

Guillaume de Deguileville
The Pilgrimage of Human Life
(*Le Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*)

translated by
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Introduction

Life of the Author

In his account of the life of Guillaume de Deguileville, Edmond Faral (1952) points out that most of the facts we have about the poet are found in his three dream-vision poems: *Le Pèlerinage de la vie humaine* (*Vie*¹) and its second version (*Vie*²); *Le Pèlerinage de l'âme*, an account of the soul's journey to Hell, Purgatory and Paradise; and *Le Pèlerinage de Jhesuchrist*, a life of Jesus as the ideal pilgrim. In *Le Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*, when Grace leads the Pilgrim to her house, in order to provide him with the staff and scrip he will need for his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, she tells him that she had established her house, the Church, 1330 years ago (ll. 397-400). When the Pilgrim is confronted at the beginning of his journey by Rude Wit (*Rude Entendement*), Lady Reason intervenes to help him on the basis of a commission from Grace that is dated 1331 (l. 5256). Later, when the Pilgrim asks Lady Reason why he is not strong enough to wear the armor of virtue, she tells him that he has been made weak by serving his body, to whose needs he has been attending for thirty-six years (ll. 5775-5782). A little further on, she points out that he is a noble creature, a son of God, and that he must not think of himself as the son of Thomas de Deguileville (ll. 5963-65). We may conclude, then, that Thomas de Deguileville was the poet's father, that Guillaume was born in 1294 or 1295, and that he wrote the first version of the *Pèlerinage de la vie humaine* in 1330-31.

The second version of the poem confirms these facts and provides some additional information: he says that his dream took place in 1330 and he tells us he has spent twenty-five years at Chaalis since then. It is clear, then, that he composed the second recension in 1355, that he had then been a monk for thirty-nine years, and that he had entered the monastery at Chaalis in 1316 at

the age of twenty-one or twenty-two. He was of Norman origin; his family was from the village of Digulleville, near Beaumont-Hague in Manche (Langlois 1928, 203). Abbé Goujet (1745) asserts that Deguileville came from Paris, but he was drawing upon the *Biblioteca scriptorum Ordinis Cisterciensis* of Charles de Visch, and Langlois remarks that de Visch's source for this information is not known (203). Langlois further points out that there is no direct evidence for Goujet's conclusion that Deguileville eventually became the prior of the abbey at Chaalis, but he traces to the early fifteenth century the origins of the tradition that Deguileville was a "prieur" (204).

The poems give us a number of clues, of course, as to Deguileville's character and even his physical appearance, although there is always the danger of confusing the poet with the pilgrim. But one detail that may perhaps be relied upon is that he was physically a large man. At one point in *Le Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*, Grace chides the pilgrim for not being able to fit into the gambeson she has provided for him: she tells him that he is too big, he has "too much fat under [his] wings" and he is "too well-stuffed" (ll. 3920ff.). After Grace has summoned the maidservant Memory to carry his armor for him, the pilgrim berates himself for being unable to bear the weight of the armor of virtue, even though he is built like a champion and strong enough to carry both the armor and the maidservant (ll. 5080ff.). This kind of self-deprecating humor is typical of the narrator, and it is remarkably similar to Chaucer's comic depiction of the physique of his pilgrim *persona* in the *Prologue* to *The Tale of Sir Thopas* (ll. 695-704). Neither poet is likely to have included such details if they were manifestly at odds with their actual appearance.

Finally, *Le Pèlerinage de l'âme* must have been written after 1355, since it refers to a passage that occurs only in the second recension of the first Pilgrimage. In this second recension, Deguileville says that he is over sixty years old (Stürzinger, 1895, vii). Since the date 1358 is mentioned in *Le Pèlerinage de Jhesuchrist*, Deguileville lived until he was at least sixty-four.

Artistic Achievement

The popularity of Deguileville's pilgrimage-narratives during the later Middle Ages is indicated by the fact that they are found in eighty-two French manuscripts (Dunn-Wood 1985, 5), some twenty-two of which contain all three pilgrimages (Wharey 1904, 11). By far the most widely represented is the first version of *Le Pèlerinage de la vie humaine* (*Vie*¹), the subject of the present translation, which is found in at least fifty-three manuscripts, while the second recension (*Vie*²) is found in nine (Stürzinger 1893, ix-xii). The wide distribution of the work is evidenced by Lydgate's translation into English verse of *Vie*², Chaucer's translation of the Pilgrim's ABC prayer to the Virgin, an anonymous Middle English prose translation of *Vie*¹, as well as translations in German verse and prose, Spanish, Dutch, and even Latin. Sections of *Vie*¹ and *Âme* were apparently adapted for dramatic presentation (Langlois 1928, 207). In his prologue to *Vie*², written some twenty-five years later than *Vie*¹, Deguileville himself expresses both astonishment and some distress at the way his first pilgrimage was taken up and circulated so widely, without his authorization, and he tells us that the second version is an effort to reconstruct his poem and present it in a final, corrected form. Nevertheless, the first version is generally acknowledged to be the better poem, more direct and forceful in its expression and lacking the elaborate self-explication of the second version (Tuve 1966, 147).

Even at this distance, it is not hard to account for the great popularity of Deguileville's original *Pèlerinage* in its own time and its persistence as a literary influence in succeeding centuries. It is specifically addressed to a wide audience of laypersons, including the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish, both women and men, who are all *pelerins et pelerines*, and its brisk vernacular moves easily from the high style of literary allusion and evocation of authority to pungent satire on contemporary customs and characters, from witty debates on philosophical and theological issues to pithy aphorisms and succinct formulations of practical wisdom. And throughout the work, the element of game is everywhere: the verses are filled with puns and word-play, the allegorical figures are presented as puzzles to be solved on the basis of their features and their array, the audience is confronted

with strange dissonances and unexpected correspondences among the icons of vice and virtue, and there are even tests of memory and comprehension embedded in the ongoing dialogue between the Pilgrim and his sometimes exasperated guides, Grace and Reason. Even in the Pilgrim's most difficult trials, the sense of play is never far distant. The naive Pilgrim-narrator is a continuing source of comic effect, an amusing bumbler whose apparent denseness only a modern critic could confuse with Deguileville himself (see Lofthouse 1935, 175).

At the same time, the *Pèlerinage* is a deeply serious work, employing the vernacular idiom to engage, with directness and energy, important spiritual and philosophical issues. Many in Deguileville's audience must have found refreshing and sympathetic his emphasis, expressed through Reason and Grace, on the role of charity and kindness in pastoral matters and his spirited attacks on corrupt bishops, hypocritical clergy, decadent aristocrats, and crooked professionals of all kinds. But above all, the *Pèlerinage* presents a story, a narrative of choices and consequences, adventures and outcomes, in which people from a wide variety of situations might find a mirror of their own concerns and experience.

Unfortunately, the *Pèlerinage* has until recently shared the modern critical fortunes of allegory in general. With the ascendancy of symbolism so firmly established in the nineteenth century and so vigorously pursued in the early twentieth century, the entire genre of allegory, and religious allegory in particular, fell into disfavor. Although Joseph Delacotte published an analysis of the three pilgrimages in 1932 and appended to it a brief commentary on Deguileville's work in relation to Dante's *Divine Comedy*, critics have for the most part been content to summarize the *Pèlerinage*, to look at the illustrations of the manuscripts (Piaget 1896, 207) or to dismiss it with comments that its characters are not "lifelike" (Wharey, 66), that it "parades" encyclopedic knowledge (Lofthouse, 175), or that it hopelessly muddles the autobiographical and the allegorical modes (Faral, 12). In more recent years, however, critics have begun to take a new look at allegorical fiction and to find interest and challenge in its implications for literature. Scholarly interest in Deguileville in particular is evidenced by new editions of the anonymous Middle English prose translation (Avril Henry 1985

and 1988) and of the 1490 Spanish translation by Vincente de Mazuelo (Maryjane Dunn-Wood 1985), as well as of a fifteenth-century English prose version of *Le Pèlerinage de l'âme* (Rosemarie P. McGerr 1990).

Part of the reason for looking with renewed interest at *Le Pèlerinage de la vie humaine* is the development of new critical approaches to the theoretical foundations of allegory, particularly in the work of Charles Williams (1943), Morton Bloomfield (1952), Robert Worth Frank Jr. (1953), Edward Honig (1959), Angus Fletcher (1964), J. I. Wimsatt (1970), Maureen Quilligan (1979), Stephen Greenblatt (1981), Carolyn Van Dyke (1985), and Jon Whitman (1987). Van Dyke describes poststructuralist discussion of allegory as arguing that "allegory's indirect signification is actually the property of all language, for no statement is open and direct" (27). Out of this complex and highly technical discussion has come a gradual displacement of long-accepted definitions and descriptions of the genre, principally the notion that allegory, as Angus Fletcher puts it, "says one thing and means another" (2). This view is based in part on the authority of classical rhetoricians, such as Quintilian, who said that allegory "presents either one thing in words and another in meaning, or even something quite opposed" (*Institutio Oratoria*, VIII, vi, 44). But Frank, building on the analysis of Camp (1942), argues that in personification allegory, "Characters are never allegoric. They are literal; they mean what their names say they mean" (243). Van Dyke cites Williams, Frank, and Bloomfield, among others, in articulating the position that if a text "says one thing and means another, it both says and means two things. And . . . a text that says and means two things must say and mean one complex thing" (42).

This deeper sense of the way allegorical structures work and of the discourse they present has given further impetus to what has amounted to a fundamental reevaluation of the *Pèlerinage* as a formative example of medieval allegory. With Rosemond Tuve's sympathetic and wide-ranging study (1966) the *Pèlerinage* began to receive the kind of serious treatment commensurate with its earlier widespread popularity and influence. In her view, Deguileville's presentation of the great allegorical theme of human life as a journey of the soul is "perhaps the most striking and well shaped of mediaeval treatments of the plain total subject" (145). Tuve

addresses one of the central difficulties with some modern critical approaches to allegory, the tendency to look for qualities and characteristics more typical of nineteenth- and twentieth-century fictional narrative. She criticizes Muscatine (1953) and others for reading medieval allegory (in this case, the *Roman de la Rose*) as an early form of the psychological novel: "This substitution of psychological naturalism for metaphorical action is an unfortunate narrowing, influenced by the combined overimportance of the novel and of psychological description. The *Roman de la Rose* is a vastly larger work than any novel could be" (248 n.10). Like the *Roman*, which Deguileville says he read carefully just before he had his dream, the *Pèlerinage* is a discursive fiction, setting forth ideas in a narrative framework that makes it possible to comprehend and remember them. Its approach is not "psychological" in the modern sense, nor is it merely an assignment of abstract values to a variety of half-formed pictorial figures; it is a subtle arrangement of images and figures that is both a narrative and a complex rhetorical discourse.

Other recent studies of the *Pèlerinage* have clarified the ways in which medieval allegory deals with image and figure. In his study of Chaucer's use of imagery, V. A. Kolve (1984) discusses the *Pèlerinage* at some length as an example of "the ways in which mental images were honored in medieval thought as a means of knowing—of coming to knowledge," pointing out that "literary images likewise reflect a reality not limited to the present and the material; they too represent the suprasensual in the form of a figure to be contemplated with the inner eye" (31). Avril Henry's analysis of the structure of the poem reveals a complex architecture of ideas and symbols focused on the sacramental system (1986 i and ii). Susan Hagen (1990) has shown that the *Pèlerinage* is a working fiction, deliberately designed to occupy the mind in study, learning, and recollection through an elaborate system of visual images. Set within the allegorical framework of the poem, these images are not fixed parts of a static array, but elements of a dynamic interaction among values in an emerging pattern of thought and action.

When these figurative elements are juxtaposed, the possibilities for patterns of meaning are multiplied significantly. Even the simplest allegorical figure set beside another, or explored for its own possibilities through speech and gesture, can convey a richness

of meaning not encompassed by the expectation of one-for-one correspondences. The play of allegorical fiction involves these conjunctions and the likenesses and differences that arise from them. The author may name some likenesses and differences, and hint at others, but the form itself leaves room for "excess" meaning, to be discovered by the audience.

Kolve's analysis of what he calls "visual imagery" has established some basic terms of the strategy proposed by medieval allegory for reading the text of the world and of the self. In this strategy, visual images are "a means of knowing, of poetic making, and of Christian remembering" (11). In the threefold medieval model of human understanding, the Imagination works to transform sensory images into mental images to be contemplated by Reason and recorded by Memory. In the process of assimilation, images are discerned to have an *intentio*, a consequence (positive or negative) for the perceiver. As recorded by Memory, images thus have an affective as well as an informative aspect. They have, in Kolve's terms, "the capacity both to remind and move the soul" (45). In this capacity, they are deeply connected to the question of what is to be done and what is to be avoided, the essential moral concern.

The *Pèlerinage* aims at more than instruction in doctrine or exhortation to virtue. As a narrative of redemption, it recounts an experience of revelation and discovery. It is grounded in a theological tradition that shapes its aesthetic, and it is informed by a sense of beauty that is expressed in the Pilgrim's compelling vision of a realm beyond the sea, beyond time and mortality, yet somehow perceptible in the mirror of the world and in the mirror of the mind. The delight aimed at in the poem arises from the discovery of this realm of heavenly beauty, from the gradual and ever more luminous revelation of its presence and force. The human pilgrimage is a journey to a realm of wonderful and startling beauty, a place that is both the heavenly city and the world itself, transformed by the light of Grace and Reason. And in its turn this world transforms the Pilgrim who travels through it. The *Pèlerinage* is an account of what Augustine calls *peregrinatio* (*De doctrina christiana*, I, iv, 4), the journey of the soul seeking to return to its homeland. On this journey the soul is engaged in a continuing exegesis of the world without and the world within, reading

creation for signs of its origin and destiny. The soul itself, as an *imago dei*, emerges as a primary sign in this text.

The allegory begins with the Pilgrim's vision of the city of Jerusalem in a mirror in his cell, and this image impels him through the narrative of his pilgrimage and through the world of other images he encounters on his way. As the primary and controlling image of the poem, its *intentio* for the Pilgrim is that of the highest good. He is moved by this image to go to the holy city, where he hopes to find great joy and peace. He carries the image with him on his journey in a mirror set atop the staff of Hope that he is given by Grace. In this mirror the Pilgrim can "see clearly all the distant lands" and especially the city of Jerusalem exactly as he had seen it before in the mirror (ll. 3439-3450). As Grace explains to him, this mirror is Jesus Christ, a mirror without flaw, in which all human beings can see themselves reflected (ll. 3691-96). The Pilgrim can see his way to the city through the mirror of Jesus, in whom he can see himself as an *imago dei*. Holding fast to the staff of Hope and to this image of himself is the surest way to arrive at the holy city.

As he sets out, the Pilgrim is introduced by Grace to the sacraments, and he is marked with signs that define his true nature and serve as constant reminders of it throughout his journey. He is baptized and anointed with holy oils; he is confirmed and marked with the *Tau*, the sign of the cross; he is given armor to wear, signifying the virtues that should sustain him as he travels. In this way, he is inscribed with the signs that mark the way to Jerusalem, and he is set up as a mirror in which the audience can see a reflection of its own *peregrinatio*.

On the journey, both the world and the self are systems of signs to be studied for what they may reveal of the true path of redemption. The Pilgrim asks the allegorical figures he encounters who they are, what their names are and what they do. He interrogates them to discover their true meaning, to discern their *intentio*, their relation to his return, the end of his *peregrinatio*. This questioning is especially useful to the Pilgrim, since the figures he encounters are not the simple, univocal images that are often thought to constitute a personification allegory but figures that are ambiguous and mysterious. In fact, in the details of their descriptions some of the evil figures mirror the images of the

virtues to which they are opposed. Seen together, these figures and their counterparts appear not so much polar opposites as double images, defined and clarified partly in relation to each other. Reading them rightly depends upon noticing the similarities and differences that constitute their meaning.

The power to read images rightly is reflected in the power to read language rightly. After Grace gives him the scrip of Faith and the staff of Hope, the Pilgrim meets the first of many figures who will obstruct his path. He is accosted by Rude Wit (*Rude Entendement*, or "natural understanding"), who tries to take away his scrip and staff on the basis of a misreading of Scripture. Reason comes to show the Pilgrim that this arrogant churl cannot understand Scripture because he does not know the difference between the name of a thing and the thing itself: he confuses Lady Reason (*Dame Raison*) with the *raison*, the false measure, or "ration," used by crooked millers to cheat the people. His error is the confusion of signifier with signified, and the instruction of the Pilgrim in this matter confirms that language is somehow double, just as the other signs in the text of the world are double.

In his next adventure the Pilgrim learns that he himself is double as well. This doubleness, with its attendant problems and ambiguities, is very dramatically presented when the Pilgrim is released from his body with the help of Lady Reason. He has been puzzled as to why he has not been able to wear the armor of virtue, while the maidservant Memory carries it with ease. Lady Reason tells him, "You have two wills, and you are of two minds" (l. 5918). He has been weighed down and weakened, she says, by the burden of caring for his enemy, his body.

Reason describes the relation between soul and body in a series of similes: the soul in the body is like the sun hidden behind a cloud, like the flame in a lantern, like the pilot of a boat. These similes are developed elaborately to show how the physical body, frail and corruptible, can appear to contain the immortal soul, which is born of God, not of any earthly father and mother. In the deep and continuing conflict between body and soul the Pilgrim must struggle constantly to maintain his ascendancy and control. He is Samson and the body is Delilah; Reason tells him: "It will bind you, if you let it, and shear off all your hair, and when it knows your secrets it will reveal them to the Philistines" (ll. 6011-13).

Seen in terms of the doubleness of language, this set of images reveals a deeper paradox at the heart of the pilgrim allegory: language, like the body, is somehow truth-bearing, conveying an eternal and transcendent reality, yet it is at the same time deceptive, unreliable, and even corrupt. This is not a new concern: As Marcia Colish points out, St. Augustine, in *De trinitate*, struggles with "the difficulty of comprehending the changeless Godhead through changeable human speech" (1968, 74).

In a fallen world, language is fallen as well. The doubleness so prevalent in the poem reflects two important and related questions: How is it possible to understand the plan of redemption as it is revealed in the material universe? and How is it possible for human language to convey the plan of redemption, to effect spiritual change and growth, and to express the ineffable nature of the transcendent? The Fall impaired the ability to read images rightly, and the work of redemption begins with the restoration of this power. In its fallen state the soul fails to distinguish the image from what it signifies, cannot see itself as an image, and regards as ends those things that are means to an end. In the mirror of the world, the truth is both revealed and obscured, precisely because it is a world of images, dark and ambiguous, and the soul sees "as in a glass darkly."

