

reader. But the Confessions of Augustine are the wail of a stricken conscience before God. Rivers of water run down his eyes because he kept not God's law. He confesses his secret and scarlet sins that he may magnify that unmerited grace which snatched him, as he devoutly exclaims, "from the very bottom of the bottomless pit." "I call to mind," he says, "the carnal corruptions of my soul, not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God. For the love of Thy love I do it, reviewing my most wicked ways, in the very bitterness of my remembrance, that Thou mayest grow sweet unto me." "The vileness is brought to sight," writes the English editor of his life, "only that it may be trampled and stamped upon. With the clear eye of the cherubim he beholds his sin as meriting the wrath and curse of God, and his own sentence of self-condemnation is like that of the bar of doom."

Another characteristic of this book, as noted in the keen analysis of Professor Shedd, is not merely its burning hatred of evil, but that it palpitates with the love of goodness and of God. He gazes with enraptured vision on the heavenly beauty, the divine love. "Not with doubting" is his utterance, in a vein of lofty poetry, "but with assured consciousness, do I love Thee, Lord. But what do I love when I love Thee? not the beauty of bodies, nor the fair harmony of time, nor the brightness of the light so gladsome to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers and ointments and spices, not manna and honey, not limbs acceptable to the embracements of flesh. None of these do I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light, a kind of melody, a kind of fragrance, a kind of food, and a kind of embracement, when I love my God,—the light, the melody, the fragrance, the food, the embracement, of the inner man: where there shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundeth what time beareth not away, and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not. *This is it which I love, when I love my God.*"

The rhythmic sonorous Latin language throbs and thrills under the impulse of this mighty soul, as a harp beneath the plectrum of a master of sweet sounds. But this sense of spiritual union with God is not a mere sensuous sentiment. It is founded