones,
 thy bulwarks diamond fquare ;
 Thy gates are made of orient pearl,—
 O God ! if I were there.
 Within thy gates nothing can come
 that is not paffing clear ;
 No fpider's web, no dirt, no duft,
 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 faints :
 Who there are crown'd with glory great,
 and fee God face to face.
 They triumph all, and do rejoice,
 moft happy is their cafe.
 But we who are in banifhment
 continually do moan ;
 We figh, we mourn, we sob, we weep,
 perpetually we groan.
 Our fweetnefs mixed is with gall,
 our pleafures are but pain ;
 Our joys are not worth looking on,
 our sorrows ftill 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 fore 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 chearfully 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 blefs, (*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 host
 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 confist,
 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 listening 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 syren 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 historiées,*’ 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*, *Accoustumance*, *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*, *Dropfy*, &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. *Shallow-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 sight 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*

faith 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 drowsiness 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 *Goal*, 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—*ham*, 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*, *Penburst*, &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.*

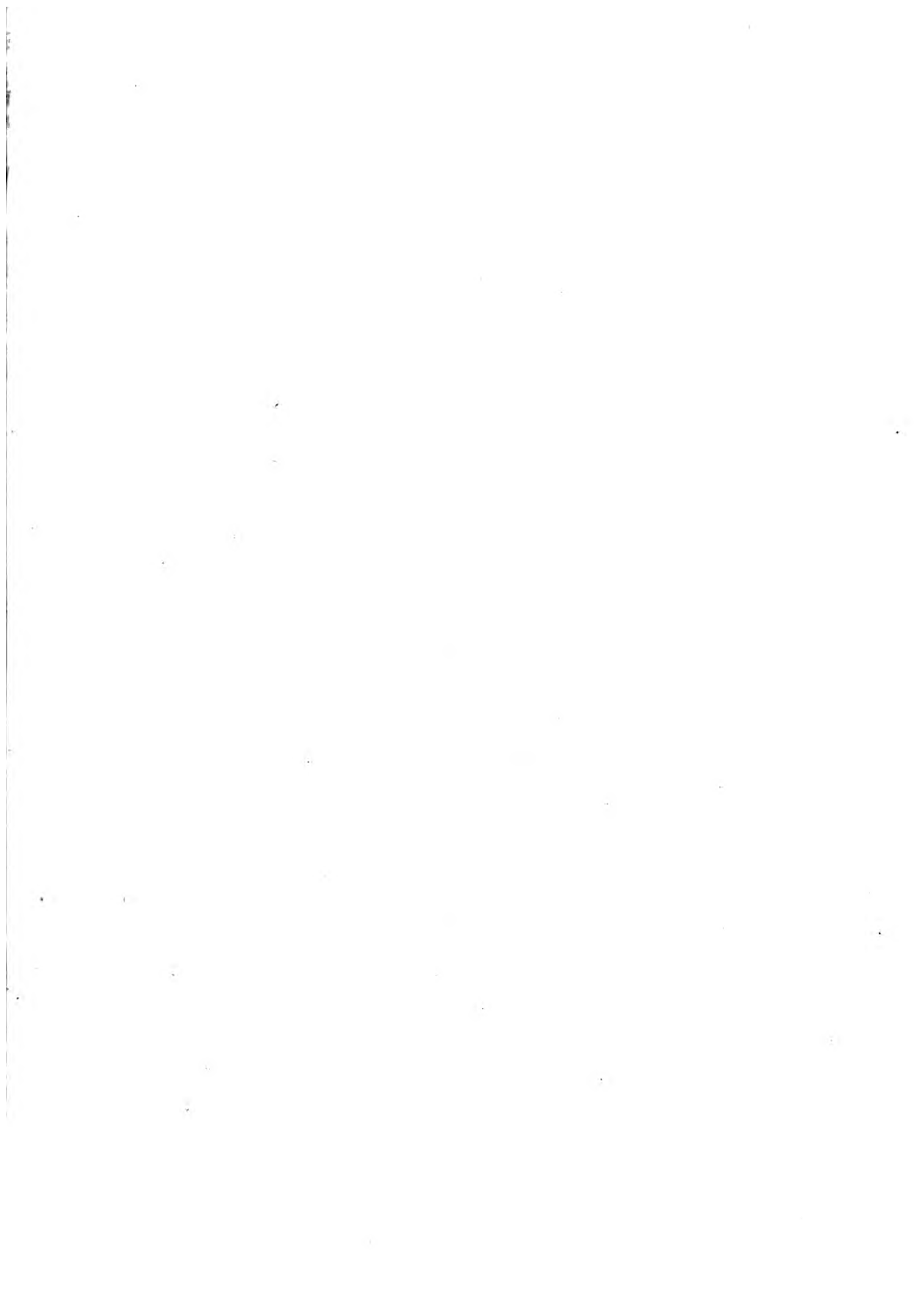
Mr. John Mitchell Kemble, in his *Saxons in England*, says:—"I will lay this down as a rule, that the ancient *mark*, *march* or *meare*, is to be recognized by following the names of places ending in *den*, which always denoted *cubile ferarum*, or pasture, usually for swine."

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.



W. G. M.





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