The implications of this paradox for the journey of the Pilgrim are made clearer as his path divides before him and he must make a choice as to whether to follow the path that leads by Idleness or the one that leads by Labor. Idleness is figured as a beautiful young woman who promises to lead him to pleasures and pastimes; Labor is represented by a simple craftsman who makes and repairs mats and who promises only work. The two roads appear to be the same, except for the hedge that runs between them, the Hedge of Penitence. At the instigation of the body, the Pilgrim misreads the signs before him and misinterprets their *intentiones*. The roads are not alike, although they appear to be, and the path of Idleness leads not to delight but to sorrow.

These twin paths, marked by signs whose moral valences are the reverse of their outward markings, suggest the nature of the difficulty the Pilgrim will have throughout his journey: a double vision arising from his double nature and leading to misinterpretations of the images he sees. The ambiguities of his

situation are characteristic of Augustine's *peregrinatio*, for that term suggests a wandering as well as a journey of return. Upon taking the path proposed by Idleness, he encounters her mother, Sloth, the first in a sequence of meetings with the seven deadly sins. She entangles him in the cords of Lethargy (Negligence and Despair) and stuns him with the poleaxe of Apathy. The Pilgrim's state of spiritual confusion and consequent *ennui* is reminiscent of that of Boethius in the *Consolation of Philosophy*, who has cast aside the armor provided for him, and who has fallen into a "lethargy" because he has "forgotten himself a little" [*sui paulisper oblitus est*] (Stewart 136, my translation). Like Boethius, the Pilgrim has forgotten who and what he is, and how he fits into the order of Providence. More particularly, he has forgotten his nature as an *imago dei*.

Assaulted in turn by the other deadly sins and their companions, his remembrance of his true nature is threatened again and again. The deadly sins adopt two main strategies: they hide their true natures from the Pilgrim by means of various disguises; and they seek to entrap him in false worship. Pride rides on Flattery and carries the horn of Vainglory and the club of Obstinacy (the same club carried by Rude Wit). She hides herself in the mantle of Hypocrisy, and in hiding herself from the Pilgrim, she attempts to hide him from himself as well. The danger of false worship is presented in the encounter with Avarice, who has on her head a maumet, an idol named for Mahomet, which she worships as a god. When she tries to make the Pilgrim worship this image of worldly wealth and power, he resists strongly, saying that he is of noble and free lineage and he must not, therefore, do homage to an idol that is blind and deaf and dumb. His resistance is grounded in his recognition of the idol as a graven image, and of his recollection of himself as an *imago dei*.

The essential temptation represented by Avarice and the other deadly sins is the temptation to see the self and the world as idols. Read rightly as images, the self and the world become signs capable of guiding the soul on the path of redemption. As idols, they represent a rigid literalism, forestalling movement and entrapping the soul in the servitude of false worship. The return of the pilgrim soul to its rightful inheritance is thus a liberation from idolatry as well as a restoration of freedom.

Grace rescues the Pilgrim from the clutches of the deadly sins, who have taken away his staff of Hope (but not the scrip of Faith), and she gives him the ABC prayer to the Virgin, which he recites. In this prayer the Pilgrim asks the Virgin to be his advocate in the court of Judgment. His situation is again ambiguous: he is sinful and unworthy, yet he can rightly claim salvation as his inheritance; he does not deserve the merciful intervention of the Virgin, yet he asks for it in the confidence that it will be granted. This prayer begins the final transformation of the Pilgrim and the world of signs by first transforming the letters of the alphabet, the basic elements of words and language. The alphabet becomes a matrix of new meaning, informed by the vital role of the Virgin in the drama of redemption.

At this point, the outlines of the vision that opens the poem begin to reemerge. This clarification involves recapitulations of action and reappearances of images, now seen in terms of connections and similarities. The Pilgrim is immersed in the bath formed by the tears that flow from the eye in the rock of repentance. It is a second Baptism, Grace tells him, but he is only partially restored to spiritual health because he does not remain in it long enough.

The restoration of the Pilgrim's original vision continues when he arrives at the Sea of the World. There he meets Heresy, who is running backwards and who is, like Rude Wit, unable to read scripture rightly, because she has only one eye. Like Rude Wit, she tries to take away the Pilgrim's scrip, but he strikes her with his staff and drives her off. Grace reappears to explain that the Sea of the World is stirred up with tempests caused by the bellows of Pride. Some people are able to fly above the sea for a brief time, but others are weighed down by the sack of Avarice, tangled in the weeds of worldly concerns, blindfolded by earthly beauty. Satan roves the shore, a fowler casting nets and cords, like Sloth, to entrap those who would fly to Heaven. He is a fisherman, too, fishing for souls with his line of temptation. He carries the horn of Pride, and he hooks pilgrims in the same way as Detraction. He is a spider, like Avarice with her eight arms. He deceives a son so that he kills his father, severing the bonds of love as Anger does with her saw of Hatred. He is a wolf that kills sheep, like Gluttony, and he wears a false face, like Venus, the icon of Lust.

Youth, who is able to soar on her feathered feet, carries the Pilgrim up to a new perspective (like Chaucer's eagle, in *The House of Fame*, II, 529ff.) and shows him the other perils of the sea: Syrtes, the sandbank of Self-will; Scylla, the Rocks of Adversity; Charybdis, the whirlpool of Worldliness; Bithalassus, the quicksand of Prosperity; and the Siren of Pleasure. His flight is interrupted by Tribulation, the blacksmith as well as the goldsmith of God, who makes good metals better and bad metals worse. She has a double commission: one is from God, to restore the vision of those who have been blindfolded by prosperity; the other is from Satan, to take away the scrip and staff, the Faith and Hope, of all those who are making the pilgrimage to the heavenly city. Tribulation works, she says, according to what she finds in the human heart.

Abandoned by Youth and cast into the sea, the Pilgrim clings to his staff and he is brought by Tribulation to the shore, where he finds the Ship of Religion and enters it at the prompting of Grace. He is dubbed by the doorkeeper, Fear of the Lord, with a lead mace, a transformation of the poleaxe of Sloth that stunned him earlier. This dubbing, however, opens his eyes to a new picture of the virtues: he sees them now acting within the religious life. The deployment of images in this picture is quite complex, linking allegorical figures to previous iconographic details. Some of these figures carry pieces of armor signifying the virtues they represent. These virtues are not named at first but must be recognized by the Pilgrim (and by the audience) from their earlier appearances. Some figures appear in new roles, and others transform images associated with the vices. Charity is there, giving shelter to the poor and feeding them, acting out the testament of peace she read at the beginning of the poem. Obedience carries cords and ties in order to bind Self-will, recalling but transforming the cords and ties of Sloth. Discipline carries the shield of Prudence and the file of Reproof of Evil, a reappearance of the file that Anger had perversely used earlier to put teeth on her saw of Hatred.

Voluntary Poverty, singing as she works, is naked except for a gambeson, the *pourpoint* of Patience. Her companion, carrying a staff and making the beds, is Lady Purity, who wears the gauntlets of Continence. Study carries honeyed food, placed on parchment so that it will not fall on the arid pathway, like the seed in the parable, but will nurture the faithful like the seed scattered by the

holy teachers in the pilgrim's original vision of the heavenly city. The mistress of the refectory is Abstinence, wearing the gorget of Sobriety; Prayer has wings to carry messages to God; and Worship wakes the King of Heaven when he sleeps by playing the organ and blowing the horn of Latria—an elegant doubling and transformation of the horn of Pride carried by Satan.

In a remarkable foreshortening, the Pilgrim now encounters Infirmary and Old Age, sent by Death to warn him of her approach. Old Age has feet of lead, unlike the feathered feet of Youth, and although she is slow, she says, "I have nevertheless caught up with you." Old Age and Infirmary attack him on both sides, just as he was assaulted earlier by Betrayal and Detraction, the two vices who ride upon Envy. In these desperate straits Misericord comforts him. She holds the cord of the bow of heaven, so that God cannot shoot the arrow of justice against mankind. She changes the bow into the rainbow of peace and reconciliation, and she uses the cord to rescue the suffering, pulling them from the depths of their misery. She offers her breast to the Pilgrim on his sickbed, and she tells him that milk is blood transformed: those who are angry have only red blood in them but her mother, Charity, heats this blood of anger and turns it into the milk of human kindness. She binds her cord to his bed and draws him to the infirmary.

In the end, Death comes and climbs up on his bed, carrying a scythe in her hand, an ironic echo of the scythe (Homicide) carried by Anger. Grace intervenes one last time to prepare the Pilgrim for his entrance through the narrow gate, the same gate he saw so long ago in the mirror. If he is stripped naked he will enter the heavenly city, like the poor in his original vision. Just as Death is about to cut down his life, he hears the abbey clock ringing for matins, and he awakes to find himself all in a sweat. He arises to write down what he remembers of his dream, but he does not put down all of it, for that would be too long. The narrative of his vision has come full circle: the Pilgrim has arrived at the gate of the city whose image had first set him on his journey.

His passage through a world of signs to the sign that moved him first is neither simple nor straightforward. The allegory of his pilgrimage is marked by strange disjunctions as well as unexpected likenesses: apparent opposites are complements; virtue and vice are somehow linked, although they are radically at odds. The truth of

these relations is illuminated by Grace and Reason, and their meaning for the pilgrim is established through the compassion and mediation of the Virgin. But this decoding of the world and the self is, in a way, a further encoding, one that approaches more closely, but never wholly attains, the transcendent reality it represents.

Deguileville shows that he is aware of the limitations of his vision and of the discourse in which it is recounted, for "in dreaming," he says, "the complete truth may not be made known." But his allegory attempts to bridge what Paul Ricoeur calls "the abyss that opens up between the eternal *Verbum* and the temporal *vox*" (1984, 29). His representation of the doubleness and complexity of the human *peregrinatio* constitutes an *œnigma*, a rhetorical trope that Augustine classifies as a type of allegory (*De trinitate*, XV, ix, 15-16; *PL*, 42, 1068-69). For Augustine, Colish says, "an *œnigma*, like any other figure of speech, and like speech itself, is designed to communicate information. Its built-in difficulties thus enhance, rather than reduce, its expressive power. In attempting to convey the infinite incomprehensibility of God, then, an *œnigma* is a most suitable *vox significans rem*" (79). In *Le Pèlerinage de la vie humaine* Deguileville found a voice well-suited to the complex matter of the pilgrim soul and its journey to the Heavenly City of Jerusalem.

Sources and Influences

Deguileville tells us that his dream-vision was prompted by reading and studying closely *Le Roman de la Rose*. Although at first glance a poem devoted to the pursuit of erotic love seems an unlikely model for an account of a pious pilgrimage to the Heavenly Jerusalem, Deguileville drew from the *Roman* two elements most important to his poem: a metaphor and a method. Both the *Roman* and the *Pèlerinage* share the metaphor of life as a quest for an ideal state of being; and they both use the allegorical framework built upon the metaphor of quest to support extended comments on important intellectual and spiritual questions as well as wide-ranging satirical observations on contemporary life and mores.

The basic metaphor of Deguileville's allegory, life as a pilgrimage, came to him from other sources as well, of course,

especially from St. Paul (whom he quotes at the very beginning of the poem) and from St. Augustine. The discourse of the poem is deeply rooted in the Church Fathers and in the Scriptures, and he draws from these sources not only theological and moral arguments but vivid images and *exempla*. The theme of the heavenly city naturally drew him to the prophets, especially Ezekiel and Isaiah, as well as to the Book of Revelation. And he found in the historical books of the Bible stories that illuminate his own narrative. Classical sources include Aristotle, whom he summons up for a debate with Lady Wisdom on the metaphysics of the Eucharist, and to whom he frequently refers on a variety of philosophical issues (see the textual notes for particular references) as well as mythical materials, such as Scylla and Charybdis, that he may have found in a number of places.

It is very likely that he knew the work of Boethius, given the immense popularity of the *Consolation of Philosophy*. The metaphysics of the *Consolation*, the central figure of Dame Philosophy (an analogue of Lady Reason) and the deployment of dream-vision allegory are precedents for Deguileville. As for Dante, there is little evidence of direct influence, despite Delacotte's account of some remarkable similarities (1932), but the reach of *The Divine Comedy* is always difficult to delimit. Deguileville's pilgrimage is, however, a more earthly journey than Dante's great visionary poem, and Deguileville seems far too sensible in any case to have tried to imitate or surpass that model. He does write deliberately and emphatically in the vernacular, however, and in this respect he follows Dante's lead. In view of S. L. Galpin's study of the sources of *Le Pèlerinage de l'âme* (1910), there can be little doubt that, like Dante, he was familiar with early Christian and medieval dream-vision materials, through the works of Gregory of Tours, Gregory the Great, Bede, Boniface, Vincent de Beauvais, and Jacobus de Voragine. His general knowledge of the received tradition of wisdom and learning is extensive and detailed, and though this is sometimes the subject of exuberant display, it is more often carefully integrated with the controlling trope of pilgrimage and discovery.

The influence of a work like the *Pèlerinage*, which has at its core a metaphor of such weight and power, cannot be assessed only in terms of allusions and appropriations of specific materials.

Its wide dissemination and frequent translation in its own era offer evidence of the energy of its initial impulse, but the enduring effects of its imaginative achievement can be seen in later centuries as well.

Deguileville's influence on the leading English poets of the medieval period is easy to trace, if not to measure. Lydgate's painstaking and lavish translation of *Vie*² is an indication of the appeal of Deguileville's vision. The anonymous Middle English translation is only now coming to be recognized as a significant achievement both in its own right and as a continuing influence on the cultural developments of the later Middle Ages and early Renaissance. Chaucer's attention to Deguileville, evidenced most obviously in his translation of the ABC prayer, is likely to have been more focused and intense than has so far been described. His sensibility is, in many ways, more like that of Deguileville than that of Dante, for example. Although he does not share Deguileville's rather harsh asceticism, he might have found congenial the sort of rough and ready talk of the road that marks the *Pèlerinage*. We know that he borrowed the ending of the poem, the dreamer awakened by the bell of the abbey clock, for his first dream-vision poem, *The Book of the Duchess*, but it is even more significant that in Deguileville's pilgrimage motif and striking allegorical figures, especially those of the seven deadly sins, he may have found some of the material he adapted to such brilliant effect in *The Canterbury Tales*. He would certainly have encountered in the *Pèlerinage* examples of very pointed satirical commentary on corrupt clergy, crooked lawyers, subservient court officials and other functionaries—the sort of "estates satire" that Jill Mann (1973) has identified as a major influence on both the form and content of Chaucer's portraits of the Canterbury pilgrims. When both poems are considered together it is difficult to look at the portrait of the Pardoner without recalling the picture of Avarice, for example, complete with fake relics and false piety. And it is difficult to think of a number of Chaucer's pilgrims and characters, without calling to mind some of Deguileville's lively portrayals of vices and virtues. And the sometimes bumbling Pilgrim-narrator of the *Pèlerinage* suggests that an important element of Deguileville's influence on Chaucer is the use of the naive narrator, a device both poets exploit to great advantage. Deguileville's Pilgrim, like Chaucer's

Pilgrim *persona* in *The Canterbury Tales* and the innocent narrator of his earlier dream-vision poems, is both a rich source of humor and an elegant trope through which the audience is drawn into the progress of the narrative and the unfolding of its discourse.

The spirit of Deguileville's allegorical fiction and the power of its metaphorical language persisted through the Renaissance and beyond. F. M. Padelford (1931) and Rosemond Tuve (1966) have analyzed in detail the influence of the *Pèlerinage* on Spenser, particularly in the similarities between the Pilgrim and the Red Cross Knight: these figures have in common, among other things, the armor of virtue, the encounter with Error (Rude Wit) and the struggle with the Deadly Sins. Nathaniel Hill (1858), in his comparative study of Deguileville's *Pèlerinage* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, sets forth the many parallels and connections between the works. J. B. Wharey (1904) tends to confirm, through the details of his (and Bunyan's) vigorous denials, what Hill's study assumes: that Bunyan was probably familiar with an English version of the *Pèlerinage* and used it as the basis for his work.

The Canterbury Tales, *The Faerie Queene* and *Pilgrim's Progress* have had their own far-ranging effects, of course, but these can be attributed in no small measure to the power of their central theme: the idea of life as a spiritual journey. And there was a substantial and original literary presentation of that theme to draw upon in Deguileville's *Pèlerinage*. Through its influence on such works as these, it shaped the experience of many generations of readers, who followed in imagination the path laid out long before in this vision of a pilgrimage to the heavenly Jerusalem.

Editorial Policy for This Translation

This translation is based on the 1893 Roxburghe Club edition of the French original by J. J. Stürzinger, who chose MS *t* (*Bibliothèque Nationale fr.* 1818) as his text, providing a comprehensive set of variants from ten of the fifty-three manuscripts he lists. Copies of this edition are rare and I have used a microfilm copy of an example in the Boston Athenæum. I have followed Stürzinger's text closely and where I have adopted variant readings I have indicated this in the notes. Since the first version of the

Pèlerinage is decidedly a poem meant for oral delivery, I have not given the rubrics of MS *t* that identify speakers and characters, nor the Appendix (from MS *L*), which serves as kind of summary and index; identifying the figures encountered by the Pilgrim is part of the experience of the poem for the audience Deguileville addresses. In citations of the original, I have adapted Stürzinger's system of markings to my use of italics for quotations from the French:

1. parentheses () enclose letters of MS *t* that should be omitted;
2. brackets [] enclose letters or words that are added from other MSS;
3. roman letters indicate words substituted from other MSS;
4. partial roman letters fill in abbreviations.

The list of manuscripts in the Bibliography is based on that of Dunn-Wood, whose extensive account draws upon the work of Stürzinger, Wharey, Faral, Tuve and others. The list is not intended to be complete; as Tuve observes, there may be some manuscripts, especially of prose translations, hidden under such designations as "The Romance of the Monk" (149 n. 6). Scriptural quotations are taken from *The New American Bible*, except for those instances where the Vulgate helps to clarify Deguileville's allusion, and I have used the abbreviations contained in this bible for scriptural references. Unless otherwise noted, citations of Avril Henry's edition of the Middle English Anonymous (ME Anon) prose translation of *Vie*¹ are to the textual notes (Volume 2, 1988), which contain extensive comments on Deguileville's scriptural, patristic and literary allusions, and sort out many difficult passages in the French.

