

# The Pilgrimage of Pure Devotion eBook

## The Pilgrimage of Pure Devotion by Desiderius Erasmus

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[Transcriber's note: The original text has no page numbers; instead, the first few leaves of each 16-page signature are marked. This information is shown between paired double lines: || A iij.||. Other page breaks have been marked with double lines ||

A few apparent typographic errors were corrected and are listed at the end of the text. Other possible errors are also noted but were left unchanged. All other spelling and punctuation are as in the original.]

\* \* \* \* \*

A dialoge  
or communication of  
two persons, deuysyd  
and set forthe in the la-  
te tonge, by the noble  
and famose clarke.  
*Desiderius Erasmus*  
intituled ye pyl-  
gremage of  
pure de-  
uoty-  
on.

Newly traslatyd into  
Englishe.

\* \* \* \* \*

|| [+] ij.||

To the reder.

Amongest the writinges of all men, dearly belouyd reder, not onely of the diuersyte of tongues, but also the noble drawghts of so articyall paynted figures, whiche haue so lyuely expressed to ye quycke ymage, the nature, ordre, & proporcyon of all states, as concernynge the gouernaunce of a Christen comewealthe, that ther is (as I suppose) no parte of the scripture, which is not so enpowndyde, furnysshed, and set forthe, but that euery Christen man, therby may lerne his dewty to god, hys prynce, and hys nebure, and so consequently passe thourough the straye pathe of the whiche scripture doth testyfy vpo, very fewe can fynde ye entrye, wherby thorough faythe in the redeptyon of



the worlde thorowe ye bloode of Christe the sone of god, to rayne || with the father and the holy goste eternally, accordynge to the promyse of Christe, sayinge. In my fathers hawse ther be many placys to dwell in, we wyll come to hym and make a mansyon place with hym and I haue and shall open thy name vnto them, that the same loue with the whiche thou louydest me, may be in theym, and I in the, and thys is the kyngdome of god so often mouyd to vs in holy scripture, whiche all faythfull shall possesse and inheret for euermore: where as ye vnfaythfull, vnryghtswye, and synner shall not entre in to the kyngdome of god, bycause, of chaugynge the glory of gode immortall in to the ymage of a corruptyble man, and therefore to incentiously he hathe suffrede them to wandre in theyr clowdes of ygnorance, preferrynge the lyes and corrupte || [+ ] iij.|| iudgmentes of man the veryte and the truthe of god, rather seruyng the creature then the creator, amongst all the parties of the whiche (as was spoken at the begynnyng) thys alwaye not alonely in the newe law, but also in the olde Testament was as a thyng moost abhomynable and displesant in the sight of gode prohybyte and forbyden: but our nature whiche hath in hym, the dampnable repugnauce

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of synne agaynst the omnypotet power of gode, lest euyn frome owre fyrst father Adam, is so enclnyed to vyces, amongst the whiche it hath not gyuen the least parte to thys desperate synne of ydolatrie, agaynst the immaculate, and fearefull commandement of god. Thou shalt haue no straunge Gods in my syght, that it is sore to be dreadde the same iudgement to be gyuyn || vpon vs that was gyuen vpon the cytye of Ninyue to be absorbed of the yerthe in to the yre and vengeannce of gode, whiche hathe ben the cause that so many wryters bothe of late dayes, and many yeres passede, haue euyn to deathe, resisted thes dampnable bolsterers of ydolatrie, gyuen theyr selues to the crosse in example of reformacyon to theyr bretherne, bothe in wrytinge and counsell, exhortynge the flocke of Christe frome soche prophane doctryne, amongst whome the noble and famouse clerke *Desiderius Erasmus* hath setforthe to the quycke ymage, before mennys eyes, the supersticyouse worshype and false honor gyuyn to bones, heddes, iawes, armes, stockes, stones, shyrtes, smokes, cotes, cappes, hattes, shoes, mytres, slyppers, sadles, rynges, bedes, gyrdles, bolles, || [+] iiij.|| belles, bokes, gloues, ropes, taperes, candelles, bootes, sporres, (my breath was almost past me) with many other soche dampnable allusyones of the deuylle to use theme as goddes contrary to the immaculate scripture of gode, morouer he notethe as it were of arrogancye the pryuate iudgment of certayne that of theyr owne brayne wolde cast out ymages of the temple, with out a comen consent and authoryte, some there be that alway seke halowes, and go vpon pylgramages vnder a pretense of holynes, whervpon thes brotherhodes and systerhoodes be now inuented, morouer they that haue ben at Hierusalem be called knightes of the sepulcre, and call one an other bretherne, and vpon palme-sondaye they play the foles sadely, drawynge after them an asse in a || rope, when they be not moche distante frome the woden asse that they drawe. The same do they conterfayte that haue ben at saynt lames in Compostella. But they be more pernycyouse, that set forthe vncertayn relyques, for certayne, and attribyte more to them than they oughte to haue, and prostytute or sett theym forthe for fylthye lukre. But now whan they perceyue, that this theyr dapnable *Corbane* [A tresure boxe of ye lewes.] dothe decay, and that theyr most to be lamented blyndnes and longe accustomed errorrs shuld be redressed, they, all fayre bothe of god and man set asyde, rebelle and make insurrectyones contrary to the ordynaunce of gode, agaynst theyr kynge and liege lorde, prouokynge and alluryng the symple comynaitye to theyre dampnable ypocrysye and conspyracy, myndyng || [+] v.|| and goynge about to preuente our most soueraigne lordes iudgment, not yet gyue vpon theyr Sodomiticall actes, and most horryble ypocrysy. But the worde of the lorde whiche they so tyrannously go aboute to suppress with all the fauerours therof shall ouercome & destroy all soch most to be abhorred



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& deceyuable inuegelers & dysturbers of ye symple people to soch detestable treason. And that it may so do to the terryble example of thes and a11 other rebelles and most dysloyal subiectes, and to ye greate comforthe & cosolacyo of his gracys faythfull and true comens. I requyre him which brethethe where he willithe and raygnethe eternall gode to graut vnto our seyde most dradde soueraygne lorde whose maiesty as it euydently appereth onely applieth his diligence to the aduaunsynge || & lettynge forthe of the most holsome documenth and teachyng of almyghty god, to the redres of long accustome euylls and damnable sectes, to the supportacion and mayntenaunce of godly and allowable ceremonyes, to the suppressynge and most to be desired abolishyng of the deuelishe and detestable vsurped aucthoryties, dampnable errors and prophane abuses brought in by that myghty Golyas, that obdurated Phareo, that proude Nembroth (whome god amede) the byshope of Rome, to graunte (I say) vnto hys hyghnes, suche hys godly ayde and assistance, that hys grace with hys moost honorable counsell (agaynst whome this arrogant conspyracy is nowe moued and begonne) may ouercome and debelle the stud traytres as in tymes paste hys maiesty hath prudently || do other, that haue hertofore attempted to perpetrate and brynge to passe like sedicyous mishief, and so to establishe the hartes of hys gracys true subiectes that they may wylyngly and according to theyr dueties, obey and fulfill hys most lawfull and godly ordered lawes and commaundements wherby they shall not onely do the thyng agreable to goddes wylle and teachynges, in that he willeth euery soule to be subiected to the hygher power and obedyent to theyr prynce, but also (to theyr greate laude and prayse) shall shewe them selfe to be redy and confirmable to do theyr dueties in aydyng hys excellent hyghnes to the reformacyon of all pernicious abuses & chiefly of detestable ydolatrie, whiche is so muche prohibited in holy scripture and most displeasent to god, || for whiche intent and purpose the sayd most noble and famous clarke *Desiderius Erasmus*, compiled & made this dialoge in Laten, as it foloweth hereafter nowe lately translated into our mother the Englishhe tonge. Auoyd therefore, most deare readere, all abuses whereby any inconuenyence may growe, other to the hynderaunce of godes worde, to the displeasure of thy prynce, (whome thou arte so straitly commaunded to obaye, or to the damage of a publike weale, whiche aboue all vices is noted most to be abhorred, not alonely of the most holy wryteres and expownderes of scripture, but also of prophane gentylles, whiche neuer perceyuyd other thinge than nature enclyned theyr hartes vnto, and so consequently to obtayne the fruytion of the godhode thorowe the faythe that was || spoken of at the begynnyng to the

whiche the lorde Iesus Christe brynge vs all with a perfaycte quyetnes,  
So be it.

+



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\* \* \* \* \*

|| A.||

A pylgremage, for pure deuocyo.

*Menedemus.* [Signifieth to forsake.] What new thyng ye ys it, that I se? doo I nat see Ogygyus my neybur, whom no ma could espie of all thes sex monthes before? yt was a sayng that he was deed, It is euen he, except that I be ferre deceyuyd. I wyll go to hym, & byd hym good morow. Good morow Ogygyus.[was faynyd of an old kynge of Thebanes.] Good morow to you Menedemus. *Mene.* I pray you frome what contray do you come to vs ayen so saffe. For here was a great comunicacyo that you dyd sayle streght to hell. *Ogy.* No, thankyd be god, I haue faryd as well syns I went hens, as euer I dyd in all my lyffe. *Me.* Well, a man may well perceyue that all soche rumours be but vanytye. But I pray you what araye is this that you be in, me thynke that you be clothyd with cokle schelles, and be || lade on euery syde with bruches of lead and tynne. And you be pretely garnyshyd with wrethes of strawe & your arme is full of *snakes egges.* [Signifyeth bedes. Malsyngam ys callyd parathalassia by cause it is ny to ye see.] *Ogy.* I haue bene on pylgremage at saynt lames in Compostella, & at my retourne I dyd more relygyously vysyte our lady of Walsynga in England, a very holy pylgremage, but I dyd rather vysyte her. For I was ther before within this thre yere. *Me.* I trowe, it was but for your pleasure. *Ogy.* Nay, it was for pure deuocyon. *Me.* I suppose you learnyd that relygyo of the Grecyanes. *Ogy.* My mother in law dyd make a vowe that if her doughter shuld be delyueryd of a man chyld alyue, than that I shuld go to saynt lames on pylgremage, and ther to salute and thake hym. *Me.* Dyd you salute saynt lames alonly in your name, and your mothers. *Ogy.* No, in the name of all owre house. *Me.* || A ij.|| Verely I thynke that your howshold as well shold haue prosperd, in case you had not salutyd hym at all. But I pray you what answer dyd he make to your salutacyon. *Ogy.* Nothyng at all. But wha I dyd offre, me tought he dyd lawghe vpon me, and becke at me with hedde, & dyd reche to me this cokleshell. *Me.* Wherfore dothe he gyue rather suche schelles, than other thynges. *Ogygy.* For the see, whiche is nye vnto hym dothe mynystre plenty of suche. *Me.* O holy saynt lames, that bothe is a mydwyffe to women with chyld, and also dothe helpe his pylgrymes. But I pray you what new kynd of making voves is that that whan a ma is ydle he shall put the burden apou an other mannes bakke? In case that you doo bynd youre selffe with a vowe, that yf ye matter chaunche happyly whiche you haue in hande, that I for you || shall fast twyse in on weke, do you beleue that I can fulfyl youre vow? *Ogy.* No, I doo not beleue it if that you dyd vowe it in youre awne name. It is but a sport with yow to mokke sayntes. But this was my mother in law, I must nedys obey her, you know



