Confessions

AUGUSTINE

AD 354–430

Confessions

Confessiones

Translated from the Latin with AI (Claude) and edited



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INTRODUCTION

Augustine of Hippo wrote the *Confessions* around AD 397–400, in his forties, newly a bishop in North Africa. It is the first great autobiography in Western literature, and it is written as a long prayer: from its first line to its last, Augustine is speaking to God.

The first nine books tell the story of his life: a restless childhood, the theft of some pears, student years in Carthage, nine years among the Manichees, a career as a teacher of rhetoric in Rome and Milan, and a conversion in a Milan garden when he heard a child's voice saying "Take it and read." The last four turn to memory, time and the creation of the world, and contain some of the most searching philosophy he wrote.

Each of the thirteen books is on its own page.

Book I

Infancy and boyhood
Augustine praises God and recalls his infancy, schooling and boyhood sins.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.1.1	Magnus es, domine, et laudabilis ualde: magna uirtus tua et sapientiae tuae non est numerus. et laudare te uult homo, aliqua portio creaturae tuae, et homo circumferens mortalitatem suam, circumferens testimonium peccati sui et testimonium, quia superbis resistis: et tamen laudare te uult homo, aliqua portio creaturae tuae. tu excitas, ut laudare te delectet, quia fecisti nos ad te et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in te. da mihi, domine, scire et intellegere, utrum sit prius inuocare te an laudare te et scire te prius sit an inuocare te. sed quis te inuocat nesciens te? aliud enim pro alio potest inuocare nesciens. an potius inuocaris, ut sciaris? quomodo autem inuocabunt, in quem non crediderunt? aut quomodo credent sine praedicante?	"You are great, Lord, and greatly to be praised: great is your power, and of your wisdom there is no measure." And a human being wants to praise you, some small part of your creation—a human being who carries his mortality around with him, carries around the evidence of his sin and the evidence that you "resist the proud." And yet a human being, some small part of your creation, wants to praise you. You stir us so that praising you is a delight, because you have made us for yourself, and our heart is restless until it rests in you. Grant me, Lord, to know and understand whether we should first call upon you or praise you, and whether we must first know you or call upon you. But who calls upon you without knowing you? For someone who does not know you may call upon something else in your place. Or rather, are you called upon so that you may be known? Yet "how will they call upon one in whom they have not believed? And how will they believe without someone to preach?"[1]
	et laudabunt dominum qui requirunt eum. quaerentes enim inueniunt eum et inuenientes laudabunt eum. quaeram te, domine, inuocans te et inuocem te credens in te: praedicatus enim es nobis. inuocat te, domine, fides mea, quam dedisti mihi, quam inspirasti mihi per humanitatem filii tui, per ministerium praedicatoris tui.	And "those who seek the Lord will praise him." For those who seek him find him, and those who find him will praise him. Let me seek you, Lord, by calling upon you, and let me call upon you by believing in you: for you have been preached to us. My faith calls upon you, Lord—the faith you gave me, which you breathed into me through the humanity of your Son, through the ministry of your preacher.[2]
1.2.2	Et quomodo inuocabo deum meum, deum et dominum meum, quoniam utique in me ipsum eum inuocabo, cum inuocabo eum? et quis locus est in me, quo ueniat in me deus meus? quo deus ueniat in me, deus, qui fecit caelum et terram? itane, domine deus meus, est quicquam in me, quod capiat te? an uero caelum et terra, quae fecisti et in	And how shall I call upon my God, my God and Lord, since surely when I call upon him I am calling him into myself? And what place is there in me where my God could come into me—where God could come into me, the God who "made heaven and earth"? Is it really so, Lord my God? Is there

1 Psalm 145:3; 147:5. "You resist the proud": James 4:6; 1 Peter 5:5. The closing questions: Romans 10:14.
2 Psalm 22:26.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	quibus me fecisti, capiunt te? an quia sine te non esset quidquid est, fit, ut quidquid est capiat te? quoniam itaque et ego sum, quid peto, ut uenias in me, qui non essem, nisi esses in me? non enim ego iam inferi, et tamen etiam ibi es. nam etsi descendero in infernum, ades.	anything in me that can contain you? Or do even heaven and earth, which you made and in which you made me, contain you? Or, since without you nothing that exists would exist, does it follow that whatever exists contains you? Since, then, I too exist, why do I ask you to come into me, when I would not exist unless you were in me? For I am not yet in the underworld—and yet you are there too, for "if I go down into the underworld, you are there."[3]
	non ergo essem, deus meus, non omnino essem, nisi esses in Me. an potius non essem, nisi essem in te, ex quo omnia, per quem omnia, in quo omnia? etiam sic, domine, etiam sic. quo te inuoco, cum in te sim? aut unde uenias in me? quo enim recedam extra caelum et terram, ut inde in me ueniat deus meus, qui dixit: caelum et terram ego impleo?	So I would not exist, my God, I would not exist at all, unless you were in me. Or rather, I would not exist unless I were in you, "from whom are all things, through whom are all things, in whom are all things." Even so, Lord, even so. Where do I call you to, since I am in you? Or from where would you come into me? For where could I withdraw beyond heaven and earth, so that my God could come from there into me—he who said, "I fill heaven and earth"?[4]
1.3.3	Capiunt ergone te caelum et terra, quoniam tu imples ea? an imples et restat, quoniam non te capiunt? et quo refundes quidquid impleto caelo et terra restat ex te? an non opus habes, ut quoquam continearis, qui contines omnia, quoniam quae imples continendo imples? non enim uasa, quae te plena sunt, stabilem te faciunt, quia etsi frangantur non effunderis. et cum effunderis super nos, non tu iaces, sed erigis nos, nec tu dissiparis, sed colligis nos. sed quae imples omnia, te toto imples omnia. an quia non possunt te totum capere omnia, partem tui capiunt et eandem partem simul omnia capiunt? an singulas singula et maiores maiora, minores minora capiunt? ergo est aliqua pars tua maior, aliqua minor?	Do heaven and earth, then, contain you, since you fill them? Or do you fill them and something of you is left over, since they do not contain you? And where do you pour whatever of you remains once heaven and earth are filled? Or do you have no need to be contained anywhere, you who contain all things, since what you fill you fill by containing it? For the vessels that are full of you do not hold you steady, since even if they break you are not spilled. And when you are poured out upon us, you do not lie spilled on the ground; you raise us up. You are not scattered; you gather us together. But all the things you fill, you fill with the whole of yourself. Or, since all things cannot contain the whole of you, do they contain a part of you, and do all things contain the same part at once? Or does each thing contain its own part—larger things larger parts, smaller things smaller ones? Is some part of you, then, larger and some part smaller?
	an ubique totus es et res nulla te totum capit?	Or are you everywhere whole, and does nothing contain the whole of you?
1.4.4	Quid est ergo deus meus? quid, rogo, nisi dominus deus? quis enim dominus praeter dominum? aut quis deus praeter deum nostrum? summe, optime, potentissime, omnipotentissime, misericordissime et iustissime,	What, then, is my God? What, I ask, but the Lord God? "For who is Lord but the Lord? Or who is God but our God?" Highest, best, most powerful, most all-powerful, most merciful and most just, most

3 Genesis 1:1; Psalm 139:8.
4 Romans 11:36; Jeremiah 23:24.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	secretissime et praesentissime, pulcherrime et fortissime, stabilis et inconprehensibilis, inmutabilis, mutans omnia, numquam nouus, numquam uetus, innouans omnia, in uetustatem perducens superbos et nesciunt; semper agens, semper quietus, colligens et non egens, portans et implens et protegens, creans et nutriens, perficiens, quaerens, cum nihil desit tibi. amas nec aestuas, zelas et securus es, paenitet te et non doles, irasceris et tranquillus es, opera mutas nec mutas consilium; recipis quod inuenis et numquam amisisti; numquam inops et gaudes lucris, numquam auarus et usuras exigis. supererogatur tibi, ut debeas, et quis habet quicquam non tuum?	hidden and most present, most beautiful and most strong, steadfast and beyond grasp, unchanging yet changing all things, never new, never old, making all things new and bringing the proud into decay though they do not know it; always active, always at rest, gathering in yet needing nothing, bearing and filling and protecting, creating and nourishing and perfecting, seeking though you lack nothing. You love, but without burning; you are jealous, yet untroubled; you repent, but without grief; you are angry, yet calm; you change your works but not your plan; you take back what you find, though you never lost it. Never in need, you still rejoice in gains; never greedy, you still demand interest. More than is due is paid to you, so that you become the debtor—and who has anything that is not yours?[5]
	reddens debita nulli debens, donans debita nihil perdens. et quid diximus, deus meus, uita mea, dulcedo mea sancta, aut quid dicit aliquis, cum de te dicit? et uae tacentibus de te, quoniam loquaces muti sunt.	You pay debts though you owe no one; you cancel debts and lose nothing. And what have we said, my God, my life, my holy sweetness? Or what does anyone say when he speaks of you? And yet woe to those who are silent about you, since even the talkative are mute.
1.5.5	Quis mihi dabit adquiescere in te? quis dabit mihi, ut uenias in cor meum et inebries illud, ut obliuiscar mala mea et unum bonum meum amplectar, te? quid mihi es? miserere, ut loquar. quid tibi sum ipse, ut amari te iubeas a me et, nisi faciam, irascaris mihi et mineris ingentes miserias? paruane ipsa est, si non amem te? ei mihi! dic mihi per miserationes tuas, domine deus meus, quid sis mihi. dic animae meae: salus tua ego sum. sic dic, ut audiam. ecce aures cordis mei ante te, domine; aperi eas, et dic animae meae: salus tua ego sum. curram post uocem hanc et adprehendam te. noli abscondere a me faciem tuam: moriar, ne moriar, ut eam uideam.	Who will grant me to rest in you? Who will grant me that you come into my heart and make it drunk, so that I forget my evils and embrace my one good—you? What are you to me? Have mercy, so that I may speak. What am I myself to you, that you command me to love you, and if I do not, you are angry with me and threaten me with enormous miseries? Is it a small misery in itself if I do not love you? Ah, me! Tell me, by your mercies, Lord my God, what you are to me. "Say to my soul, 'I am your salvation.'" Say it so that I may hear. See, the ears of my heart are before you, Lord. Open them and say to my soul, "I am your salvation." I will run after that voice and take hold of you. "Do not hide your face from me." Let me die, so that I may not die—so that I may see it.[6]
1.5.6	Angusta est domus animae meae, quo uenias ad eam: dilatetur abs te. ruinosa est: refice eam. habet quae offendant oculos tuos: fateor et scio. sed quis mundabit eam? aut cui alteri praeter te clamabo: ab occultis meis munda me, domine, et ab alienis parce seruo tuo? credo, propter quod et loquor. domine, tu scis. nonne tibi	The house of my soul is too narrow for you to come into it: let it be enlarged by you. It is in ruins: rebuild it. It has things in it that offend your eyes: I confess it, and I know it. But who will cleanse it? Or to whom but you shall I cry, "Cleanse me from my hidden faults, Lord, and