I have not attempted to duplicate Deguileville's crafty, pun-filled, octosyllabic couplets, but I have tried to convey in prose some of the plain vigor and directness of his expression, while occasionally shadowing its exuberant word-play. I have punctuated freely, omitting connectives when this seemed not to disturb the flow of ideas or distort the relation among them. Singular pronouns requiring gender distinctions in English have been pluralized in general descriptions of human behavior and response. Gender distinctions present particular difficulties in the translation of allegory, and I have resolved these as far as I can by moving to the

neuter pronoun when Deguileville seems not to focus on a masculine or feminine allegorical figure. I have occasionally changed word order and reduced some of the poet's triplets and quadruplets to lesser catalogues, but not where I could find a real distinction to articulate. Sometimes I have maintained phrasings that are somewhat less than smooth in English because they track particular formulations of ideas Deguileville seems to have had in mind. Regularizing these expressions would merely have added to the store of what inevitably is not "carried across" in a translation. That store, that remainder, tends to confirm translators in their regard for the poet, while it enhances their sense of how much has been left unsaid.

Abbreviations

Godefroy: *Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française*.

ME Anon: The anonymous Middle English prose translation of *Vie*¹.
See Henry (1985).

OED: *The Oxford English Dictionary*. 2d ed.

PL: Migne, J. -P., ed., *Patrologiae Cursus Completus . . . Series Latina*.

PG: Migne, J. -P., ed., *Patrologiae Cursus Completus . . . Series Græca*.

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Select Bibliography

I. The Works of Guillaume de Deguileville

A. Manuscripts and Early Editions

Le Pèlerinage de la vie Humaine *Vie*¹ (1330-31)

Manuscripts

- Paris: Bibliothèque Nationale fr. 376; 823; 824; 827; 828; 1139;
1140; 1141; 1577; 1645; 1647; 1649; 1818; 1819; 9196; 12462;
12464; 12465; 19158; 19186; 24302; 24303; 24304
- Paris: Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal 3170; 5071
- Paris: Bibliothèque de Ste. Geneviève 1130
- Cambrai: Bibliothèque de la Ville 212 (207)
- Lyon: Bibliothèque de la Ville 768 (686)
- Tours: Bibliothèque de la Ville 950
- Aix: Bibliothèque de la Ville 110
- Chartres: Bibliothèque de la Ville 408 (423)
- Pont á Mousson: Bibliothèque de la Ville 6
- Reims: Bibliothèque de la Ville 1276
- London: British Museum Add. 22937 (*Les trois pèlerinages, ca.*
1450) [VAJ]; Add. 25594 [VA]; Harl. 4399
- London: Library of Alfred Huth H [VAJ]
- London: Library of the Earl of Ashburnham 488 (VA); 74

- London: Library of H. H. Gibbs
 London: Library of Lord Aldenham
 Cheltenham: Library of Sir T. Phillipps 3655
 Oxford: Bodleian Library Douce 300
 Brussels: Bibliothèque Royale 11069; 10176-10178 [VAJ]; 10197-10198 (*Les trois pèlerinages*, ca. 1375-80) [VAJ]; 18292
 Berlin: Königliche Bibliothek. Hamilton 285
 Metz: Stadtbibliothek 313
 Munich: Hof- und Staatsbibliothek Cod. Gall. 30
 St. Petersburg: Bibl. Imp. F.XIV. No. 4.
 Rome: Bibl. Vat. Reg. 1668
 Heidelberg: University Library Codex Palatinus Lat. 1969 [for a study of this MS with facsimiles, see Bergmann (1983)]
 New York: Pierpont Morgan Library M.1083 (ca. 1440); MS 772 (1348)
 Baltimore: The Walters Art Gallery MS W. 141 (14th Century)
 Philadelphia: Rosenbach Foundation Museum (1437) [VAJ]

Anonymous of Angers Prose Version of *Vie*¹

Manuscripts

- Paris: Bibliothèque Nationale 1137; 1646; 12461
 Paris: Bibliothèque de S. Geneviève 294
 Paris: Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal 2319
 Geneva: Bibliothèque de la Ville 181; 1981
 Geneva: Bibliothèque Universitaire fr. 182
 London: Library of Lord Aldenham MS (originally belonging to René Laval, cousin of Jeanne de Laval)

Print Editions

- Lyons: 1485, Huss. *Le Pèlerin de Vie humaine*. A prose version of *Vie*¹ composed in 1465 by an anonymous "clerk of Angers" at the request of Jeanne de Laval, second wife of René, Duke of Anjou. This version has been incorrectly ascribed to Jean Gallopes, author of a prose version of *Âme*, published together with it in Paris by Vérard in 1499. The Anonymous of Angers version was reissued by Huss in 1486, and 1488-89. Tuve (148) mentions editions of this version published at Lyons by Nourry in 1485, 1486, 1499, and 1504.
- Lyons: Huss, 1499. Pierre Virgin's revision of the Anonymous of Angers prose version.
- Paris: Vérard, 1499. *Le Pèlerin de Vie humaine*. Pierre Virgin's revision of the Anonymous of Angers prose version, published with a prose version of *Âme* by Jean Gallopes. These two works were also printed separately by Verard in 1499 (*Faral Études* 96). For a facsimile of an illuminated vellum copy of the *Vie*¹ prepared for Henry VII by Vérard, see Pollard (1912).
- Lyons: Nourry, 1504. *Le Pèlerinage de vie humaine*. Pierre Virgin's revision of the Anonymous of Angers prose version.
- Michel Le Noir, 1506. *Le Pèlerin de vie humaine*. Pierre Virgin's revision of the Anonymous of Angers prose version.

*Vie*² (1355)

Manuscripts

- Paris: Bibliothèque Nationale 377; 825; 829; 1138; 1648; 12466 [V²A] and Latin poems]
 Paris: Bibliothèque Impériale 6988/2 [V²AJ]
 Paris: Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal 3646
 Paris: Bibliothèque de l'Institut 20
 Cherbourg: Bibliothèque de la Ville 42
 London: British Museum Add. 38120 (ca. 1400)

Oxford: Bodleian Library Add. C. 29 [V²AJ] (V² incomplete)

St. Petersburg: Bibliothèque Impériale F. XIV. No. 11 [V²AJ]

Print Editions

Le Pèlerinage de l'homme. Paris: Vérard, 1511. A verse revision of *Vie*² by the "Monk of Clairvaux," whose version of all three pilgrimages had appeared *ca.* 1510 in a Paris edition published by B. Rembolt under the title *Le Romant des trois Pèlerinaiges*.

Copies:

Paris: Bibliothèque Nationale Rés. Ye 24; Rés. Ye 25

Paris: Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal

London: British Museum C.6.b.15

Oxford: Bodleian Library Douce G.285

New York: Public Library, Spenser College French 151

Cambridge: Harvard University Library *FC.G9455D.511v

Philadelphia: Rosenbach Foundation Museum

Vie (Intermediate Recension?)

Manuscript

Manchester: John Rylands Library French MS 2 (VAJ and Latin Poems). Lofthouse presents this version as a possible stage in Deguileville's recension of *Vie*¹.

Âme

Manuscripts

Paris: Bibliothèque Nationale fr. 602 (early 15th century); Ye 195

Paris: Bibliothèque Impériale 7086

Parme: Bibliothèque Palatina 106

Oxford: Bodleian Library Douce 305 (Dedicated to the Duke of Bedford)

Print Editions

Paris: Vérard 1499. *Le Pélerinaige de l'ame*. The prose version by Jean Gallopes, also published together with the Anonymous of Angers *Vie*¹.

Jhesucrist

See edition by Sturzinger (1897).

Manuscripts

Paris: Bibliothèque Nationale 14976

Arras: Bibliothèque de la Ville 532

Reims: Bibliothèque de la Ville 750

The Three Pilgrimages

Print Edition

Paris: B. Rembolt, *ca.* 1510. *Le Romant des trois Pèlerinaiges*. A verse revision of all three pilgrimages, using *Vie*², by the "Monk of Clairvaux." Abbé Goujet (1745, 74) identifies this monk with Pierre Virgin, who edited the version published in Lyon by Huss in 1499. Wright points out (vii-viii) that this ascription must be mistaken, since the "Monk of Clairvaux" disparages the Virgin edition. For a clarification of the relation among these versions see Faral (1946).

Copies:

Paris: Bibliothèque Nationale Ye 813; Velins 2227

Paris: Bibliothèque de Ste. Geneviève OE xv s.844

Paris: Bibliothèque de la Ville 1177

- Mazarine: Bibliothèque de la Ville 1177
 Beauvais
 London: British Museum 85.d.26; 853.26.4to
 London: Library of Alfred Huth
 Cambridge: University Library
 Oxford: Bodleian Library Douce D. Subt.58.4to
 New York: Pierpont Morgan Library 62412
 Cambridge: Harvard College Library *FC.G9455D.525v
 New Haven: Yale University Library 1971/756

B. Early Translations

Latin

Liber peregrinationis animae. A translation of *Le Pèlerinage de l'âme* supervised by Jean Gallopes for John, Duke of Bedford, ca. 1427.

Manuscripts

- Paris: Bibliothèque Nationale MS 507
 London: Library of Lambeth Palace (L.z.4) F.13 (MS commissioned by the Duke of Bedford, written under the supervision of Jean Gallopes); also Lambeth N 1/4to/G7
 Lincoln: Chapter Library (15th century)

English

The Pilgrimage of the Lyfe of the Manhode. ca. 1430. Anonymous prose translation of *Vie*¹. See editions by Wright (1869) and Henry (1985).

Manuscripts

- Oxford: Bodleian Library Laud Misc.740 [See Henry (1985) MS O]
 Cambridge: St. John's College Library 189; G.21 [See Henry (1985) MS J]
 Cambridge: University Library: Ff. 5.30 (ca 1430) [See Wright (1869) Henry (1985) MS C]; Ff. 6.30 (*The Pilgrim, or the Pilgrimage of Man in this World*; copy of Laud 740, Oxford)
 Cambridge: Magdalen College, Pepys Library 2258 (17th century)
 London: Sion College Library Arc.L.40.2/E.44; MS Archives 2.23 (Shirley's MS, similar to Cambridge: University Library Ff. 5.30)
 Glasgow: Hunterian Museum 239 (Northern dialect) [See Henry (1985) MS G]; G.2.25
 Melbourne: State Library of Victoria MS 096 G94 [See Henry (1985) MS M]

John Lydgate [?], *The Pilgrimage of the Life of Man*. 1426. A Verse translation of *Vie*¹ for the Earl of Salisbury. See edition by Furnivall and Locock (1899). For the controversy over Lydgate's authorship see Walls (1977) and Green (1978).

Manuscripts

- London: British Museum, Cottonian Collection, Vitellius C.xiii (1426)
 London: British Museum, Cottonian Collection, Tiberius A.vii (1426)
 London: British Museum MS Stowe 952 (copied by Stowe; incomplete; only MS to mention Lydgate)

The Booke of the Pylgremage of the Sowle. ca. 1413. A translation of *Âme*, sometimes attributed to Lydgate. See edition by McGerr (1990).

Manuscripts

- Oxford: University Library 181 (early 15th century)
 Oxford: Corpus Christi Library 237
 Oxford: Bodleian Library 770
 London: British Library Add. 34193; Egerton 615 (ca. 1430)
 Cambridge: University Library Kk.1.7
 Cambridge: Gonville and Caius College 124/61 (1414)
 Melbourne: Victoria State Library *096/G94
 Hatfield: Hatfield House MS Cecil 270 (1413)
 New York: New York Public Library Spencer 19 (ca. 1430)

Print Editions

- Westminster: Caxton, 1483
 Copies:
 London: British Museum C.21.d.4; IB 55069
 London: Sion College
 Oxford: St. John's College Library b.2.24(4)
 Manchester: John Rylands Library
 Britwell Court
 Northamptonshire: Althorpe Hall, Library of Lord Spenser
 New York: Pierpont Morgan Library Ch.L f1778
 New Haven: Yale University Library Rare Book Zi +9650

German

Hamburg. A prose translation.

Manuscript

Hamburg: Staats- und Universitätsbibliothek

Bibliography

Pyllgerym. A prose translation.

Manuscript

Darmstadt: Landesbibliothek Sig. Nr. 201

Die Pilgerfabrt des träumenden Mönchs. Cologne: 1444. A verse translation by Peter Merode (d. 1451). See edition by Meijboom (1926).

Manuscript

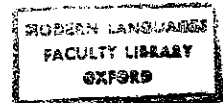
Cologne: Historisches Archiv der Stadt GB4.223

Die Pilgerfabrt des träumenden Mönchs. A verse translation different from Cologne version. See edition by Bömer (1915).

Manuscript

Berleburg: Sayn-Wittgensteinschen Schloßbibliothek.

Dutch



Pelgrimage van der menscheliken creaturen.

Manuscript

The Hague: Koniglyke Bibliotheek HS 76 E.6 (late 14th century)

Pelgrinagie van der zielen. A translation of *Âme*.

Manuscripts

Haarlem: Bischoppelyke Museum HS Nr.93

Berlin: Staatsbibliothek der Stiftung preussischer Kulturbesitz MS germ. fol. 624

Print Editions of Dutch Translations

Boeck vanden pelgherim. Haarlem: Jakob Bellaert, 1486. A prose translation.

Copies:

New York: Pierpont Morgan Library Ch L f1665

Boston: Boston Athenæum

Washington, D. C.: Library of Congress Rosenwald 1486.G9
(Two copies)

Oxford: Bodleian Library 1498

The Hague: Koniglyke Bibliotheek C.A. 1376

Brussels: Bibliothèque Royale B 1461

Boeck vanden pelgherim. Delft: Heynrick Eckert van Hombergh, 1498. Similar to the Haarlem edition of 1486.

Copies:

Oxford: Bodleian Library Douce 46

The Hague: Koniglyke Bibliotheek C.A. 1377

Dat Boeck vanden Pelgrim. Antwerp: Heynrick Eckert van Hombergh, 1516.

Spanish

El pelegrinaje de la vida Humana. Translated by Vincente de Mazuelo. 1490. Toulouse: Henricus Aléman, 1490. See edition by Dunn-Wood (1985).

Manuscripts

Madrid: Biblioteca Nacional I 1300

Escorial: Biblioteca del Escorial 29-V-6 No. 1 (1521)

Other Works

Roman de la fleur de lys. See Piaget (1936).

Latin Poems. At the end of *Le Pèlerinage de l'âme* Deguileville describes his project of eleven Latin poems: on the Psalms; on the Alpha and Omega; on the three knights Denis, Rusticus and Éleuthère; on the Song of Songs; on the names of Jesus and Mary; an ABC poem to the Virgin (recalling the ABC of *Le Pèlerinage de la vie humaine*); a paraphrase of the *Ave Maria*; and prayers to St. Michael, St. Benedict, and St. Andrew. For extracts from these poems see Stürzinger's edition (1895) of *Le Pèlerinage de l'âme*, Appendix III.

C. Modern Editions and Translations

Bergmann, Rosemarie, ed. *Die Pilgerfahrt zum himmlischen Jerusalem: ein allegorisches Gedicht des Spätmittelalters aus der Heidelberger Bilderhandschrift.* Wiesbaden: L. Reichert, 1983. A study of the Heidelberg MS Cod. Pal. Lat. 1969 of *Vie*¹. It contains reproductions, some in color, of this handsomely illustrated manuscript.

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Clubb, M. D., ed. *The Middle English Pilgrimage of the Soul: An Edition of MS Egerton 615 [ca.1430].* Ann Arbor: University Microfilms, 1954.

Cust, K. I. *A Modern Prose Translation of the Ancient Poem Guillaume de Deguileville and Entitled The Pylgrimage of Man.* London: B. M. Pickering, 1859. A selective paraphrase of Lydgate's translation of *Vie*², omitting the "papist" elements.

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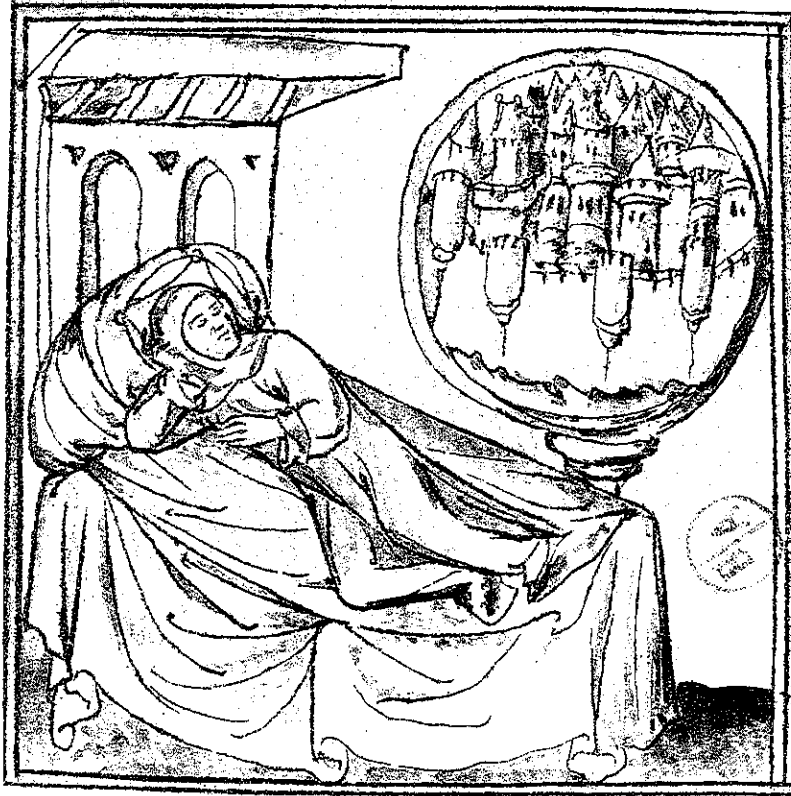
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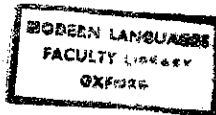
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The Pilgrim Sees the Heavenly Jerusalem as in a Mirror



Book I

To those of this country, who have no home here, but are all pilgrims, as St. Paul says¹—men and women, rich and poor, wise and foolish, kings and queens—I want to recount a vision that came to me the other night as I was sleeping. While I was awake, I had read, studied, and looked closely at {10} the beautiful *Romance of the Rose*. I am sure that this was what moved me most to have the dream I will tell you about in a moment. Now come near, everyone, gather around and listen closely. Do not draw back, ladies and gentlemen. All of you, move forward, sit down and listen. {20} This vision concerns the mighty and the humble, without exception. I have put it all in [French], so that laymen can understand it. Everyone can learn from it which path to take and which to leave and abandon. This is something very necessary to those who are pilgrims in this wild world. {30} Now listen to the vision that came to me as I was in my bed during my religious life at the Abbey of Chaalis.²

As I was sleeping, I dreamed I was a pilgrim eager to go to the city of Jerusalem. I saw this city from afar in a mirror that seemed to me large beyond measure. {40} The city was richly decorated both inside and out. The streets and lanes were paved with gold.³ The foundation was set up high, the masonry was made of living stones,⁴ and a high wall enclosed it on all sides. {50} It had many houses, squares, and mansions. Inside, all was gladness and joy without sorrow.⁵ To be brief, all those within it had, in general, more of all good things than they could ever think of or ask for.