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womenes affectyones, & I must obaye heres. *Me.* If that you had not perfourmyd your vowe, what iopertye had you be in? *Ogy.* I graunt, he could not haue had an accyon ayenst me in ye law, but he myght from hensforthe be deafe to my voves, orels pryuyly send some calamytye or wretchednes amongste my housholde, yow know well enuffe the maneres of great men. *Me.* Tell me now what that same honest ma saynt lames dothe, and howe he farythe. *Ogy.* Moche colder tha he was wontyd to do. *Me.* What is the cause of it? His age? *Ogy.* Oh you scoffer, yow || A iij.|| know wel enoghe that sayntes wax nat olde. But this new learnynge, whiche runnythe all the world ouer now a dayes, dothe cause hym to be vysytyd moche lesse than he was wontyd to be, for if any doo come thay salute him alonly, but they offre lytle or nothings, and say that theyr monaye may better be disposyd amongste pore people. *Me.* O a wykyd comunicacyon. *Ogy.* Ye & so great an Apostle whiche was wotyed to stand all in precyous stones & gold, now stadythe all of wodde hauynge before hym skaresly a wax candle. *Me.* If it be trew that I here, it is great ioperdy lest that same chance to all the rest of the sayntes. *Ogy.* I thynk it wel, for ther is an epistle abrode whiche our lady dyd wryte apou the same matter. *Me.* What lady? *Ogy.* *She that hathe her name of a stone.* [Our ladi of stone in Raurachia whiche is a certayne cuntre.] *Me.* I trawe it is in Raurachia. *Ogy.* That same || is it. *Me.* yow tell me of a stony lady, But to whome dyd she wryte? *Ogy.* The epistle dothe playnely shew his name. *Me.* By whome was it sent? *Ogy.* No dowbt but by an angell, whiche dyd lay the wrytynges apo the aultre, wherof he prechythe to whome it was sent. And lest there shuld be any suspectyo of crafty couayance in you, you shall se the epistle wryten with his owne hande. *Me.* Do you know so well the hand of thangell whiche is secretary to our lady? *Ogy.* Yee why nat? *Me.* By what argumet? *Ogy.* I haue redde that *Epithaphe* [Is a scripture wryten on a graue.] of Bede which was grauyd of the angell: and the letteres agre in all thynges. I haue redde also ye obligacyo whiche was sent to saynt Gyles as dothe aper. Dothe not thes argumentes proue that mater to be good enoghe. *Me.* May a man loke apou them? *Ogy.* ye and if you wyll swere to kepe it || A iij.|| preuy. *Me.* Oh you shall speake to a stone. *Ogy.* Ther be stones now a dayes of that name very slawnderous, that wyll hyde nothyng. *Me.* you shall speake to a domme man, & yow trust nat a stone. *Ogy.* Apou ye condycyon I wyll tell it, loke that you here with bothe youre eyares. *Me.* So I doo.

[The epistle of our Lady.]



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Ogy. Mary the mother of Iesu to *Glaucoplutus* [*Glaucoplutus desirus* of ryches.] sedythe gretynge. Insomoche as you folowe Luther, you nobly perswade, that it is but in vayne to call apo sayntes, do ye well know for that to be grettly in my fauore. For vntyll thys day I haue almost be slayne with the importunate prayers of men. Of me alone they askyd althynges, as who shuld say my sone were alway a babe, because he is so faynyd and payntyd apo my breste, that yet he wold be at my commaundemet and durst nat denye my petycyon, dredynge that if he denye my petycyon, || that I shuld denye hym my teate whan he is a thurst: and very oft thay requyre that of me, whiche a shamfast yongman dare scantly aske of a Bawde, yee they be suche thynges as I am ashamyd to put in wrytynge. Now comythe ye marchauntman and he redy to sayle into Spayne for a vantage, dothe comytte hys wyues honesty to me. Than comythe thet lytle preaty Nunne and she castythe away her vayle redy to runne away, she leuythe with me the good name of her vyrgynytye, whiche shortly she entendythe to take monay for. Than cryeth the wykyd soudyer purposyd to robbe & saythe, blessyd lady send me a good praye. Now comythe the vnthryfty dyasser and cryethe, send me good chance Lady & thow shalt haue parte of my wynnynge: and if the dyasse runne ayenst hym, he blasphemes, and cursythe me, bycause || I wyll nat fauor his noghtynes. Now cryeth she that sellythe her selffe for fylthye lukre & saythe, swete lady send me some costomers, & if I denye it, they exclame ayenst me & say, thou arte not the mother of marcy. Moreouer the vowes of some women be no lesse wykyd tha folishe. The mayd cryeth & saythe, O swet Mary send me a fayre and riche husbond. The maryed woma saythe send me goodly chylderen. Now laborythe the woman with chyld, and cryeth dere lady dilyuer me of my bondes. Than comythe ye olde wyffe, and saythe flowre of all women send me to lyue longe withowt coghe and drynes. Now crepythe the the dotynge old man & saythe, lady send me for to wax yonge aye. Tha comythe forth the phylosopher and cryethe send me some argumetis that be isoluble. The great prest cryeth send me a fat benefyce. Tha || saythe the bysshope kepe well my churche. Tha cryethe ye hye lustyce shew me thy sone or I passe out of this worlde. Tha saythe ye Cowrtyer send me trwe confession at the howre of my deathe. The husbondman saythe send vs temperate wether. The mylke wyffe cryethe owt blessyd lady saue our catell. Now if I denye anythyng by & by I am crwell. If I comytte it to my sone, I here them say, he wyll what so euer you wyll. Shall I than alone bothe a woman and a mayd helpe maryneres, sawdyeres, marchantmen, dyasseres, maryed me, women with chyld, iudges, kynges, and husbondmen? ye and this that I haue sayd is the least parte of my payne. But I am nat now so moche trobled with soche busynes, for that I wold hartely thanke you, but that this commoditye dothe brynge a greater discomodytye



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with hym. I || haue now more ease, but lesse honor & profett. Before this tyme I was callyd quene of heuen, lady of the world, but now any man wyll skarsly say aue Maria or hayle Mary. Before I was clothyd with precyous stones and gold, and had my chaunges, and dayly ther was offeryd gold and precyous stones, now I am skarsly coueryd with halffe a gowne and that is all beeyten with mysse. My yerly rentes be now so smalle that I am skarsly able to fynde my pore quere kepar to light a wax cadle before me. Yet all this myght be sufferyd, but you be abowt to pluke away greater thynges, you be abowt (as they say) that what so euer any saynte hathe in any place, to take hyt frome the churches, but take hede what you doo. For ther is no saynte without a way to reuege his wronge. If you cast saynt Petre forthe of the church, he may serue || you of the same sauce, and shite vp heuyngates ayenst you. ye saynt Paule hathe his sworde. Barthylmew is nat withowt his great knyffe. Saynt Wylliam is harnysyd vnder his monkes cloke, nat withowt a greate speare. What canst thou doo ayenst saynt George whiche is bothe a knyght & all armyd with hys longe spere and his fearfull sword? Nor saynt Antony is nat withowt hys weapenes for he hathe holy fyre with hym. Ye the rest of the sayntes haue theyr weapones or myschefues, whiche they send apou whome they liste. But as for me thou canst not cast owt, except thou cast owt my sone, whiche I hold in myne armes. I wyll nat be seperat frome hym, other thou shalt cast hym owt with me or els thou shalt let vs bothe be, except that you wold haue a temple withowt a Christe. These be the thynges that I wold || yow shall know ymagyne you therfore what shal be your answer. For this thinge pleasythe me very well. Frome oure stony church the calendes of Auguste, the yere frome my sonnes passyon a M. CCCC. xiiij. I stony lady subscribyd thys with myne owne hande. *Me.* Trewly that was a soro and fearfull epistle, I suppose that Glaucoptutus wyll beware fro hesforthe. *Ogy.* Ye & if he be wyse. *Me.* Wherfore dyd nat that good saynt Iames wryte to that man of the same mater. *Ogy.* I can nat tell, except it be bycause he is so ferre of, and now a dayes men be moche searchyd for suche maters, & in theyr iornaye theyr lettres take frome them. *Me.* I pray you, what god dyd send you into Englod? *Ogy.* I saw the wynd maruelouse prosperouse thyderward, and I had almoste promysyd this to that blessyd lady of Walsynga that I wold seke || her within .ij. yere, *Me.* What wold you axe of her. *Ogy.* No new thyngs at all, but suche as be comen, as to kepe saffe and sownd my housholde, to encrease my goodes, and in thys world to haue a loge and mery liffe, and wha I dye euerlastynge lyffe in another worlde. *Me.* May nat owr lady grante the same at home with vs? She hathe at Antwarpe a moche more lordly temple tha at Walsyngame. *Ogy.* I denye nat but it may be so, but in dyuers



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places she grantes dyuers thynges, wether it be her pleasur so to do, or bycause she is so gentle, that as cocernynge this purpose, she wyll gyue her selfe to our affectyoes.

