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### THE SCORN OF THE WORLD: A POEM IN THREE BOOKS

TRANSLATED BY HENRY PREBLE FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN OF BERNARD, A MONK OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY OF CLUNY, EDITED BY SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, D.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF CHURCH HISTORY IN NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

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#### BOOK III

A lost age, jealous of good character, has got the upper hand. They are nameless who try to live without sin. The golden age and kiss of peace have perished. It is now a really faithless, ill-smelling age. An ill-smelling age, I call it not filthy, but the incarnation of filth; reeking with filth, I call it not dead, but death itself.

O evil days! The faithless heart is made a theme of praise, that which is without fraud and innocent of sin is called stupid and dull. Fraud is in honor, is prominent in craft, and is master of craft; scarcely one man in four is found without cleverness in fraud. Fraud with frank face, fraud made up with double complexion, wears two cloaks, bears wickedness in its heart, honey on its tongue. It wears a double cloak, for it bears a sting within, a smile on the surface, a scorpion of inward guile and outward smiles.

Ah me! What am I at? I lament and shall continue to lament these times subject to lamentation, and shall continue to attack these sores shut off from healing. My flesh burns, and I am forced to bring out not any too nicely things partly full of madness, partly of nastiness, altogether of pestilence. Now passion boils, wrath rages, money rules, standards are abandoned, unity cleft in twain, order put to flight. Wantonness stands erect, reverence is dead, luxury floods the world, the worthy man needs, hypocrisy flourishes, error overflows. Money is to the fore, wealth holds sway, poverty serves, sluggishness blooms, pious grace weeps, honor mourns, the sacred law weeps, the chasuble is sold, Simon beloved, falsehood is judge, gold brandishes its club, the money-box threatens. Pride shines out, piety wanes, impiety gleams brightly; poverty topples, the rich man grows richer, the poor man poorer. Right is crucified, vengeance sought, arms flash; the specially righteous man is banished, the needy

man wails, wickedness smiles. Grace is dead, and shame defunct, order has perished. Order is abandoned, and the music of sin sounded upon the ten-stringed lyre.

The pious soul is scourged, the salutary one banished, that which is salutary goes to decay; looseness drives out right, pretense reality, cunning justice. To yield to sin and live basely is what brings gain now. Men rush into sin, the salutary is thrown away, and the honorable dries up. The school of crime flourishes, of order is dead; evil is the thing. The impious man is fêted, the pious man tormented and stoned. The brother bestows false kisses and real damage upon his friend. The sacred law is broken and justice made subject to injustice. An evil age is here, with sin, gluttony, fraud, while manliness is gone. The rich man stands erect, the poor man lies prostrate, alas! The wise man holds his peace, and the innocent man is tormented. Everyone is eager to get that which passes away, no one that which endures. None desires to look at the salutary and spiritual.

An envious race flourishes, gleaming of raiment, a race of darkness, for whom it counts as fine to hide one's own, to take what does not belong to one, to give nothing. It is as varied of heart as of raiment—variable, reprehensible, reprobate. Cold of heart, moreover, jealous, full of gall, it is quarrelsome, tyrannical, envious, and rebellious. The world inclines to all wickedness, and bristles with filth. Crime rears its horrid head, and virtue alone falls to the ground. Numberless, feeble, and unstable is the offspring of Eve. Speak, my pipe, take up the mournful tragedy—woe, woe!

A race that knows no restraint is going by a disastrous path to hell. All is lamentable, all is feeble under the sun. The word of God is silent, order dead, men delight in the die of fate. Every man is ashamed to be pious and strives for impiety. This man swears freely by that man's head, that man by his, and flippantly denies all that he drags out.<sup>22</sup>

The robber, ah me! raises his unshackled arms to heaven, swears anything to clear himself of crimes against the sacred law. He denies that the money has been intrusted to him, and plunges into crime to cover crime. The villain fears not to make away with money or even to touch sacred things. The man of guilty conscience flies swiftly, seizes the altar, denies that he has made away with what you thought intrusted in safety to him. He swears glibly by his own eyes, by the holy Godhead, by the Crucified, and impudently persists in it. Alas, the false man perjures himself lightly, and so wins short-lived gain, and no avenging thunder-

<sup>22</sup> The Latin is very obscure.—H. P.

bolt falls upon his guilty head. Nor does lameness seize his foot; favoring portents usually attend his steps. God prospers all things to the villain, and brings no disaster upon him.

Standing up to get your own, you also get a single combat, and see a double-headed Goliath rise up before you. The monster comes down upon you, and stops your tongue and hand. He wins, your fight is vain, your case and justice naught. You get a taste of both cold water and hot, he will put forth this also, he will not suffer such a serious charge to rest against him. All that he owes you is restored in words, nothing in fact. He holds on to what you are laying claim to, holds on to the money. I pass over the incantations and the visited thresholds of the soothsayers, the incantations or observations of the necromancers. O weighty wrong! A man thinks one's fate can be learned from a bird, and declares that an augur's omen can be got from the wing of a kite. The right wing directs us to rejoice, the left wing to mourn. A jackdaw meets one, he returns home; a heron, he goes on. A comet appears; he goes quickly back to his camp. All ignorant, he knows the fates, the birds and stars his book. So much for that; let my raft go on, my voice castigate the things that are evil, guilty, and dark.

The soul that knows fraud and the soul that knows it not have now the same lot. The bad man is good, and goodness is a burden, oh, road of blindness! The love of one's neighbor is dead, of God is dead, of the belly survives, and the utmost care is given to the body, none to the soul. The school of sin and the thirst of loin and palate flourish. Shame trembles at loss, and virtue obeys vice. A man without sin and strife and lust and wrath is rarer—and this is no lie—than a three-tongued ox. A goat with wings, a black swan, were sooner found, a three-headed sheep or two-headed horse will appear first. The just falls under the sin and ban of the unjust, right measure of excess, the upright of the reprobate, true order of the false. A race of Belial who seek their own without law or order; they are not the Lord's, and shame is far from them; they have fallen all together. There never was more wickedness, more sluggishness. He that seeks roses finds, alas, innumerable thistles. No one takes thought to pluck out all this wickedness, none devotes himself to sowing good seed and blasting sin. The man of sober life is a weight upon everybody, is an incumbrance like a dead man, like a corpse. There stands scarcely a man in line who does one bit of the law, reproving the wrong, doing even one jot of his duty. Terrible wounds are there, and not one arm, or almost none, uplifted to smite the evil or stablish the good. The crowd weeps right bitterly, and there is hardly an active worker in the crowd.