But I was greatly disturbed that people could not enter as they pleased, {60} because the entrance was very strongly guarded. Cherubim was the gate-keeper, and he held a polished sword, double-edged, well-sharpened on both sides, and easily turned this way and that.⁶ He knew how to wield it well and no one was skillful enough with a shield to pass through without being wounded or killed. {70} Even the Prince of the city, because of his human nature, suffered death at the entrance and was pierced through his side with the blade. He left his blood as payment, although he owed no debt there. His knights, his champions, and his servants did the same. They all drank from his cup and met their death at the entrance. {80} I saw pennants, stained red with blood, hanging on the battlements over the gate—the porter of that gate spares no one.⁷ When I had seen all this, I knew for certain that one had to enter here by force if there were no other way in.⁸ However, I did not see anyone pass through this way. {90} They were all completely overcome when they saw Cherubim, and from then on he could put away his fiery sword.

Just as I looked up, I saw a marvelous thing that astonished me greatly. I saw St. Augustine sitting high up on the battlements {100} and he seemed to be a fowler or a bird-keeper. With him there were many other great masters and teachers who were helping to feed and nourish the birds. To get the food they were holding and the seeds they were scattering—their honeyed morsels and their sweet, beautiful words {110}—many people were becoming birds and flying up on high. Indeed, I could see many Dominicans, Canons, and Augustinians,⁹ all kinds of people, lay and secular, clergy and religious, beggars and the needy, gathering feathers and making great wings for themselves. {120} Then they began to fly, rising high up into the city. They flew over Cherubim and paid little heed to his power.

As soon as I turned and looked in the other direction, I was even more astonished at what I saw there. Up on the walls of the city I saw other persons of authority {130} helping their companions to get inside by clever means. First, I saw St. Benedict, who had placed against the wall a great ladder made up of the twelve rungs of humility. His companions {140}—many black monks, white monks, and grey monks¹⁰—climbed quickly up these into the city without hindrance from anyone. Next I saw St. Francis,

who proved to be a good friend to those of his order. As I saw in my vision, he had let down over the walls a strongly-braided rope with knots in it and all his true companions {150} were climbing up it.¹¹ None of them had hands so slippery that they could not climb right to the top if they grasped the knots firmly. I saw many others on top of the wall, but I am not sure I can tell you all their names or how they were helping their companions to climb up on all sides, because I was looking only {160} at the side that faced me. I could not see beyond this, much to my regret. But I can tell you that in the wall facing me I saw a small narrow door¹² that the king of the city had placed under guard for the sake of justice. He had given the key to St. Peter, whom he trusted.¹³ {170} That trust was surely well-placed, because he let no one pass through except the poor, for the one who does not lie has said that the rich cannot enter there any more than a camel can pass through the eye of a needle.¹⁴ Entering was very cleverly arranged, for all the people were taking off their clothes and stripping naked at the entrance.¹⁵ {180} Old clothes piled up there quickly. None of the people passed through there clothed, unless they wore the king's robes, but those who did so could always pass through anytime they wanted. This way of entering pleased me very much, because all the people had an advantage in common if they became truly poor. {190} There was no difficulty at all, as long as they would take off their old clothes and leave them outside, in order to have new ones within. This arrangement should be quite agreeable, because there is not much to do. In truth, people cannot be so rich that they may not become poor, if they want. And surely it is good to be so, in order to enter into such a beautiful state. {200} It would be good to fast a little, in order to feast at dinner-time.

Now I have told you briefly how I saw the fair city in a beautiful mirror and how I was inspired to go there as a pilgrim, if I could, by any means. Indeed, in my dream I could see no rest anywhere else. {210} It seemed to me that I would find great peace if I could be within its walls. If I could get there, I would never think of leaving. As I was thinking about this, it occurred to me that I had no scrip or staff and that I needed them, for these are things most fitting for every wayfaring pilgrim. {220} Then I came out of my house, where I had been for nine months without going out, and I began to look for the staff and the scrip I needed for what I had to do.

As I went looking, worried and concerned about where I might find a merchant who could help me with these things, {230} I saw on my way a lady whose beauty gave me great joy. She seemed to be the daughter of an emperor or a king or some other great lord. She was wearing a gown of beaten gold, bound with a sash of green lamé that was seeded its entire length with rubies.¹⁶ On her breast she had a golden broach {240} with an enamel in the middle, and in the center of the enamel there was a shining star that left me in awe. Her head was crowned with a golden crown and encircled by a multitude of shining stars. The one who had given her these things and had dressed her in this way was clearly very powerful. She was courteous, I thought, for she spoke to me first {250} and asked me kindly what I was looking for. I was completely surprised at this, because I had not thought that a lady in such fine array would bother to notice me, but I soon realized, as I learned then and I now know well, that the more goodness people have in them, the more humility they have as well. {260} The more apples the tree has, the more it bends down toward the people. Humility is the sign of all good and kind hearts. Those who do not carry this banner do not have complete goodness. Then I answered her and told her how it had happened that I was inspired to go to the city of Jerusalem, {270} and how I was unhappy because I did not have a scrip and a staff, and so I was looking for them, asking for them everywhere.

"Dear friend," she answered, "if you want good news about what you are looking for, come with me. Nothing better ever happened to you than to have met me today. {280} I want to help you right away with whatever you need."

Then I could no longer hold back, no matter what might happen to me. I wanted to know everything—her name and who she was. "Lady," I said, "I would like very much to know your name, your country and region, and exactly who you are. {290} Tell me, please, and I think I will be the happier for it."

Then she answered me: "Listen and I will tell you. I do not want to be at all puzzling or mysterious to you. I am the daughter of the emperor who is lord over all others. He has sent me into this country to win friends for him, {300} not because he needs them, but because he would be very glad to be friends with all people for their own good. Do you see how I am dressed, elegantly

arrayed with rubies and stars? You have never seen any more beautiful. They give light to all those who travel in the night, {310} so that everyone can find me—by day as well as by night, and by night as well as by day—and not do foolish things. I am the one you must seek when you go into a strange land. As long as you have me for a companion, you will have no better friend. If you go into that country without me, you will surely be hated {320} both by my father, the great king, and all who are with him. Without me no one can do good. Everyone needs me. The world would have been lost long ago if I had not taken care of it. Whoever has me lacks nothing, and whoever does not have me lacks everything. I govern all things and I heal all ills. {330} I give sight to the blind and strength to the weak. I raise up those who have fallen and I set right those who have gone astray. I will not turn away anyone, except those who commit mortal sin. But for people like that I have no concern, as long as they are in such filth. I am called God's Grace and I have no other name. {340} You will call me by that name when you need me. That will surely be very often before you reach the city you have seen, because you will find many obstacles and troubles, misfortunes and difficulties that, believe me, you cannot pass through—neither you nor anyone else—without me. {350} And if you could pass through or escape them without me—and that is impossible—I tell you that without me you will not enter or set foot in the realm of Jerusalem. Although you have seen many things—you have seen that some people enter there completely naked, others fly up there, {360} others get in by clever devices, and others go past Cherubin—you can be sure, however, that no one can enter except through me. I make some people undress outside, in order to clothe them better inside. For others I make wings of my virtues so they can fly well and then they fly up, as I wish. You have seen this clearly with your own eyes. {370} Still others I put to the test in various ways, as best I can, so that I have them all pass through and enter. Now you can tell, without doubt, if my friendship is good. If it pleases you, say so now and do not hide your answer any longer."

Right away I replied: "Lady, for the love of God, please {380} be my friend and never leave me. Nothing is more necessary to me for what I have to do. I am very grateful that you have come first to my aid. I needed nothing else. Now lead me where you wish, I ask you, and do not delay." {390}

Then she took me at that very moment and led me straight to a house that belonged to her, she said, and she told me that I would find there everything I would need. She said she had founded and built it 1330 years ago, as she remembered very well. {400} I was eager to see this house and I was amazed at the sight of it, because it was floating high up in the air, between the earth and the sky, just as though it had come down from the heavens. 17 It had steeples and fine towers, and these adornments were very beautiful. But I was greatly troubled, because there was water in front of it {410} that I had to cross if I wanted to enter the house. There was no boat, plank or bridge, and it was deep there, as I discovered later when I was plunged into it. Then I began to ask Grace how I could avoid this, why there was such a crossing, whether there was another one elsewhere, {420} and I asked her to tell me clearly what good this water might do me.

Then she replied: "What are you saying? Are you frightened by such a little thing? You want to go to Jerusalem, and to get there you must cross the great sea. The great sea is this world, and it is full of many troubles, tempests and torments, great storms and winds. {430} How will you be able to cross that, when you are so afraid of such a little thing? You must not be afraid of this, because, as you should know, more little children cross over here than adults and old people. This is the first crossing of every good pilgrimage. There is no other path elsewhere except past Cherubim. {440} Some have gone that way and they have been bathed in their own blood. Nevertheless, if you want to take the path by Cherubim, this crossing is not bad for you, but it is indeed quite necessary, for if you consider where you come from and the house full of filth you have been in for nine months, you certainly need to wash yourself. {450} I advise you, therefore, to cross here. You cannot find a safer way. A king once passed over here, and he made the crossing safe. He made the crossing, and he was not unclean and had done no evil. If you want to cross here, say so, and I will send right away for a special servant of mine who is God's minister. 18 {460} He is the guardian of my household and the steward of this crossing. He will help you to cross over and to bathe and wash yourself. He will also make a cross on you, because he will see at once that you want to go over the sea and conquer Jerusalem. So you will fear your enemies less, he will make a cross

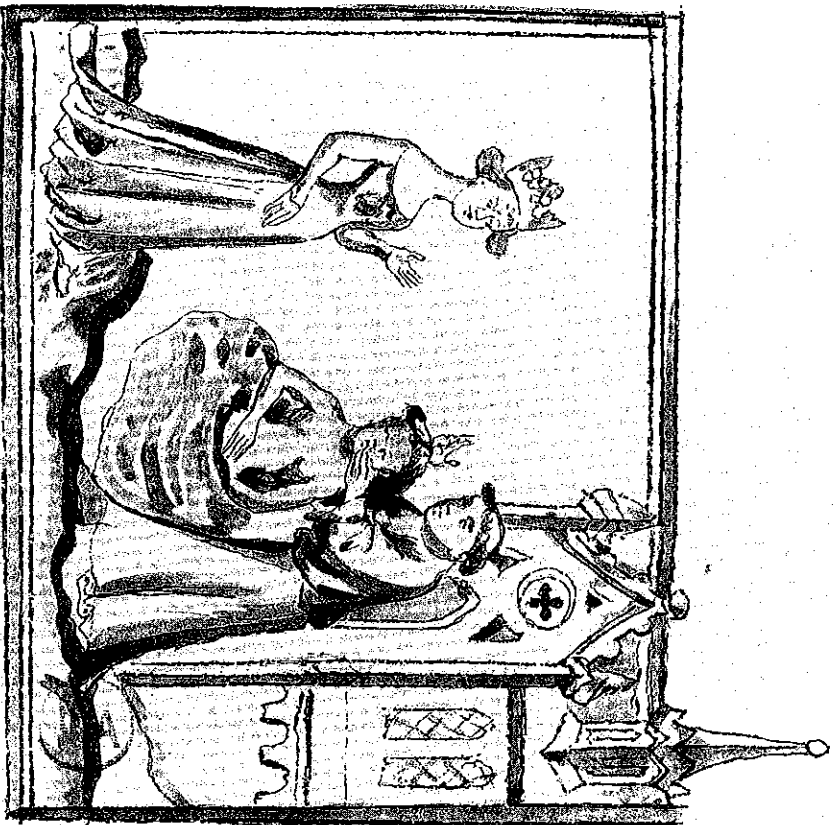
upon your breast. {470} So you will have little fear of all danger, he will also anoint you on your back and on your head like a champion, and you will think your enemies of little account. Answer me now. What do you think?"

"I want you to send him to me right away," I said.

Then, at her command, the minister I have spoken of before {480} came and took me by the hand and put me into that same water. He washed me, he bathed me, and he plunged me into it three times. Grace had not lied to me about anything. He made the sign of the cross on me and anointed me. Then he led me into the house, where there are very fine and elegant lodgings. There Grace treated me kindly, even more kindly than she had before. {490} There she told me that she would show me and teach me many things, and that I would be very wise to pay attention to them. Just as she was saying this to me, I saw many marvelous things. I will not pass over them in silence, but I will tell you something about them. Later, when I see the right moment, I will tell you about the staff {500} and the scrip I wanted, for then I will have time enough.

First, set up in the center of that place I saw the sign of *tau*,¹⁹ painted with the blood of the white lamb. This is the sign with which the servants of God are marked in the middle of the forehead, and I saw it clearly, if my dream does not lie. {510} Nearby, I saw an official who appeared to be a vicar of Aaron or Moses.²⁰ I saw that he had in his hand a staff with a crook at the end and that he had horns on his head.²¹ He was dressed in a linen robe and I truly believe he was the one of whom Ezekiel speaks in his ninth chapter,²² {520} for on the foreheads of the people he was placing the holy *tau*, and he marked them with it. He said it was a sign that God would be merciful to them, for he wanted all his people to be marked on the forehead with this sign. Grace had me blessed and marked with this sign on the forehead. This made me very happy, for I had great need of it. {530} not because it was required but because it was right and proper.²³

Then I saw this official making ointments and giving them to the minister I spoke of before, saying to him: "I give you these three fine ointments for all the people. With the first two, you shall anoint all those who will be pilgrims and who want to be champions, {540} and you shall do nothing else with them. The



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third shall be for those who are wounded, hurt or injured, and for those who lie on their deathbeds without comfort. You shall anoint them with this ointment and you shall be a true healer for them, carefully anointing all who need it. {550} Certainly, all pilgrims and all wayfarers who pass through this world have great need of it, for they are always in battle, and so it is inevitable that they are battered and wounded, and they need this ointment, therefore, in their last moments. Now anoint them without fail, for that is why I am giving you this ointment. {560} As for the other ointments I have here—for anointing the new king, for the vicars of Moses, and for the healers such as you, for the tables where we eat and for the *tau* I make upon foreheads—I reserve to myself the power of making, using and administering them.²⁴ Now take care that you do not wrong me or make any mistake about this." {570}

As these two were talking with each other and arranging their ointments, a young maiden came down to them from a turret.²⁵ She was called Reason, as Grace had told me. She began to speak to them plainly and said: "You lords, who are discussing your ointments {580} and talking about anointing other people, listen to a few words it will not take me long to say. An ointment is a soothing thing for wounds both open and closed. It must be applied gently, with a soft and smooth instrument, and the one who holds it must be gentle, because it is harmful to be too rough. {590} Those who are wounded should not be treated roughly. Sometimes rough treatment can hurt more than the ointment can help. Those who are rough are as fierce and cruel as lions. They want to get full revenge, without sparing anything or letting anything pass. These people are not good surgeons, healers or physicians, {600} because they want to apply their ointments to the wounded too roughly.²⁶ This is why I have come down to counsel you not to be rough or cruel or harsh. Be compassionate, merciful, and gentle with the wounded. Treat them all very gently and then your ointments will be effective. {610} You should often call to mind that you were anointed so that you would be gentle, compassionate and mild, and never do anything cruel, never in your life fly into a rage, so that you might pardon all sins and serve God. He has reserved all vengeance to himself, if the prophet does not lie, {620} and, therefore, anyone who tries to take it from him could come to a bad end."

When Reason had said these things, the vicar I have spoken of answered her: "Please tell me, if you can, why I have these horns on my head and a pointed staff? Is it not to punish and correct evil deeds? {630} I think I should strike and hurt evil people with my horns and jab them with this point, rather than anoint them with ointment."

"My dear friend," said Reason, "listen to me for a moment. I understand well enough what you have said, but you have not yet learned everything. As you should know, you must have a method in your jabbing and butting. {640} First, you should gently advise those you see going astray, and then, if you see they are obstinate, you are certainly allowed to jab them. It is part of your office to do justice to evildoers, but first you should be gentle rather than rigorous and stern. And one further point: if you jab someone sternly, {650} or but someone for a misdeed, take care that you do not do so without the sweet balm of pity and compassion. For although you have horns for the sake of justice, you should nevertheless have pity in your heart for the one you have judged. Remember that you were anointed before you were given horns, {660} before you had a pointed rod or staff. This should make you gentler when you want to correct someone. You must never forget the one you represent. There was never anyone milder than the one whose vicar you are, Moses, who seemed to have horns but had none, {670} who allowed Israel to pass through the sea and made a safe crossing for them with his staff. Now understand this lesson well, for it is as good for you as a long sermon. Although you seem to have horns on the outside, let your heart have no horns at all. Be merciful within, whatever you may be on the outside. {680} You can assume a false appearance in this case without doing wrong.²⁷ Have a kind and gentle heart, like the one who is your example. Although you have a pointed staff, notice also that it has a crook that bends down toward the other end. This means, without doubt, that you should be humble when you chastise for the sake of justice. {690} Now understand why this staff has been entrusted to you. It is so that you may govern your people and have them pass beyond the shores of this world. You should test the crossing with your staff to see whether it is too deep or whether a large bridge or a small bridge must be built,²⁸ for if a bridge is needed, it is your duty to make it. {700}

Therefore, your name is Pontifex.²⁹ Now understand this, and let it be a lesson to you."

"Now if you will listen to me a moment, I will tell you further why you have this fine staff and why you have horns on your head. Once, the horned one from Hell lived in this very place and by occupying it he had made it his home for a long time. {710} But because Grace—who had made the house for her own home—was displeased by this, she armed you with these horns and gave you this staff, so that you might cast out the usurper who wanted to be its lord. You butted him with your horns and drove him out. {720} You beat him with your staff and made him leave. You won those two fine ribbons hanging from your horns³⁰ by cleansing, sweeping, and purifying the place, when you consecrated, blessed, and sanctified it. And because you were a worthy champion in that consecration, {730} Grace wants you to arm yourself often with these weapons as a sign and token of your victory, so it will not be forgotten, so the false one you have butted and struck down, conquered and overthrown, will not have the habit of coming where you are, and so you will be ready and willing to do battle again {740} at all times and in every season against those who want to pillage the house of Grace and despoil it of its goods by tithes, taxes, plundering and extortion. In this matter, as I am quite aware, you do not do your duty well, for you yourself grant these things and show the ways to get them. {750} This is something Grace finds neither pleasant nor amusing. Therefore, I say to you frankly your horns and your staff are nothing but a mockery. Your horns are like a snail's horns. They pull in right away at the touch of a straw.