*Me.* I haue harde oft of saynt Iames, but I pray you describe to me the kyngdome of Walsyngam. *Ogy.* Verely I shall tell you as shortly as I canne. Yt is the most holy name in all England, and you may fynde some in || that yle, that suppose thayr substace shal nat prospayre except they vysyte her with thayr offerynge euery yere ones as thay be able to gyue. *Me.* Wher dothe she dwell? *Ogy.* At the vttermost parte of all England betwyxt the Northe and the Weste, nat vary ferre from the see, skarsly iii myles, the towne is almost susteynyd by the resort of pylgrymes. The college is of Canoos, but thay be suche as hathe thayr name of the Laten tonge and be called Seculares, a kynd betwyxte monkes & Chanones. *Me.* What you tell me of *Amphybyanes*, [*Amphybyanes* be thynges doutfull.] suche as ye mostre *Fyber is*. [*Fyber* is a beste of ye see & ye land.] *Ogy.* No thay be rather suche as the *Cocatrice*. [*A Cocatrice* wil kyll a man with a loke,] But withowt dissimulation, I shall put you owt of this dowte in thre wordes. To them that thay hate, thay be Chanones, and to them that thay loue thay be Monkes *Menede*. Yet yowe doo nat open thys redle. *Ogy.* || I shall paynte it before youre eyes, if the bysshope of Rome doo shot hys thonderbowlt amogst all monkes, thay wyll than be chanones, & nat monkes, but and if he wold suffre all monkes to take wyues, tha wyll they be monkes, *Me.* O new partakeres, I wold to god they wold take away my wyffe. *Ogy.* But to come to our purpose, the college hathe skarsly any other *emolumentes* [*Rettes*.] but of the liberalite of our lady. For the great offeryngs be kepyd styll, but if ther be any litle some of monaye offerid that goith to the comens of the company, & the mayster whome thay call pryoure. *Me.* Be thay of a vertuous lyffe? *Ogy.* Nat to be dispraysyd, thay be more vertuous tha ryche of thayr yerely renttes. The temple ys goodly & goregious, but oure Lady dwellythe nat in it, but that was purchasyd for the honor of her sone. She hathe her owne temple, || B.|| that she may be of the ryght hand of her sone. *Me.* Apon the right had. Whiche way dothe her sonne loke than? *Ogy.* It is well remembryd. Whan he lokythe to the West, his mother is apo his right hand, but wha he turnythe hym to the Este she is apon the left hand. But yet she dwellythe nat in that churche, for it is nat yet buyldyd all vpe, and the wynde runnythe thorow euery parte with open wyndowes & dowres, and also nat ferre of is the *Occiane* seye father of all wyndes. *Me.* what doo yow tell me wher dothe she dwell tha? *Ogy.* In ye same churche whiche I told you was nat all fynyshyd, ther is a lytle chapell seelyd ouer with wodde, on ether syde a lytle dore wher ye pylgrymes go thorow, ther



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is lytle light, but of ye taperes, with a fragrant smell. *Me.* All these be mete for religyon. *Ogy.* Ye Menedemus if you loke within you || wyll say that it is a seate mete for sayntes, all thynges be so bright in gold, syluer, and precyous stones. *Me.* You almost moue me to go thyther also. *Ogy.* It shalnat repente you of your iornay. *Me.* Spryngithe ther no holy oyle? *Ogy.* I trowe you dote, that spryngythe nat but owt of the sepulchres of sayntes, as saynt Andrew, & saynt Katere, owr lady was nat beried. *Me.* I graut I sayd amysse, but tell on your tale. *Ogy.* So moche more as thay persayue youre deuocyo, so moche larger reliques wyl thay shew to you. *Me.* Ye and peradueture that thay may haue larger offerynges, as is sayd that, many lytle offerynges makythe a heuy boxe. *Ogygy.* Her chaplens be alway at hand. *Me.* Be thay of ye Chanones? *Ogy.* No, thay be nat permyttyd to be with her, lest that peraduenture by occasyon of that religyon, thay shuld be plukkyd || B ij.|| frome thayr owne religyo, and whylst thay kepe that virgyne, thay regard very lytle thayr awne virgynyte, alonly in that inner chapell whiche is our ladyes preuy chabre, ther standithe a certayne Chano at the autre. *Me.* For what purpose? *Ogy.* To receyue and kepe, that whiche is offeryd. *Me.* dothe any man gyue ayenst hys wyll. *Ogy.* No, but many men hathe suche a gentle shamfastnes, that thay wyll gyue some thyng to hym that standythe by, other thay wyll offre more largely, whiche thay wold nat doo peraueture if that he were absent, that standithe there. *Me.* You tell me of mannes affectiones, whiche I my selffe prouyd very ofte. *Ogy.* Ye trewly there be some so gyue to our blessyd lady, that whan thay apere to put vpe thayr handes to offre, with a pure cousyance, thay stayl that whiche other men hathe gyuen. *Me.* Than || lett no man be there, wyll nat oure Lady shote her thonderbowlte at suche. *Ogy.* Wherfor shuld our lady rather doo so, than God hymselffe, whom thay be nat affrayd to pluke owt hys robes, & breake ye churche walles therfore. *Mene.* I am in a great doubt whether I shuld, rather maruayle apon thayre wykyd boldnes, or Goddys great getlenes and longe sufferynge. *Ogy.* Apo the Northe parte ther is a certayne gaate, but lest that you should make a lye, it is nat of the churche, but of the pale that compassithe a bowte the churche yarde, and that hathe a lytle wykyt, suche as be in great mennes gaates, that who so euer wyll entre, must fyrst putin hys legge, nat without some ioperdie, and than bowe downe hys hedde. *Me.* It is ioperdie to goo thorow suche a dore, to a mannes enemye. *Ogy.* So it is, the sexten dyd tell me that || B iij.|| ther was ones a knyght whiche fleeynge hys enemye, than aprochyng, dyd ride thorow ye wykyte, and than the wretche dispayrynge in hym selffe, apon a soden motion, dyd commend hymselffe to ye blessyd virgyne,



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whiche was than at hand. But now commythe the myrakle. By and by that knyght was all in the churche yarde, and hys aduersary was ragynge at the dore wowte. *Me.* And dyd he tell you so maruyulous a myrakle for a trewth? *Ogy.* No dowte. *Me.* But I suppose that he could nat so lyghtely doo that to you so a great a philosopher. *Ogy.* He dyd shewe to me in that same wykytte in a plate of coper, the ymage of the knyght fastenyd with nayles and with the same garmentes that the Englishmen were wontyd to wayre at that tyme, as you may see in that olde pictures, whiche wyl nat lye, Barbour had || but lytle lyuyng at that tyme: and dieres & websteres gotte but litle monay. *Me.* Why so? *Ogy.* For he had a berd like a goote, and his cote had neuer a plyte, & it was so litle, that with strayte gyrdyng it mayd hys body to apere lesse than it was. Ther was another plate, that was in quantyte and fourme like to a cheste. *Me.* Well now it is nat to be doubtyd apo. *Ogy.* Under ye wykyte ther was a grate of yrne, that no man ca passe theryn but a footema, for it is nat conuenyent that any horsse shuld tread after apou ye place, whiche the knyght dyd cosecrate to our lady. *Me.* Nat withowt a good cause. *Ogy.* Frome that parte toward the Este, there is a litle chapell, full of maruayles and thyther I wete, ther was I receuyd of another of our ladyes chaplenes, ther we knelyd downe, to make our litle prayeres. By & by, he broght forthe || B iiij.|| the ioynthe of a mannes fynger, the greatyste of thre, which I kyssyd, & askyd whose relyques thay were, he dyd say that thay were saynt Petres. What thapostle sayd I. Ye sayd he. Than I dyd better beholde the ioynthe, whiche for hys greatenes myght well haue be a Gyates ioynthe, rather than a mannes. Than sayd I, saynt Peter must nedys be a great man of stature. But at that word, ther was one of the gentleme that stode by, that could not forbere lawghynge, for the which I was very sorry. For if he had holden hys pease, we had sene all the relyques, yet we metely well pleasyd mayster Sexte, with gyuyng hym .ij. or .iij. grotes. Before that chapell there was a litle howsse, which he sayd ones in wynter tyme whan that there was litle rowme to couer the reliques, that it was sodenly broght & sett in that place. Under that house || there was a couple of pittes, bothe fulle of water to the brynkys, and thay say that ye sprynge of thos pittes is dedicate to our lady, that water is very colde, and medycynable for the hede ake and that hartburnynge. *Me.* If that cold water wyll hele the paynes in the hede and stomake, than wyll oyle put owte fyre from hensforthe. *Ogy.* It is a myrakle that I tell, good syr, or els what maruayle shuld it be, that cowlde water shuld slake thurst? *Me.* This may well be one parte of your tale. *Ogy.* Thay say that the fowntayne dyd sodenly sprynge owte of the erthe at the commaundement of our lady, & I dilygently