The high place of the pontiffs is given over to destruction; they have become misers. Spread destruction abroad while your necks are safe, ye false teachers; look out for yourselves first. That is the command of piety and the gain of Christ. Sluggishness, luxury, and ease corrupt the clergy with the flock; now is the gullet lord, the holy word and truth a myth. You try to say good words, and you are said to be putting forth strange novelties, become a laughing-stock unto all men, like a she-goat with horns. Justice<sup>23</sup> is dead and money rules. We are ashamed and disgusted at the idea of being chaste. He that dares wickedness is loaded with honors and aboundeth in all things. He that dares wild deeds and knows no rest is thought a man. He that shows a rough and savage spirit is a Hector. You get halls and titles and estates if you shrink not from crime; fraudulent schemes give honied cups and fill your granaries. If you want to climb, heap up crimes, seem keen, give, plunder, steal, oppress, break, thunder, rage, talk, threaten. Crime is said to be fraught with power, and power with crime. Put on a bold front, aim for the heights of power, and you will get them. You will be called a wise head, and win a scepter if you seek evil. If you prefer evil and scorn good, you will have the foremost place. You live in obscurity and count as a Dromo if you live a good life; if a bad life, you will be a king and ranked with the gods. Tisiphone rages, alas! It is a weight and an injury to be kind. My scheme blesses you and makes you a leader as one worthy to lead. You shall be raised aloft; you were alone, you shall be high and rich, exalted in the honors of the world and in the front rank. If you are early in going into wickedness, you shall walk at the side of the chief; you shall walk at the side of the chief and be the bulwark of your friends, a terror to your foes. You shall be called the counselor, vicegerent, confidential agent of the king, and be sheltered under his wings. He that would live a good life falls from his place, he that does otherwise is king. Manliness and shame are dead; wrath flourishes and shame; order and law are in tears.

Rebelliousness brings schisms, fraud aims at usury, wantonness burns the brazen heart, death runs so fast. Right rule dies in tears for the wickedness of life, falseness covers the frivolous heart, the drunken drives away the sober, right so runs to waste.

He that hesitates not to scorn the good and beat it back, giving the preference to evil, he reaps gain and piles up money. Hear; he is a third son to you, is approved, who scorns good and prefers evil, and speaks evil. He who swears by the divine arms and all the parts of the cross outstrips himself and is wiser than an old man in evil. For the rest of your

<sup>23</sup> Surely *sus* must be a mistake for *jus*.—H. P.

children you grieve as if they were dead; the one to whom God is nothing, he is mine, you say, he shall be my heir.

He who desires to show no horns, no teeth, no fierce desires, chooses the lowest part of all; he that rages and smites gets glory, he is the man. He that fears and speaks not, weeps and wants and lies like the shadow of ashes. I weep as I say this, and go grieving, and wailing, and groaning. I weep that one thing is smeared with the birdlime of ambition, another with that of lust. The passion of ambition shoots its arrows into this age from one side, the passion of lust from the other. The fire of Venus glows, and no man shuns the bonds of the flesh. Alas for the glory of today! What wickedness, what abomination, is wrought by this impious race, this drunken crowd, this crowd fit for the burning! It burns and defiles its members with lust, its heart with sin, and rushes unrestrained into all sorts of unnatural sin. The race swears all oaths for all kinds of baseness. Every man wishes to shine in carnal things, to get carnal things. Close your eyes, ye ranks of order, and your ears. Believe not, I ask you, abstain from believing things that belong in the stable. Abstain from believing things shameful to utter, which yet I will utter. There are some sins of awful name, sins worse than sin. Alas! The fire and heat of Sodom is spread abroad. No one tries to crush out the crime or hide it, or groans at his criminality. Close your eyes to the wild sins, all ye who are here. Impious madness arises when you hear and know of them.

Unnaturally and madly he becomes she, Juno is abandoned, and Petronilla herself rejected.

Bewail the age, bewail its separate parts, so filled with crime. The man forgets his manhood, O madness, O terror, and becomes as a hyena. See the numbers buried in unnatural filth—crime of what order, what known name? The horror of that crime, ah me, resounds to the stars, the deed is open and noised abroad; groan, chaste soul! This man knows it of that and that man of this; thy law is almost dead, thy word, thy part, O Christ! The law of Sodom obtains, and the world teems with a countless brood of Ganymedes, alack! Showing forth crime, this beast may be found dwelling in any house. The chief seats and every couch are Ganymedes'. Juno is abandoned, and the she-goat, Oh madness, surrenders to the kid.

If you ask the number of that flock, I will tell it quickly, proclaim it quickly, unfold it readily with tragic speech: "As many as the grains of barley in the harvest, oysters in the sea, sands on the shore, Cyclades in the Adriatic,<sup>24</sup> bits of incense in India, oats at Tivoli." The castles, villas,

<sup>24</sup> A mistake for Ægean.—H. P.

sanctuary abound in them, and all things, O shame, overflow with this filthy pest. The world is going to pieces in sluggishness, desires horrible things and does yet more horrible, feeds upon brimstone, and appears to be one Gomorrha.

The race is to be likened to the silly brutes, is to be censured more than the silly brutes. The animal has no sense, and yet it follows reason here; the man has sense, and by no means follows reason here.