"St. Thomas did not have horns like these. He boldly defended the entrance and access to his house against the king, {760} who wanted, wrongly and without cause, to enslave by force something that should always be free. That brave man preferred to die rather than allow it to be enslaved in any way.³¹ I tell you as well about St. Ambrose, who defended his house against empress and emperor, so that he alone was master of it.³² {770} He said, 'You have your palace, your towers, your castles, your cities, the revenues of the empire. That should be enough for you. Do not meddle with my house. Leave it to me. You have nothing to do with it. In my time, it will never be enslaved. I would much rather lose my life.' These

two had horns for good reason. {780} If you had used your horns this well in defending the freedoms of your house—to which you are wed and whose ring you wear upon your finger—if you had used your staff well and argued strongly with Pharaoh, telling him to let your people serve God and not to enslave them, not to impede or oppress or grieve them in any way, {790} then you would have been a good Moses. You would have served Grace as her true spokesman and pleased her greatly whenever she knew that you were armed. Do this from now on and your honor will be the greater."

While Reason was saying these things, preaching to Moses, the minister turned around and took the ointments with him {800} and put them in a safe place. And then, it seemed to me, I saw a woman from the West and a man from the East come toward him. Each of them held out a hand to the minister. He took their hands and joined them together and he said:

"You two shall be one, and you shall keep faith with one another. {810} You shall never be parted for one day in your life except by Moses and for good cause. Now keep this sacrament well and love one another truly." And they both promised to do this. Then these two left and the minister turned around and went back to Moses, {820} who was still listening to Reason's sermon. But as they were talking together a crowd of people soon put an end to their discussion. They came before Moses and asked him to give them some position of service in his house. {830}

Then he took a pair of shears and had some of them come forward. He tonsured them,³³ saying that God would be their share and their inheritance and that this should be enough for them, if they were wise.³⁴

When Moses had done this, Reason approached and began to speak to them: "Lords," she said, "listen to me. {840} It is a very wise thing, no matter what people may say, to pretend to be foolish at times. Although your heads are clipped and shorn as if you were fools, this folly is great wisdom, for, because of it, I offer to be a friend always to those of you who desire it.³⁵ Do not refuse this love, for it shall be yours before all others. {850} If this is not a part of your folly³⁶ and you do not want me, you will never in your life have a true friend. I am Reason, by whom you are distinguished from the other animals.³⁷ You are human only when you have me with you, and when you try to go without me the

only thing you can boast of {860} is that you are nothing but dumb animals, donkeys dressed up in clothes. Without me, you will never be honored, although you may be great lords. If you want to make judgments, syllogisms or arguments without me, you will come to nothing but false conclusions.

"Now I will tell you how to keep my love, if you do not know. {870} You must drink and eat more temperately than others, for drunkenness and gluttony soon make me turn and fly away. Unbridled anger and violent rage make me leave the house they dwell in. Carnal love drives me out completely and makes me leave immediately. {880} You can see this plainly in the *Romance of the Rose*.³⁸ Now I ask you to keep yourself from these vices, and from all the others as well, if you love me, for I do not consider friends those who abandon the good and give themselves up to vice.

"Let me say a few more words about your tonsure. It is enclosed {890} all the way round in a circle, like a castle or a tower. It is much like an enclosed garden surrounded by a high wall. The open space within shows that your heart should be completely open to God, without the least obstacle. The circle around it forms an enclosure so that you will have no concern for the world, {900} because you must leave the world if you want to go with your God. You cannot have both together, you know, for you yourselves have said that you have chosen God as your share and inheritance. Since you have said that, I do not see how you should take joy in the world, for those who want to leave it {910} may not, as I understand it, have everything, but they take one thing and leave the other. Now take what you have chosen. You could not have a better share. It should be sufficient, for I am sure that this part is worth as much as the whole. The enclosure that surrounds you and walls you in should be beautiful to you. It cuts you off from the world and clearly sets your share apart. {920} The cleared place should also be pleasing to you, because it shows that you are good sheep. The good shepherd rightly takes the fleece from his animals, from time to time, for his labor. Your shepherd may shear you for his needs, but he has no right to skin you, for he has not been given {930} a knife but only shears, so that he may shear you properly."³⁹

When Reason had said these things and preached to those who had been tonsured, Moses gladly gave positions to others, as

they had asked.⁴⁰ He made some of them porters and chamberlains of his house. He made others servants {940} to seize and cast out the enemies that are in the body. Others he honored greatly by giving all of them his permission to be readers in the holy palace and to proclaim the laws of God. Some others he made candle-bearers at the great table where he ate. {950} He gave to others the golden cup that graces his table. It was empty so that they might serve him.⁴¹ He had others carry the yoke of Jesus Christ, placing it on one shoulder—the left shoulder, the one that should be stronger for carrying.⁴² He wanted them in particular to be aides and servants to him and to the minister {960} at the table, and to be coadjutors.

When all of this was arranged as I have described above, they all began to serve, carrying out their duties. They prepared the table, for it was time to eat. Some spread out the table-linens, while others set out bread, {970} and others brought wine and poured it into the cup, mixing a little water with it, I thought. But before they went to eat, Moses wanted to attend to some people who were still waiting and who had not yet been taken care of. He wanted to make them special ministers of his house, {980} in order to help the other minister who was in great need of it, because, as he said, he could not govern such a house alone.

Now I will tell you what he did. First, he called Grace in a loud voice, although she was not far away. She was seated on her throne, {990} watching over everything. I was sitting at her feet and this made me joyful and glad. When she heard her name, she got up right away and went to Moses, taking me with her. When I saw her near him, Moses grew bolder and did everything exactly as I will tell you briefly. {1000}

First he anointed their hands and joined them together. Then he took up a well-sharpened sword, brightly polished and fiery. It was double-edged and supple, easy to handle and use. It seemed to me to be the one I saw Cherubim holding, and it was fashioned truly and exactly like that one. {1010} He gave it to them as a gift, while I was there, together with a set of keys he had received from Grace. He gave to them Grace herself, who was there and who helped him to do this. He said to them: "This is Grace. Take her! I give her to you as a companion, so that you might make her your friend." {1020} When I heard these words I was angry and astonished, and I said, "Oh God! What shall I do if I have lost

Grace? The one with the horns has given her to these new ministers. I would rather be dead than have him do me such a wrong."

When Grace saw I was so upset, she laughed out loud at me. {1030} Then she called me, saying: "You foolish man, what are you thinking? Do you think that you alone will have me as a friend? You should know that the common good is best. The benefit of a common well, from which all men and women can draw water as they please and be refreshed by it, {1040} is much greater than that of an enclosed well that no one dares approach. I tell you further that the water you have all to yourself will never be as beneficial, as good and delightful, as that to which everyone may come. I am the well of all goodness, and I am never closed off. I want to help all people and I want to love them all as friends. {1050} You can lose nothing by this, but you can benefit from it, because all those I love I will make your friends, and the more good friends you have, the better it will be for you, I think. So do not be envious if I am a friend to others."

When I had been comforted by Grace and her counsel, {1060} I saw Reason go to the rood screen to give a sermon.⁴³ "Lords," she said, "listen to me. You will profit from it, I think. Consider well the great benefit, the great good, you have received from Grace, who has come down today for your sake. Consider those gifts of hers that Moses has distributed to you, {1070} for he has given you the sword God had forged for him to insure that no sinner might enter the country where he is lord. Now understand what this sword is, how dangerous it is in the hands of fools, and how much someone who wants to use it should fear and dread it. The sword has three uses: when anyone deserves punishment, {1080} it strikes with the point or with the edge or it strikes mercifully with the flat of the blade. The point of the sword teaches that a judgment should never be made without great discretion in uncovering causes unknown, hidden or misunderstood. Those who would avenge themselves out of anger or make a judgment on suspicion alone are very foolhardy and presumptuous. {1090} A sword is most ill-suited to one who is blind or one-eyed, who wants to strike with it by feel and cannot tell good from evil. This sword should not be carried by those who do not know how to distinguish health from sickness or the worst cases of disease⁴⁴

{1100} from the milder and less serious ones. A judge must understand clearly the circumstances of a misdeed before making any judgment. The sword, I find it written, is called the mouth-opener.⁴⁵ So all judges who want to pass judgment should pry open the mouth well and weigh carefully what is said, for they must make their judgment according to the evidence they have heard {1110} and not otherwise.

"Now I will tell you about the two edges, why the sword is said to be cutting: why one edge alone is not enough and what lesson this teaches. If you have sharpened the point of your sword with discretion, then you may rightly impose justice upon all vice in your land, {1120} and you have the authority to punish all misdeeds and all sins, except for those cases reserved for the great one with horns.⁴⁶ And because your land is divided into two parts, it is right that the sword have two edges as well. One part is the human body, called the outer self {1130} The other is the spirit, called the inner self. This is your land, and it is divided into two parts, but they are not separate. You may dispense justice as a high judge to both these parts at the appropriate time. You can mete out to the body much pain and torment for its sins and assign it penances to drive out these sins. {1140} As for the spirit, in various cases you can use the other edge on it and spare nothing, such as when it persists in its sin and will not mend its ways after it has been warned. You can wound it morally with the blow of excommunication. There is no crueler blow, because it is deadly and without remedy, {1150} and therefore those who feel such a blow fall upon them should be very frightened. Those who would strike with this edge should also consider the matter carefully, and I tell you plainly that none strike with it rightly who have not first used the flat of the sword or who have not first warned the one they are about to strike and kill with such a blow. {1160} By the flat of the sword I mean good and true counsel, sound admonition and vigorous preaching, that strikes evil deeds with mercy and is merciful while it strikes hard. It is the word of Jesus Christ, in whom lies reprieve from death. You must use the flat of the sword when you see your subjects go astray. {1170} Sermons and preaching often make people give up sin. If you can protect them in this way, it is better than striking them with the edge.

"Now you know how, according to various circumstances, you can and should use the flat or the edge or the point of the sword

in judging rightly. At one time you must judge, at another punish, and at still another preach. {1180} For this reason, it is rightly said that the sword you have been given is double-edged and easy to wield, so that you might always have it ready to turn it about and use it in various ways as you wish, in accordance with what the case presents and with what is right and just. Therefore, it is right for you to be called, in deed as well as in name, Cherubim, {1190} full of skill and heavenly wisdom, for if you were not Cherubim, you could do great evil. When you should strike with the flat, you might, perhaps, turn your sword and strike with the edge. Or when you should judge, you might chastise beforehand, {1200} doing exactly the opposite of what should be done. Therefore, this sword does not belong in the hands of someone unskilled, and it is also very dangerous in the hands of those who are angry, because Grace gave it and granted it burning with fire. The reason for this, if you want to know, is that however you use it, {1220} whether in preaching, judging, punishing or chastising, you should show it aflame with true love and charity, for love is the blazing fire that should make it burn."

"Now I will tell you, if you do not know, why you have this sword. You are, to my mind, the gatekeepers of the kingdom of paradise. {1220} In truth, you have the keys to open and close the gate. No one can pass through it without you. You guard the way in, and people must show you what they are carrying before they go through the gate. All sorts of baggage—bundles and packs, large and small—must be unpacked in front of you, opened up completely and shown to you. {1230} Everything, no matter how well hidden, must be disclosed by the true revelation of a full confession. Now take great care that you have taken up this sword and these keys wisely. Do not let those pass who will not show you their packs. You must look for sinners and make them unload their bundles. {1240} You must weigh everything wisely and judge it carefully, in keeping with the true meaning of your name, so that you may rightly be called Cherubim. And when you have looked at everything and examined it, judged the misdeeds, imposed punishments {1250} and assigned suitable penances, and you see repentance, then you can unlock the door and let your penitents enter. This is the meaning and significance of the sword, as well as the teaching and the meaning of the keys. Now take care to use them with discretion, as you should." {1260}

When Reason had said these things and I had seen and heard it all, I felt a great longing and desire to have the flaming sword and the keys, in order to be the guardian and porter of that entrance. But I had not yet thought about what end I might come to. This happens often, for we do not always see the outcome of what the will chooses, {1270} because Cherubim is blind.⁴⁷ As I was thinking this, I went to see Moses and asked him to give me the fine sword and grant me the use of the keys to guard that passage.

After he had listened to me, Moses put the fine sword in a sheath, {1280} bound the keys together very tightly and sealed everything very wisely. Then he kindly gave both to me, telling me to be very careful not to unbind the keys or take out the sword before I had permission to do so.

When he said this to me, I was dismayed, because I had not seen {1290} him do this or say this to anyone else. I thought hard about what I would do—or could do—with this sword sealed and enclosed in its sheath or with the keys he had given me sealed and tightly bound up. I was convinced that he had deceived me about everything, when I saw {1300} Grace, who brought Reason to me and she spoke to me:

"Dear friend," said Reason the wise, "what are you thinking of? Where did you go to school? Your ideas are so foolish. I see clearly that you have not learned about the *ad aliquid* predicate.⁴⁸ This predicate is related to something other than itself. {1310} It is founded, very wisely, on the ground of something else. Whatever it has, it has from the other, and yet it does no wrong to anyone. If the other did not exist, it would not and could not exist. I want to give you an example of this, so that you can see it clearly with your own eyes and understand it and remember it well. {1320} When God created the world, before man was created, He was called only God, if Genesis does not lie to me.⁴⁹ But when man was created, then God was called Lord, meaning that when he had servants he was a lord and ruled over them. When he had servants, then he was lord, and yet he was not any greater for that. {1330} But the lords of this land are not like that, I think, for the more servants they have, the greater they make themselves. Their servants and their retainers give them their lordship. Lordship was born and engendered in subjects and if the subjects did not exist, then

lordship would cease to exist. {1340} The one and the other are said to be *ad aliquid*, in my view, for the one arises from and depends upon the other. When one exists, the other also exists. When one is lacking, the other is also lacking.

"So learn this lesson well, you who are a subject. Consider well that you are the subject of another and that you have no subjects. {1350} Your superior, whoever that may be, has jurisdiction, power, and authority over you. But one thing is misleading you, that you do not also have subjects as he does, for that is why you were not given the beautiful sword bare and unsheathed and the keys unsealed and unwrapped. {1360} What would you do with the sword if it were unsheathed or with the keys if they were unbound? Nothing but folly and great mischief, as I see it. If I carried an unsheathed, bare blade and had nothing to cut with it, I would make people think I was crazy or I wanted to kill or hurt someone with it. {1370} And if I carried unwrapped keys and went through streets where I had no door or lock, people might think perhaps I was carrying counterfeit keys and I was going to rob them. And they could easily think so, when they saw that my keys were like those that others used to open their doors. {1380}

"Certainly your keys have the same notches the others have. I tell you, therefore, since you have nothing to close and nothing to open, nothing to cut, slice or carve, it is better that your blade is sheathed rather than unsheathed, and it is better that your keys are wrapped rather than unwrapped. {1390} Someone can come soon enough to unwrap both of them. Moses wisely and rightly gave them to you this way, so that when your superior wishes and when he sees the right time he may unbind your keys and take your sword out of the sheath. He will do so when he wants to give you some of his subjects so that you may help him {1400} or when he wishes to assign you matters to work on. Otherwise, you can do nothing without acting wrongly. Only the clear danger of death exempts you from this. In that case, you can certainly unsheathe the sword and unbind the keys. Necessity gives you permission to use them, {1410} if no one else is there who has the authority to do so.⁵⁰

"The one who has this authority has the sword unsheathed and the keys unbound, unwrapped, and unsealed. He has jurisdiction and power over this matter and is directly responsible

for it, because it has been put under his control. {1420} If you had subjects as he does, you could also do this. Your position would be *ad aliquid*. But you have none, I believe, and so you should not be dismayed, surprised, or angry, if you are given the sword sheathed and thrust into a scabbard and you are given the keys sealed, bound and wrapped." {1430}

When Reason had preached to me this way and the preceding matters had been taken care of, Moses wanted to go to his meal. But he wanted to prepare it altogether differently than it had been prepared, for there was nothing but bread and wine, and this was not food to his liking. He wanted to have flesh to eat and blood along with it, in order to break {1440} the old law saying that blood must not be eaten. He called Grace to help him and she went to him right away. Then I saw a great wonder, to which nothing can compare. He changed the bread into living flesh, as Grace had ordained, and he changed the wine into red blood—it seemed very much like the blood of a lamb. {1450} Then he wanted to call the ministers to the meal, in courteous fashion, teaching them his knowledge and giving them his power to make this wondrous change. Then he gave all of them some of this new and perfect food to eat and he ate it with them and drank the blood. I saw it with my own eyes. {1460} Never was there a meal like this, that I ever heard of, and never was there a change like this, so renowned as a miracle.

When I had seen this meal, I turned to Reason to ask her to explain it to me and teach me about it. But when I turned to her, I found that she was completely astonished. {1470} "Lady," I asked, "what is it? What is the matter? You seem completely astonished. Please teach me about this meal and explain it to me a little."

"I certainly will not," she said, "for I know nothing about it. My understanding and my wits fail me completely here. I am blind. I cannot see anything. I have completely lost my sight. {1480} I was never so astonished in all my life. If Moses there with the horns had made a beautiful bird out of an egg or a flute out of a grain of barley,⁵¹ I would have remained quite calm. But he surprised me completely, for he changed bread into living flesh and changed wine into blood to drink, against nature and custom. {1490} And indeed I will tell this to Nature, when I see her, and I shall send her to speak to Grace immediately, because it is Grace who has

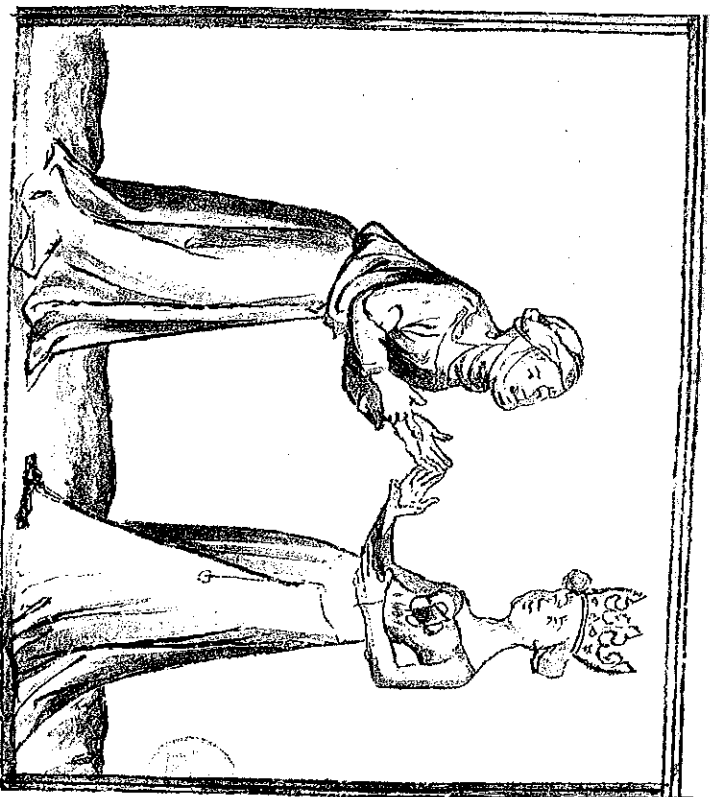
done all this. She is too often contrary to Nature and makes her lose her rights and privileges through her arrogance."