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examenynge althynges, dyd aske hym how many yeres it was sythe that howsse was so sodenly broght thyther. Many yeres agone saythe he. Yet, sayde I, the wallys doo nat apere so old. He dyd nat deny it. No mor thes woden || B v.|| pyleres. He cowld nat deny but that they were sette there nat longe agoo, and also the mater dyd playnly testyfy ye same. Afterward, sayd I, thys roffe which is all of rede dothe apere nat to be very olde, & he granted also, thes greeete bemes which lye ouerthwerte, and these rafteres that hold vpe that howsse were nat sett longe agone. He affyrmyd my saynge. Well sayd I seyng that no parte of the housse is lefte but all is new, how can yow say that this was the house whiche was broght hyther so longe agoo. *Me.* I pray you how dyd the howskeper, auoyde hymselfe frome your argumet. *Ogy.* By & by he dyd shew to vs the mater by the skyne of a bayre whiche had hangyd be the rafteres a longe season, and dyd almost moke the symplenes of owre wyttes that could nat perceyue so manyfeste an argumete we beyng || perswadyd by this argument, askid pardon of our ignorance, and callid into our communycacyon the heuely mylke of our lady. *Me.* O how like to the sone is the mother, for he hath left to vs so moche blood here in erthe, & she so moche mylke, that a man wyl skarysly beleue a woman to haue so moche mylke of one chyld, in case the chyld shuld sukke none at all. *Ogy.* Thay saye the same of the holy crosse, whiche is shewyd in so many places bothe openly, and pryuatly, that if ye fragmentes were gathered apon one heape, they wold apere to be a iuste fraghte for a shipe, and yet Christe dyd bere all his crosse hymselfe. *Me.* But do nat you maruayll at this? *Ogy.* It may welbe a strage thyng, but no maruayle, seyng that the lord whiche dothe encrease this at hys pleasure, is almyghty. *Me.* It is very gently expownded, but I am || afrayd, that many of thes be faynyd for lukre. *Ogy.* I suppose that God wold nat suffre hymselfe to be deludyd of suche a fasshion. *Mene.* Yis, haue nat you sene that wha bothe the mother, the sone, the father, and the holy ghoste hathe be robbyd of thes sacrilegyous theues, that thay woldnat ones moue, or styre nother with bekke or crakke wherby thay myght fray away the theues. So great is the gentles of God. *Ogy.* So it is, but here out me tale. This mylke is kepyd apon the hye aultre, and in the myddys ther is Christe, with his mother apon hys ryght hand, for her honor sake, the mylke dothe represente the mother. *Me.* It may be sene than? *Ogy.* It is closyd in crystalle. *Me.* It is moyste tha? *Ogy.* What tell you me of moystenes, wha it was mylkyd more than a thowsand and fyue hunthrithe yere agone, it is so congelyd, that a ma wold || saye that it were chalke temperyd with the whyte of a egge. *Me.* Ye, but do thay sette it forthe bare? *Ogy.* No, lest so holy mylke shuld be defowlyd with the kyssynge



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of men. *Me.* You say well. For I suppose that ther be many that kysse it, whiche be nother clene mouthyd, nor yet be pure virgyne. *Ogy.* Whan ye sexten sawe vs, he dyd runne to the aultre, & put apon hym his surpese, & his stole about his nekke, knelyd downe relygyously, and worshipyd it, and streghtforthe dyd offre the mylke to vs to kysse. And at the ende of the aultre we knelyd downe deuoutly, & the fyrste of all we salutyd Christe, & than after we callyd apon our lady with thys prayer, whiche we had mayd redy for the same purpose. O mother & mayde, whiche dyd gyue sukke with thy virgyne teates the lorde of heuen and yerthe, thy sone Iesus Christe, we beyng purifyed || thorowe hys precyous blode, do desyre that we may attayne, and come to that blessyd infancye of thy colombyne meknes, whiche is immaculate without malice, frawde, or diseyte, and with all affectyon of harte dothe couett and stody for the heuenly mylke of the euangelicall doctryne, to go forthe and encrease with it into a perfaycte man, into the mesure of the plentefulnes of Christe, of whose copany thou haste the fruycon, togyther with the father, & the holy ghost for euermore, so be it. *Me.* Uerely thys is a holy prayer. But what dyd she? *Ogygy.* Thay bothe bekkyd at vs, excepte my eyes waggyd, and me thoght that the mylke daunsyd. In the meaneson the sexten came to vs, withowt any wordes, but he held out a table suche as the Germanes vse to gather tolle apon bridges. *Me.* By my trothe I haue cursyd veryofte suche || crauyng boxes, whan I dyd ryde thorowe Germany. *Ogy.* We dyd gyue hym certayne monay whiche he offeryd to our lady. Tha I axyd by a certayne yonge man, yt was well learnyd, whiche dyd expownde and tell vs the saynge of ye Sexte, hys name (as fere as I remembre) was Robert alderisse, by what tokenes or argumetes he dyd know that it was the mylke of our lady. And that I very fayne, & for a good purpose desyred to knowe, that I myght stope the mowthes of certayne newfanglyd felowes, that be wotyd to haue suche holy relyques in derysyon and mokage. Fyrst of all the Sexten with a froward cowntenance wold nat tell, but I desyryd the yong man to moue hym more instantly, but somewhat more gently he so courtesly behauyd hymselfe, that and he had prayd our lady herselfe || after that fashion, she wold nat haue be dysplesyd therwith. And tha this mystycall chapleyn, as and if he had be inspyryd with ye holy ghoste, castyng at vs a frounyng loke, as & if he wold haue shote at vs ye horryble thonderbolte of the greate curse, what nede you (saythe he) to moue suche questyones, whan yow see before your eyes so autentycall & old a table. And we were afrayd lest that he wold haue cast vs out of the churche for heretykes, but that oure monay dyd tempte hys greate furye. *Mene.* What dyd you in the meaneseason? *Ogygyus.* What suppose you? We were amasyd as and if a man had stryke vs with a clube, or we had be slayne with a thonderclape, and we very lowly



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axid pardon of oure folishe boldenes, and gote vs frome thens. For so must we entreate holy thynges. || Frome thens we went in to ye howse where owre lady dwellithe, and whan we came there, we sawe another Sexten whiche was but a noues, he lokyd famylarly as and if he had knowe vs, and wha we came a litle further in, we sawe another, that lokyd moch after suche a fashion, at the last came the thyrd. *Me.* Peraenture thay desyryd to descrybe you. *Ogy.* But I suspecte another mater. *Mene.* What was it? *Ogygy.* There was a certayne theffe that had stole almost all owr ladyes frontlet, and I supposyd that they had me in suspycyon thereof. And therfore whan I was within the chapell I mayd my prayers to our lady after thys fashio. Oh cheffe of all women Mary the mayd, most happy mother, moste pure virgyne, we vnclene, and synners, doo vysyte the pure & holy, and after our abylytye we haue offeryd vnto the, we pray thy that thy || C.|| sone may grante this to vs, that we may folow thy holy lyffe, and that we may deserue thorow the grace of the holy ghoste, spirytually to coceyue the lord Iesus Christ, & after that conceptyon neuer to be separat from hym, Amen. This done I kyssyd the aultre, and layd downe certayne grotes for myne offerynge and went my waye. *Me.* What dyde our lady now, dyd nat she make one sygne, that you myght know that she had hard youre prayeres. *Ogy.* The lyght (as I told you before) was but litle, and she stode at the ryght ende of the aultre in the derke corner, at the last the communicatyo of the fyrst Sexten had so discoregyd me, that I durst not ones loke vpe with myne eyes. *Me.* This pylgremage came but to smale effecte. *Ogy.* Yes, it had a very good & mery ende. *Me.* You haue causyd me to take harte of grasse, for (as Homere || saythe) my harte was almost in my hose. *Ogy.* Whan dynar was done, we returnyd to ye temple. *Me.* Durste you goo & be suspecte of felonye? *Ogy.* Peraenture so, but I had nat my selffe in suspicio, a gyltles mynde puttythe away feare. I was very desyrous to see that table whiche the holy Sexten dyd open to vs. At the last we fownde it, but it was hagd so hye that very fewe could rede it. My eyes be of that fashion, that I can nother be callyd *Linceus*, [*Linceus* ys a beaste so quike eyed that it wyll see thorow any wall] nother purre blynd. And therefore I instantly desyryd Alldryge to rede it, whose redyng I folowyd with myne owne eyes, because I wold skarsly truste hym in suche a mater. *Me.* Well, now all doubttes be discussyd. *Ogy.* I was ashamyd that I doubtyd so moche, ye mater was so playne set forthe before oure eyes, bothe the name, the place, the thyng it selffe as it was || C ij.|| done, to be breffe, there was nothyng lefte owte. There was a mane whos name was Wylyam whiche was borne in Parise, a man very deuoute in many thyngs but pryncypally excedyng relygyous in searchyng for the relyques



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of all sayntes thorowout all the world. He after that he had vusytyd many places, contrayes, and regyones, at the laste came to Costantynenople. For Wylhelmes brother was there byshope, whiche dyd make hym pry to a certayne mayde, whiche had professyd chastyte, that hadde parte of oure ladyes mylke, which were an excedynge precyous relyque, if that other with prayer, or monaye, or by any crafte it myghte be gotte. For all the reliques that he hadde gotte before were but tryfles to so holy mylke. Wyllyam wold not rest there tyll that he had gotte halffe of that holy mylke, but whan he had || it, he thoghte that he was richer than Croeseus. *Me.* Why nat, but was it nat without any goodhope? *Ogy.* He went tha streght home, but in hys iornay he fell seke. *Me.* Iesu there is nothyng in thys worlde that is other permanent, or alwayes in good state. *Ogy.* But whan he sawe & perceyuyd that he was in greate ioperdye of his lyffe, he callyd to him a frenchman, whiche was a very trusty companyon to hym in hys iornay. And commaundyd all to auoyd the place, and make sylence, & pryuyly dyd betake to hym thys mylke, upon this condycy, that if it chacyd to come home saffe & sownde he wuld offre that precyous tresure to our ladyes aultre in Paryse, whiche standythe in the myddys of the ryuere Sequana, whiche dothe apere to separat hymselfe to honor and obaye our blessyd lady. But to make short tale. Wyllyam is deade, & || C iij.|| buried, the Frenchman mayd hym redy to departe upon hys iornay, & sodely fell seke also. And he in great dyspayre of amendynge, dyd commyth ye mylke to an Englishma, but nat without great instance, and moche prayer he dyd that whiche he was mouyd to doo. Than dyed he. And ye other dyd take the mylke, and put it upon an aultre of ye same place the Chanones beyng present, whiche were yt as we call Regulares. They be yet in the abbaye of saynt Genofeffe. But ye Englishma obtaynyd the halffe of that mylke, & caryed it to Walsynga in England, the holy ghost put suche in hys mynde. *Me.* By my trothe this is a godly tale. *Ogy.* But lest there shuld be any doubte of this mater, ye Byshopes whiche dyd grante pardon to it thayre names be wryten there, as thay came to vusyte it, nat without thayre offerynges, and thay haue || gyuen to it remyssyon, as moche as thay had to gyue by thayre autorite. *Me.* How moche is that? *Ogy.* Fowrty dayes. *Mene.* Yee is there dayes in hell. *Ogy.* Trewly ther is tyme. Ye but whan thay haue gratyd all thayre stynte, thay haue no more to grante. *Ogy.* That is nat so for whan one parte is gone another dothe encrease, and it chansythe dyuersly euyn as the tonne of Canaidus. For that althoghe it be incontynently fyllyd, yet it is alway emptye: and if thou be takynge owt of it, yet there is neuer the lesse in the barell. *Me.* If thay grate to an hunderithe thowsand me fowrty dayes of pardone, wuld euery man haue elyke? *Ogy.* No doubte of