Ye ranks of heaven and heights above, when ye see such crimes, why, why do ye hold back your thunderbolts? Ye rank of heaven and gods on high, are ye asleep? Why do ye endure such crimes, so many abominations? O God, O God, why is thy world so guilty? Why is it lost to thee and given over to itself thus diseased? Why are thy creatures given to such mad crime? Why are thy creatures lost in sin, and such sin? Weep, my eyes, that such wild sins exist; weep and mourn utterly with tears, all ye who have a conscience. Luxury and idleness that nourish sin, O woe, abound; most wickednesses, not to say all, now overflow. All goodness falls, and every man slides weakly into wrong. All his glory falls, and man is become a brute among brutes. Death crushes down all things, and the life of soberness cries: "I am done for. Guilt flourishes, my law is dead, spare us, ye gods." Pious love cries: "O wild image of the world, alas, what vast, what countless wickedness, what chaos now!" So many crimes, such dreadful crimes, are abroad, not known before, not told before, not done before. It pollutes the air to tell of things so wild, so low, so mad; things that should be struck down, and not spoken of. I am ashamed to tell more, I cease to open my lips to such things. I have told much here, and know nothing worse than these things. Let my page henceforth be silent as to such sins. To show forth slippery things breaks down the feeble heart, and allures it. Who can endure to proclaim such sin, such abominations, so many poisons? Not I with my poor pipe. Vergil would fail here, and even the tongue of Cicero not suffice. Ovid's keenness would be blunted, and the waters of the Xalon dried up. Give me three tongues, loud ones, a hundred, yet could I not proclaim all the impious deeds of the wicked. Yet my Muse shall pass them in review, and try to show their rottenness; if she cannot put a stop to the wickedness that exists, she shall at least castigate it. For who now is not stamped with the image of death? Is age serious? It is frivolous, and wishes not to set bounds in its guilt to things forbidden. Is boyhood? Boyhood is swift to vice and without coercion. Is strong youth? Youth is on fire with the heat of passion. Is the grown man? Every man puts to flight all deeds that mark the man.

Let the pious heart weep. Why? Because the way of perdition stands open in all its breadth, the field of wickedness in all its extent, while all men rush into all sin, and knock under to evil. Slippery joys and fleeting gains are thought the only ones; all things are stirred by the waves of destruction, like the sea by its billows. The storm-wind strikes the sails, the glorious ship of the church is rushing to its doom, intrusted to fathers slow toward good and active in evil, plunged in sin, bereft of steersmen, driven by the blast, overwhelmed with fraud, overwhelmed with strife, overwhelmed with war. She lies helpless on the deep and the hand of heaven scorns to come to her aid, while the brethren make scandal within and the foe without. There is no oar or anchor for the ship on all the sea; she is plunged in guilt, parted from order, filled with the foe. Sinking in so many evils; in such vast wrongs, she is gaping open; the wind drives on the sea, persistently struggles to conquer, has conquered her. Let the anxious voice sound forth: "O Power on high, arise, we perish. Bear us and lift us up, lest thy people be without an oarsman." Let the holy congregation, the holy generation, kindle itself once more. Let the pious soul, free from guilt, cry, cry to heaven: "Arise, All-pious One, keep down the floods, break the force of the blasts; give us pious hearts, give us good days, drive out the guilt. Be mindful of the flock, rule it, thou who rulest the courts of heaven. Keep down the floods, and reduce these mighty gales to a gentle breeze. Let the north wind fleeing from the southwest wind have peace. Be it inviolate outside, and planted in the secret chamber of the heart. Rise, why dost thou sleep, alas! while all men are perishing in sin?"

All are living without laws and without rules. The frugal hand is dead, the orphan goes hungry, the enemy abounds. You give me, I you; everyone takes care not to lavish his own. Everyone strives to lay up gain of great weight, the race of adamant keeps and worships money as a god. Everyone desires danger jealous of good morals—lucre I mean—strength that fails and lilies of withered bloom. The strength and vigor and warmth of order have melted; O utter madness, we sell our tongues, our hearts, our deeds for lucre. We are lame as to good, sell our tongues and hands for evil. The crowd buys silly and foolish dangers, sells both, foolish cleverness knows impious gains, and no others. Everyone is proud of the look of a prophet, of the keenness of the flesh. Who now toils to learn the divine writings as the heathen? Who toils to give forth the songs of truth from his lips and store them in his heart? He that is good at argument and quick at skilful reckoning seeks not by his deeds, but by his clever tricks, to be made abbot. He that babbles Socrates and has the



sinuous utterances of the sophists at his fingers' end boasts of his acuteness, and aims at sacred heights, way above him. Through letters and sophistry men are made pontiffs, and become, not a pontoon to heaven, but a gateway to hell. He that reads the brief and feeble dogmas of the Three Roads or Four Roads aims high, walks erect, stalks like a lion. A fierce heart he bears who knows Agenor and Melibceus, Sapphic verse, civic ills, Capaneus. The letters of old, the poems of old, the Muse of old, are now highly prized and thought the cream of wisdom. My Gregory,<sup>25</sup> nay, God thundering through his mouth, is tardily taken up, soon closed and out of favor, but his glory shall be without end through all the ages. The world shall sing of him, and his praise abides and shall abide. His golden words of fire shall not die, his golden page be ever renewed through its inward power. While the Platos and Ciceros have been carried off to the Styx, he has been carried off to heaven, and draws life from the udders of the Godhead. He should be read and re-read carefully and faithfully, but the writings and poetry of the heathen be cast away. Jupiter and the followers of Christ barely kiss each other, Christ's glory dies, and Jove's shines forth, the honors given to him.

O evil age! Why? Because the mythical now prevails over the true; the people and the clergy are going to destruction in evil living. The pleasures of loin and lust alone are out in force, while shame slips and has a hard road to travel. Desire now hurls not only leaden but golden darts, pride and lust have laid waste all things with strife and foulness. These two nets hold almost all captive now, united as closely by sin as by flesh and blood. These the serpent suggests, the flesh digests, the heart obeys. The thought wills them, the hand works them, the tongue proclaims them. Thus the enemy instils sin; man sets it forth, and woman carries it out; while the soul lies scorched by fires visible or concealed. The base is what all men choose, show forth, display, and dare, dare, love, achieve, exhibit, carry out, and delight in doing. O madness, O trembling! What shall I do? Shall I keep silent, trembling within? Shall I boil silently in my heart? Shall I speak out all these abominations or keep them back? Shall I put them in verse? Then I become a subject of mirth unto many. Shall I speak them to men's ears? Then shall I be hated of the wicked. It is a fierce thing to speak, but a sin to pass sins by in silence. I am determined to speak, I am determined not to pass by sin in silence. All kinds of sin are flourishing now, sin is everywhere. Passion and gluttony draw not in upon the reins, but both apply the spur. Anyone is free to do it, and everyone is in a hurry to show forth wickedness. The people