When she had said this, she left me and went toward her turret. {1500} She left me there sad and she went off sadly to her tower.

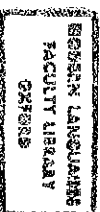
As I was there all alone, thinking about these things, I saw an old woman approaching from the tower and she did not look cheerful but quite angry. Her hands were tucked under her arms, and her eyes were gleaming like sparks. {1510} I was sure this must be Nature, because Reason had told me so. And indeed it was she, as I later learned. She seemed much more ready to quarrel than to discuss, for she went to Grace and spoke harshly to her.

"Lady," she said, "I have come to argue with you, to defend what is mine. {1520} How is it that you have changed and altered my laws? Your territory should be enough for you without meddling in mine and without claiming authority over it. You have the governance of the heavens and no one else has a share in it. You cause the stars to turn about and the planets to change. {1530} You govern the spheres either early or late, as you like. You would take it very badly indeed and you would be very angry if I meddled with any of this. So, truly, would I be upset if you claimed dominion in my territory or otherwise meddled with it. I would rather die than let this happen. {1540} A boundary was set up between you and me, dividing us so that we do not wrong or mistreat each other in any way. This is the sphere in which the moon always turns⁵² and this sphere separates us and gives each of us her part. Beyond it is your territory. You have authority there. {1550} and you can, if you like, make plenty of new things there. If you would like to change Venus into a beast with horns or Mercury into a tortoise,⁵³ I will keep quiet and never say anything about it. In that realm I claim nothing at all, but within this one everything is mine. I am mistress of the elements, of the winds and the weather, {1570} of changes and variations of all sorts. In fire, in air, on the earth and in the sea, I allow nothing to remain at rest. I make all things turn and move toward their ends. I make all things vary, morning and evening. I make new things appear and old things depart.

"The earth is dressed in my garments and I always clothe it in the spring. {1570} I give the trees their clothing and attire for the



Nature Debates with Grace



summer and then I make them shed them again for the winter, so I can tailor for them other garments and clothes that appear completely new. There is no briar, broom, or other shrub that I do not clothe, and Solomon was never arrayed like one of these.⁵⁴ {1580} Whatever I do, I do in a leisurely way, for I am not hasty, and I hate all change that is done in haste. And so my work is more valuable, as Reason the wise will testify. I do not sleep and I am not idle. I am never lax about doing my duty, in accordance with my knowledge and my power. {1590} I make men and women speak. I make the birds fly, the animals walk, the fish swim, the serpents crawl, and the wheat and grain grow. I am lady and mistress of all, but I think that you would wrongly take me for a maidservant, when you change my wine into blood in order to make a new drink. It would not take much more to make me angry. {1600} I am not so disturbed about the bread, because I never tried to make crust or crumb and I never concerned myself with that. But it is true that I produced and provided the material it is made from, and you know this. And therefore I am angry, deep in my heart, when you change it into living flesh and deprive me of my rights. {1610}

"How have you come to do this? Let me tell you, I am not at all happy about it. I have tolerated you and put up with you too much in my country, for this is not the first time you have changed my practices and my ordinances, my works and my customs—by what authority I do not know. I remember well the blazing fire that you put in one of my newly-green bushes {1620} without making it burn,⁵⁵ in spite of me and against my will. I also remember very well the staffs of Aaron and Moses. You made one into a serpent and you made the other, that was dry and without sap, turn green and bear leaves and fruit and flowers.⁵⁶ You also made wine out of water at the wedding feast of Archedeclin.⁵⁷ {1630} and many other changes that would take too long to tell about. I am also not likely to forget about the virgin who bore a child. You made her conceive without a man—doing me a great injury—and you had her bear a child, although she was a virgin, without calling upon me.

"I have long suffered these things and I have grieved over them bitterly, {1640} but I never made a sound about them or spoke them, and I regret that. It is often possible to put up with too much, and keep silent too long, and sleep too much. Because I have kept silent, you have now come to make new things again,

and this provokes me to reproach you with great wrath and deep anger. {1650} I tell you truly, if you were not such a great lady, you would soon be in a battle. I would attack you and then I would teach you to change my customs without consulting me or calling upon me."

When Nature had said this, Grace, who had listened to all of it, answered her in this way:

"Nature, you are too proud, {1660}" speaking to me so insolently and arrogantly. I think you are drunk, intoxicated by your wines, and you appear to be driven quite mad by the great anger you are showing. I do not know if you have only recently become foolish and senile. A little while ago you said that you were not hasty, {1670} but I see just the opposite in you, for you speak to me without thinking—rashly and stupidly and very intemperately. I tell you truly, I would speak to you very harshly and beat you, if it were not for my own honor and for the anger I see in you. One must bear with angry people, because they cannot see the truth clearly, {1680} since their minds are troubled.

"Lady Nature, you accuse me of transgressions and reproach me, you dispute with me about boundaries, and you say that I did great wrong when I entered into your garden. Now tell me, God save you, from whom did you get what you have and where did it come from? {1690} You are like a wild pig eating acorns in the woods. He has no concern for how they come to him or where they come from. He has his head down and his eyes on the ground and he never looks up toward heaven where they come from but he pays attention only to the acorns. So also I think you do not recognize me, or you do not deign to recognize me, {1700} because I am mild-mannered and I am no scold. Open the eyes of your understanding with a little discretion. If you do open them up,⁵⁸ you will find it very clear that I am the mistress and you are the servant, and then you will speak to me gently and pay me homage for what you have received from me. {1710} Once, out of courtesy, I gave you a great portion of the world to busy yourself with, to work there faithfully, so that you would not be idle and you would give me a true accounting of everything, as a servant should always do for her mistress. And, therefore, if you were truly wise, you would not speak to me of the boundary {1720} set between you and me, for it limits you and not me. It forbids you

to pass beyond it, because that is how I want the boundary set. But you must not think I set the boundary so that I could not enter. I can enter when I want and I will never say anything to you about it. Furthermore, if it pleased me, there would be no need for you to concern yourself with these things any more, {1730} for if I chose to I could easily do by myself what needs to be done. But I will not do that, because it is not my place. It is not right for a mistress not to have a maidservant at all times.

"Now you ought to know that without me you have no power, and I will prove this sufficiently by what you said before. {1740} You know very well that I make the stars move and turn, that the governance of the heavens is entirely my responsibility. Now, God save you, say that I did one new trick, that I removed the sun from the sky and hid it so well that it was not found, it was not seen or discovered, for a hundred years. {1750} What beautiful things could you make and how could you provide clothes for your shrubs each year and how could you maintain the generations without fail for those hundred years? Aristotle, who was a pagan and knew the truth well through argumentation, I make my advocate against you in this debate. {1760} He says, and he proves it by reason, that generation is caused by my sun,⁵⁹ of which I have spoken. And therefore, if I had removed it, you would have lost your power and you could have done nothing. So it is with the firmament and with the planets as well, for if I made everything cease or if I chose to take everything away, {1770} you could simply go to sleep and be completely at ease. Your power would be lost, finished and used up. Therefore, it can never happen that I do not have the authority to change or maintain everything as I please. So you must not grumble or complain to me so bitterly, {1780} for as Isaiah says, it is great pride and great spite when the ax wants to turn on the carpenter or when the pot wants to argue with the potter and find fault with him, questioning or complaining about its shape.⁶⁰ So you should understand from this, if you had any wisdom at all, {1790} that you do me a very great wrong when you find fault with me this way. You reproach me for my actions, but you have no power without me. You are nothing but my tool or instrument I made once to help me—although I had no need of it—not so I would use it all the time but only when I wanted to. {1800} For anytime it pleases me and whenever I choose, I will do many things that are needed and I will never call upon you. I will change wine

into blood and white bread—or brown bread, if I choose—into living flesh, for I would not be mistress otherwise, if I did not do whatever I want, as I please. {1810} So it should not upset you when I do what you cannot do, while still helping you, as with the burning bush that I kept from being burnt up although it was in flames. You should thank me for that rather than quarrel or complain. I say to you exactly the same thing about the staffs and the virgin mother as well. {1820} It seems to me you should be happy rather than angry about the water I changed into wine and about whatever I have done without you, for a maidservant should rejoice in the good deeds of her mistress, especially when she loses nothing by them and they contribute to the common good. Now do whatever you like, for it matters little or nothing to me. {1830} Be happy or angry, or complain, if you like. I will not, on your account, keep from doing anything I might want to do."

When Grace had said these things and debated and argued, Nature answered her: "Lady," she said, "I have understood you well and I see clearly that I cannot hold my own in arguing with you. {1840} It is better for me to obey you than to say anything against you, and yet, if I dared, I would still debate with you a little."

"Say everything straight out," said Grace, "for I will take lightly whatever you say and whatever you argue from now on. Do not leave out anything at all, so you can unburden your heart completely." {1850}

Nature said: "Since I have permission, I will argue further. I want to dispute your statements, because it grieves me deeply that you have contradicted me and refuted what I have said. You have said that the mistress should not be without a maidservant. You have regarded me as a servant, and for this reason I argue {1860} that, if you are the mistress, as your servant I should always be called upon with you. You should not make or change any living thing without me. You want to confirm this by instructing me about the ax, which you say should not turn against the carpenter, {1870} as if you meant to say—or teach me without saying so—that I should not be rebellious against you, the carpenter."

"In this example, I think I have my argument, for just as a carpenter cannot work or build a house well without his ax, so you should {1880} do nothing at all without me, if you do not want to do wrong. You should take me with you always and call upon me. And it would be better, I think, if I were always with you rather

than these new ministers who do with you whatever they like. You give them all your power, and you take from me in order to give to them. {1890} Furthermore, I have never been able to get such power from you that I could make flesh out of bread and change wine into blood, and so I have always done my duty according to my power."

"Indeed," said Grace, "I am not complaining in any way about your service. I am sure that you have done quite well. But if you have nothing else you want to say, {1900} I will answer you very quickly and I will not look for any other counsel."

"Nothing at all," she said.

"And I answer something that confounds you," said Grace. "You do not understand or weigh rightly what I have said. When I said that a mistress should have a servant at all times, that was correct and I maintain it. But you win nothing by that, {1910} because I did not say in all places but at all times, and that is not the same thing. If a mistress had a servant in all places, it would bring upon her servitude and dishonor rather than freedom and honor. But she should have her at all times, and that is her due, as anyone can see, so that she can command her and order her to do what she wants. {1920} You did not understand this as you should have. You also did not understand very well the meaning of the ax. When I spoke of the ax, it was not at all to show that I must always use you as the carpenter uses his ax to shape and build. {1930} I spoke of it because I found that you were rebellious. I used it as a comparison to instruct your rude wit,⁶¹ for if the ax should not turn against the carpenter, still less should you rebel, unless you are disposed to evil, against me, who made you, forged you, shaped you and designed you {1940} to honor and serve me as I please. The carpenter cannot say this to his ax, because another master made it and he has only the use of it and no more. Necessity makes him keep it so that he will not lack bread. But I have no need of you. Do not be proud in heart over that any longer. {1950} I can work well without an ax. I can fashion, hew and shape without a tool or an instrument. I can do whatever I like. I cannot be compared to a carpenter or some wheelwright, for I have the sole power to do whatever I want. Therefore, I say to you, in short, your argument is worthless. {1960} Your complaining is worthless as well. It seems to me very foolish of you to go talking about my gifts, and grumbling and complaining. I would be very badly served

if I could not give what I have to others as well as to you. It is no reason for anger and it should not burden you at all, for it is not right that the good should always {1970} go to one side, as you know. You ought to be satisfied with the power you have gotten from me. It is so glorious that no king could ever have the like, not for silver or for any treasure. If I give some special gifts to my ministers I do not see that you lose anything by that. It is foolish of you to get angry." {1980}

When Grace had said this, Nature, who had listened to her, knelt down at her feet very quickly and humbly.

"Lady," she said, "I ask you, have mercy on me. Do not argue against me any longer, for I see my fault plainly. Like a fool, I stirred myself up to speak to you arrogantly. {1990} You are my mistress, I see that clearly. I must obey you everywhere. Nothing you might want to do should displease me. I do not intend to speak of it ever again, except to ask you kindly to forgive me this time and not to harbor any ill will."

"I will, certainly," said Grace. "But see to it {2000} that you never again speak against my good works or deeds, because another time I would not put up with it, nor would I want to."

When this discussion was over and Moses had eaten his dinner, he wanted to share the remainder of the dinner, to distribute and give it out to the great many poor wayfaring pilgrims who were there. {2010} But before he could give anything out, I saw two fine ladies, beautiful without flaw and elegantly arrayed, come out of a room and sit down very courteously between Moses and the people. One held a document—a great charter and scripture—and there were many letters written upon it. {2020} She had unfolded it completely in order to read it, as you will hear me tell later. But first I will tell you about the other lady. I found her most astonishing. In one hand she had a mallet and in the other a stout bundle of switches, thin and green and supple. She held a broom in her mouth, between her teeth, and this astonished me even more. {2030} She held it delicately and she did not seem any the less wise for it. If someone else had held it like this, people would have thought she was out of her mind. She spoke first to the people and she spoke very wisely. Her broom did not keep her from speaking or preaching.

"Lords," she said, "I know that you are looking carefully at my array, {2040} but I think you have no idea what this array means

to you. Come near and I will tell you. I will not lie to you about anything. I am the beautiful one who is little loved, the gentle one who is feared, the worthy one who is little valued and the gracious one who pleases little. I am called Penance, warden of the hidden isle. {2050} I make people lay aside all uncleanness before they enter naked. Therefore, I carry with me a mallet, a bundle of switches and a broom. With the mallet I break and bruise and wring the human heart with contrition when it is hardened and full of old sins. I soften it and make it weep and lament, sigh and grieve. {2060} Just as a child makes juice come out of a hard apple by beating it and softening it with blows, so with my blows I make tears come out and I make people cry: 'Oh God! I repent what I have done wrong. Shall I find relief?' With this mallet I once bruised and softened St. Peter, {2070} who had been so hard a rock⁶³ that he had denied his good master. I beat him and struck him so hard that I made him tender and soft. By striking this way I made the juice, the tears of lamentation, come from his eyes in bitterness and sorrow. I did the same with Magdalene, for, although her heart had been hardened {2080} in sin for a long time, nonetheless by beating her I made so many tears stream from her, so much juice come out, that I washed her in them thoroughly and purified her completely. For when tears come flowing out from a truly contrite heart, I gather them up again right away and I make them into a wash-water, {2090} and I put all filthy things in it to wash and cleanse them. This wash-water is so strong that there is no sin so foul, so vile, so old or so shameful that is not cleansed by being put into it. And because I know how to wash and scrub, to cleanse well, God has made me his chambermaid and chief laundress." {2100}

"Now understand further why I carry this mallet with me. The heart of a sinner is like a great earthen pot, filled with a foul and stinking liquid. It cannot be emptied, since it cannot be moved or turned over at will. In its hardness and great obstinacy, {2110} it will not and cannot mend its ways or repent at all. I strike this vessel very harshly and sharply with my mallet. I break it into pieces and crush it. I make all the pieces very small so that the great filth inside it is spilled out, for if I did not break it up completely and make tiny pieces of it, {2120} a lot of filth might remain lodged in the pieces."

"Now understand this lesson, you who want to have true contrition for your sins. You must not think it is enough to examine your sins and consider them in general, for to look at them in general that way is to leave the pot whole. {2130} And even if it were broken, that would not be enough. Each piece would be too large and some filth could still remain in each one. You must break it and crush it into tiny bits and pieces with great sighs and great anguish, thinking that you acted this way then, on such a Sunday, on such a Monday. {2140} You did this then and you did that another time. This sin was bad, that one was worse. You did this so many times, you erred in this way. You were tempted little or you resisted little or did not persevere much in the struggle. This is the way to break that foul vessel and smash it to bits, to make it contrite with these considerations.⁶⁴ {2150} This is how I do it. Understand it clearly. With the mallet I am holding in my hand I break up everything. I leave nothing out, and I smash all of it unsparingly.

"Let me say one more word about that dirty pot full of filth. Because of this great filth, a worm finds nourishment in there. It is conceived and born there, nourished and brought up inside it. {2160} This is the worm of conscience, and it seems to have teeth of iron, for it is so cruel and wounding, so gnawing and biting, that if there were no one who could bear it, strike it and kill it, it would never stop gnawing until it had killed its master. For that reason, I carry this mallet. I do not put up with it. {2170} I strike it and stun it, I beat it and I kill it. I do this after the pot has been completely broken and crushed, as I have said, for if it were not crushed beforehand, my mallet could never get at the worm to strike it or kill it. So let your vessel filled with filth be crushed completely. {2180} Then I will avenge you on the worm and kill it for you. This is the true explanation and the significance of the mallet you see, called contrition.

"Now I will tell you about the broom I have in my mouth, between my teeth. I have told you, and I say it again, that I am the chambermaid {2190} of God the Father Almighty. A broom is certainly very appropriate for a servant and a chambermaid, but perhaps the way I am holding it disturbs you. But you should know that a broom must be used where all the dirt is to be swept up and thrown out. Otherwise, there would be a strong suspicion

{2200} that dirt might be hidden, piled up in some corner, some nook or cranny.

"I have seen and read about a number of gates with different names in various places in Scripture. One is called the gate of fishes one of Heaven, another of Hell, one of brass, another of iron {2210} and many others that I will not tell you about because it would take too long.⁶⁵ Among all these, there is one mentioned in Nehemiah called the gate of filth, because all the filth is gathered up and thrown out through that gate. It is better that this one opening be filthy, rather than that all the rest should be polluted. Now let everyone understand clearly {2220} that in the house where I am servant and Grace is mistress, there are six gates, and filth enters in through five of them. There is one gate of smelling, another of hearing, another of tasting, another of feeling and another of seeing. Through these five gates, you may be sure, much filth often enters, {2230} but this filth cannot come back out again through them. Therefore, I would be wasting my time if I used my broom there.