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that. *Me.* And if any haue forty byfore dynar, may he axe other forty at after souper, is there any thyng left than to gyue him? *Ogy.* Ye, & if thou aske it ten tymes in one howre. *Me.* I wold || C iij.|| to God that I had suche a pardon bagge, I wold aske but .iij. grotes, and if thay wold flowe so faste. *Ogy.* Ye but you desyre to be to ryche, if that you myght for wyshynge, but I wyl turne to my tale, but there was some good holy man whiche dyd gyue this argumente of holynes to that mylke, and sayd that our Ladyes mylke whiche is in many other places, is precyous & to be worshipyd but thys is moche more precyous, & to be honoryd, bycause the other was shauen of stones, but this is the same that came out of the virgynes brest. *Me.* How kno you that? *Ogy.* The mayd of Costantynople, which dyd gyue it, dyd saye so. *Me.* Perauenture saynt Barnard dyd gyue it to her. *Ogy.* So I suppose. For wha he was an old man, yet he was so happy that he sukkyd of ye same mylke, that Iesus hymselffe sukkyd apon. *Me.* But I maruayle why he was || rather callyd a hony sukker than a mylke sukker. But how is it callyd oure ladyes mylke that came neuer owt of her breste? *Ogy.* Yes it came owt at her breste, but perauenture it light apon the stone that he whiche sukkyd knelyd apon, and ther was receuyd, and so is encreasyd, & by ye wyll of god is so multyplyed. *Me.* It is wel sayd. *Ogy.* Whan we had sene all thys, whyle that we were walkynge vpe & downe, if that any thyng of valure were offeryd, so that anybody were present to see thaim ye Sextens mayd great haste for feare of crafty couayece, lokinge apo thaim as thay wold eate thaim. Thay poynte at hym with there fynger, thay runne, thay goo, thay come, thay bekke one to an other, as tho thay wold speake to thaim that stand by if thay durste haue be bold. *Mene.* Were you afrayd of nothyng there? *Ogy.* Yis I dyd loke || C v.|| apo hym, lawghynge as who shold saye I wold moue him to speake to me, at laste he cam to me, and axid me what was my name, I told him. He axid me if yt were nat I that dyd hange vpe there a table of my vowe writen in Hebrew, within .ij. yere before. I confessid that it was ye same. *Me.* Ca you wryte hebrewe? *Ogygy.* No but all that thay canat vnderstond, thay suppose to be Hebrewe. And than (I suppose he was send for) came the posterior pryor. *Me.* What name of worshipe is that? Haue thay nat an abbate? *Ogy.* No *Me.* Why so? *Ogy.* For thay cannat speake Hebrew. *Me.* Haue thay nat a Bishope? *Ogy.* No. *Me.* What is ye cause? *Ogy.* For oure lady is nat as yet so ryche, that she is able to bye a crosse, & a mytre, whiche be so deare, *Me.* Yet at least haue thay nat a presedente? *Ogy.* No veryly. What lettythe thaim? *Ogy.* That is a name || of dygnyte and nat of relygyo. And also for that cause suche abbayes of Chanones, doo nat receyue the name of an abbate, thay doo call thaim



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maysters? *Me.* Ye, but I neuer hard tell of pryor posterior before. *Ogy.* Dyd you neuer learne youre gramere before. *Me.* Yis I know prior posterior amogst the fygures. *Ogy.* That same is it. It is he that is nexte to the prioure, for there priour is posterior. *Me.* You speake upon the supprioure. *Ogy.* That same dyd entertayne me very gently, he told me what greate labure had be abowt ye readynge of thos verses, & how many dyd rubbe thair spectakles abowt thaym. As oft as any old ancyent doctor other of deuynyte or of the lawe, resorted thyder, by and by he was broght to that table, some sayd that thay were lettres of Arabia, some sayd thay were faynyd lettres. Well || at the last came one that redde the tyle, it was wryten in laten with greate Romayne lettres, ye Greke was wryten with capytale lettres of Greke, whiche at the fyrst syght do apere to be capytale late lettres, at thair desyer I dyd expownde ye verses in laten, traslatynge thaym word for word. But wha thay wold haue gyuyne me for my labour, I refusyd it, seyng that ther was nothyng so hard that I wold not doo for our blessyd ladyes sake, ye thogh she wold commaud me to bere this table to Hierusale. *Me.* What nede you to be her caryoure, seyng that she hathe so many angelles bothe at her hedde and at her fette. *Ogy.* Than he pullid owte of hys purse a pece of wodde, that was cutt owte of the blokke that our ladye lenyd upon. I perceuyd by and by thorow the smell of it, that it was a holy thyng. Than whan I sawe so || greate a relyque, putt of my cappe, and fel down flatte, & very deuoutly kyssyd it .iij. or .iiii. tymes, poppyd it in my pursse. *Me.* I pray you may a man see it? *Ogy.* I gyue you good leue. But if you be nat fastynge, or if you accompanied with yowre wyffe the nyght before, I conceyle you nat to loke upon it. *Me.* O blessed arte thou that euer thou gotte this relyque. *Ogy.* I may tell you in councell, I wold nat gyue thys litle pece for all ye gold that Tagus hathe, I wyll sett it in gold, but so that it shall apere thorow a crystall stone. And than the Supprioure wha he sawe that I dyd take the relyque so honorably, he thought it shuld nat be lost, in case he shuld shew me greater mysteries, he dyd aske me whether I hadde euer sene our ladyes secretes, but at that word I was astonyed, yet I durst nat be so bold as to demande what thos || secretes were. For in so holy thynges to speake a mysse is no small danger. I sayd that I dyd neuer se thaym but I sayd that I wold be very glade to see thaym. But now I was broght in, and as I had be inspired with the holy ghost, than thay lyghted a couple of taperes, & set forthe a litle ymage, nat couryously wroght, nor yet very gorgeous, but of a meruelous virtue. *Me.* That litle body hathe smale powre to worke myrakles. I saw saynt Christopher at Parise, nat a carte lode, but as moche as a greate hylle, yet he neuer dyd myrakles as farre as euer I



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herd telle. *Ogy.* At our ladyes fette there is a precyous stone, whos name as it is nother in Greke nor Laten. The Frenchema gaue it the name of a tode, bycause it is so like, that no man (althoghe he be conyng) can set it forthe more lyuely. But so moche greater is || the myrakle, that the stone is litle, the fourme of the tode dothe nat apere, but it shynythe as it were enclosyd within that precyous stone. *Me.* Perauenture they ymagyne ye symylytude of a tode to be there, euyn as we suppose whan we cutte ye fearne stalke there to be an egle, and euyn as chyldren (whiche they see nat indede) in ye clowdes, thynke they see dragones spyttyng fyre, & hylles flammyng with fyre, & armyd me encownteryng. *Ogy.* No, I wold you shuld know it, there is no lyuyng tode that more euydetly dothe expresse hymselffe than it dyd there playnly apere. *Me.* Hetherto I haue sufferyd thy lyes, but now get the another that wyll beleue the, thy tale of a tode. *Ogy.* No maruayle Menedemus thogh you be so disposyd, for all the world cannot make me to beleue yt, not & all doctoures of dyuynyte wold swere || it were trewe. But that I sawe it with myne eyes, ye with thes same eyes, dyd I proue it. But in ye meanseson me thynke you regard naturall phylosophye but litle. *Me.* why so, because I wyll nat beleue ye asses flye? *Ogy.* An do you nat se, how nature the worker of all thynges, dothe so excell in expressyng ye fourme bewty, & coloure of thaim maruylously in other thynges, but pryncypaly in precyous stones? moreouer she hathe gyuen to ye same stones wonderouse vertu and strekthe that is almost incredyble, but that experience dothe otherwyse testyfy. Tell me, do you beleue that a Adamand stone wold drawe vnto him stele without any towchyng therof, and also to be separate from him ayen of hys owne accorde, excepte that yow had sene it with yowre eyes. *Me.* No verely, nat and if .x. Arystoteles wold perswade me || to the contrarye. *Ogy.* Therefore bycause you shuld nat say thys were a lye, in case you here any thyng, whiche you haue not sene prouyd. In a stone callyd Ceraunia we see ye fashion of lightnyng, in the stone Pyropo wyldfyre, Chelazia dothe expresse bothe the coldnes and the fourme of hayle, and thoghe thou cast in to the hote fyre, an Emrode, wyll expresse the clere water of the seye. Carcinas dothe counterfayte ye shape of a crabfische. Echites of the serpente vyper. But to what purpose shuld I entreat, or inuestygate the nature of suche thynges whiche be innumerable, wha there is no parte of nature nor in the elementes, nother in any lyuyng creature, other in planetes, or herbes ye nature euyn as it were all of pleasure hathe not expressyd in precyous stones? Doo yow maruayle tha that in thys stone at owre ladies fote, || D.|| is the fourme and fashion of a tode. *Me.* I maruayle that nature shuld haue so moche lesure, so to counterfayt the nature of althynges. *Ogy.* It was but to exercyse, or occupye the curyosytye