<sup>25</sup> Pope Gregory I, the Great.—H. P.

and their priests march into evil, both under error. The vigor of the pontiffs is dried up, their firmness gone, their hands sin-stained, their hearts meditate evil, their mouths instigate sin, within and without. The bishop is sluggish, and the house of God without honor, the fiery zeal and bow of bronze without force. The bow twangs against the evils of garlands and offerings, and quickly spares them that swell with pride of race and flow with money. It is easily turned in the case of the sins of the highborn and lavish criminals; the money of one, the birth of the other successfully resist. No man's weak spots are pierced by the harsh voice of fiery zeal. Sins are great and wickedness manifold, and there is many an Eli. He destroyed himself because he would not restrain his children; the father is dead and has lost the blessings of the good. Impious Jesebel leads you into the byways, and there is no Elijah to make you become more righteous under his guidance, and richer in having him as guest. The fathers of the church cultivate only what is lowest, and inmost death rages,<sup>26</sup> the worst death, the death of the soul. The way of the bishop is lamentable, like the way of the people. You will find the age bare of a consul, bare of a bishop. If we are to bring out the good and brush aside the rest in the bishop, the episcopal character is fled, the miter remains, the work is lacking, the miter preferred to it. If it is the part of a leader to lead well those placed under him, none is a leader now. But it is the part of a leader to lead well those under him, hence a leader is a thing of the past. The fact lacks an exponent, the leader a flock, the flock a leader. the priest a people, the people a father. The people perish, and suffer the sins of their lords proud in their fortress. You drive the ignorant ranks into wickedness, you drive them, O serpent, while these teachers encourage and abet the sin. O black tears, they devour all the best things of the flock, dogs that have no anxiety at night, but bark by day. As they are highest in position, so are they often foremost in sin. They beguile the heart with their wit, enfeeble the character with schisms, and their blind eyes become leaders of the blind, and go to destruction, falling into the ditch of sin. I say they are not watchful guards, and not I, but their own doings, condemn them. They are afraid to show forth righteousness, to attack wrong, sweep away dross, destroy rottenness, remove defects, seek out the fallen, give over to Satan those that are clearly rushing into the sea of death; to utter threatening words and restrain rapacious deeds, struggle against the tide, and stand up in defense of the flock.

The pious flock is an hungered, and utmost famine of the word prevails, wicked servants give small harvest without fruit. The tongues of the

<sup>26</sup> *Furi*, as in P, seems much more satisfactory than the *fuit* of the text.—H. P.

fathers speak fair, their deeds are reprehensible; the door is closed, and they hear not the words, "Hail, blessed one." The famishing crowd is rarely taught the heavenly doctrines, and is admonished, not of enduring, but of perishable gains. Neglecting the good, the impious body of rulers chooses to bury its talent in the dunghill rather than bring it heavily laden with interest.

Often a neophyte or a boy besieged by the hordes of guilt, his brow without sight, heart black with sin and full of cunning, sits in the seat of honor, and young as he is becomes father over all, unskilled to restrain loose hearts or heads with the wisdom and protecting care of years. Is he, pray, one to strive to be bread to the needy and drink to the thirsty, an ornament, yea a groomsman to the church, who gathers gain and distributes it to his assistants, who savors of boyishness, gives to one, snatches from another, is altogether taken up with this? Does he know what is good and profitable for you, who knows not for himself, whose face is hardly beginning to show the first sign of manhood's beard? A neophyte crowd performs the sacred offices bought for a price, so evil a thing is the palace now, tomorrow has the power of a pontiff. A courtier in the morning, see, is now become a tonsured priest; bishop of the belly, he is the suitor, not the bridegroom, of the church. In a word, sin is raised to the sacred high places, serious hearts and hoary temples are cast aside. I shudder to tell, I will refrain from uncovering, will avoid proclaiming many of the things I know, and knowing cannot weep for enough.

Foul youth occupies the papal halls, slippery of body and volatile of heart as the wind. Illustrious of race or birth, illustrious of ancestry, it aspires to the papal halls through force, not life. Noble of blood and of character unprofitable for sacred things, it fights for and lays claim to the office through its blood. Any villain starts up as a bishop, is made an abbot; a man who ought to be put to death gains the scepter by force, or gold, or entreaty. He feels no trembling, and, having no thought for his own, becomes leader of other souls, not without Simon, but without canon. Presently he teaches without knowledge and, unknowing how to command himself, is a way unto others, but is so only because he is called so. He is a refuge and prop for trouble and sin; a fatted fowl fills the useless sepulcher of his belly in the morning.

This fine bishop goes forth to hunt hares, the leash is loose, the game pursued and roused up. Hence a sleek horse gives him glory, nay beauty, than which nor Greece nor Thrace produces a better. A soldier marches beside him as attendant, and there happens to be not a single clerical companion beside him.

The bugle sounds, the wood resounds, the echo responds; a doe runs into the net and suffers for her flight. Late they come back from the hunt, the dogs leaping about them. Night comes on cold, and a gorgeous banquet is prepared. The butler pours out Falernian or Mareotic wine, the banquet is rich, and the pastor reclines on high cushions. Food is on all sides; then finally the pastor appears, the well-fed gullet proclaims the fact under the true name of pastor or feeder. But his feeding is nothing but the mouth's mind, funerals, and the celebration of the first fruits. Enough—he feeds, he is because so called and to himself a pastor.

The game is roasted, the butler prepares the wine, the confectioner the rest, the cook goes to work, the fire gleams, and all things smile; the halls shine with light and company. Cut glass is there and golden vessels, dainties here, the wine-cups there, a brave show for an hour.<sup>27</sup> The doe is brought, a fat fowl added, a fowl is added, and the table is loaded with roasted birds. Wine flows, the evening waxes, the poor man weeps, the bishop of the belly, apostate to order, is filled with the feast. The man rises filled, and they return to the wine. A new drink is taken, for which a new blessing is invoked. He puffs with full throat and stomach, tells of strenuous deeds, and reveals high spirit. Epicurus is pretty full of nectar, pretty well filled with feasting. He is worried by this trouble when about to pray for the flock and their leader.