5 Psalm 18:31.
6 Psalm 35:3; Psalm 27:9.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	prolocutus sum aduersum me delicta mea, deus meus, et tu dimisisti inpietatem cordis mei? non iudicio contendo tecum, qui ueritas es; et ego nolo fallere me ipsum, ne mentiatur iniquitas mea sibi. non ergo iudicio contendo tecum, quia, si iniquitates obseruaueris, domine, domine, quis sustinebit?	spare your servant from the faults of others"? "I believe, and so I speak," Lord: you know. Have I not "declared my transgressions" to you "against myself," my God, "and you forgave the wickedness of my heart"? I do not go to court with you, who are the truth; and I do not want to deceive myself, "so that my wickedness may not lie to itself." So I do not go to court with you, because "if you mark iniquities, Lord, Lord, who will stand?"[7]

INFANCY

Augustine reflects on his infancy, known only from others, and asks whether even babies sin.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.6.7	Sed tamen sine me loqui apud misericordiam tuam, me terram et cinerem, sine tamen loqui, quoniam ecce misericordia tua est, non homo, inrisor meus, cui loquor. et tu fortasse inrides me, sed conuersus misereberis mei. quid enim est quod uolo dicere, domine, nisi quia nescio, unde uenerim huc, in istam dico uitam mortalem an mortem uitalem? nescio. et susceperunt me consolationes miserationum tuarum, sicut audiui a parentibus carnis meae, ex quo et in qua me formasti in tempore; non enim ego memini. exceperunt ergo me consolationes lactis humani, nec mater mea uel nutrices meae sibi ubera implebant, sed tu mihi per eas dabas alimentum infantiae secundum institutionem tuam et diuitias usque ad fundum rerum dispositas.	Yet let me speak before your mercy—let me, who am dust and ashes, speak all the same. For see, it is your mercy I am speaking to, not some man who would mock me. Perhaps you too mock me; but you will turn and have mercy on me. For what is it I want to say, Lord, except that I do not know where I came from into this—shall I call it a dying life, or a living death? I do not know. And the comforts of your mercies took me up, as I have heard from the parents of my flesh, from whom and in whom you formed me in time—for I do not remember. So the comforts of human milk received me; yet neither my mother nor my nurses filled their own breasts, but you, through them, gave me the food of infancy, according to your ordinance and the riches you have laid out down to the very foundation of things.
	tu etiam mihi dabas nolle amplius, quam dabas, et nutrientibus me dare mihi uelle quod eis dabas: dare enim mihi per ordinatum affectum uolebant quo abundabant ex te. nam bonum erat eis bonum meum ex eis, quod ex eis non, sed per eas erat: ex te quippe bona omnia, deus, et ex deo meo salus mihi uniuersa. quod animaduerti postmodum clamante te mihi per haec ipsa, quae tribuis intus et foris. nam tunc sugere noram et adquiescere delectationibus, flere autem offensiones carnis meae, nihil amplius.	You also gave me not to want more than you gave, and gave those who nursed me the will to give me what you gave them: for with a rightly ordered affection they wanted to give me what they had in abundance from you. For the good that came to me from them was good for them—though it came not from them but through them. From you, God, come all good things, and from my God comes all my salvation. This I realized only later, as you cried out to me through the very things you bestow, within and without. For at that time I knew how to suck, and to be content with what pleased me, and to cry at what hurt my flesh—nothing more.
1.6.8	Post et ridere coepi, dormiens primo, deinde uigilans. hoc enim de me mihi indicatum est et credidi, quoniam	Later I began to smile as well, first in my sleep, then awake. This was told me about myself, and I

LATIN	ENGLISH
sic uidemus alios infantes; nam ista mea non memini. et ecce paulatim sentiebam, ubi essem, et uoluntates meas uolebam ostendere eis, per quos implerentur, et non poteram, quia illae intus erant, foris autem illi nec ullo suo sensu ualebant introire in animam meam. itaque iactabam et membra et uoces, signa similia uoluntatibus meis, pauca quae poteram, qualia poteram: non enim erant ueri similia. et cum mihi non obtemperabatur uel non intellecto uel ne obesset, indignabar non subditis maioribus et liberis non seruientibus et me de illis flendo uindicabam. tales esse infantes didici, quos discere potui, et me talem fuisse magis mihi ipsi indicauerunt nescientes quam scientes nutritores mei.	believed it, since we see other infants do the same; for I do not remember these things of mine. And see, little by little I began to sense where I was, and I wanted to show my wishes to those who could fulfill them, and I could not, because my wishes were inside and they were outside, and they had no sense by which they could enter into my soul. So I would throw my limbs about and make noises—signs resembling my wishes, the few I could, as best I could; for they did not really resemble them. And when I was not obeyed—either because I was not understood, or so that I would come to no harm—I was indignant that my elders did not submit to me and that free people did not wait on me as slaves, and I took my revenge on them by crying. That infants are like this I have learned from those I have been able to observe; and that I was like this myself, they have shown me, without knowing it, better than my nurses who did know.
1.6.9 Et ecce infantia mea olim mortua est et ego uiuo. tu autem, domine, qui et semper uiuis et nihil moritur in te, quoniam ante primordia saeculorum et ante omne, quod uel ante dici potest, tu es et deus es dominusque omnium, quae creasti, et apud te rerum omnium instabilium stant causae et rerum omnium mutabilium inmutabiles manent origines et omnium inrationalium et temporalium sempiternae uiuunt rationes, dic mihi supplici tuo, deus, et misericors misero tuo, dic mihi, utrum alicui iam aetati meae mortuae successerit infantia mea. an illa est, quam egi intra uiscera matris meae? nam et de illa mihi nonnihil indicatum est et praegnantes ipse uidi feminas. quid ante hanc etiam, dulcedo mea, deus meus? fuine alicubi aut aliquis?	And see, my infancy died long ago, and I am alive. But you, Lord, who live forever and in whom nothing dies—for before the beginnings of the ages, and before anything that can even be called "before," you are; and you are God and Lord of all that you have created; and with you stand the causes of all unstable things, and the unchangeable origins of all changeable things abide, and the eternal reasons of all things without reason and bound by time live on—tell me, your suppliant, God; merciful one, tell me, your miserable one: did my infancy follow some earlier age of mine that had already died? Or was that the time I spent within my mother's womb? For about that, too, something has been told me, and I have myself seen pregnant women. And what was before that, my sweetness, my God? Was I anywhere, or anyone?
nam quis mihi dicat ista, non habeo; nec pater nec mater potuerunt nec aliorum experimentum nec memoria mea. an irrides me ista quaerentem teque de hoc, quod noui, laudari a me iubes et confiteri me tibi?	For I have no one who can tell me this: neither father nor mother could, nor the experience of others, nor my own memory. Or do you laugh at me for asking these things, and bid me praise you and confess to you for what I do know?
1.6.10 Confiteor tibi, domine caeli et terrae, laudem dicens tibi de primordiis et infantia mea, quae non memini; et dedisti ea homini ex aliis de se conicere et auctoritatibus etiam muliercularum multa de se credere. eram enim et	I confess to you, Lord of heaven and earth, and give you praise for my beginnings and my infancy, which I do not remember. And you have granted human beings to infer much about themselves

7 Psalm 19:12–13; 116:10; 32:5; 27:12 (Latin version); 130:3.

LATIN

uiuebam etiam tunc et signa, quibus sensa mea nota aliis facerem, iam in fine infantiae quaerebam. unde hoc tale animal nisi abs te, domine? an quisquam se faciendi erit artifex? aut ulla uena trahitur aliunde, qua esse et uiuere currat in nos, praeterquam quod tu facis nos, domine, cui esse et uiuere non aliud atque aliud est, quia summe esse atque summe uiuere id ipsum est?

summus enim es et non mutaris, neque peragitur in te hodiernus dies, et tamen in te peragitur, quia in te sunt et ista omnia: non enim haberent uias transeundi, nisi contineres ea. et quoniam anni tui non deficiunt, anni tui hodiernus dies: et quam multi iam dies nostri et patrum nostrorum per hodiernum tuum transierunt et ex illo acceperunt modos et utcumque extiterunt, et transibunt adhuc alii et accipient et utcumque existent. tu autem idem ipse es et omnia crastina atque ultra omniaque hesterna et retro hodie facies, hodie fecisti. quid ad me, si quis non intellegat? gaudeat et ipse dicens: quid est hoc? gaudeat etiam sic et amet non inueniendo inuenire potius quam inueniendo non inuenire te.

1.7.11 Exaudi, deus. uae peccatis hominum! et homo dicit haec, et misereris eius, quoniam tu fecisti eum et peccatum non fecisti in eo. quis me commemorat peccatum infantiae meae? quoniam nemo mundus a peccato coram te, nec infans, cuius est unius diei uita super terram. quis me commemorat? an quilibet tantillus nunc paruulus, in quo uideo quod non memini de me? quid ergo tunc peccabam? an quia uberibus inhiabam plorans? nam si nunc faciam, non quidem uberibus, sed escae congruenti annis meis ita inhians, deridebor atque reprehendar iustissime. tunc ergo reprehendenda faciebam, sed quia reprehendentem intellegere non poteram, nec mos reprehendi me nec ratio sinebat. nam extirpamus et eicimus ista crescentes. nec uidi quemquam scientem, cum aliquid purgat, bona proicere.

ENGLISH

from others, and to believe much about themselves on the authority even of ordinary women. For I existed and lived even then, and already, at the end of infancy, I was looking for signs by which to make my feelings known to others. Where could such a living creature come from, if not from you, Lord? Will anyone be the craftsman of his own making? Or is there some channel drawn from elsewhere through which being and life flow into us, other than your making us, Lord—you for whom being and living are not two different things, because to be supremely and to live supremely are one and the same?