"The other gate, the sixth, is necessary for salvation.⁶⁶ It is the gate of filth through which all purge and cleanse themselves, through which they throw everything out if they do not want to remain unclean. {2240} This is the mouth of the sinner, the best of the gates, for it casts out misdeeds in the form in which they were committed and tells them to the confessor with tears and lamentation.

"I have brought my broom to this gate in order to sweep out, clear out and clean up everything, {2250} for as long as I am the servant of Grace, my mistress, I will keep her house clean and leave no dirt behind. My tongue is my broom, my ash-rake and my shovel. I sweep out all filth with it, clear it out and clean it up. I search out everything inside, high or low, in any corner or crack, {2260} and I pick it up and throw it out through a complete confession, without lies or deception. I throw it all out through the gate of filth. There is nothing inside that I do not sweep out with my tongue and my broom, because I know this is the will of my mistress, Grace. She will not remain in a place {2270} that is not well swept and clean—that is to say, she does not like a conscience where there is any filth, for, when it is well swept, conscience is the house, the chamber and the dwelling place where she lives.

"Now you know, through a clear explanation, why I hold the broom in my mouth, {2280} and how I make confessions with it. So I will tell you very briefly what my switches mean, why I have them and what I do with them, so you will not take them lightly. I am the mistress of great schools and the chaster of children. I correct evildoers whether they are twenty years old or a hundred, {2290} for they are called wicked children by the scripture that condemns them.⁶⁷ When people have done wrong, I lie in wait eagerly to find out whether they have been subjected to my mallet, of which I have spoken. If they have submitted themselves to my broom and have been swept clean by it, when I see they are contrite and well confessed, as I have said, {2300} then in order to chastise them well I strike them with my singing switches, inflicting pain and suffering upon them for their benefit and amendment. At one time I make them remember their old sins and say: 'Oh God! Why did you consent to that, only to be miserable now?' At another time I make them say: 'Dear Lord God! Sweet Lord! {2310} I promise you I will amend my life. I will never again be so bold as to dare to make you angry or to sin against you.' At one moment I make them pray this way, at another sigh, and at another weep. At another, I make them share what they have and give some of it away to beggars, to the suffering and the poor. {2320} Sometimes I make them endure the difficulties of a pilgrimage or some other long journey. At other times I make them fast, or abstain in some way, to draw them away from their sin. In this way I subject them to the switches and I punish them and beat them soundly. I strike and chastise them, so that they are in no way tempted {2330} to return to the sin of which they have been cleansed and purged,⁶⁸ and also so that old sins they have committed are punished, for no transgression should pass without being punished. Those who have consented to sin should be beaten with switches, and that is why I have them. Now understand this and keep from doing wrong. {2340} If you want to know the name of these switches, they are called Satisfaction, for Satisfaction means, without question, to feel as much pain—or more—as there was pleasure in the sin.

"Now I have described to you what I do and I have told you my name, but I have not yet told you why I have come here between the table of Moses {2350} and you who are awaiting and asking for the remainder.⁶⁹ Listen and I will tell you. You should

know that I am the guardian and the custodian of this remainder. You should not come forward without me, if you do not want to do wrong. This remainder is not to be given to fools or scoundrels or vagabonds. {2360} It is not for a pregnant woman, unless she is pregnant by the grace of God. This remainder is for the sick and for those who are seriously ill. Any of these who partake of it worthily cannot fail to find relief. It is the remainder left from the great supper at which God broke bread and gave it to his friends on that great Thursday. {2370} The whole world is fed with it and revived and sustained. I will guard this remainder rigorously and carefully, and I do not want anyone to approach it if they have not been beaten with my switches and subjected to my mallet or if they have not cleaned themselves with the broom. Now let everyone take care to act rightly, for I do well what I should do, {2380} and that is why I have come here in this array."

After this lady had spoken and told what she did, the other lady—the one holding the document in her hand—also wanted to tell her story and read the document to everyone.

"Lords," she said, "truly, without lying or deceit, {2390} Penance has told you about her great office and explained it to you. Therefore, I also want to tell you what my purpose is and who I am. I am the one who never held in contempt either the mighty or the meek, who loves all people with her whole heart, without ill-will, who does not seek vengeance and who neither assaults nor strikes blows, {2400} who sets her mind on bearing with her enemies. I am the mother of virtues, who clothes the naked, who made St. Martin take off his garment to clothe the poor man. I am the nurse of orphans, the shelter of pilgrims. The harm of others I make my own and my goods are common to all. {2410} If you want to know my name, call me Charity, for Charity treasures what others despise. I feed the hungry and visit the sick. I take as much joy in the good of others as in my own, I suffer all things calmly and patiently, {2420} I have no interest in listening to backbiting and complaining, and I have never spoken ill of others or done them wrong. Yet I have caused some harm to be done, without doing anything wrong.

"If you have ever heard the story of King Jesus and how he wanted to become human and suffer death for humankind, {2430} you should know that I am the one who made him suffer this torment. I made him come down from heaven and take human

flesh. I had him bound to the pillar and crowned with thorns. I made him spread his arms on the cross, had him stripped and had his side opened. I had his hands and his feet fastened down, pierced with heavy nails. {2440} I made the blood flow from his stretched-out body and made him yield up his spirit. But understand clearly that I turned his harm into a great good for you. Through this harm I had him descend into Hell to rescue you, to lift you out of the deep pit and lead you into Paradise, to leave you a gift he prized greatly, {2450} the gift of peace, the glory of heaven and the joy of Paradise. The form in which he gave this gift and the way he granted it is written in the testament I hold here now before you. It is called the testament of peace. Now listen, and I will read it.⁷⁰

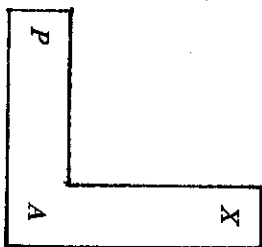
"I, Jesus, Son of Mary, the way, the truth, and the life,⁷¹ {2460} at my death, which I am certain is close at hand, make my last testament, and in it I leave freely to those who are in this vale of tears and this land of toil the gift of peace, my jewel, the most elegant and beautiful that one might seek or find in heaven or on earth. {2470} This is the jewel I enjoyed in Paradise and it was my comfort when I was in my own country. But when I came into this world I enjoyed it no longer. When I became a child and descended into this world, and it was time for me to play and to have my jewel, {2480} my ministers of Paradise brought it to this country and made a present of it to those for whom I would have to suffer. They have enjoyed this jewel since I was born, not because it was theirs or should be theirs at all, for my servants, who had charge of it, {2490} could not give it to them, and they were not worthy to receive it or to keep it. They have had it in trust, only to return it when I want. Except for me, no one can give it or should give it. Nevertheless, the great lady Charity, my guide, who leads me by the hand like a child and does with me as she wants, {2500} led me by her authority to give them this fair jewel, and I still give it to them freely and I leave it to them. I never gave a fairer gift, except for myself. It is a jewel formed and shaped by my father, made and fashioned without striking a blow, without making any noise, {2510} for noise and blows do not form it but break it and destroy it.

"If anyone would like to know its form, I will provide the exact design to those of good understanding. Take a carpenter's

square and set it with one end up and the other end down, with the corner at a right angle. {2520} Then place an A right at the upper end, and a P on the lower end, as shown in the figure. You can then easily recognize its form and see its name written clearly there with the three letters I have mentioned. {2530} These three letters show that those who have been left the gift of this jewel must have peace in three ways. First, set high on a scaffold is the X, by which I am represented and signified.⁷² They should have perfect peace in such a way that they cease and correct all actions {2540} against my will.

"Next, lodged and fixed in the angle below, rests the A, which represents the soul⁷³ that is in the human body. It also should have true peace through the elimination of evil deeds. These must be wiped out and swept away by Penance, {2550} for those who are being warned upon by sin cannot be at peace. And all other peace would be of little value to them if they could not settle the war with their conscience through the instruments of Penance.

"Further still, they ought to be at peace with their neighbors, signified by the P at the other end.⁷⁴ They ought to be moved strongly toward this {2560} by the fact that they are on the same plane, neither higher or lower. When I created, shaped and formed them, I placed them in the same degree. They are all mortal. One is a worm and so are the others.⁷⁵ A contemptuous and spiteful heart is worthless and so is pride or haughtiness. They will all pass through the same hole,⁷⁶ the great and the little, the mighty and the humble. {2570} Now let them act in such a way that they do not lose my jewel through pride. Let them all be at peace with their neighbors. In this way the design of the square I have spoken of, signifying peace, will be completed. This form and this design is a notary's seal, and all good testaments should be signed and marked with it. {2580} With this seal I have publicly signed my testament, and I have given and granted peace and assured it to all people. Now let all keep it according to the love they have for me. For as they love me, so they will keep it."



When Charity had read and recited all this testament, {2590} she began to speak again and she said: "Lords, now you have heard in this document I have read how Jesus loved you and gave you this jewel, and also how he gave it and granted it to you at my request. Now I will tell you briefly why I have placed myself and this whole testament {2600} between Moses' table and you. You should know that I am the almoner of the remainder and I distribute it. As Penance has told you in her sermon and explained to you, you should not approach it without her, if you do not want to do evil. I tell you also that you must not approach it without me, or you do wrong. {2610} You must not approach it without me, if you do not want to offend me. I carry with me the testament of the gift of peace and the jewel that sweet Jesus made his legacy before his death, so that I might teach you not to approach or come near the remainder in any way if you do not have the jewel of peace. {2620} For he wants this holy remainder to be placed, to be received and welcomed, in the corner of this jewel, because it is secluded and beautiful. Therefore, if you did not have it, you could be punished. I advise you, therefore, in good faith, to come in peace by me, the one who gives out {2630} the remainder and distributes it, for if you do not come by me and you pass through elsewhere it would be considered theft, and evil could come to you. Now take care and do no wrong. For I do my duty very well, and that is why I have come down here from my chamber."

When Charity had said all this and preached without contradiction, {2640} I saw many of the pilgrims were ready to obey. They passed straight by Charity and they carried the jewel of peace. They passed by Penance, without any fear of her. They subjected themselves to her mallet and swept themselves clean with the broom. I saw that they were beaten with switches, and then they received the remainder {2650} Moses gave it to them as Charity had directed. Then I saw some wicked people who hid themselves from Charity and avoided Penance. They went secretly and shamelessly to the remainder by other ways and received it. Moses courteously gave them the remainder, without excluding or rejecting anyone. {2660} But I will tell you what happened to them and how they came to grief. When they had partaken of the remainder, they became all black and dirty—filthy, stinking and vile—just as if they had come out of a charcoal-maker's black sack or a foul dung-heap or mud-hole. {2670} Moreover, they returned

all hungry and in need. They were no more satisfied than if they had run past the door of a pastry-maker's shop without eating anything. It was not like that with the others, for when they had received the remainder they asked for, and they had all eaten it, they were so filled and satisfied {2680} that they did not want anything more and they valued nothing else in the world. They became so fair and so gentle that, compared to them, I found all other people ugly, clergy as well as lay people.

Now I will tell you—and I am not lying—something that was quite amazing to me. It is wonderful when a little thing can fill a large thing. {2690} but it is even more marvelous when many large things can be completely filled by something that is not large. All the remainder I saw given out seemed to me so small that if I had had ten times that much at one meal I would not have been fed sufficiently. But it was plain {2700} that not just one but all of them were completely filled and satisfied. A little was sufficient for each of them and each one was filled by a little.

This made me think a great deal and rack my brains. I did not know whom to speak to about it except Grace. Nevertheless, I did not dare approach her or speak to her, {2710} for she was leaning on the banquet table, watching over the distribution of the remainder. However, I got up my courage and went right up to her. When she saw me, she turned toward me right away and asked kindly: "What are you looking for here? I can see that you are missing something." {2720}

"Yes, I am certainly missing a great deal," I said. "I do not understand how this remainder can be enough for so many people when it is so small. It would not be enough for me alone if there were ten times as much, and so I ask you to teach me and explain to me a little about it."

"Dear friend," she said, "listen now and do not be annoyed if I keep you a long time {2730} to teach you, for I see clearly that you need it. The remainder given out here⁷⁷ is sometimes called flesh and blood and at others it is called bread and wine, the pilgrim's food. It is truly flesh and blood, but it is in the form of bread and wine. It is true that it was at one time bread and wine, but you saw {2740} that it was changed into flesh and blood by Moses, whom I assisted. Nature rebuked me for that and wrongly became angry. If I call it bread and wine, then, I advise you and caution you that you must understand and firmly believe that it is

flesh and blood. It should not disturb you that it might seem to be bread and wine, when you touch it, see it, {2750} smell it or taste it, for these four senses are completely deceived and they are foolish. They are stupefied and they know nothing. Let them go lie down,⁷⁸ for they are in a daze. But the sense of hearing alone informs the understanding.⁷⁹ {2760} It knows more subtly and perceives more clearly than touching, hearing, smelling or seeing. This was shown long ago in the story of Isaac and Esau. Isaac firmly believed that Jacob, who fed him, was his son Esau, for these four senses had deceived him completely, {2770} as you will see clearly when you read Genesis.⁸⁰ But he was not deceived at all by the sense of hearing, for through it he recognized his son Jacob.

"I tell you also that if you trust and rely on these four senses, you will be deceived about everything, for you will believe foolishly that the flesh is white bread and the blood is pure wine, {2780} and so you will never get at the truth or learn it through these four senses. You must rely upon the sense of hearing. Believe it completely and trust yourself to it. Through it, you will know the truth and through it you will be enlightened. It will teach you quite clearly that it is no longer wine or bread but the flesh that was stretched out on the cross for you {2790} and the blood that stained the cross and made it bloody. So if you want to call this bread by its right and just name, say that it is the bread of life, from which the whole world takes its life. It is also my custom to call it by that name. I call it bread, the bread that comes down from heaven to feed mankind. {2800} It is the bread that feeds all the angels in heaven. It is the bread that pilgrims should put in their srips. Although you have seen it as small, I have advised you that you must not trust in your eyes or in your vision. Hearing alone teaches about this and provides an understanding of it. {2810} And so you can certainly learn from what you will hear me say.

"The cause of this bread was Charity, whom you heard speaking and preaching a moment ago. It was she who planned for it. She brought the grain from heaven to earth and planted it. It was sown in land that was never tilled or plowed. {2820} It grew by the heat of the sun and by the dew that fell upon it. Charity had it gathered up and stored in a granary far away. Many threshers found it there and threshed and winnowed it. It was threshed and

winnowed in order to separate it from the chaff. Its covering was removed and it was stripped naked. {2830} Then it was carried to the mill and ground roughly, for it was ground and milled, beaten, pounded and crushed in the machinery of a mill where there was no linen cloth.⁸¹ This mill was a wind-mill and it turned with the winds of envy. Further, it had hard millstones,⁸² {2840} the stone of slander and the stone of detraction, and they crushed the grain before it was put into the hopper.

"When it had been ground this way, Charity then came forward. She wanted to become a cook and bake bread. The oven in which she wanted to bake it {2850} was already hot, but there was so much of it she did not know how to form and shape it as she wanted, and this concerned her. But she was not discouraged at all, and I will tell you what happened. She remembered a learned woman who was the cleverest in the land. She was called Wisdom wherever she was known. {2860} She knew right away how to do anything imaginable. She had learned this skill long ago in the schools of her land. If she wanted, she could easily put the whole world in a box or an entire ox in an eggshell. And because of this skill, Charity thought of her. {2870} She wanted to make bread from the milled grain she had prepared and she wanted it to be shaped cleverly and wisely so that it looked small but there would be enough for everyone and so that with a small fragment everyone could be filled and completely satisfied.

"When Charity thought of this, she went off to look for Wisdom, in order to accomplish what she wanted, {2880} and she finally found her, sitting in her chair and taking note of everything. Charity pressed her so that she made her come with her to make the bread. Wisdom worked and kneaded and shaped the bread. She did everything just as Charity had asked, {2890} and she did it even more skillfully and wisely. She made it immeasurably large in order to nourish everyone with it, so that everyone could be filled and completely satisfied. And although she made it large, she made it appear small and contained within a little space. {2900} Even more cleverly, she did another wonderful thing. She made each piece that was broken from the bread—no matter how large or how small—as great as the whole. This did not please the one who complained to me,⁸³ but grieved her deeply. {2910} She knows nothing but quarrelling, because old age has made her foolish. In any case, she did not come there, because she remembered me, and

she thought she might be scolded and rebuked once again. But I will tell you what she did. She sought out Aristotle, one of her clerks, and sent him to speak to her,⁸⁴ to dispute and argue with her. {2920}

"When Aristotle came before her, he greeted her and spoke to her as follows: 'Nature sends me to speak to you, Lady Wisdom, in order to show you your errors. It displeases her very much that you break her laws and ordinances this way and set them aside, and it also does not please me at all, although you are my friend. {2930} I will never, on your account, fail to say what I think. You know very well it is not reasonable that a vessel or a dwelling should be smaller than what is inside it. On the other hand, if I were to make people think, through argument, that a great palace or a monastery were a little tower, the wise would put little stock in my words. {2940} They would mock me and consider me a sophist.⁸⁵

"This is what you have done with that strange bread. The nourishment in it fills all people and cannot be contained within the earth or the heavens, but in a mysterious way you have enclosed it {2950} in something so small that I could easily hold fourteen of them in my hand. I cannot allow this without speaking against it, and it is not too surprising that Nature is upset by it. If you had done such a thing, and you could have done it {2960} in such a way as to make the dwelling as large as the nourishment or the nourishment as small as the dwelling, then I would allow it and Nature would want it that way. Furthermore, it would be to your honor, since one might know for certain how great the nourishment was without guessing. {2970} It displeases me even more—and Nature is not silent about it—that you have proved my maxim false and refuted it. I have never heard it said—and I have never in my life seen—that a whole, whatever it might be, was not greater than a part.⁸⁶ But, as you know, you have made the part as great as the whole, {2980} and this is a great outrage against me and against Nature. That is why I was sent here, and that is why I have come. Now take care what answer she who sent me will have.'