He goes late to his chamber and downy couch; a golden lamp and wax lights are placed there for him. The servant turns over the silken covering and downy pillows; this ball of flesh, this fine reprobate, snores like a good one. In the morning the house is filled with bustle, the suitor of the church enters the temple; he goes to church, and, having stood but a moment, takes a seat. He pours out loud thundering pontifical words; his guilty heart feels the bite of the serpent, his hand plays with the jasper of his ring. Then he goes before the flock, wearing Aaron and the diadem. The mitre decks his head, an Indian gem shines upon his finger. He does not busy himself with prayers for the father bishop, for the reigning prince, for his flock and himself, nor snatches them from destruction, weeping for his own and himself. Scanty is his notion, still scantier his doing of the jaw. He praises God with his voice, disgraces him by his deeds, himself a disgrace. Words need action, actions words, order labor. Let him live as he preaches, his words be in harmony with his deeds, and his deeds with his words. Let the sacred law which the chasuble of the pontiff defends prop up the weak, and nourish all in the nest under its wings. Let guilt know its father, justice perceive its ministrant, order know its father, dis-

<sup>27</sup> The text seems to be corrupt.—H. P.

order perceive its master. Let the castigation of the wicked be thy praise, their approval thy suffering. Build shelter for the flock, and cast out sin, not shelter sins. He is a ladder to the skies, the ark of the covenant, the living sacrifice; let him follow up in the spirit of an avenger them that he rouses outside, an olive branch within. Let peace flourish under him as father, fraud be banished with him as judge, pride fall at his attack, the flock walk in holiness under the guidance of such a great father. Let him be a rod of iron threatening to break vessels of clay; let him reprimand, upbraid, beseech, instruct, assist. Let him avoid setting the unprofitable above the right and salutary. Let him bear cold at night and heat by day, like Jacob; let his eyes be watchful and know not slumber. Let his heart be sound, and his hand innocent of any gifts; let his words bring him the stole and toil give him the humerale. Let him prove a good cock, with resounding throat and wing. Let him not benumb himself with vain meditation on what one ought to let rest, what eat, and why and where and when. Let him sow with lavish hand, and let his acts not show a miserly spirit; let him bring the spices and incense of the heart to the altar. Let the bishop be a sacred trumpet and a living page; let him rejoice in his flock, shine in his flock, helper and helped.

The painter is known by his picture, the standard-bearer by his battalion, the leader by his flock. The leader is acceptable according to his flock, the flock is thrown or firmly established according to its leader. A good daughter is the ideal, the glory, the jewel of her mother, a good flock of a bishop. a good city of a mayor, good practices of the soul.

The early ages not only did not snatch the high places, but refused to accept them when offered and not due them. The Right Hand of the Father who ruleth the heavens, when asked, refused to be king, as the Book teaches and proclaims; he would not have an external kingdom who as God governs the kingdom within. Let man the sinner scorn what man the God scorned, and do it really. Let him place external below internal honors; let him not buy, but put behind him the sterile honors of the world.

But who does put them behind him? Everyone buys them, is eager to buy them, is eager, and rushes about in bustling excitement after them. Hence wild schisms, as men aim at the sacred diadems, not duly offered but snatched for a price. The hand of the palace, the command of the law bestows ecclesiastical honors; the sacred commands are abandoned, the impious orders of kings are sought. The hand of the layman bestows the heavenly gifts—O the shame of it! The voice of the palace first and only afterward of the council gives the heavenly gifts. Vast abuses, royal orders, have the upper hand; thus a man attains the summit by force,

if not by right. Everyone can get the heavenly gifts for gifts now. The giver and the receiver tarnish them, and both are wrong. Sacred grace bids that they be given freely without secular authority, that there be not a seller and a broker in piety. Ah me! The serpent scatters his thunderbolts everywhere through the high places of holiness; first he catches the fathers, then snatches the flock, making his attack upon both. When he sees the sheepfolds of peace and the sacred thousands of thy flock, O Christ, he is filled with envy, and enviously lays siege to their band. Mammon stands erect, I mourn Simon and his works. The gains of Simon flourish, the stake of the devil on the flock of the fathers. The Sorcerer sways the scepter, and smites all things with death. The Sorcerer still lives and roams abroad in his world. He lives, and ceases not to sow evil seed and pluck up the good, to draw men into the by-ways, instil wickedness into them, and drive out the right. Lo, the voice of Simon is held effective, that of the canon void. The dead enemy seems to live and stalks abroad. A tomb is given to Simon's bones among the elders; grace is sold, and the true dove bought for money. Madness stands with head uplifted, and order is dead, aye buried. Many are the vendors of the sheep and of the sacred ox. Simple-mindedness is typified by the sheep, the word of God by the ox. All the vendors of the one and the other are being driven from the temple. The vendor is a sinner; God himself says to him, "Withdraw;" drives him from his place, casts him from the ranks, ejects him from the temple. You sell both for empty praise and gifts; the gain you aim at beyond these you reap with the ear and put in your mouth. O devious way, grace is not had freely now, but is taken by force, demanded for money, and got for money. Grace is sold, grace is bestowed through force and violence. Not grace but violence is shown by deeds. Grace, grace, which is got for a paltry sum of money, now stands only in name; its fountainhead and ark lie overthrown. Grace is sought with money, is acquired by money. It cannot be what it is, when the Gehazite demands money in bestowing it. The Sorcerer demands it for money, Gehazi takes money, both impious. One is driven away, another retires with a great sore. Death awaits the one, the color of the other clings to all whose guilty souls seek to rise through earthly gains. Here is the rise of evil, hence comes deep downfall quickly; here is the throne hard, the office a burden, the rose a thorn. Thou hast a load who scornest to clear away thy sins and the sins of thy people, and lookest not to gains of character. Thou hast glory who art steadfast to clear away thine own evil-doing and that of thy flock with repentance and prayer night and day.

O evil age, the chasuble of the pontiff is sold, the law is lost, the pathway leads astray, and such a pathway! Grace is sold, the purchase of churches sought; yet this purchase is called their holy redemption. A covetous race calls the worst sins right, coloring Simon-like doings with words, forsooth.