For you are supreme, and you do not change, and today does not come to its end in you—and yet it does come to its end in you, because all these things too are in you: they would have no paths to pass along unless you held them. And since "your years do not fail," your years are a single today. How many of our days, and of our fathers' days, have already passed through your today, and received from it their measure and whatever existence they had; and still others will pass through it, and receive, and exist in whatever way they will. "But you are the same": all that is tomorrow and beyond, and all that is yesterday and before, you will make today, you have made today. What is it to me if someone does not understand this? Let him rejoice too, and say, "What is this?" Let him rejoice even so, and let him love to find you by not finding, rather than by finding to fail to find you.[8]

Hear me, God. Woe to the sins of humankind! And it is a human being who says this, and you have mercy on him, because you made him, but you did not make the sin in him. Who reminds me of the sin of my infancy? For no one is clean of sin before you, not even an infant whose life on earth is a single day. Who reminds me? Any tiny little one now, in whom I see what I do not remember about myself? What, then, was my sin at that time? That I gaped for the breast, wailing? For if I did that now—gaping, not for the breast of course, but for the food suited to my years—I would be laughed at and rebuked, quite rightly. So I was doing things then that deserved rebuke; but since I could not understand anyone rebuking me, neither custom nor reason allowed me to be re-

8 Psalm 102:27.

LATIN

ENGLISH

buked. For as we grow up we root these things out and throw them away; and I have never seen anyone who knows what he is doing throw out what is good when he clears something out.[9]

an pro tempore etiam illa bona erant, flendo petere etiam quod noxie daretur, indignari acriter non subiectis hominibus liberis et maioribus hisque, a quibus genitus est, multisque praeterea prudentioribus non ad nutum uoluntatis obtemperantibus feriendo nocere niti quantum potest, quia non oboeditur imperiis, quibus perniciose oboediretur? ita imbecillitas membrorum infantilium innocens est, non animus infantium. uidi ego et expertus sum zelantem paruulum: nondum loquebatur et intuebatur pallidus amaro aspectu conlactaneum suum. quis hoc ignorat? expiare se dicunt ista matres atque nutrices nescio quibus remediis. nisi uero et ista innocentia est, in fonte lactis ubertim manante atque abundante opis egentissimum et illo adhuc uno alimento uitam ducentem consortem non pati. sed blande tolerantur haec, non quia nulla uel parua, sed quia aetatis accessu peritura sunt.

Or were even these things good for that stage of life: to beg with tears even for what would do harm if given; to rage fiercely at people not subject to him—free people and elders, even those who gave him birth, and many others wiser than he who did not obey his every whim—and to strive to hurt them, hitting out as hard as he can, because they do not obey orders it would be ruinous to obey? So it is the weakness of an infant's limbs that is innocent, not the infant's mind. I myself have seen and observed a jealous little one: he could not talk yet, and he stared, pale, with a bitter look at the child nursing beside him. Who does not know this? Mothers and nurses say they charm such things away with who knows what remedies. Unless this too is innocence: when the fountain of milk flows richly and abundantly, not to tolerate a partner in it who is in desperate need and still lives on that one food alone. But these things are indulgently put up with, not because they are nothing or slight, but because they will pass away as the years go by.

quod licet probes, cum ferri aequo animo eadem ipsa non possunt, quando in aliquo annosiore deprehenduntur.

You can prove this from the fact that the very same things cannot be calmly tolerated when they are found in someone older.

1.7.12 Tu itaque, domine deus meus, qui dedisti uitam infanti et corpus, quod ita, ut uidemus, instruxisti sensibus, conpegisti membris, figura decorasti proque eius uniuersitate atque incolumitate omnes conatus animantis insinuasti, iubes me laudare te in istis et confiteri tibi et psallere nomini tuo, altissime, quia deus es omnipotens et bonus, etiamsi sola ista fecisses, quae nemo alius potest facere nisi tu, une, a quo est omnis modus, formosissime, qui formas omnia et lege tua ordinas omnia. hanc ergo aetatem, domine, qua me uixisse non memini, de qua aliis credidi et quam me egisse ex aliis infantibus conieci, quamquam ista multum fida coniectura sit, piget me adnumerare huic uitae meae, quam uiuo in hoc saeculo.

You, then, Lord my God, who gave the infant life and a body—a body which, as we see, you furnished with senses, fitted together with limbs, graced with a shape, and in which, for its wholeness and safety, you implanted all the drives of a living creature—you command me to praise you for these things, and to confess to you, and to "sing to your name, Most High"; for you are God, almighty and good, even if you had made only these things, which no one else can make but you, the One, from whom comes all measure; most beautiful, who give form to all things and order all things by your law. This age of mine, then, Lord, which I do not remember living, about which I have trusted others, and which I have inferred from other infants that I passed through—though that inference is quite reliable—I am reluctant to

9 Echoing Job 14:4–5 (Greek and Latin versions).

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		count as part of this life of mine that I live in this world.[10]
	quantum enim adtinet ad obliuionis meae tenebras, par illi est, quam uixi in matris utero. quod si et in iniquitate conceptus sum et in peccatis mater mea me in utero aluit, ubi, oro te, deus meus, ubi, domine, ego, seruus tuus, ubi aut quando innocens fui? sed ecce omitto illud tempus: et quid mihi iam cum eo est, cuius nulla uestigia recolo?	For as far as the darkness of my forgetting goes, it is on a par with the life I lived in my mother's womb. And if "I was conceived in iniquity, and in sins my mother nourished me in the womb," where, I beg you, my God, where, Lord, was I, your servant—where or when was I innocent? But see, I pass over that time: what have I to do with it now, when I can recall no trace of it?[11]

LEARNING TO SPEAK

Augustine recalls how he learned to speak by watching his elders and linking words to things.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.8.13	Nonne ab infantia huc pergens ueni in pueritiam? uel potius ipsa in me uenit et successit infantiae? nec discessit illa: quo enim abiit? et tamen iam non erat. non enim eram infans, qui non farer, sed iam puer loquens eram. et memini hoc, et unde loqui didiceram, post aduerti. non enim docebant me maiores homines praebentes mihi uerba certo aliquo ordine doctrinae sicut paulo post litteras, sed ego ipse mente, quam dedisti mihi, deus meus, cum gemitibus et uocibus uariis et uariis membrorum motibus edere uellem sensa cordis mei, ut uoluntati pareretur, nec ualerem quae uolebam omnia nec quibus uolebam omnibus. pensabam memoria:	Did I not, moving on from infancy, come into boyhood? Or rather, did boyhood come into me and take the place of infancy? Yet infancy did not depart—for where did it go? And yet it was no longer there. For I was no longer an infant, one who could not speak, but already a boy who talked. This I remember; and how I had learned to speak I realized later. For it was not that my elders taught me, supplying me with words in some fixed order of instruction, as they did my letters a little later. Rather, I myself, with the mind you gave me, my God—when I wanted to express the feelings of my heart with cries and various sounds and various movements of my limbs, so that my will would be obeyed, and could not express everything I wanted to everyone I wanted—I weighed things in my memory.[12]
	cum ipsi appellabant rem aliquam et cum secundum eam uocem corpus ad aliquid mouebant, uidebam et tenebam hoc ab eis uocari rem illam, quod sonabant, cum eam uellent ostendere. hoc autem eos uelle ex motu corporis aperiebatur tamquam uerbis naturalibus omnium gentium, quae fiunt uultu et nutu oculorum ceterorumque membrorum actu et sonitu uocis indicante affectionem animi in petendis, habendis, reiciendis fugiendisue rebus. ita uerba in uariis sententiis locis suis posita et crebro audita, quarum rerum signa essent, paulatim colligebam measque iam uoluntates edomito in eis signis ore per haec enuntiabam. sic cum his, inter quos eram, uoluntatum enuntiandarum signa conmunicaui et uitae humanae procellosam societatem	When people named some object, and as they said the word moved their body toward something, I saw and retained that the object was called by the sound they uttered when they wanted to point it out. That they meant this was clear from the movement of their body—the natural language, as it were, of all peoples, made up of the face, the glance of the eyes, the action of the other limbs, and the tone of voice that shows the mind's feelings in seeking, having, rejecting or avoiding things. So, little by little, I gathered what things the words stood for, as I heard them often, set in their proper places in various sentences; and once

10 Psalm 92:1.
11 Psalm 51:5.
12 The Latin infans literally means "not speaking."

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	altius ingressus sum pendens ex parentum auctoritate nutuque maiorum hominum.	my mouth had been trained to these signs, I began to express my own wishes through them. In this way I shared with those around me the signs for expressing our wishes, and I entered more deeply into the stormy society of human life, still dependent on the authority of my parents and the bidding of my elders.

SCHOOL AND BEATINGS

Augustine describes being beaten at school for idleness and praying to God to escape the beatings.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.9.14	Deus, deus meus, quas ibi miserias expertus sum et ludificationes, quandoquidem recte mihi uiuere puero id proponebatur, obtemperare monentibus, ut in hoc saeculo florerem et excellerem linguosis artibus ad honorem hominum et falsas diuitias famulantibus. inde in scholam datus sum, ut discerem litteras, in quibus quid utilitatis esset ignorabam miser. et tamen, si segnis in discendo essem, uapulabam. laudabatur enim hoc a maioribus, et multi ante nos uitam istam agentes praestruxerant aerumnosas uias, per quas transire cogebamur multiplicato labore et dolore filiis Adam. inuenimus autem, domine, homines rogantes te et didicimus ab eis, sentientes te, ut poteramus, esse magnum aliquem, qui posses etiam non adparens sensibus nostris exaudire nos et subuenire nobis.	God, my God, what miseries I experienced there, and how I was made a fool of! For it was set before me as a boy, as the right way to live, that I should obey those who urged me on, so that I might flourish in this world and excel in the arts of the tongue that serve human honor and false riches. Then I was sent to school to learn my letters, and I did not know, poor wretch, what use they were. And yet if I was slow at learning, I was beaten. For our elders approved of this, and many who had lived this life before us had laid down the painful roads we were forced to travel, with labor and sorrow multiplied for the sons of Adam. But we found, Lord, people who prayed to you, and from them we learned to think of you, as best we could, as someone great who could hear us and come to our aid even without appearing to our senses.
	nam puer coepi rogare te, auxilium et refugium meum, et in tuam inuocationem rumpebam nodos linguae meae et rogabam te paruus non paruo affectu, ne in schola uapularem. et cum me non exaudiebas, quod non erat ad insipientiam Mihi, ridebantur a maioribus hominibus usque ab ipsis parentibus, qui mihi accidere mali nihil uolebant, plagae meae, magnum tunc et graue malum meum.	For as a boy I began to pray to you, my help and my refuge, and in calling on you I broke the knots of my tongue; and I prayed to you, small as I was, with no small feeling, that I might not be beaten at school. And when you did not hear me—which was not to count as folly in me—my beatings, then a great and heavy evil for me, were laughed at by grown-ups, even by my own parents, who wanted no harm to come to me.
1.9.15	Estne quisquam, domine, tam magnus animus, praegrandi affectu tibi cohaerens, estne, inquam, quisquam — facit enim hoc quaedam etiam stoliditas — est ergo, qui tibi pie cohaerendo ita sit affectus granditer, ut eculeos et ungulas atque huiuscemodi uaria tormenta, pro quibus effugiendis tibi per uniuersas terras cum timore magno supplicatur, ita parui aestimet, diligens eos, qui haec acerbissime formidant, quemadmodum parentes nostri ridebant tormenta, quibus pueri a magistris affligebamur? non enim aut minus ea metuebamus aut minus te de his euadendis	Is there anyone, Lord, of so great a soul, clinging to you with so mighty a love—is there anyone, I say (for a certain dullness can also produce this; so there is such a person)—who, clinging to you in devotion, is so greatly moved that he can make as light of the rack and the iron claws and all kinds of such tortures (to escape which people all over the world beg you in great fear), while loving those who dread them most bitterly, as our parents laughed at the torments we boys suffered from our