"When Aristotle had spoken, Wisdom addressed him. 'My friend,' she said to him, 'you call me friend because you love me {2990} and in that you have lost nothing, for all good things have come to you from that. Consider this carefully, if you would, and remember that I once had two schools where I taught both you and Nature, because Grace wanted it so and had appointed me to

do this. In one, I taught the use and practice of various arts, {3000} how to make wonderful, intricate, and elegant things. Nature was first my student there and I taught her fine and subtle skills, such as making flowers—lilies, irises and violets—as well as other elegant crafts that need not be mentioned.⁸⁷ {3010} In the other school, I instructed the understanding and taught it how to argue and dispute, to judge and distinguish between good and evil and to make canons and laws,⁸⁸ for that is why this school was established and set up. Science, my wise and clever daughter, was there, {3020} and she held discussions and formulated arguments. You came to the school out of love for her, and you accomplished so much one way and another that you were married to her. I taught you in that school and you were my apprentice. All the secrets of Nature were revealed to you there, {3030} for whatever I taught to Nature I told you about right away, not so that you could make anything with it, but so that you would know how to judge it well. Such honor and courtesy showed clearly that I was your friend. Since you and Nature, then, have been under my authority and have learned in my schools how to act and speak well, {3040} you should be patient with me, if now you think I have made a mistake. You should remember well the champion who had taught his skill to a poor man and had taken nothing for it. When they came on the field at the request of two dukes who wanted to defend property they had fought over bitterly, {3050} the master, who was still much wiser than the apprentice, began to speak to his apprentice and rebuke him: "What is this?" he asked. "The two of you against me, and I am all alone? This was never a very noble or courageous thing to do." Then, when the apprentice looked behind him to see who was there, {3060} the master struck him such a blow that he knocked him dead to the ground. "I have not yet taught everything I know to my apprentices," he said. "It is unfortunate for you that you came up against me today." So I say to you, God help you, do you think that I have taught you all my skill and knowledge and that I have given you everything I have {3070} and not held anything back? From what I can see, you would treat me badly if I did not have some way to defend myself. You do me wrong, accusing me of sophistry, of fraud and deception, through lack of judgment. Now tell me, if I were a merchant and I showed you a purse {3080} I wanted to give you and I said to you, "Here is a gift for you. Take it, for that is what

I want." If you took it and then you found four or five or six florins inside it, would it seem to you that I had deceived you in any way or that I was a sophist for that reason? {3090}

"Certainly not," said Aristotle. "Such a gift would seem to me most generous, noble, and courteous."

"Of course," she said. "So it is with the bread I have made. It is very elegant, for I have not shown on the outside the great treasure I have put inside. I have hidden it inside very carefully in order to enrich the poor people, {3100} for if it were shown on the outside, none of them would dare receive it. Charity, who has great compassion for the poor, ordained it this way. This is not deception but an act of mercy. But if I had made it appear large on the outside and had put something inside that had little value or no great substance, {3110} then you could accuse me of deception and criticize me."

"And I answer you in another way. It is not deception if I make it appear small to the eye but it is great inside, and I want this to be believed firmly, without any doubt about it. If I did not want this, or if I made it otherwise, {3120} then you might perhaps accuse me of error."

"Now I ask you to tell me something else. You challenge my actions and say it is not in accord with reason that a vessel or a container be smaller than what is inside it. Have you ever seen how big the human heart is, either the outside or the inside?"

"Yes, indeed," he said. {3130} "I have seen it very clearly."

"Now tell me, on your oath," she said, "How large is it, in your judgment?"

"A kite," he said, "that was only a little hungry would hardly be satisfied by it, for it is small—not very large at all."

"Next, I ask you," she said, "if you know anything about its capacity and how much {3140} it would take to fill it up and satisfy it, or what would be enough for it?"

"If it had the whole world at its command," he said, "that would not be enough to fill it up and satisfy it."

"Now you must find something to fill it to capacity," said Wisdom, "or your famous teaching would be refuted, {3150} in which you argued and stated that there is no void anywhere in the world, for it must be filled by something or it must be empty."⁸⁹

"I will tell you my opinion about this," he said, "for I have thought—and I continue to think—that a sovereign good is needed to fill it completely."⁹⁰

"Indeed, you answer well," she said, "and you make no mistake at all about this. {3160} But this good must be greater than the world and therefore it cannot be enclosed in the world and must extend beyond it."

"I cannot very well contradict any of that," he said.

"And how should it be placed in the heart, which is so small?" she asked. "From this it follows, according to reason, that the dwelling would be much smaller {3170} than the good within it, and so your opinions would be false."

"Now I will show this to you plainly in an altogether different way. You have seen Rome⁹¹ and Athens and you have been there many times. Now tell me, if you remember, how much they both contain, whether there are many students there, and how large the cities are?" {3180}

"I certainly remember very well," he said, "that they are large and that many students and scholars and people with various skills come there."

"Now tell me," she said, "where have you put all these large things you are telling me about?"

"I have put them in my memory," he said.

"Yes, I know that very well," Wisdom responded, "and therefore you convince me that, {3190} if your memory is in your head, then you have enclosed two great cities with all their students in a place smaller than your head. I want to show you this with the pupil of my eye as well. Look how small it is. But your whole face is entirely contained in it, as you can clearly see. {3200} Look in a mirror, too, and you will see in it the image of your face. And you can, if you want, do something else that refutes even better your argument that I have rejected and disproved your axiom by making each piece that might be broken from the bread as great as the whole. Break the mirror and shatter it {3210} into several pieces. If you look into each one, there will not be one in which you do not see your entire face as clearly and completely as you did in the mirror at first, when it was whole and there was only one face there."

"Then tell me, lady," he said, "you who have such a subtle mind, {3220} do you understand that these things are set and

enclosed in the places you have mentioned locally, virtually, or in other ways?⁹² In one case I would answer and in another I would keep quiet."

"I certainly do not understand it to be locally," she said, "but in other ways. I understand one thing to be present virtually, another imaginatively, {3230} and others representatively.⁹³ So it can serve no purpose to know this now, for I have given these examples only for your consideration, to make you understand, learn, and realize quickly how great nourishment can be hidden under a small shape. {3240} Just as these things are set in small places in various ways, so also the sovereign good is placed within this bread truly—not imaginatively, not representatively or virtually at all. It is placed there and contained there corporeally and really, presently and truly, {3250} without any pretence or deception.

"I have already told you, in part, the reason it is placed there. Since the heart is small, I have made the bread small as well. And since its capacity is great, I have placed the sovereign good inside it. I have made the small for the small and the great for the great, in direct proportion, {3260} for the heart is nourished according to what it is. If it is small, the bread is small. If it wants much, it will find enough there to fill it and satisfy it. And if for this reason the dwelling is lesser and smaller than the good that is inside it, there is no error in this. {3270} And supposing that in your eyes I had done something amiss and you were not pleased by what you heard me say, I tell you that I need not respond to you, if I do not want to. If I did not know how to do things more noteworthy and marvellous than others can, or if I never did them, {3280} I would be mistress and teacher of others in vain. So this is my answer. If you wish, repeat it to Nature, the chambermaid of Grace, and my student, for I would not, on her account, stop doing anything I wanted to do. I will always do whatever I can for Charity, to please her. {3290} There is nothing she can ask me to do that I will not do without delay."

"When he had heard all this, Aristotle answered her very meekly: 'Truly,' he said, 'I see clearly that I will win nothing against you. It is much better for me to go away than to argue with you any longer. I am leaving. Do what you want. You have full authority.' {3300}

"Then he went and told Nature about the learning he had found in her, and how this had made him leave. Nature then put up with it, for she could do nothing else, and this grieved her."

When Grace had told me this fine story about her goodness, I had a great desire and a great hunger to have some of this bread to eat. {3310} "Lady," I said, "from my heart I ask you to let me have some of this remainder of Moses to satisfy my empty heart. For a long time it has been empty and it has never been filled up, because it has never yet known what ought to fill it."

"I certainly do not consider your request unreasonable," she said. {3320} "This bread is most necessary for the journey you have to make. Before you can come to the place where you will have what you desire, you will go through very difficult straits and you will find poor lodgings, so that you will often be in trouble if you do not carry this bread with you. Therefore, you have my permission to take it when you wish. {3330} But it is proper, however, as I find in my laws, that you should first have everything you asked for earlier—that is, the scrip and the staff I told you I would give you at my house, after I had shown you the beautiful things inside it. {3340} things not everyone sees."

"Now that I have shown you these things and revealed them to you in part, I am ready to keep our agreements without fail. You shall have the scrip and the staff whenever you like, and then, if you wish, you can put some of the bread in your scrip and set out on your way along the road like a good pilgrim." {3350}

"Lady," I said, "my deepest thanks. That is my wish and desire. Let me have these things soon, for I want very much to be on my way. It is past time for me to move on and set out on the road, for the beautiful city I want to go to is far away."

Then she led me without delay to a place where she kept many fine treasures. {3360} She opened a hutch and she took out the scrip and the staff. Never, I believe, has any man or woman carried so fair a scrip, nor leaned on a staff they could better trust and rely on in rough going. I looked very closely at their beauty and their fine quality. {3370} I will not pass over them in silence, but I will say something about them. The scrip was made of green silk and it was hanging from a green sash. It was edged very elegantly with twelve little silver bells. Whoever forged them was a good craftsman, for each one was enamelled and in each enamel

there was an appropriate scripture, {3380} which I will describe to you just as I saw it with my own eyes.

In the first, it seemed to me, was written *God the Father created the heavens and the earth out of nothing and then formed man.*⁹⁴ In the second, *God the Son.* In the third, *God the Holy Spirit.* But I found these three bells astonishing and puzzling, {3390} because they were joined together so closely that they all seemed to be one. I say this especially because I saw in the three only one clapper that served all three. In the fourth bell was written *The Son of God, Jesus Christ, came down from heaven to earth, was conceived of the Holy Spirit.* {3400} *He was made man and born of a virgin.* In the fifth, *He suffered for sinners and was put on the cross, was wounded, died and was buried.* In the sixth, *He descended into the infernal mire to lift out all his friends and lead them to Paradise.* In the seventh, *He arose.* In the eighth, *He ascended into Heaven* {3410} *and sits at the right hand of the Father, to judge the living and the dead.* In the ninth was inscribed *The holy Christian church and the holy sacraments celebrated within it.* In the tenth, *The communion of saints, and the forgiveness of sin by baptism and penance.* {3420} In the eleventh, *The resurrection of all the dead, who shall come in body and soul to the judgment, where they shall hear their sentence.* In the twelfth, *Reward for good deeds and punishment for those who have done evil deeds and have not repented.* These are the scriptures written in the enamel of the bells. {3430} In them you can see, if you wish, the beauty of the scrip.

Now I will tell you more about the staff, and it was of an entirely different kind. It was light and strong and straight, made of the wood of Sethim⁹⁵ that can never rot or be consumed by fire. On the upper end there was a pommel with a round mirror, bright and shining, {3440} and in it one could see clearly all the distant lands. There was no far-away country that could not be seen in it. And I saw there the city I wanted to go to. I saw it in the pommel just as I had seen it before in the mirror, and this pleased me very much. {3450} I liked the staff even better for that and I valued all the more the way it was made. A little further down, there was another pommel, somewhat smaller than the other, made very elegantly of a shining ruby. Whoever designed it, made it and fixed it to the staff was not of this earth, and he must be looked for

elsewhere. {3460} It was very fitting and proper for the staff. Nothing about the staff displeased me, except that it was not tipped with iron. But later she who showed it to me satisfied me completely about that. When these treasures had been taken out, Grace said to me:

"Here are the scrip and the staff I promised you. I make a gift of them to you. {3470} They will be necessary to you on your journey, so you would be wise to guard them well. The scrip is called Faith, and without it you will never make a journey that amounts to anything, for you must always keep your bread and your food in it. If you want to know about this through the word of someone other than me, St Paul will tell you all about it. {3480} He says it is written that the just live by the scrip, that is to say—for those who understand it well—they live by the good they carry in it.⁹⁶ This scrip is colored green, for as the color green refreshes the vision of the eyes,⁹⁷ so I say to you that Faith sharpens the vision of the understanding. The soul will never see perfectly {3490} unless this green gives it strength and vigor, and therefore it will help to guide you on your way, so that you can see from afar off that country where you may live."

"Lady," I said, "now tell me about these little bells, why they are attached to the scrip and fixed to it this way, {3500} and also about the three that have only one clapper in common."

"Certainly," she said. "In the past, when I made the scrip, it was enough, all by itself, for believing in God perfectly. At that time this scrip had no little chimes or bells. But I tell you that then many errors sprang up and many troubles. {3510} People wanted to believe in God as they pleased. Some believed in one way, others in another way, however they liked, as you would know very well if you had seen their errors. And so this scrip was defiled and debased. But to restore its beauty and to remove all error, {3520} so that there would be one belief for all, without falsehood, the twelve apostles placed on it these twelve bells and on each one there is an appropriate inscription that states and teaches rightly the way one should believe steadfastly in God. These twelve little bells are the twelve articles of faith, {3530} and you must believe them firmly and keep them in your memory. They should often wake you up and ring in your ear. They are not put there like little bells or chimes for nothing, for if you were too slow to look at the inscriptions, or neglected to do so, at least the ringing of some of

them might remind you. {3540} Further, St. Paul says, in his letter to the Romans, that through hearing this ringing one has the faith perfectly.⁹⁸ Therefore, the set of bells on the scrip is not harmful at all, but stirs the memory as to the way one should believe in God. Not that it is sufficient {3550} to believe firmly only this, for there are many other things to believe steadfastly, such as the wine and the white bread that are changed into flesh and blood, and the three persons of God united in the Trinity. You have seen a representation of this in the bells you asked me about. {3560} Just as one clapper indeed serves three bells, so the Trinity is one God only. God is three persons, and each of the three persons is God. This you must believe steadfastly, as well as many another ringing that I will keep quiet about for now and pass over, to be less tedious, for everything depends on these twelve, if one understands it all rightly." {3570}

As Grace was speaking about these bells and describing them, I was looking at the scrip—I had my eyes on it all the time—and I saw drops of blood scattered and sprinkled on it. I was very unhappy and all upset, both that I had not seen and noticed it there before {3580} and that I saw and noticed it there now. "Lady," I said, "Once again, I am deeply disturbed. I see there is blood spilled on the scrip that I never noticed before. Either reassure me about this blood or give me another scrip."

"Oh, you should not be disturbed but comforted," she said, {3590} "for when you know the cause you will love the scrip better. Once there was a young pilgrim named Stephen⁹⁹ who carried the scrip everywhere he went. But he was singled out by thieves because the scrip was beautiful. They tried hard to take it from him and they hurt him badly. {3600} But he defended himself so well that he would not have this scrip taken from him for anything. He would rather be killed. In the end, they murdered him. They stoned him to death, and the scrip was sprinkled and spattered in this way with his blood. But then it is was more beautiful because of the fresh blood, {3610} for the color red on a green field is very fair. And this was shown plainly, for after it was stained with blood it was desired and carried much more than before. Later, many people came and strove to get it, and in guarding and defending it they were torn to pieces and one dismembered,¹⁰⁰ {3620} suffering pain, torture and death. If one

were to count the martyrs who suffered death for it, no tongue could tell the number, no mind could conceive of it, and no hand could write it. So if the scrip was sprinkled and spotted with blood this is not something to wonder at but to prize greatly, {3630} for there is no spot so small that it is not more precious or valuable than a pearl. And I tell you truly that if the drops were fresh you would find them very beautiful, but it has been a long time since anyone sowed it with blood. The martyrs¹⁰¹ have passed away and they are gone completely, {3640} but the ancient drops of blood are not worth any the less for that. When you have a thing that is valuable, never concern yourself about its beauty. And so, as an example, I give you this scrip, sprinkled and stained with blood, so that if anyone would take it or grab it from you, you would let yourself be slaughtered or cut to pieces. {3650} You would die rather than allow it to be taken from you. So take it right now, for it is very fitting for you."

"Lady," I said, "I am satisfied by what you have told me about this blood, but it seems to me very troublesome that you have given me this scrip as agreed, for I do not know how I will use it later. {3660} But it pleases me, and nothing about it displeases me, so I will take it without hesitation, since I have your consent."

Then quickly I took it and immediately put it around me, and Grace helped me and arrayed it on me correctly. I was very happy when I saw it and felt it around me. {3670} I had wanted it and I had asked for it a long time.

Now I will tell you again about the staff, which Grace explained to me. "Now that I have told you about the scrip, and you are well pleased with it," she said, "I will tell you also about the staff, as briefly as I can. The staff is called Hope, and it is good in all seasons, {3680} for whoever leans on it with assurance cannot fall. It is made of Sethim wood¹⁰² and this shows you very well what it is. You must lean on it in all the rough paths you will travel. In rough going, grasp it firmly and look steadily at the pommels, for the pommels will hold you up and never let you fall. {3690}

"The high pommel is Jesus Christ, who is a mirror without flaw, as the scripture says.¹⁰³ All can see their faces in it, and all can see their reflections and look at themselves, for their reflection is not as big as an ace on the dice. You should look into this pommel and look at yourself often. {3700} You must lean upon it

with both hands and hold onto the knobs firmly, for when you look deep within it, you will never be discouraged, and as long as you lean on it, you will never fall in rough going. Now remember this, if you are wise, and you will make your journey easier.

"The other pommel is the one he came from, of whom he was born, {3710} Mary, the virgin mother who conceived and bore her father. She is the shining ruby who lights up the night of the world. She restores to the right path all the lost and the wayward. She enlightens all those in darkness and she lifts up again all those who have stumbled and fallen. {3720} Therefore, she has been joined and fixed by subtle art to this beautiful staff, so that she would be one of the pommels. At first there was only one, but this was not enough, because not everyone could reach it or grasp it. But this one they can easily reach and support themselves with it, {3730} and so it is needed by all who are pilgrims. Therefore, I urge you to lean on it and trust it in all seasons. It will support and sustain you in all rough going, and it will help you to reach up to the one that is higher. So I tell you truly that when you lean on the staff and hold onto both pommels, {3740} you will be able to walk surely and steadily. You can trust this staff and have confidence in it, for the pommels that are fixed on it will hold you up in all rough going. This is a good staff, so guard it well. I give it to you. It is yours."

Then she put it in my hand, {3750} and this brought great joy to my heart, for I saw clearly that I was all ready to set out on my way. I was unhappy, however, that the staff was not iron-tipped.

"Lady," I said to Grace, "by God, I cannot help telling you what I think of this staff. It is not iron-tipped, and it displeases me greatly, if you want to know, because all the others I have seen are iron-tipped. {3760} So tell me, if you will, why you have given me one like this?"

"Oh, what a fool you are!" she said. "You do not need a bell around your neck. ¹⁰⁴ I told you just now—if you would remember a little of it—that you should trust in the upper part and lean on the pommels, for the pommels will hold you up and not let you fall. {3770} The lower end does nothing for you. And moreover, as you well know, a staff with an iron tip is heavier than one without. I gave you one without an iron tip on purpose so you could carry it more easily. Furthermore, an iron-tipped staff sticks deeper in the