So says the sacred voice, on this side and on that the wolf seizes the lambs; no one stands up to drive off the tyrants while the poor flock weeps. Let him that ought to feed the spiritual fold, that feeds himself, takes for himself, snatches good things from them, make these acceptable to them. The pontiff delights in the reed, not in regulating; dried up, he dries up the sheep, and tightly bound, binds the undeserving, votes dead things living and sound things dead; trembles before the wolf on one side, and rages and raves against the band of the clergy on the other; has a feeble heart, not the stout heart of a lion; hesitates to raise his arm against the foe and save the prostrate. Falling, he drags down with him them that stand, drags them down in jealousy, and slipping sees them slip; is most sensitive to popular favor and the popular tongue, ready to evil and rich in lucre; controls himself ill, and takes no good care for his repute, being tepid toward the right and enveloped in the fires of lust. He oppresses one, favors another, and guards not against falling into evil; has the first greeting, the highest seat, a high scepter, the first cup, the first dainties, the first chair. Crime falls not before his vengeance nor sin at his judgment; he feathers his nest from the flock, and sheds crocodile tears for them. The milk is taken for him and the fleece from the flock. He grieves not for the pains of the flock and their death.

Fear shuts his mouth, the wolf rushes down and gets into the fold; the wolf rages, he flees, it is nothing to him. The shepherd enters by the door, the thief otherwise; with these thieves enter evil ways in abundance.

O evil age, the chasuble of the pontiff is sold, the chasuble is sold, and this commerce goes unrebuked. The ring is sold, and hence Romulus increases his gains.

Overflowing Rome is dead now. When will she rise again? Rome overflowed, and collapsed in her affluence, withering in her fulness. She cries out and is still, rises up and lies prostrate, and gives in need.

Rome gives all things to all who give all things to Rome, for a price, because there is the way of justice and all justice is dead. She wobbles like a rolling wheel, hence shall Rome be called a wheel, who is want to burn like incense with rich praises. Rome the baleful begets harm and herself teaches the way to do harm; abandons the right, demands gain, sells the pallium. Often is a clerk bought there rather dearly to write

out what you wish and furnish it with the sacred seal. If your messenger of money goes before, rise and follow, approach the threshold; you have nothing serious to fear. The peace that wisdom cannot, money gives you. Money makes agreements, and restrains the threatener. A bit of gold blindfolds the eyes of the citizens for you, gives you open doors, speech like Cicero's, assurance of heart. If money is given, pontifical favor stands near; if not, that is afar off—that is the law and teaching obtaining there. Thus is this right hand of old shown to be dead, Rome. Extended abroad thy right hand is called left. Though rich, thou art poor; though flourishing, thou art withered; though free, thou art a slave. Though free, thou art subdued, and art sold for money to the wanton. Again and again art thou sold, and rebuked by the mouth of Jugurtha; a voice that is gone and a distant tale pursue thee. A voracious Scylla, thou seizest and covetest and takest and drawest to thyself. Rome, thou art a wobbling wheel, a foul enough mark brands thee. Thou art a deep whirlpool, a devouring receptacle, a deep pool, selfish, insatiable, alike to all. The more thou drinkest, the wider dost thou open thy mouth and cry, "Give here." Say, "It is enough," I demand, but you cry, "I want more." If Cræsus should give you his wealth, it would not fill thy maw; money or gold is henceforth thy God, not Jesus.

City, the head of cities, exalted through the Catos, made famous by the Scauri, city most covetous, why dost thou unceasingly drink in vast gains? More than Cæsar has the Crucified King been able to give thee. Cæsar gave thee foreign realms, but Christ now gives thee heaven. Exalted and mighty wast thou in thy Catos and Scipios; thou art broken in strength, but art mightier under the rule of Christ. Under Jove wast thou blooming, and shining and rich; under the cross thou livest wasted and ruined and weak. Yet art thou at the gift of the cross more affluent, though poor; than when rich; stronger and higher, though feeble, than when sound; though ruined, than when standing solid. Under the cross thou layest low the walls of hell, under Jove of the stranger; under Jove art thou lost, under the cross art thou merged with the immortals. Within thou art glorious, without is thy dominion fallen, city without a peer under Cæsar and under the Senate. Now is thy leader indifferent, the one only light of the cross is thine, Peter is exalted above the Cæsars, and God above the gods. The cross is the guide of thy way and thy glory, the gem on thy brow. sure redemption, not the punishment of guilt. Now is the cross no cross, but thy guide to the blessings of heaven. Death was thine, glory is thine; Satan is afraid, for thou hast put on the armor of faith. Rome given to Peter, born of the word of Peter, made subject to Christ, why



dost thou throw away through such sin the blessings I note in my verse? Thou doest ill in that thou wilt give almost nothing except to one who gives, and bestowest holy names and holy heights upon him who brings lucre. Why dost thou regard lucre and not look to deeds, O mistress? Peter the apostle, not a wily man, abominated such things, abominated them utterly, and overwhelmed their worshipers. Bear Peter in thy heart, O Rome, and tread the path of right. This ignorant man has conferred more upon thee, brought thee greater good through his sacred net, than all thy Greece, thy learned Greece. That net has profited thee more, has given thee more, than the Capitol mighty in Cæsar and filled with the voice of the orator. Julius with his sword and Tully with his tongue gave thee not so much as Peter with his cross and those who have cherished thee under Peter's guidance. Thou hast lilies and many thousands of roses. Choose these or those, Rome, shining with the flock of the remnant. The schools teach thee eloquence, thou art clothed with the robes of martyrdom and adorned with the branch of peace, and all the charm has fallen from these. The sacred numbers of thy children encompass thee, Rome; the blood-red rose and lily virgin-white bedeck thee. Now the sacred heights make vain to thee the names of the Catos; Peter has raised thee up, and made himself thy champion. Thou stoodst a lost name, Rome, betrayed by sin; now thou seekest heaven, and art made free in thy service to it. High enough and more through the Cornelii and three hundred Fabii, thou art become higher through Peter's example alone. That thou mightest not fall, he fell, for thou hadst also another in Paul. Thou hast another, a man very small in his own eyes. Why? Because he had been Saul. Finally he carried through what he took upon himself on account of the evils of Saul. Saul spread fierce destruction; Paul became a subject of atonement and washed him clean. These are two lights, two streams of paradise; they were sent to thy threshold to wipe away thy sins. They were enabled to make thy walls stronger than those who built them in the first place and added to them later, of whom Romulus in his jealousy bade wicked arms be turned against his own flesh and savage orders to be carried out.