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	deprecabamur, et peccabamus tamen minus scribendo aut legendo aut cogitando de litteris, quam exigebatur a nobis. non enim deerat, domine, memoria uel ingenium, quae nos habere uoluisti pro illa aetate satis, sed delectabat ludere et uindicabatur in nos ab eis qui talia utique agebant.	teachers? For we did not fear them any less, nor pray to you any less to escape them; and yet we sinned by writing or reading or thinking about our lessons less than was required of us. For we did not lack memory or intelligence, Lord, which you willed us to have in sufficient measure for our age; but we loved to play, and we were punished for it by people who were certainly doing the same sort of thing.
	sed maiorum nugae negotia uocabantur, puerorum autem talia cum sint, puniuntur a maioribus, et nemo miseratur pueros uel illos uel utrosque. nisi uero adprobat quisquam bonus rerum arbiter uapulasse me, quia ludebam pila puer et eo ludo inpediebar, quominus celeriter discerem litteras, quibus maior deformius luderem. aut aliud faciebat idem ipse, a quo uapulabam, qui si in aliqua quaestiuncula a condoctore suo uictus esset, magis bile atque inuidia torqueretur quam ego, cum in certamine pilae a conlusore meo superabar?	But the trifles of grown-ups are called business, while when boys have the same kind of trifles, they are punished by grown-ups; and no one pities the boys, or the grown-ups, or both. Unless perhaps some good judge of things approves of my being beaten because as a boy I played ball, and that game kept me from learning my letters quickly—letters with which, as a grown man, I would play a more shameful game. Or was the very man who beat me doing anything different? If he was defeated by a fellow teacher in some petty dispute, he was more racked with rage and envy than I was when a playmate outplayed me at ball.
1.10.16	Et tamen peccabam, domine deus meus, ordinator et creator rerum omnium naturalium, peccatorum autem tantum ordinator, domine deus meus, peccabam faciendo contra praecepta parentum et magistrorum illorum. poteram enim postea bene uti litteris, quas uolebant ut discerem quocumque animo illi mei. non enim meliora eligens inoboediens eram, sed amore ludendi, amans in certaminibus superbas uictorias et scalpi aures meas falsis fabellis, quo prurirent ardentius, eadem curiositate magis magisque per oculos emicante in spectacula, ludos maiorum; quos tamen qui edunt, ea dignitate praediti excellunt, ut hoc paene omnes optent paruulis suis, quos tamen caedi libenter patiuntur, si spectaculis talibus inpediantur ab studio, quo eos ad talia edenda cupiunt peruenire.	And yet I sinned, Lord God, orderer and creator of all things in nature, but of sins only the orderer—Lord my God, I sinned by acting against the commands of my parents and of those teachers. For I could later make good use of the letters they wanted me to learn, whatever their motives. I was disobedient not because I chose better things, but from love of play: I loved proud victories in contests, and loved having my ears tickled by false stories so that they itched all the more hotly, while the same curiosity flashed more and more through my eyes toward the shows, the games of grown-ups. Yet those who put on these games enjoy such prestige that almost everyone wishes it for their little ones—whom they nonetheless gladly allow to be beaten if such shows keep them from the studies by which they hope they will one day come to put on such shows themselves.
	uide ista, domine, misericorditer et libera nos iam inuocantes te, libera etiam eos qui nondum te inuocant, ut inuocent te et liberes eos.	Look on these things, Lord, with mercy, and free us who already call upon you; free also those who do not yet call upon you, so that they may call upon you and you may free them.
1.11.17	Audieram enim ego adhuc puer de uita aeterna promissa nobis per humilitatem domini dei nostri descendentis ad superbiam nostram et signabar iam signo crucis eius et condiebar eius sale iam inde ab utero matris meae, quae	For I had heard, while still a boy, of the eternal life promised to us through the humility of the Lord our God, who came down to our pride; and I was already being signed with the sign of his cross and

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multum sperauit in te. uidisti, domine, cum adhuc puer essem et quodam die pressu stomachi repente aestuarem paene moriturus, uidisti, deus meus, quoniam custos meus iam eras, quo motu animi et qua fide baptismum Christi tui, dei et domini mei, flagitaui a pietate matris meae et matris omnium nostrum, ecclesiae tuae. et conturbata mater carnis meae, quoniam et sempiternam salutem meam carius parturibat corde casto in fide tua, iam curaret festinabunda, ut sacramentis salutaribus initiarer et abluerer, te, domine Iesu, confitens in remissionem peccatorum, nisi statim recreatus essem.

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seasoned with his salt from the time I left the womb of my mother, who greatly hoped in you. You saw, Lord, when I was still a boy and one day was suddenly burning with fever from a stomach complaint and close to death—you saw, my God, since you were already my guardian, with what surge of feeling and with what faith I begged for the baptism of your Christ, my God and Lord, from the devotion of my mother and of the mother of us all, your Church. And the mother of my flesh was deeply troubled, since with a chaste heart, in your faith, she was in labor still more lovingly with my eternal salvation; and she would already have hurried to have me initiated into the saving sacraments and washed clean, confessing you, Lord Jesus, for the forgiveness of sins—had I not suddenly recovered.[13]

dilata est itaque mundatio mea, quasi necesse esset, ut adhuc sordidarer, si uiuerem, quia uidelicet post lauacrum illud maior et periculosior in sordibus delictorum reatus foret. ita iam credebam et illa et omnis domus, nisi pater solus, qui tamen non euicit in me ius maternae pietatis, quominus in Christum crederem, sicut ille nondum crediderat. nam illa satagebat, ut tu mihi pater esses, deus meus, potius quam ille, et in hoc adiuuabas eam, ut superaret uirum, cui melior seruiebat, quia et in hoc tibi utique id iubenti seruiebat.

So my cleansing was postponed, as if I must inevitably be soiled again if I lived, since, of course, after that washing the guilt of falling into the filth of sin would be greater and more dangerous. So I already believed, as did she and the whole household, except my father alone; yet he did not overcome the claim of my mother's devotion over me and keep me from believing in Christ, as he himself had not yet believed. For she was eager that you, my God, should be my father rather than he; and in this you helped her to prevail over her husband, whom she, the better of the two, served—for in this too she was serving you, who command it.[14]

1.11.18 Rogo te, deus meus, uellem scire, si tu etiam uelles, quo consilio dilatus sum, ne tunc baptizarer, utrum bono meo mihi quasi laxata sint lora peccandi an non laxata sint. unde ergo etiam nunc de aliis atque aliis sonat undique in auribus nostris: „sine illum, faciat; nondum enim baptizatus est." et tamen in salute corporis non dicimus: sine uulneretur amplius; nondum enim sanatus est. quanto ergo melius et cito sanarer et id ageretur mecum meorum meaque diligentia, ut recepta salus animae meae tuta esset tutela tua, qui dedisses eam. melius uero. sed quot et quanti fluctus inpendere temptationum post pueritiam uidebantur, nouerat eos iam illa mater et terram potius, unde postea formarer, quam ipsam iam effigiem conmittere uolebat.

I ask you, my God—I would like to know, if you too would like it—for what purpose my baptism was put off at that time: was it for my good that the reins on sinning were, so to speak, loosened for me? Or were they not loosened? Why, then, even now do we hear on all sides, about this person and that, "Leave him alone, let him do it: he isn't baptized yet"? And yet where the body's health is concerned we do not say, "Let him be wounded some more: he isn't healed yet." How much better, then, if I had been healed at once, and if the care of my family and my own had seen to it that the health of my soul, once received, was kept safe in your keeping, since you had given it. Much better indeed. But how many great waves of temptation

13 Salt was placed on the tongue of catechumens, those preparing for baptism.
14 Augustine's father, Patricius, became a Christian only late in life.

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		seemed to loom after boyhood—my mother already knew of them, and she preferred to expose to them the clay from which I would later be formed, rather than the image already fashioned.
1.12.19	In ipsa tamen pueritia, de qua mihi minus quam de adulescentia metuebatur, non amabam litteras et me in eas urgeri oderam; et urgebar tamen et bene mihi fiebat nec faciebam ego bene: non enim discerem, nisi cogerer. nemo enim inuitus bene facit, etiamsi bonum est quod facit. nec qui me urgebant, bene faciebant, sed bene mihi fiebat abs te, deus meus. illi enim non intuebantur, quo referrem quod me discere cogebant, praeterquam ad satiandas insatiabiles cupiditates copiosae inopiae et ignominiosae gloriae. tu uero, cui numerati sunt capilli nostri, errore omnium, qui mihi instabant ut discerem, utebaris ad utilitatem meam, meo autem, qui discere nolebam, utebaris ad poenam meam, qua plecti non eram indignus tantillus puer et tantus peccator.	Yet in boyhood itself, when there was less to fear for me than in adolescence, I did not love my lessons, and I hated being pushed into them; and yet I was pushed, and good was done to me. I myself did not do good (for I would not have learned unless I was forced, and no one does good against his will, even if what he does is good); nor did those who pushed me do good; but good was done to me by you, my God. For they did not consider to what end I would put what they forced me to learn, except to satisfy the insatiable cravings of a wealthy poverty and a shameful glory. But you, by whom "the hairs of our head are numbered," used the error of all who pressed me to learn for my benefit, and my own error, in not wanting to learn, you used for my punishment—a punishment I well deserved, so small a boy and so great a sinner.[15]
	ita non de bene facientibus tu bene faciebas mihi et de peccante me ipso iuste retribuebas mihi. iussisti enim et sic est, ut poena sua sibi sit omnis inordinatus animus.	So through those who did not do good you did good to me, and through my own sin you justly repaid me. For you have commanded it, and so it is: every disordered mind is its own punishment.