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of mannes wytte, and so at the lest wyse to kepe vs frome ydlenes, and yet as thoghe we had nothyng to passe ye tyme with all, we be in a maner made upon foles, upon dyesse, and crafty iogeleres. *Me.* You saye very truthe. *Ogy.* There be many men of no smale grauyte, that wyll say thys kynd of stones, if that you put it in vynagre, it wyll swyme, thoge you wold thruste it downe with violence. *Me.* Wherefore do thay sette a tode byfore our lady? *Ogy.* Bycause she hath overcome, trode vnderfote, abolyshyd all maner of vnclennes, poyso, pryde, couytousnes, and all wordly affectyones that raygne in man. *Me.* Woo be to vs, that hath so many todes in owre hartes. || *Ogygy.* We shal be purgyd frome thaym all, if we dilygetly worshipe owre lady. *Me.* How wold she be worshipyd. *Ogy.* The most acceptable honor, that thou canste doo to her is to folowe her lyuynge. *Me.* You haue told all at ones. But this is hard to brynge to pass. *Ogy.* You saye truthe, but it is an excellent thyng. *Me.* But go to, and tell on as you begane. *Ogy.* After thys to come to owre purpose, the Supprioure shewyed to me ymages of gold and syluer, and sayd, thes be pure gold, and thes be syluer and gyltyd, he told the pryce of euery one of thaym, and the patrone. Whan I wonderyd, reioycynge of so maruelous ryches, as was about our lady, than saythe the Sexte bycause I percaue, that you be so vertuously affecte, I suppose it greate wronge, to hyde any thyng frome you, but now you shall see the pryuytes || D ij.|| of our lady, and than he pullyd owt of the aultre a whole world of maruayles, if I shuld tell you of all, a whole daye wold nat suffyse, & so thys pylgremage chansyd to me most happy. I was fyllyd euyn full withe goodly syghts, and I brynge also with me this wonderous relyque, whiche was a toke gyuen to me froe our lady. *Me.* Haue you nat it prouyd, what valewre your woden relyque is on? *Ogy.* Yis, that I haue, in a certayne Inne within thys thre dayes, ther I fownde a certayne man that was bestraght of hys wytte, whiche shuld haue be bownde, but thys woden relyque was put vnder hys nekke pryuyly, wherapon he gad a sadde and sownd sleape, but in the mornynge he was hole and sownde as euer he was before. *Me.* It was nat the phrenysy, but the dronke dropsye, sleape ys wontyd to be a good medycyne for ye dysease. || *Ogy.* Wha you be dysposyd to skoffe Menedemus, yt ys best that you gette a nother maner of gestynge stokke than thys, for I tell you it is nother good nor holsome, to bowrde so with sayntes. For thys same ma dyd say, that a woman dyd apere to hym, in hys sleape, after a maruelouse fashion, which shold gyue hym a cuppe to drynke upon. *Mene.* I suppose it was *Elleboru.* [Elleborum wyll restore a man to hys senses that hath lost the.] *Ogy.* That is vncertayne, but I kno well ye ma was well brought into hys mynde ayen. *Me.* Dyd you other come or goo by Sante Thomas of Cantorbury that good



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archebishope. *Ogy.* What els/there ys no pylgremage more holy. *Me.* I wold fayne here of yt, and I shold nat trouble you. *Ogy.* I pray you here, & take good hedde. Kente ys callyd that parte of England, that buttythe apon Frauce and Flanders, the cheffe cytye there of ys Cantorburye, in yt there be ij. || D iij.|| Abbayes, bothe of thaym be of Saynte Benedyct's ordre, but that which ys callyd Saynte Augustyn's dothe apere to be the oldre, that whiche ys callyd now Saynte Thomas dothe apere to haue be the Archebyshope of Cantorbury's see, where as he was wontyd to lyue with a sorte of monkes electe for hymselffe, as Byshopes now adayes be wontyd to haue thayr howses nye vnto the church, but aparte frome other canons howses. In tymes paste bothe Byshopes & Chanones were wontyde to be monkes, as may be playnly prouyd by many argumentes. The church which ys dedycate to Saynte Thomas, dothe streche vpe apon heght so gorgeously, that it wyll moue pylgrymes to deuocion a ferre of, and also withe hys bryghtnes and shynynge he dothe lyght hys neybures, & the old place whiche was wontyd to be most holy, || now in respecte of it, is but a darke hole and a lytle cotage. There be a couple of great hye toures, which doo seme to salute strangeres a ferre of, and thay dow fyll all the contray about bothe farre and nere, with the sownde of great belles, in the fronte of the temple, whiche is apo the southe syde, there stand grauen in a stone thre armyd men, whiche with thayr cruell handes dyd sleye the most holy saynte Thomas, and there is wryten thayr surnames Tracy, Breton, and Beryston. *Me.* I pray you wharfore doo thay suffer thos wykyd knyghtes be so had in honoure. *Ogy.* Euyne suche honor is gyuen to thaym as was gyue to Iudas, Pylate, and Caiphaz, & to the compayny of the wykyd sowdyeres, as you may se payntyd in the tables that be sett before aultres. Thayr surnames be putto lest any man hereafter shuld vsurpe any || D iij.|| cause of thayr prayse. Thay be payntyd byfore mennes eyes, bycause that no cowrtier after thys shuld laye violet handes other apo Byshopes, or the church goodes. For thes thre of this garde strayght apon that wykyd acte, wente starke madde, nor thay had neuer had thayr mynde ayen, but that thay prayd to blessyd saynt Thomas. *Me.* O blessyd pacyence of suche martyres. *Ogy.* At our entre in, lord what a pryncely place dyd apere vnto vs, where as euery ma that wyll may goo in. *Me.* Is there no maruayle to be sene. *Ogy.* Nothyng but the greate wydnes of the place, and a sorte of bokes, that be bownde to pyleres wherein is the gospels of Nicodemus, and I cannat tell whos sepulchre. *Me.* What than? *Ogy.* Thay do so dilygetly watche lest any ma shulde entre in to the quere of yron, that thay wyll skarsly suffre a man || to loke apon it, whiche is betwyxte the greate church & the hye quere (as thay calle it) a man that wyll go thither must clyme vp many stayres byfore, vndre the whiche



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there is a certayne wyktyt with a barre that openythe the dore apou the northe syde. There standythe forthe a certayne aultre whiche is dedycate to our lady, it is but a lytle one, and I suppose set there for no other purpose, but to be a olde monumet or sygne, that in thos dayes there was no greate superfluyte. There thay saye that thys blessyd martyr sayd his last good nyght to our lady, wha he shuld departe hensse. In ye aultre is the poynte of the sword that styryd abowt the braynes of thys blessyd martyr. And there lye his braynes shed apou the yerthe, whereby you may well knowe yt he was nere deade. But the holly ruste of thys grat I deuoutly kyssed for loue of ye || D v.|| blessyd martyr. From thens we wet vndre the crowdes, whiche is nat withowt hys chaplaynes, & there we sawe the brayne panne of that holy martyr whiche was thraste quyte thorow, all the other was coueryd with syluer, the ouerparte of the brayne panne was bare to be kyssyd, and there with all is seth forthe a certayn leden table hauynge grauyd in hym a tytyle of saynte Thomas of Acrese. There hange also the sherte of heyre, & hys gyrdle with hys heren breches where with that noble champyo chastnyd hys body, thay be horryble to loke apou, and greatly reproue oure delycate gorgeousnes. *Me.* Ye peraueture so thay do the mokes slotefulnes. *Ogy.* As for that mater I canat affyrme nor yet denye, nor yet it is no poynte of my charge. *Me.* Ye saye truthe. *Ogy.* Frome thens we returnyd in to the quere, & apou || ye northe syde be ye relyques shewyd, a wonderouse thyng to se, what a sort of bones be broght forthe, skulles, iawes, thethe, handes, fynGRES, hole armes, wha we had worshipyd thaym all, we kyssyd thaym, that I thoght we shuld neuer haue mayd an ende, but that my pylgremage felow whiche was an vnmete companyon for suche a busynes, prayd thaym to make an end of sethyng forthe thayre relyques. *Me.* What felowe was that? *Ogy.* He was an Englyshma callyd Gratiane colte a man bothe vertuose and well learnyd, but he had lesse affectyon toward pylgremages than I wold that he shuld haue. *Me.* One of Wyclyffes scoleres I warrante you? *Ogy.* I thynke nat, althoghe he had redde hys bokes, how he came by thaym I canat tell. *Me.* He dysplesyd mayster Sexte greuosly. *Ogy.* Tha was there broght forthe || an arme whiche had yet the redde fleshe apou it, he abhorryd to kysse it, a man myght se by hys countenance that he was nothyng well pleasyd, & than by and by mayster Sexten put vp hys relyques. But than we lokyd apo the table whiche was apo the aultre, and all hys gorgeousnes, aftrewarde thos thyngs that were hydde vnder the aultre. ther was nothyng but riches excedynge, a man wold accompte both Midas and Cresus beggers in respecte of thos riches that ther was sett abrode. *Me.* Was ther no more kyssynge the? *Ogy.* No, but an other affection and desyre came apo me. *Me.* What was that? *Ogy.* I syghed that