Rise, Rome, restore thee to thyself, restore Rome. Show forth the beauty of that order which thou hadst before. As thou didst rule the body then, so rule the conquered heart now. Gather up the fallen, guide the wandering, help the feeble. By fierce warfare didst thou subdue everything that resisted. Thou offeredst thy children to slaughter and thy chiefs to the sword. Do now as before, let piety crush out impiety, the rod suppress sin, right rule crime, the law wantoness. First choose, then

cultivate them that love the right, not them that work for great gains, but for the right of the council, who shall cry thy message through the perishing age, and kindle again our cold hearts with their own warmth. But thou doest otherwise; thou sendest abroad men who tarnish the glory of the church and are eager only to lift its perquisites. He whom thy hand directs hither, raises tribute, not desiring good times, but good viands and soft cushions. Accustomed ever since he was weaned to go afoot, he goes out to traverse the fields of France with chariot and horses. He that but now walked with glad step unattended, rides high with horsemen about him. He is counselor, nuncio, legate *a latere*; thy bishop is of no more account—he brings here the decrees of the book of the council. The palace groans, filled with such a guest or his satellites; the clergy can scarce supply the horses with oats. In France he clothes himself with silken cloak, in Rome with goatskin; there he walks on foot, here he rides on horseback over the fallen. The people flock to meet him, he seems to them a glorious and beautiful sight. The city is all excitement, the trumpet sounds, and the band of the clergy takes up the tune. He is conducted into the pontifical halls, reclines on soft couch, orders wine, receives the company, bestows kisses. He calls the Council, takes his place on his raised seat. His ambition becomes more lordly, and he aims for higher advancement. He listens with kind attention to wickedness, turns a rather deaf ear to the right, for a case of guilt prepares the way to earthly gain, a case of right closes it.

Rome, what shall I say more, what predict or promise for thee? 'Tis money that moves thee, money that marks thy downfall. Thou didst subdue the nations to thyself; red gold has subdued thee. For thy brood ever wants and pursues gain, and has done so. While thy Crassus coveted, thirsted for, gazed upon Parthian lucre, the enemy's wealth, alas, he fell, caught by his own greed. This drunken thirst is thy very own in war and peace, burns, roasts, defiles, intoxicates, and tortures thee. Thou givest the sacred high places, sacred guidance to the wicked, stingy to the humble, lavish to the rich and ambitious. 'Tis right for me to say, to write: "Rome, thou art no more." Lo, thou totterest, nay, goest to pieces in melancholy fashion. Thou art crippled in thy strength without, in justice within, irretrievable in one, tottering in the other, unknowing the right. Thou wastest in ruins, city without laws, without fathers. Gold lays low the citadel of Troy, buys that of Ansonia. 'Tis right for me to say, to write: "Rome, thou art no more." Thou liest buried under the ruins of thy walls and thy morals. Thou art fallen, famous city, sunk as low as thou wast high before, the higher thou wast, the more utterly

art thou shattered and cast down. 'Tis right for me to write, to say: "Rome, thou hast perished." Thy walls cry out: "Rome, thou art fallen." Thou, the head, art become the tail; thou, the high, liest prostrate before the Omnipotent. Thine own sluggishness proclaims that thou liest prostrate. Thou seest the times a prey to desire, foul with sin; thou scornest to rescue the prey, and wipe away the foulness from the times. Throughout the length and breadth of thy extended domain, law lies invalid, spiritual grace is dead. Where the Po has its source, and where the sea washes Ultima Thule, grace is cleft in twain and all manly vigor is melted away. The grace once lent is dead and gone, the dear grace, that knew not how to yield to lash or prison bars, that knew how to look for sweet calm beneath the open sky or else to endure it when filled with the blasts of the whirlwind, that evil seemed unable to break or happiness to destroy, that bore prosperity well, and adversity bravely.

An evil race teems, and demands wickedness, and is full of wickedness. An evil offspring is born of evil fathers, an offspring full of vice. Lo, stronger in body, and more fierce, the hydra is born anew, a second hydra appearing whenever a head is cut off. A wild race with the heart of a viper dies, and a doubly wild comes forth, in its evil conscience hating and hacking at all the works of light. An utterly sterile race, that crushes all inward promptings in sin, destroys in deed all the good it professed with its lips. It is pious of speech and heathen in the impiety of its character. Orthodox and good are the words of its mouth, but deeds are wanting.

O grief, O madness, O crime, O shame, all things are foul; hearts with no conscience are the prey of all the works of guilt. Shame weeps that all base things grow and fair things dwindle. Hypocrisy shines and assigns white sepulchers to Satan. The pious soul is scourged, honor is banished, and right is banished. Everyone is dying for lucre, devotes himself to that, and makes it all his care. Everyone struggles for rivers and floods of earthly gain, and no one puts away fleshly advantages and earthly gain. The man rich in revenues is high and famous now, acceptable for his riches, the unshorn miser is not without his vices. His voice is free, for he has a weight of wealth. Lowest and last stands care for the soul; nay, hardly lowest and last, but practically naught. Stronger in force and more esteemed in rank is the ball of gold. Everyone sweats to get wealth and lay it up for himself. A golden scale deprives the public eye of sight, makes the fallen equal with the standing, the high with the low, blinds the regal and the pontifical eye. Money alone ruins all things, poisons everything, knows the heart, takes down the load, gives arms, buys speech, smooths the brow. It is the poultice of sin, the stealer of

the heart, the thief of the eye, a shield to the guilty, and a heavy lash to the rich.

Death smites all things, the crowd mixes up and confuses all things. To be ahead consists in having more of this world's goods in this age. The gleam of money corrupts all things, makes all things a deceit, alas! Your hand offers great sums, and you are considered great. The man low of birth and lower of condition rises to the height of Otho if he can give enough. The sober man is made drunken by pelf, and he whose words man, whose heart God, approves becomes a sinner before one and the other. Though dumb from birth, if rich you will be considered a second Cicero. If rich, you will be loved; if poor, treated as a poor man is. The only thing that is worthless and a hindrance is abundance of heart, the only thing that knows the depths and gives all things is abundance of revenue.