WEEPING FOR DIDO

Augustine explains why he hated Greek yet wept over Dido while neglecting his own soul.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
1.13.20	Quid autem erat causae, cur graecas litteras oderam, quibus puerulus imbuebar, ne nunc quidem mihi satis exploratum est. adamaueram enim latinas, non quas primi magistri, sed quas docent qui grammatici uocantur. nam illas primas, ubi legere et scribere et numerare discitur, non minus onerosas poenalesque habebam quam omnes graecas. unde tamen et hoc nisi de peccato et uanitate uitae, qua caro eram et spiritus ambulans et non reuertens?	But what was the reason why I hated Greek, in which I was being schooled as a small boy? Even now I have not fully worked it out. For I had come to love Latin literature—not what the first teachers teach, but what is taught by those called grammarians. Those first lessons, where one learns to read and write and count, I found no less burdensome and painful than all of Greek. Yet where did this come from, too, if not from sin and the vanity of life, by which I was "flesh, and a breath that goes on its way and does not return"?[16]
	nam utique meliores, quia certiores, erant primae illae litterae, quibus fiebat in me et factum est et habeo illud, ut et legam, si quid scriptum inuenio, et scribam ipse, si quid uolo, quam illae, quibus tenere cogebar Aeneae	For surely those first lessons were better, because more reliable—through them I gained, and still possess, the ability to read anything I find written and to write anything I want—better than those in

15 Matthew 10:30.
16 Grammarians taught literature, the second stage of Roman schooling. Psalm 78:39.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	nescio cuius errores oblitus errorum meorum et plorare Didonem mortuam, quia se occidit ab amore, cum interea me ipsum in his a te morientem, deus uita mea, siccis oculis ferrem miserrimus.	which I was forced to memorize the wanderings of some Aeneas or other, while forgetting my own wanderings, and to weep for Dido dead because she killed herself for love, while all the time, amid these things, I bore my own dying away from you, God, my life, with dry eyes, most miserable wretch that I was.[17]
1.13.21	Quid enim miserius misero non miserante se ipsum et flente Didonis mortem, quae fiebat amando Aenean, non flente autem mortem suam, quae fiebat non amando te, deus, lumen cordis mei et panis oris intus animae meae et uirtus maritans mentem meam et sinum cogitationis meae? non te amabam et fornicabar abs te et fornicanti sonabat undique: „euge, euge." amicitia enim mundi huius fornicatio est abs te et „euge, euge" dicitur, ut pudeat, si non ita homo sit. et haec non flebam et flebam Didonem extinctam ferroque extrema secutam, sequens ipse extrema condita tua relicto te et terra iens in terram: et si prohiberer ea legere, dolerem, quia non legerem quod dolerem. talis dementia honestiores et uberiores litterae putantur quam illae, quibus legere et scribere didici.	For what is more miserable than a miserable wretch who does not pity himself, who weeps for the death of Dido, which came from loving Aeneas, but does not weep for his own death, which came from not loving you, God, light of my heart, bread for the inner mouth of my soul, power that is wedded to my mind and the inmost recesses of my thought? I did not love you, and I was unfaithful to you, and as I was unfaithful I heard all around me, "Well done! Well done!" For friendship with this world is unfaithfulness to you, and "Well done! Well done!" is said so that a man is ashamed if he is not like that. And for these things I did not weep, and I wept for Dido, "dead, having sought her end by the sword," while I myself was seeking the lowest ends of your creation, having abandoned you—earth going into earth. And if I were forbidden to read these things, I would grieve, because I could not read what made me grieve. Such is the madness by which this kind of literature is thought more respectable and richer than the lessons in which I learned to read and write.[18]
1.13.22	Sed nunc in anima mea clamet deus meus et ueritas tua dicat mihi: non est ita, non est ita; melior est prorsus doctrina illa prior. nam ecce paratior sum obliuisci errores Aeneae atque omnia eius modi quam scribere et legere. at enim uela pendent liminibus grammaticarum scholarum, sed non illa magis honorem secreti quam tegimentum erroris significant. non clament aduersus me quos iam non timeo, dum confiteor tibi quae uult anima mea, deus meus, et adquiesco in reprehensione malarum uiarum mearum, ut diligam bonas uias tuas. non clament aduersus me uenditores grammaticae uel emptores, quia, si proponam eis interrogans, utrum uerum sit quod Aenean aliquando Karthaginem uenisse poeta dicit, indoctiores nescire se respondebunt, doctiores autem etiam negabunt uerum esse.	But now let my God cry out in my soul, and let your truth say to me, "It is not so, it is not so." That earlier teaching is certainly better. For see, I am readier to forget the wanderings of Aeneas and everything of that kind than how to write and read. True, curtains hang at the doors of the grammar schools; but they signify not so much the honor of a mystery as the covering-up of error. Let those whom I no longer fear not cry out against me, while I confess to you what my soul desires, my God, and find rest in condemning my evil ways, so that I may love your good ways. Let the sellers and buyers of grammar not cry out against me; for if I put it to them and ask whether it is true that Aeneas once came to Carthage, as the poet

17 In Virgil's Aeneid the Trojan hero Aeneas abandons Dido, queen of Carthage, who then kills herself. Latin errores means both "wanderings" and "errors."

18 "Well done": Psalm 40:15. The line on Dido echoes Virgil, Aeneid 6.457.

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says, the less educated will answer that they do not know, and the more educated will even deny that it is true.

at si quaeram, quibus litteris scribatur Aeneae nomen, omnes mihi, qui haec didicerunt, uerum respondent et secundum id pactum et placitum, quo inter se homines ista signa firmarunt. item si quaeram, quid horum maiore uitae huius incommodo quisque obliuiscatur, legere et scribere an poetica illa figmenta, quis non uideat, quid responsurus sit, qui non est paenitus oblitus sui? peccabam ergo puer, cum illa inania istis utilioribus amore praeponebam uel potius ista oderam, illa amabam. iam uero unum et unum duo, duo et duo quattuor odiosa cantio mihi erat et dulcissimum spectaculum uanitatis equus ligneus plenus armatis et Troiae incendium atque ipsius umbra Creusae.

But if I ask with what letters the name Aeneas is written, everyone who has learned these things will give me the right answer, according to the agreement and convention by which people have fixed these signs among themselves. Likewise, if I ask which of these one would forget to the greater harm of one's life—reading and writing, or those poetic fictions—who does not see what anyone will answer who has not utterly forgotten himself? So I sinned as a boy when I preferred those empty things to these more useful ones in my affection—or rather, I hated these and loved those. Indeed, "one and one make two, two and two make four" was a hateful singsong to me; and the sweetest show of vanity was the wooden horse full of armed men, and Troy on fire, and "the ghost of Creusa herself."[19]

1.14.23 Cur ergo graecam etiam grammaticam oderam talia cantantem? nam et Homerus peritus texuerat tales fabellas et dulcissime uanus est et mihi tamen amarus erat puero. credo etiam graecis pueris Vergilius ita sit, cum eum sic discere coguntur ut ego illum. uidelicet difficultas, difficultas omnino ediscendae linguae peregrinae quasi felle aspergebat omnes suauitates graecas fabulosarum narrationum. nulla enim uerba illa noueram et saeuis terroribus ac poenis, ut nossem, instabatur mihi uehementer. nam et latina aliquando infans utique nulla noueram et tamen aduertendo didici sine ullo metu atque cruciatu inter etiam blandimenta nutricum et ioca arridentium et laetitias alludentium.

Why, then, did I hate Greek literature too, which sings of such things? For Homer too is skilled at weaving such tales and is most sweetly vain; yet to me as a boy he was bitter. I believe Virgil is the same to Greek boys when they are forced to learn him as I was forced to learn Homer. It was the difficulty, clearly—the sheer difficulty of mastering a foreign language—that sprinkled gall, as it were, over all the sweetness of the Greek tales. For I knew none of those words, and I was pressed hard, with savage threats and punishments, to learn them. There was a time, of course, when as an infant I knew no Latin words either; and yet I learned them just by paying attention, without any fear or torment, amid the coaxing of nurses, the jokes of people smiling at me, and the merriment of people playing with me.

didici uero illa sine poenali onere urgentium, cum me urgeret cor meum ad parienda concepta sua, id quod non esset, nisi aliqua uerba didicissem non a docentibus, sed a loquentibus, in quorum et ego auribus parturiebam quidquid sentiebam. hinc satis elucet maiorem habere uim ad discenda ista liberam curiositatem quam meticulosam necessitatem. sed illius fluxum haec restringit legibus tuis, deus, legibus tuis a magistrorum ferulis usque ad temptationes martyrum, ualentibus

I learned them without the painful burden of anyone pressing me, since my own heart pressed me to bring forth what it had conceived—which it could not have done unless I had learned some words, not from people teaching me but from people talking, into whose ears I in turn brought forth whatever I felt. From this it is clear enough that free curiosity has greater power to make us learn these things than fearful compulsion. Yet

19 Virgil, Aeneid 2.772: Creusa, Aeneas' wife, was lost in the fall of Troy.

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	legibus tuis miscere salubres amaritudines reuocantes nos ad te a iucunditate pestifera, qua recessimus a te.	compulsion checks the free flow of curiosity by your laws, God—your laws, from the schoolmasters' canes to the trials of the martyrs; for your laws have power to mix in wholesome bitterness that calls us back to you from the deadly pleasure by which we drew away from you.
1.15.24	Exaudi, domine, deprecationem meam, ne deficiat anima mea sub disciplina tua neque deficiam in confitendo tibi miserationes tuas, quibus eruisti me ab omnibus uiis meis pessimis, ut dulcescas mihi super omnes seductiones, quas sequebar, et amem te ualidissime et amplexem manum tuam totis praecordiis meis et eruas me ab omni temptatione usque in finem. ecce enim tu, domine, rex meus et deus meus, tibi seruiat quidquid utile puer didici, tibi seruiat quod loquor et scribo et lego et numero, quoniam cum uana discerem, tu disciplinam dabas mihi et in eis uanis peccata delectationum mearum dimisisti mihi. didici in eis multa uerba utilia; sed et in rebus non uanis disci possunt, et ea uia tuta est, in qua pueri ambularent.	"Hear my prayer, Lord," so that my soul may not faint under your discipline, nor I faint in confessing to you your mercies, by which you rescued me from all my worst ways, so that you might grow sweeter to me than all the seductions I used to follow, and I might love you with all my strength, and clasp your hand with my whole heart, and you might rescue me from every temptation to the very end. For see, Lord, my king and my God: let whatever useful thing I learned as a boy serve you; let what I speak and write and read and count serve you; for when I was learning empty things, you were giving me discipline, and you forgave me the sins of my delight in those empty things. For in them I learned many useful words; but these can also be learned in things that are not empty, and that is the safe road for children to walk.[20]

THE RIVER OF CUSTOM

Augustine condemns a schooling in immoral myths and recalls his boyhood thefts and cheating at games.