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I had no suche relyques at home. *Me.* Oh a wycked desyre & an euyl thought *Ogy.* I graunt, and therefore I axyd, forgyfnes of saynt Thomas before I remouyd one fote, to departe out of the church. After || thes thus we were brought in to ye reuestry, o good lorde what a goodly syght was ther of vestmetes of veluet & clothe of golde, what a some of candlestykes of gold? We sawe ther saynt Thomas crosse staffe, ther was see also a rede ouerlayed with syluer, it was but of a smalle wyght, vnwrought, nor no longer then wold retch vnto a mans mydgle. *Me.* Was ther no crosse? *Ogy.* I sawe none at all, ther was shewed vs a robe of sylke treuly, but sowed with cowrse threde, garnysshyd with nother gold nor stone. Ther was also a napkyn full of swette blody, wher with saynt Thomas wpyyd bothe hys nose and hys face, these thynges as monumetes of auncyent sobernes we kyssed gladely. *Me.* Be not these thynges showed to euery body? *Ogy.* No for sothe good syr. *Me.* How happened it that you were in so good credens, that no || secret thynges were hyd frome you? *Ogy.* I was well acqyntede with the reuerende father Gwylyame warham the archbyshope. He wrote .ij. or .iij. wordes in my fauour. *Me.* I here of many that he is a ma of syngler humanite. *Ogy.* But rather thou woldest call hym humanite it selfe if thou dydest well know hym. For ther is in hym soche lernynge, so vertuouse lyffe, soche purenes of maneres, that a ma cowld wyshe no gyfte of a parfayte Byshope in him, that he hathe nat. Frome thens afterward we were ladde to greater thynges. For behynde the hyghe aultre, we ascedyd as it were in to a nother new church, ther was shewed vs in a chapell the face of the blessed man ouergylted and with many precyous stones goodly garnysshed. A soden chaunce here had almost marred the matter and put vs out of conceyte. *Me.* I tary || to knowe what euyl chaunce yow wyll speke of. *Ogy.* Here my companyo Gratia gote hym lytle fauoure, for he, after we had mad an ende of praynge, inqyred of hym that sate by the hede, herke, he seyde, good father, is it true that I here, that saynt Thomas whyl he it lyued was mercyfull toward ye poer people? That is very true saythe he, and he bega to tell greatly of his liberalyte and compassyon that he shewede to the poer and nedy. Then sayd Gratia: I thynke that affection and good mynd in him not to be chaungyde, but that it is now moche better. Unto this graunted ye keper of the hede, agayn sayd he, then in as moche as thys holy man was so gratyouse vnto ye poer, whan he was yet poer, & he hym selfe had nede of monay for ye necessarys of hys body, thynke ye nat that he wold be contet, now that he is so ryche, and also nedethe || nothyng, that if a poer woma hauynge at home chylderne lakyng mete and drynke, or els doughters beyng in danger to lose ther virginite, for defaute of ther substaunce to mary them with, or hauynge her husbände sore syke, and destitute of all helpe, in



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case she askyd lycens, & pryuyly stole away a small porcyon of so greate riches, to sukkre her howshold, as and if the shold haue it of one that wold other leane, or gyue it to herre? And whan he wold nat answeere that keyyd the golden hedde, Gracyane, as he is som what hasty, I, saythe he, doo suppose playnly, that this holy man wold be gladde, yf that she, now beyng deade, myght sustayne the necestiye of pore people. But there mayster parson begone to frowne, & byte hys lyppe, with hys holowe eyes lyke to *Gorgone* [A moster that hath snakes for heares apon her hedde.] ye monstre to luke apo vs. I doo not dowbte he wold haue || cast vs out of the temple, and spytte apo vs, but that he dyd knowe that we were comendyd of the archebsyhope. But I dyd somewhat myttygate the manes ire, with my fayre wordes, saynge that Gratiane dyd nat speake as he thoghte, but that he gestyd as he was wontyd to doo, and stoppyd hys mouthe with a fewe pens. *Mene*. Treuly I do greatly alow your goodly fashion, but oftentymes earnestly I cosyder, by what meaynes they may be acopted without faute & blame, that bestow so moche substance in buyldyng churchys, in garnysshynge, and enrychyng them without all mesure. I thynke as touchyng the holy vestmentes, & the syluer plate of the temple ther ought to be gyuyn, to the solempne seruys, hys dygnyte and comlynes, I wyll also that the buyldyng of the churche shall haue hys maiesty decent and || E.|| conuenient. But to what purpose seruyth so many holy water pottes, so many cadlestyckes, so many ymages of gold. What nede there so many payre of organes (as thay call them) so costely & chargeable? For one payre can not serue vs: what profyteth ye musicall cryng out in the temples that is so derely bought and payed for, whan in the meaneseson our brothers and systers the lyuely temples of Christe liynge by the walles/dye for hungre & colde. *Ogy*. Ther is no vertuose or wyse man, that wold nat desyre a meane to be hadde in thes thynges. But in as moche as thys euyl is growen and spronge vp of superstityon beyond mesure, yet may it better be sufferde, specially when we consyder on the other syde the euyll conscience and behayor of them that robb the churches of what so euer iuellys ther may be so founde, thes || ryches were gyuen in a maner great men, & of pryncys, the whiche they wold haue bestowede vpon a worse vse, that is to say other at the dyce or in the warres. And if a man take any thyng from thense. Fyrst of all it is taken sacrylege, then they hold ther handes that were accustomed to gyfe, besyde that morouer they be allured & mouyde to robbynge & vaynyng. Therefore thes mene be rather the kepers of thys treasures the lordes. And to speake a worde for all, me thynket it is a better syght to beholde a temple rychely adourned, as ther be some with bare wolles, fylthy and euyl faourde, more mete for stables to put horses then churches for Chrysten people. *Me*. Yet we rede that Byshopes in tymes paste were praysede and comended



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bycause they solde the holy vesseles of theyr churches, and with that money helped and releued the || E ij.|| nedy and poure people. *Ogy.* Thay be praysede also now in our tyme, but thay be praysede onely, to folow ther doynge (I suppose) thay may not, nor be any thyng dysposede. *Me.* I interrupte and lett yowr comunycatyon. I loke now for the coclusion of ye tale. *Ogy.* Gyffe audyence, I wyll make an ende shortly. In the meane seson comyth forthe he that is the cheffe of them all. *Me.* Who is he? the abbot of the place? *Ogy.* He werythe a mytre, he may spend so moche as an abbot, he wated nothyng but ye name, and he is called prior for this cause tharchebyshope is take in the abbotes sted. For in old tyme who so euer was archbyshope of ye dyocese, the same was also a monke. *Me.* In good faythe I wold be content to be namyde a Camelle, if I myght spende yerely the rentes and reuennes of an abbot. *Ogy.* Me semede he was a || man bothe vertuous and wyse, and not vnlearnede Duns diuinite. He opened the shryne to vs in whiche ye holle body of the holy ma, thay say, dothe rest and remayne. *Me.* Dydste thou see hys bones. *Ogy.* That is not conuenient, nor we cowlde not come to it, except we sett vp laders, but a shryne of wod couerede a shryne of gold, when that is drawne vp with cordes, tha apperith treasure and riches inestimable. *Me.* What do I here? the vilest part and worst was golde, all thynges dyd shyne, florishe, and as it were with lyghtnyng appered with precyouse stones and those many and of great multitude: some were greater than a gowse egge. Dyuerse of ye monks stode ther aboute with greate reuerence, the couer takyn a way, all we kneled downe and worshyped. The pryor with a whyte rodde showed vs euery stone, addyng therto the || E iij.|| frenche name, the value, & the autor of the gyfte, for the cheffe stonys were sent thither by great prynces. *Me.* He ought to be a man of an excedyng witt & memory. *Ogy.* You gesse well, how beit exercyse & vse helpeth moche, for euyn the same he dothe oftentymes. He brought vs agayne in to the crowdes. Our lady hathe ther an habitacyon, but somewhat darke, closed rownde aboute with double yren grats. *Me.* What feared she? *Ogy.* Nothinge I trow, except theues. For I saw neuer any thing more laden with riches synse I was borne of my mother. *Me.* You show vnto me blinde ryches. *Ogy.* Whe they brought vs candells we saw a sight passyng ye ryches of any kynge. *Me.* Dothe it excede our lady of walsynga? *Ogy.* To loke vpo this, is richer, the secret tresure she knoweth her selfe, but this is not shewed, but to great || men, or to specyall frendes. At the last we were brought agayne in to the reuettry, there was taken out a cofer couered with blacke lether, it was sett downe apou the table, it was sett open, by and by euery body kneled downe and worshipyd. *Me.* What was in it? *Ogy.* Certayne torne ragges



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of lynnene clothe, many hauynge yet remaynyng in them the token of the fylthe of the holy mannes nose. With these (as they say) saynt Thomas dyd wype a way the swett of hys face or hys neke, ye fylthe of hys nose, or other lyke fylthynes with whiche mannes body dothe abownde. Then my companyon Gratian, yet ones agayn, got hym but smalle fauour. Unto hym an Englyshe man and of famylyare acquayntenance and besyde that, a man of no smalle authorite, the Prior gaff gentylly one of the lynne ragges, thynkyng to haue gyuen || E iij.|| a gyfte very acceptable & pleasaunt, But Gratian there with lyttle plea sede and content, not with out an euydent syng of dyspleasure, toke one of them betwene hys fyngers, and dysdaynyngly layd it down agayne, made a mocke and a mow at it, after the maner of puppettes, for thys was hys maner, if any thing lykede hym not, that he thought worthy to be despysede. Wher at I was bothe ashamed and wonderously afrayed. Not withstondyng the Prior as he is a man not at all dull wytted, dyd dyssemble the matter, & after he had caused vs drinke a cuppe of wyne, gentylly he let vs departe. When we came agayne to London. *Me.* What shuld ye do at Londo: seyng ye were not farre from the see cost, to seale in to yowr cuntre? *Ogy.* It is true. But that see cost I refused and gladely dyd fle from it, as from a place that is || noted and more euyl spoken of it, for robberyng, stelyng, and vntrue dealyng, then is of dangerouse ioperdy in the see, be that hyll Malea wher many shypes be drowned & vtterly destroyed for euer. I wyll tell the what I dyd se the last passage, at my commynge ouer. We were many caryed in a bote frome Calys shore to go to the shyppe. Amongest vs all was a pour yoge ma of Frauce, and barely appayrelled. Of hym he demauuded halfe a grote. For so moche thay dow take and exacte of euery one for so smalle a way rowyng. He allegede pouerty, then for ther pastyme thay searched hym, plucked of his shoes, and betwene the shoo and the soule, thay fownde .x. or .xij. grotes, thay toke the from hym laughyng at the mater: mockyng and scornynge the poer & myserable Frenchman. *Me.* What dyd ye fellow than? *Ogy.* What thyng dyd || E v.|| he? He wept. *Me.* Whether dyd they thys by any authoryte? *Ogy.* Suerly by the same authoryte that thay steyle and pycke straungers males and bowgettes, by the whiche they take a way mennes pursys, if they se tyme and place conuenient. *Me.* I meruayll that they dare be so bold to doo soch a dede, so many lokyng vpon them. *Ogy.* They be so accustomed, that they thynk it well done. Many that were in the shyp lokede owt and sawe it also, in the bote were dyuerse Englyshe marchauntes, whiche grudged agaynst it, but all in vayne. The boteme as it had ben a tryflyng mater reiosed and were glade that they had so taken and handelyd the myserable Frenchman. *Me.* I wold play and sporte with these see theues, & hange them vpon the gallowes. *Ogy.* Yet of such both