Alas! The broad way is trodden, the narrow, abandoned by all. All have a full gullet and babbling tongue and loaded stomach. Whose, I ask, is it to live on mean husks now? Love's. Who refuses himself sparkling cups and rich dainties? How many do you see standing without sin in the ranks of the faithful? Who now attacks the base and impious with the spear of holy zeal? Who blushes for vice or strives to be of pure heart? To subdue himself? To conquer vicious tendencies? To say: "I have conquered?" Where now is grace that knoweth not sin? Who is upright? Who has a heart not turned by wealth or driven in the general whirl? Whom can you show me without keenness to deceive? Whom without foulness? Who cherishes the salutary and avoids the unprofitable of body or soul? Who demands the good? Nay, who walks without lamentation. Whose life is serious, meditation secure, speech pure? Who has a true soul, not lips at variance with the heart, the face? In whom does the pious tear burn with hope, the heart beat within with love? What can order, moderation, soberness of life do now? What is pious now? I will say more: what is not impious now? The golden age and chaste heart are gone by, the terrible days, the last to wit, have taken their place.

Now flourish lucre, pride, peace without peace, fraud, passion, sloth, and the theft that knoweth the darkness of night; schisms, wars, violence, murder, treachery, wrath, wantonness, envy, sluggishness, sedition. Pretense of religion flourishes, its practice is dead. Alas, the king of Babylon thinks all things his own.

Peace, patience, regularity, moderation, justice, and right are empty names; falseness brings high position, villainy profit. The fire of love is cold to good and hot for evil. Law lies abandoned, the flame of madness

towers high. Drunken passion makes promiscuous unions, after the manner of the beasts. Be still my tongue; it is not good form to tell these things.

What shall I speak, O God? Behold, my pen faints. I am beaten and do not speak of all the wickedness, the evil side will win. All things are encompassed by darkness without a single light. All things seem prostrate, nothing to have any life. One vast chaos seizes and possesses all things, one shadow of death is over the slippery age. I grieve to see nothing without a scar, believe the truth. Everyone chooses the wrong, deep night broods over all things. We see dark silence cover nearly all things, and crime without an opposer, all sin without an avenger. The fathers of the churches have fallen out of line, its firmness and vigor and theirs have collapsed. Money holds sway over the crowd and the elders. Men tend to evil, rush to the market, pursue lucre. O reckless race, abominable troop, O crime-stained race, evil race, guilty race, why is earthly gain pleasing to you? O ye of blinded inner-sight, why do ye live in evil, and give arms to drunkenness? O ye who see not with the inner eye, ye blind, what does it profit to give, to surrender your guilty hearts to dross? Race of wandering hearts, sad toward the good and glad before evil, why do ye lie prostrate without light, not without sin? Paul is at hand and cries in tones of thunder: "Wake up!" Stand manfully and well together in line. Let the soul foul with guilt, benumbed by sin, and given to things perishable, cast off dishonor, put on honor and the armor of light. Rise, rise, guilty race, cleanse away your worse defects. The last day comes, the final hour is believed to be upon us. The terrible Judge is at hand to put an end to evil, sweet to them that love him, terrible to them that revere him not. The day of judgment that knows not mercy and is full of wrath now comes; the present course of things is its fore-runner. The seventh trump, the last stroke, are getting ready; God is at hand to judge. Let the sinner be shaken from his drowsiness and wake up.

Guilty heart, strive to rise from sin; if thou wilt cleanse thy evils, thou shalt rise to take the reward of unending blessings at last. I am sure of what I say; human flesh shall rise from the dead at length, and there is something which can educate and instruct the doubter in this. There is an Indian bird only one of which lives, called the phoenix. Trustworthy report says that he turns to ashes and rises in this way. He becomes a worm and then a bird, ceases to be weighed down and flies away with wings. Thus he is born again and seen to be as before. This shows that your limbs can rise again from death. Thy dead flesh shall rise then;

man, doubt not! The meek shall go to heaven; those that now swell with pride, to hell. The solid shall melt, the lofty fall, the lowest rise. The race of Babylon, living now in sinister freedom, shall go to hell, an abominable mass, the true portion of perdition. The glory of heaven shall rest on the saints forever and ever, and all who look upon the face of the Thunderer shall find peace. What shall I say more, how soar higher or go farther? Be closed, my page, and cease to disclose many things. Be closed, my page; my songs, farewell! Reckless race, abominable crowd and lamentable, lament! I have desired to castigate you, and to tell your sins. I have not been able to castigate you duly and tell your sins. "Alas, lamentable, woe, pitiable," say, children of Eve. Reckless race, now you rejoice; hereafter woe, woe to you. In hell it is woe to you, wild race, mad crowd. Here also it is woe to you, for here you toil and there you get the penalty of your toil.

You, holy concourse, holy generation, go on, stand firm, stand firm in goodness with hearts burning for the skies. You, sacred lilies, living necklace, vessels of honor, bands of light, pray with your hearts and lips. That God will save us from destruction, beg of him in holy prayer, that he will put to flight all this impiety, this evil, this stench in the nostrils. Let your prayers, your tongues, hearts, deeds, chaste souls, and lives set free cry to the heavens, cry to the stars. Weep that sin increases, and right, honor, justice are lukewarm. Weep, groan, and say, say with me: "Thou who rulest all things, drive away all this wickedness. Rise, we perish. Look upon us, God, that we may not be without a single light. Crush down all this sin and evil and scandal, thou who rulest the stars. Spare the downtrodden, inspire them that stand, be with us all. Christ of piety, crush out the scandals, forgive the sins; build up the good, destroy the rest, blessed King. Save them that are caught in the toils of the demon, virgin-born King, redeemed by thy cross, thy blood, thy death, O King! Have regard, have regard unto us, Only-Begotten Son of the Father. Grant us to mourn the bad, and take the good; grant us of thine, grant us thyself. Give us back the golden age and primeval strength, we pray. Direct us now, take us to thyself hereafter, lest we perish."

Book III of Bernard of Morlaix's work on Scorn of the World comes to a happy conclusion.