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1.16.25	Sed uae tibi, flumen moris humani! quis resistit tibi? quamdiu non siccaberis? quousque uolues Euae filios in mare magnum et formidulosum, quod uix transeunt qui lignum conscenderint? nonne ego in te legi et tonantem Iouem et adulterantem? et utique non posset haec duo, sed actum est, ut haberet auctoritatem imitandum uerum adulterium lenocinante falso tonitru. quis autem paenulatorum magistrorum audit aure sobria ex eodem puluere hominem clamantem et dicentem: fingebat haec Homerus et humana ad deos transferebat; diuina mallem ad nos? sed uerius dicitur, quod fingebat haec quidem ille, sed hominibus flagitiosis diuina tribuendo, ne flagitia flagitia putarentur et ut quisquis ea fecisset, non homines perditos, sed caelestes deos uideretur imitatus.	But woe to you, river of human custom! Who will stand against you? How long before you dry up? How long will you roll the children of Eve into that great and fearful sea which even those who have climbed aboard the wood can barely cross? Did I not read in you of Jupiter both thundering and committing adultery? Of course he could not do both; but it was so presented that real adultery would have authority for imitation, with false thunder acting as go-between. And which of the gowned schoolmasters listens with a sober ear to a man made of their own dust crying out and saying, "Homer invented these things and transferred human traits to the gods; I would rather he had transferred divine ones to us"? But it is truer to say that he did invent these things, but by attributing divine qualities to wicked men, so that crimes would not be thought crimes, and whoever com-

20 Psalm 61:1.

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	mitted them would seem to be imitating not depraved men but the gods of heaven.[21]
1.16.26 Et tamen, o flumen tartareum, iactantur in te fili hominum cum mercedibus, ut haec discant, et magna res agitur, cum hoc agitur publice in foro, in conspectu legum supra mercedem salaria decernentium, et saxa tua percutis et sonas dicens: „hinc uerba discuntur, hinc adquiritur eloquentia rebus persuadendis sententiisque explicandis maxime necessaria.“ ita ergo non cognosceremus uerba haec, imbrem et aureum et gremium et fucum et templa caeli et alia uerba, quae in eo loco scripta sunt, nisi Terentius induceret nequam adulescentem proponentem sibi Iouem ad exemplum stupri, dum spectat tabulam quandam pictam in pariete, ubi inerat pictura haec, Iouem quo pacto Danaae misisse aiunt in gremium quondam imbrem aureum, fucum factum mulieri? et uide, quemadmodum se concitat ad libidinem quasi caelesti magisterio: at quem deum! —	And yet, you river of hell, the children of men are thrown into you, with fees paid, to learn these things; and it is a great affair when this is done publicly in the forum, in full view of laws that decree salaries on top of the fees; and you pound your rocks and roar, saying, “This is where words are learned, this is where eloquence is acquired—so necessary for persuading people and setting out one’s views.” So we would not know these words—“shower of gold” and “lap” and “trick” and “temples of heaven” and the other words written in that passage—unless Terence brought on stage a worthless young man who sets up Jupiter as his model for debauchery, while he looks at a painting on a wall showing this scene: how Jupiter, they say, once sent a shower of gold into Danaë’s lap, playing a trick on a woman? And see how he stirs himself up to lust, as if taught by heaven: “But what a god![22]
inquit — qui templa caeli summo sonitu concutit. ego homuncio id non facerem? ego uero illud feci ac libens. Non omnino, non omnino per hanc turpitudinem uerba ista conmodius discuntur, sed per haec uerba turpitudo ista confidentius perpetratur. non accuso uerba quasi uasa lecta atque pretiosa, sed uinum erroris, quod in eis nobis propinabatur ab ebriis doctoribus, et nisi biberemus, caedebamur nec appellare ad aliquem iudicem sobrium licebat. et tamen ego, deus meus, in cuius conspectu iam secura est recordatio mea, libenter haec didici et eis delectabar miser et ob hoc bonae spei puer appellabar.	he says—“who shakes the temples of heaven with his mighty thunder! And I, a mere little man, shouldn’t do the same? I did it indeed, and gladly.” These words are not in the least learned more easily through this indecency; rather, through these words the indecency is committed more boldly. I do not blame the words, which are like choice and precious vessels, but the wine of error that was poured out for us in them by drunken teachers; and if we did not drink, we were beaten, and we were not allowed to appeal to any sober judge. And yet, my God, in whose sight my remembering is now free from care, I learned these things gladly, and, wretch that I was, I delighted in them, and for this I was called a boy of great promise.
1.17.27 Sine me, deus meus, dicere aliquid de ingenio meo, munere tuo, in quibus a me deliramentis atterebatur. proponebatur enim mihi negotium animae meae satis inquietum praemio laudis et dedecoris uel plagarum metu, ut dicerem uerba Iunonis irascentis et dolentis, quod non possit Italia Teucrorum auertere regem, quae numquam Iunonem dixisse audieram. sed figmentorum poeticorum uestigia errantes sequi cogebamur et tale aliquid dicere solutis uerbis, quale poeta dixisset uersibus: et ille dicebat laudabilius, in quo pro dignitate	Allow me, my God, to say something also about my talent, your gift, and the nonsense on which I wore it down. For a task was set me—one that troubled my soul greatly, with the prize of praise and the fear of disgrace or a beating—to speak the words of Juno, angry and grieving that she could not “turn the king of the Trojans away from Italy,” words I had never heard Juno say. But we were forced to follow, wandering, in the footsteps of po-

21 “The wood” is the cross, pictured as a ship. The quotation is from Cicero, Tusculan Disputations 1.65.
22 Terence, The Eunuch 583–591. In myth Jupiter came to Danaë as a shower of gold.

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	adumbratae personae irae ac doloris similior affectus eminebat, uerbis sententias congruenter uestientibus. ut quid mihi illud, o uera uita, deus meus? quid mihi recitanti adclamabatur prae multis coaetaneis et conlectoribus meis? nonne ecce illa omnia fumus et uentus? itane aliud non erat, ubi exerceretur ingenium et lingua mea?	etic fictions, and to say in prose something like what the poet had said in verse. And the one who spoke most admirably was the one in whom, in keeping with the dignity of the character portrayed, the feeling of anger and grief stood out most lifelike, with words fitly clothing the thoughts. What good was it to me, O true life, my God, that my declamation was applauded above those of many of my peers and fellow students? Look, was not all that smoke and wind? Was there nothing else on which my talent and my tongue could be exercised?[23]
	laudes tuae, domine, laudes tuae per scripturas tuas suspenderent palmitem cordis mei et non raperetur per inania nugarum turpis praeda uolatilibus. non enim uno modo sacrificatur transgressoribus angelis.	Your praises, Lord, your praises through your Scriptures would have held up the young vine of my heart, and it would not have been snatched away through empty trifles, a shameful prey for the birds. For there is more than one way of offering sacrifice to the rebel angels.[24]
1.18.28	Quid autem mirum, quod in uanitates ita ferebar et a te, deus meus, ibam foras, quando mihi imitandi proponebantur homines, qui aliqua facta sua non mala, si cum barbarismo aut soloecismo enuntiarent, reprehensi confundebantur, si autem libidines suas integris et rite consequentibus uerbis copiose ordinateque narrarent, laudati gloriabantur? uides haec, domine, et taces longanimis et multum misericors et uerax. numquid semper tacebis? et nunc erues de hoc inmanissimo profundo quaerentem te animam et sitientem delectationes tuas, et cuius cor dicit tibi: quaesiui uultum tuum; uultum tuum, domine, requiram: nam longe a uultu tuo in affectu tenebroso.	What wonder, then, that I was swept off into vanities like these and went out, away from you, my God, when the men set before me as models were ones who, if they reported some deed of theirs that was not bad with a barbarism or a solecism, were criticized and put to shame; but if they narrated their lusts in correct and properly constructed words, fully and in good order, were praised and took pride in it? You see these things, Lord, and you keep silent, "patient and abundant in mercy and true." Will you always keep silent? Even now you are drawing out of this most monstrous abyss a soul that seeks you and thirsts for your delights, and whose heart says to you, "I have sought your face; your face, Lord, I will seek." For to be far from your face is to be in the darkness of passion.[25]
	non enim pedibus aut spatiis locorum itur abs te aut reditur ad te, aut uero filius ille tuus equos aut currus uel naues quaesiuit aut auolauit pinna uisibili aut moto poplite iter egit, ut in longinqua regione uiuens prodige dissiparet quod dederas proficiscenti dulcis pater, quia dederas, et egeno redeunti dulcior: in affectu ergo libidinoso, id enim est tenebroso atque id est longe a uultu tuo.	For it is not on foot, or across distances of space, that one goes away from you or comes back to you. That son of yours did not look for horses or chariots or ships, or fly off on visible wings, or make his journey by bending his knees, so that, living in a far country, he might squander extravagantly what you had given him when he set out —a tender father, because you had given it, and more tender still to him when he came back in need. No: it was in lustful passion, which is to say

23 Virgil, Aeneid 1.38.
24 The birds recall the birds of the parable that snatch away the seed (Matthew 13:4, 19), here the fallen angels, or demons.
25 Psalm 86:15; Psalm 27:8.

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	darkened passion, and that is what it means to be far from your face.[26]
1.18.29 Vide, domine deus meus, et patienter, ut uides, uide, quomodo diligenter obseruent filii hominum pacta litterarum et syllabarum accepta a prioribus locutoribus et a te accepta aeterna pacta perpetuae salutis neglegant, ut qui illa sonorum uetera placita teneat aut doceat, si contra disciplinam grammaticam sine adspiratione primae syllabae hominem dixerit, magis displiceat hominibus, quam si contra tua praecepta hominem oderit, cum sit homo. quasi uero quemlibet inimicum hominem perniciosius sentiat quam ipsum odium, quo in eum irritatur, aut uastet quisquam persequendo alium grauius, quam cor suum uastat inimicando. et certe non est interior litterarum scientia quam scripta conscientia, id se alteri facere quod nolit pati.	See, Lord God, and see patiently, as indeed you see, how carefully the children of men observe the conventions of letters and syllables received from those who spoke before them, while they neglect the eternal covenants of everlasting salvation received from you. So much so that someone who holds to or teaches those old agreements about sounds, if against the rules of grammar he pronounces "human" without aspirating the first syllable, displeases people more than if, against your commandments, he hates a human being, though he is one himself. As if he could feel any enemy to be more destructive than the very hatred that rouses him against that enemy; or as if anyone could do more damage by persecuting another than he does to his own heart by hating him. And surely the knowledge of letters is no more inward than the conscience written within us, which tells us that we are doing to another what we would not want to suffer ourselves.[27]
quam tu secretus es, habitans in excelsis in silentio, deus solus magnus, lege infatigabili spargens poenales caecitates supra inlicitas cupiditates, cum homo eloquentiae famam quaeritans ante hominem iudicem circumstante hominum multitudine inimicum suum odio inmanissimo insectans uigilantissime cauet, ne per linguae errorem dicat: inter hominibus, et ne per mentis furorem hominem auferat ex hominibus, non cauet.	How hidden you are, dwelling on high in silence, the only great God, who by an untiring law scatter blindness as a punishment over unlawful cravings! A man seeking a reputation for eloquence, standing before a human judge with a crowd of humans around him, pursuing his enemy with the most savage hatred, takes the most vigilant care not to say "inter hominibus" by a slip of the tongue; but that by a frenzy of the mind he may remove a human being from among humans—this he takes no care about.[28]
1.19.30 Horum ego puer morum in limine iacebam miser, et huius harenae palaestra erat illa, ubi magis timebam barbarismum facere quam cauebam, si facerem, non facientibus inuidere. dico haec et confiteor tibi, deus meus, in quibus laudabar ab eis, quibus placere tunc mihi erat honeste uiuere. non enim uidebam uoraginem turpitudinis, in quam proiectus eram ab oculis tuis. nam in illis iam quid me foedius fuit, ubi etiam talibus displicebam fallendo innumerabilibus mendaciis et paedagogum et magistros et parentes amore ludendi, studio spectandi nugatoria et imitandi ludicra inquietudine? furta etiam faciebam de cellario parentum	On the threshold of such ways I lay as a boy, wretched, and this was the wrestling school of that arena, where I was more afraid of committing a barbarism than I was careful, if I committed one, not to envy those who did not. I say this and confess it to you, my God: these were the things for which I was praised by the people whom to please was, for me at that time, to live rightly. For I did not see the whirlpool of filth into which I had been cast out of your sight. And in their eyes, what was fouler than I was by then, when I displeased even

26 The parable of the prodigal son, Luke 15:11–32.
27 Latin *homo* ("human being"); dropping the h was a mark of uneducated speech.
28 *Inter hominibus,* "among humans," is a grammatical blunder: *inter* takes the accusative, *inter homines*.