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the shores swarme full. Here tell me, I pray the. What || wyll great me do, whe theues take vpo them to enterpryse soch masteryes. Therefore, herafter I had leuer go fourty myllys aboute, the to go that way, thoffe it be moche shorter. Morouer euy n as ye goynge downe to hell, is easy and leyght, but ye comynge frome thens of greate dyffyculty, so to take shypynge of this syde the see, is not very easy, and the landynge very hard & dangeroufe. Ther was at London dyuerse maryners of Antwerpe, with them I purposed to take the see. *Me.* Hathe that cutre so holy maryners? *Ogy.* As an ape is euer an ape, I graute, so is a maryner euer a maryner: yet if thou compare them vnto these, ye lyfe by robberyng, and pyllyng and pollyng, they be angelles. *Me.* I will remembre thy saynge, if at any tyme I be dysposed to go and se Englade. But come agayne in to ye waye, frome whens I broght the || E vi.|| owt. *Ogy.* Then as we whent toward London not farre from Canterbury, we came in to a great hollow and strayt way, morouer bowyng so downe, with hyllys of eyther syde, that a man can not escape, nor it cannot be auoyed, but he must nedes ryde that way. Upo the lefte hand of the way, ther is an almes howse for olde people, frome them runnyth on owt, as sone as they here a horseman commynge, he casteth holy water vpon hym, and anone he offereth hym the ouerlether of a shoo bownde abowte with an yerne whope, wherin is a glasse lyke a precyouse stone, they that kysse it gyf a pece of monay. *Me.* In soche a way I had leuer haue an almes howse of olde folkes, then a company of stronge theues. *Ogy.* Gratian rode vpon my lefte hande nerer the almes howse, he caste holy water vpon hym, he toke it in worthe so so, || when the shoo was proferred hym, he asked what he ment by it, saythe he, it is saynt Thomas shoo. There at he turned and was very angry, & turned toward me: what (saythe he) meane these bestes, that wold haue vs kysse ye shoes of euery good man? Why doo they not lyke wyse gyue vs to kysse the spottel, & other fylthe & dyrt of the body? I was sory for the old ma, & gaue hym a pece of money to coforthe hym with all. *Me.* In myn opynyo Gratian was not all together angry with owt a good cause. If shoes and slyppers were kept for a toke of sobre lyuyng, I wold not be moch dyscontent ther with, but me thynks it is a shame full fashyon for shoes, slyppers, and breches to be offered to kysse to any man. If some wold do it by there owne fre wyll, of a certene affectyo of holynes, I thynke they were whorthy of pardon. *Ogy.* It were || better not to thes thynges, if I may say as I thynke, yet owt of thes thynges that cannat forthwith be amended, it is my maner if ther be any goodnes thereyn, to take it out, and apply it to the best. In ye meanseson that contemplacyo and light delited my mynde, that a good ma is lykened to a shepe, an euyll man to a benemouse best. The serpent after she is dede, ca styng no more,



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not withstondyng with her euyll sauour and poyson she infecteth and corruptyth other. The shepe as loge as she is a lyue norryseth with her mylke, clothet with her wolle, makyth riche with her lambes, when she is deade she gyueth vs good and profytable lether, and all her body is good meat. Euen so, cruell men, gyuen all to the world, so longe as they lyue be vnprofitable to all me, when they be deade, what with ryngyng of bellys, and pompyouse || funeralles they greue them that be on lyue, and often tymes vexe ther successours with new exactyones. Good men of the other syde at all assais be profytable to all men, and hurtfull to noo man. As thys holy man, whyle he was yet alyue, by hys good example, hys doctryne, his goodly exhortatyons prouokyd vs to vertuose lyuynge, he dyd cofort the coforthlesse, he helped ye poure, ye and now that he is deade, he is in a maner more profytable. He hathe buylded thys costly & gorgeouse churche, he hath caused greate authoritye thorough out all Englande vnto the ordre and presthode. At ye last, thys pece of the show dothe susteyne a company of poure people. *Me.* Thys is of my faythe a godely cotemplacyo, but I maruayll greatly, seyng you ar thus mynded, that ye neuer dyd vysyte saynt Patryckes purgatory in Yerlande, of the || whiche the comyn people boost many wonderouse thynges, whiche seme to me not lyke to be true. *Ogy.* Of a suerty ther is not so meruelouse talkynge of it here, but the thyng it selffe doth fare excede. *Me.* Hast thou bene ther than, & gonne thorow saynt Patryckes purgatory? *Ogy.* I haue saylede ouer a ryuer ot hell, I went downe vnto the gates of hell, I saw what was doe ther. *Me.* Thou dost me a greate pleasure, if thou wyll wotsaue to tell me. *Ogy.* Lett this be the prohemy or begynnynge of owr comunycatyon, longe enough as I suppose. I wyll gett me home, & cause my souper to be made redy, for I am yet vndynede. *Me.* Why haue you not yet dyned? is it bycause of holynes? *Ogy.* Noo of a truthe, but it is bycause of enuy and euyll will. *Me.* Owe ye euyll wyll to yowr bely? *Ogy.* No, but to the couetyse || tauerners euer catchynge and snatchynge the whiche when they wyll not sett afore a man that is mete & conuenyent, yet they are not afearde to take of straugers that, whiche is bothe vnright and agaynst good consciens. Of thys fashyo I am acustomed to be auengede vpon the. If I thynke to fare well at souper other with myne acquayntauns, or with some host som what an honest man, at dyner tyme I am sycke in my stomacke, but if I chaunce to fare after myne appetyte at dyner, before souper also I begynne to be well at ease in my stomacke. *Me.* Wre ye not ashamede to be taken for a couetouse fellow & a nygerde? *Ogy.* Menedeme they that make cost of shame in soche thynges, beleue me, bestow theyr money euyll. I haue lerned to kepe my shame for other purposys. *Me.* Now I longe for the rest of yowr comunycacyon, || wherfore loke to haue me



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yowr geste at souper, where ye shall tell it more conuenyently. *Ogy.* For sothe I thanke you, that ye offere yowr selfe to be my gest vndesyred, when many hertely prayed refuse it, but I wyll gyue yow double thanks, if ye wyll soupe to day at home. For I must passe that tyme in doynge my dewty to my howsehold. But I haue counsell to eyther of vs moche more profytable. To morrow vnto me and my wyfe, prepare our dyner at yowr howse, then and if it be to souper tyme, we will not leyue of talkynge, vntyll you say that ye are wery, and if ye wyll at souper also we wyll not forsake you. Why, claw you your hede? prepare for vs in good fayth we wyll come. *Me.* I had leuer haue no tales at all. Well go to, you shall haue a dyner, but vnsauery, except you spyce it with good & mery tales. *Ogy.* But here || you, are ye not mouyd and styrrede in your mynde, to take vpon yow these pylgremages? *Me.* Perauerture it wyll sett me a fyre, after ye haue told me the resydew, as I am now mynded, I haue enough to do with my statyons of Rome. *Ogy.* Of Rome, that dyd neuer see Rome?. *Me.* I wyll tell you, thus I go my statyons at home, I go in to the parler, and I se vnto the chast lyuyng of my daughters, agayne frome thense I go in to my shope, I beholde what my seruauntes, bothe men and women be doynge. Frome thense into the kytchyn, lokynge abowt, if ther nede any of my cownsell, frome thense hyther and thyther obseruyng howe my chylderne be occupied, what my wyffe dothe, beyng carefull that euery thyng be in ordre, these be statyons of Rome. *Ogy.* But these thynges saynt lames wold dow || for yow. *Mene.* That I shuld se vn-  
to these thynges holy scriptu-  
re commaundethe, that  
I shuld commyt the  
charge to sayntes  
I dyd rede yt  
neuer com-  
maun-  
ded.

God saue the kyng

FINIS.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Corrected Errors:

v = verso (back of page)

[+] iij. the pryuate iudgmegt of certayne  
was iudgmegt



[+] v. cosolacyo of his gracys faythfull and true comens  
was off is

[+] v. v prudently  
was prudently, but catchword has *prudently*

[+] vi. but also (to theyr greate laude and prayse)  
was prayse(

[+] vi. v  
Desiderius Erasmus  
was Dsiderius Erasmus

B  
Whan he lokythe to the West  
was te West

D iij. v  
to the company of the wykyd sowdyeres  
was compauy

D v.  
Frome thens we returnyd in to the quere  
was returuyd

E ij. v  
Me semede he was a man bothe vertuous and wyse  
word a printed only as catchword



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E viij.

I haue saylede ouer a ryuer to hell  
was ot

Additional Problems:

[+] iij.

to use theme as goddes

*u* printed for *v*

whervpon thes brotherhodes and systerhoodes

*v* printed for *u*

A Good morow Ogygyus. / Good morow to you Menedemus.

change of speaker not marked

C v.

Ogy. No veryly. What lettythe thaym? Ogy. That is  
a name of dygnyte and nat of relygyo.

change of speaker not marked

E ij. *v*

What do I here? the vilest part and worst was golde,  
change of speaker unclear