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et de mensa uel gula imperante, uel ut haberem quod darem pueris, ludum suum mihi, quo pariter utique delectabantur, tamen uendentibus.

in quo etiam ludo fraudulentas uictorias ipse uana excellentiae cupiditate uictus saepe aucupabar. quid enim tam nolebam pati atque atrociter, si deprehenderem, arguebam, quam id quod aliis faciebam et, si deprehensus arguerer, saeuire magis quam cedere libebat? istane est innocentia puerilis? non est, domine, non est, oro te, deus meus. nam haec ipsa sunt, quae a paedagogis et magistris, a nucibus et pilulis et passeribus, ad praefectos et reges, aurum, praedia, mancipia, haec ipsa omnino succedentibus maioribus aetatibus transeunt, sicuti ferulis maiora supplicia succedunt. humilitatis ergo signum in statura pueritiae, rex noster, probasti, cum aisti: talium est regnum caelorum.

1.20.31 Sed tamen, domine, tibi excellentissimo, optimo conditori et rectori uniuersitatis, deo nostro gratias, etiamsi me puerum tantum esse uoluisses. eram enim etiam tunc, uiuebam atque sentiebam meamque incolumitatem, uestigium secretissimae unitatis, ex qua eram, curae habebam, custodiebam interiore sensu integritatem sensuum meorum inque ipsis paruis paruarumque rerum cogitationibus ueritate delectabar. falli nolebam, memoria uigebam, locutione instruebar, amicitia mulcebar, fugiebam dolorem, abiectionem, ignorantiam. quid in tali animante non mirabile atque laudabile? at ista omnia dei mei dona sunt, non mihi ego dedi haec: et bona sunt et haec omnia ego. bonus ergo est qui fecit me, et ipse est bonum meum et illi exulto bonis omnibus, quibus etiam puer eram.

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such people as these, deceiving with countless lies my tutor and my teachers and my parents, out of love of play, eagerness to watch trivial shows, and a restless urge to imitate them? I even stole from my parents' storeroom and from their table, either because my greed commanded it, or so that I might have something to give the boys who sold me a share in their games—games which, all the same, they enjoyed just as much as I did.[29]

In those games, too, overcome myself by a vain craving to excel, I often hunted for fraudulent victories. And what was I so unwilling to suffer, and what did I so fiercely denounce if I caught someone at it, as the very thing I was doing to others? And if I was caught and denounced, I preferred to rage rather than give way. Is this the innocence of childhood? It is not, Lord, it is not. I beg you, my God: for these are the very things that pass from tutors and teachers, from nuts and balls and sparrows, to governors and kings, to gold, estates and slaves—these very same things, as the later ages of life succeed one another, just as heavier punishments succeed the schoolmaster's cane. So it was the sign of humility in the small stature of childhood that you, our King, commended when you said, "To such as these belongs the kingdom of heaven."[30]

And yet, Lord, thanks be to you, the most excellent and best Creator and Ruler of the universe, our God, even if you had willed me to be no more than a child. For even then I existed, I lived and I felt, and I took care of my own well-being—a trace of that most hidden unity from which I came. By an inner sense I guarded the wholeness of my senses, and even in my little thoughts about little things I delighted in the truth. I did not want to be deceived; my memory was strong; I was being furnished with speech; I was comforted by friendship; I shunned pain, humiliation and ignorance. What in such a living creature is not wonderful and praiseworthy? But all these are gifts of my God. I did not give them to myself; and they are good, and all of them together are me. So he who made me is good, and he himself is my good, and I exult before him for all the good things that made me what I was, even as a boy.

29 The tutor (*paedagogus*) was the household slave who escorted a boy to school and supervised him.
30 Matthew 19:14.

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hoc enim peccabam, quod non in ipso, sed in creaturis eius me atque ceteras uoluptates, sublimitates, ueritates quaerebam, atque ita inruebam in dolores, confusiones, errores. gratias tibi, dulcedo mea et honor meus et fiducia mea, deus meus, gratias tibi de donis tuis; sed tu mihi ea serua. ita enim seruabis me, et augebuntur et perficientur quae dedisti mihi, et ero ipse tecum, quia et ut sim tu dedisti mihi.	For this was my sin: that I sought pleasures, heights and truths not in him but in his creatures —in myself and the rest—and so I plunged headlong into pains, confusions and errors. Thanks be to you, my sweetness, my honor, my confidence, my God; thanks be to you for your gifts. But keep them safe for me. For so you will keep me safe, and what you have given me will grow and be made complete, and I myself will be with you, since even my existing is your gift to me.

Book II

Adolescence and the theft of the pears
Augustine recalls his sixteenth year, adolescent lust, and the pointless theft of pears.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.1.1	Recordari uolo transactas foeditates meas et carnales corruptiones animae meae, non quod eas amem, sed ut amem te, deus meus. amore amoris tui facio istuc, recolens uias meas nequissimas in amaritudine recogitationis meae, ut tu dulcescas mihi, dulcedo non fallax, dulcedo felix et secura, et colligens me a dispersione, in qua frustatim discissus sum, dum ab uno te auersus in multa euanui. exarsi enim aliquando satiari inferis in adulescentia et siluescere ausus sum uariis et umbrosis amoribus, et contabuit species mea et conputrui coram oculis tuis placens mihi et placere cupiens oculis hominum.	I want to call to mind my past foulness and the carnal corruptions of my soul—not because I love them, but so that I may love you, my God. It is for love of your love that I do this, going back over my most wicked ways in the bitterness of recollection, so that you may grow sweet to me—a sweetness that does not deceive, a sweetness happy and secure—and so that you may gather me up from the scattered state in which I was torn to pieces when I turned away from you, the One, and vanished into the many. For there was a time in my youth when I burned to take my fill of the lowest things, and I dared to run wild in a forest of various, shadowy loves; my beauty wasted away, and I rotted before your eyes, pleasing myself and longing to please the eyes of men.
2.2.2	Et quid erat, quod me delectabat, nisi amare et amari? sed non tenebatur modus ab animo usque ad animum, quatenus est luminosus limes amicitiae, sed exhalabantur nebulae de limosa concupiscentia carnis et scatebra pubertatis et obnubilabant atque obfuscabant cor meum, ut non discerneretur serenitas dilectionis a caligine libidinis. utrumque in confuso aestuabat et rapiebat inbeccillam aetatem per abrupta cupiditatum atque mersabat gurgite flagitiorum. inualuerat super me ira tua et nesciebam. obsurdueram stridore catenae mortalitatis meae, poena superbiae animae meae, et ibam longius a te, et sinebas, et iactabar et effundebar et diffluebam et ebulliebam per fornicationes meas, et tacebas. o tardum gaudium meum! tacebas tunc, et ego ibam porro longe a te in plura et plura sterilia semina dolorum superba deiectione et inquieta lassitudine.	And what was it that delighted me, except to love and to be loved? But the measure was not kept, from mind to mind, where the bright boundary of friendship lies. Instead, mists rose from the muddy lust of the flesh and the bubbling spring of puberty, and they clouded and darkened my heart, so that the clear sky of love could not be told apart from the fog of lust. Both seethed together in confusion, swept my weak youth over the cliffs of craving, and drowned it in a whirlpool of shameful deeds. Your anger had grown strong over me, and I did not know it. I had been deafened by the clanking of the chain of my mortality, the punishment for the pride of my soul; and I went farther from you, and you let me; and I was tossed about and poured out and spilled and boiled over in my fornications, and you were silent. O my joy, so slow in coming! You were silent then, and I went on, farther and farther from you, into more and more barren seeds of sorrow, in proud dejection and restless weariness.
2.2.3	Quis mihi modularetur aerumnam meam et nouissimarum rerum fugaces pulchritudines in usum	

LATIN	ENGLISH
uerteret earumque suauitatibus metas praefigeret, ut usque ad coniugale litus exaestuarent fluctus aetatis meae, si tranquillitas in eis non poterat esse fine procreandorum liberorum contenta, sicut praescribit lex tua, domine, qui formas etiam propaginem mortis nostrae, potens inponere lenem manum ad temperamentum spinarum a paradiso tuo seclusarum? non enim longe est a nobis omnipotentia tua, etiam cum longe sumus a te. aut certe sonitum nubium tuarum uigilantius aduerterem: tribulationem autem carnis habebunt huius modi. ego autem uobis parco, et: bonum est homini mulierem non tangere, et: qui sine uxore est, cogitat ea quae sunt dei, quomodo placeat deo; qui autem matrimonio iunctus est, cogitat ea quae sunt mundi, quomodo placeat uxori. has ergo uoces exaudirem uigilantior et abscisus propter regnum caelorum felicior expectarem amplexus tuos.	Who might have tempered my misery, turned the fleeting beauties of the lowest things to good use, and set limits to their sweetness, so that the waves of my youth might have spent themselves on the shore of marriage? If they could not find calm there, content with the purpose of having children, as your law prescribes, Lord—you who shape even the offspring of our death, and are able to lay a gentle hand on the thorns that were shut out of your paradise, to soften them; for your omnipotence is not far from us, even when we are far from you—then at least I should have listened more attentively to the voice from your clouds: "Such people will have trouble in the flesh, and I would spare you"; and "It is good for a man not to touch a woman"; and "He who is without a wife thinks about the things of God, how to please God; but he who is joined in marriage thinks about the things of the world, how to please his wife." These were the voices I should have heeded more attentively, and, cut off for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, I would have waited more happily for your embraces.[1]
2.2.4 Sed efferbui miser, sequens impetum fluxus mei relicto te, et excessi omnia legitima tua nec euasi flagella tua: quis enim hoc mortalium? nam tu semper aderas misericorditer saeuiens, et amarissimis aspargens offensionibus omnes illicitas iucunditates meas, ut ita quaererem sine offensione iucundari, et ubi hoc possem, non inuenirem quicquam praeter te, domine, praeter te, qui fingis dolorem in praecepto et percutis, ut sanes, et occidis nos, ne moriamur abs te. ubi eram et quam longe exulabam a deliciis domus tuae anno illo sexto decimo aetatis carnis meae, cum accepit in me sceptrum et totas manus ei dedi uesania libidinis, licentiosae per dedecus humanum, inlicitae autem per leges tuas?	But I, wretched, boiled over, following the surge of my own current and leaving you behind; I went beyond all your laws, and I did not escape your scourges. For what mortal does? You were always there, severe in your mercy, sprinkling all my unlawful pleasures with the bitterest disappointments, so that I might look for pleasure without disappointment—and where I could find that, I would find nothing except you, Lord, nothing except you, who make pain a lesson, and strike in order to heal, and kill us so that we may not die away from you. Where was I? And how far was I exiled from the delights of your house in that sixteenth year of my flesh, when the madness of lust—licensed by human shamelessness, but forbidden by your laws—took up its scepter over me, and I surrendered to it completely?[2]
non fuit cura meorum ruentem excipere me matrimonio, sed cura fuit tantum, ut discerem sermonem facere quam optimum et persuadere dictione.	My family took no care to catch me in my fall by means of marriage; their only care was that I should learn to make the finest speeches possible and to persuade by my eloquence.

1 1 Corinthians 7:28, 7:1 and 7:32–33; the last phrase echoes Matthew 19:12, on those who become eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven.

2 Echoes Psalm 94:20 and Deuteronomy 32:39.

A YEAR IDLE AT HOME

At sixteen, idle at home while money for Carthage was raised, Augustine sinks into lust.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.3.5	Et anno quidem illo intermissa erant studia mea, dum mihi reducto a Madauris, in qua uicina urbe iam coeperam litteraturae atque oratoriae percipiendae gratia peregrinari, longinquioris apud Karthaginem peregrinationis sumptus parabantur animositate magis quam opibus patris, municipis Thagastensis admodum tenuis. cui narro haec? neque enim tibi, deus meus, sed apud te narro haec generi meo, generi humano, quantulacumque ex particula incidere potest in istas meas litteras. et ut quid hoc? ut uidelicet ego et quisquis haec legit cogitemus, de quam profundo clamandum sit ad te. et quid propius auribus tuis, si cor confitens et uita ex fide est? quis enim non extollebat laudibus tunc hominem patrem meum, quod ultra uires rei familiaris suae impenderet filio, quidquid etiam longe peregrinanti studiorum causa opus esset?	In that year my studies were interrupted. I had been brought home from Madauros, the nearby town where I had already begun to live away from home to study literature and oratory, while the money for a longer stay away, at Carthage, was being got together—more by my father's determination than by his means, for he was a citizen of Thagaste of very modest resources. To whom am I telling this? Not to you, my God; but in your presence I am telling it to my own kind, the human race, however small the portion of it that may come upon these writings of mine. And why do I tell it? Clearly so that I, and whoever reads this, may reflect on what depths we must cry to you from. And what is nearer to your ears than a heart that confesses and a life lived by faith? For who did not praise my father to the skies at that time, because, beyond the means of his household, he spent on his son whatever was needed even for studying so far away?[3]
	multorum enim ciuium longe opulentiorum nullum tale negotium pro liberis erat, cum interea non satageret idem pater, qualis crescerem tibi aut quam castus essem, dummodo essem disertus uel desertus potius a cultura tua, deus, qui es unus uerus et bonus dominus agri tui, cordis mei.	For many citizens far richer did nothing of the kind for their children. And yet this same father of mine did not trouble himself about how I was growing up toward you, or how chaste I was, so long as I was well-spoken—or rather, left a wasteland, untilled by you, God, who are the one true and good Lord of your field, my heart.[4]
2.3.6	Sed ubi sexto illo et decimo anno interposito otio ex necessitate domestica feriatus ab omni schola cum parentibus esse coepi, excesserunt caput meum uepres libidinum, et nulla erat eradicans manus. quin inmo ubi me ille pater in balneis uidit pubescentem et inquieta indutum adulescentia, quasi iam ex hoc in nepotes gestiret, gaudens matri indicauit, gaudens uinulentia, in qua te iste mundus oblitus est creatorem suum et creaturam tuam pro te amauit, de uino inuisibili peruersae atque inclinatae in ima uoluntatis suae. sed matris in pectore iam inchoaueras templum tuum et exordium sanctae habitationis tuae: nam ille adhuc catechumenus et hoc recens erat.	But in that sixteenth year, when there was a break in my studies because of the family's finances and I was on holiday from all schooling and living with my parents, the brambles of lust grew up over my head, and there was no hand to root them out. Worse: when that father of mine saw me at the baths, growing into manhood and clothed in restless youth, he told my mother with joy, as though he were already delighted at the thought of grandchildren—the joy of that drunkenness in which this world forgets you, its Creator, and loves your creation instead of you, drunk on the invisible wine of its own will, perverse and bent toward the lowest things. But in my mother's breast you had

3 Thagaste (modern Souk Ahras, Algeria) was Augustine's hometown; Madauros lay some 20 miles to the south. Carthage was the capital of Roman Africa.

4 A Latin pun: *disertus* ("eloquent") and *desertus* ("deserted, left untilled").

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		already begun your temple and laid the foundation of your holy dwelling; my father was still a catechumen, and only recently at that.[5]
	itaque illa exsiluit pia trepidatione ac tremore et quamuis mihi nondum fideli, timuit tamen uias distortas, in quibus ambulant qui ponunt ad te tergum et non faciem.	So she started up in holy alarm and trembling; and though I was not yet baptized, she feared for me the crooked ways walked by those who turn their backs to you and not their faces.
2.3.7	Ei mihi! et audeo dicere tacuisse te, deus meus, cum irem abs te longius? itane tu tacebas tunc mihi? et cuius erant nisi tua uerba illa per matrem meam, fidelem tuam, quae cantasti in aures meas? nec inde quicquam descendit in cor, ut facerem illud. uolebat enim illa, et secreto memini, ut monuerit cum sollicitudine ingenti, ne fornicarer maximeque ne adulterarem cuiusquam uxorem. qui mihi monitus muliebres uidebantur, quibus obtemperare erubescerem. illi autem tui erant, et nesciebam et te tacere putabam atque illam loqui, per quam mihi tu non tacebas, et in illa contemnebaris a me, a me, filio eius, filio ancillae tuae, seruo tuo.	Ah me! Do I dare to say that you were silent, my God, when I was going farther from you? Were you really silent to me then? And whose were they if not yours, those words you sang in my ears through my mother, your faithful one? Yet none of it went down into my heart so that I acted on it. For she wanted—and I remember how she warned me in private, with enormous anxiety—that I should not commit fornication, and above all that I should not commit adultery with anyone's wife. These seemed to me a woman's warnings, which I would have blushed to obey. But they were yours, and I did not know it; I thought that you were silent and that it was she who spoke—she, through whom you were not silent to me—and in her I despised you: I, her son, the son of your handmaid, your servant.
	sed nesciebam et praeceps ibam tanta caecitate, ut inter coaetaneos meos puderet me minoris dedecoris, quoniam audiebam eos iactantes flagitia sua et tanto gloriantes magis, quanto magis turpes essent, et libebat facere non solum libidine facti uerum etiam laudis. quid dignum est uituperatione nisi uitium? ego, ne uituperarer, uitiosior fiebam, et ubi non suberat, quo admisso aequarer perditis, fingebam me fecisse quod non feceram, ne uiderer abiectior, quo eram innocentior, et ne uilior haberer, quo eram castior.	But I did not know, and I rushed headlong in such blindness that among boys my own age I was ashamed to be less shameful than they were. I heard them boasting of their outrages and glorying in them all the more, the fouler they were; and I liked doing such things not only for the pleasure of the act but also for the praise. What deserves blame but vice? Yet I, so as not to be blamed, grew more vicious; and when I had done nothing that would put me on a par with the depraved, I pretended to have done what I had not done, so as not to seem more contemptible for being more innocent, or be thought cheaper for being more chaste.
2.3.8	Ecce cum quibus comitibus iter agebam platearum Babyloniae et uolutabar in caeno eius tamquam in cinnamis et unguentis pretiosis. et in umbilico eius quo tenacius haererem, calcabat me inimicus inuisibilis et seducebat me, quia ego seductilis eram. non enim et illa, quae iam de medio Babylonis fugerat, sed ibat in ceteris eius tardior, mater carnis meae, sicut monuit me pudicitiam, ita curauit quod de me a uiro suo audierat, iamque pestilentiosum et in posterum periculosum	See the companions with whom I walked the streets of Babylon and rolled in its mud as if in cinnamon and precious ointments. And to make me stick all the faster in its very navel, the invisible enemy trampled on me and seduced me, because I was easy to seduce. For even she who had already fled from the midst of Babylon, though she still moved more slowly in its other quarters—the mother of my flesh—although she had warned

5 A catechumen was one receiving instruction in the Christian faith before baptism.

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sentiebat cohercere termino coniugalis affectus, si resecari ad uiuum non poterat.	me to be chaste, did not likewise take care, in response to what she had heard about me from her husband, to restrain within the bounds of married love what she sensed was already a plague and a danger for the future, if it could not be cut back to the quick.[6]
non curauit hoc, quia metus erat, ne inpediretur spes mea conpede uxoria, non spes illa, quam in te futuri saeculi habebat mater, sed spes litterarum, quas ut nossem nimis uolebat parens uterque, ille, quia de te prope nihil cogitabat, de me autem inania, illa autem, quia non solum nullo detrimento, sed etiam nonnullo adiumento ad te adipiscendum futura existimabat usitata illa studia doctrinae. ita enim conicio recolens, ut possum, mores parentum meorum. relaxabantur etiam mihi ad ludendum habenae ultra temperamentum seueritatis in dissolutionem afflictionum uariarum, et in omnibus erat caligo intercludens mihi, deus meus, serenitatem ueritatis tuae, et prodiebat tamquam ex adipe iniquitas mea.	She did not see to this, because there was fear that my prospects would be hampered by the shackle of a wife—not the hope of the world to come which my mother had in you, but the hope of learning, which both my parents were all too eager for me to acquire: he because he gave almost no thought to you, and only empty thoughts to me; she because she reckoned that the usual course of studies would be not only no hindrance but even some help to me in reaching you. That, at least, is my guess, as I recall, as best I can, the characters of my parents. The reins were also slackened to let me amuse myself, beyond any measure of strictness, to the point of dissipation in all kinds of afflictions; and in all of it there was a fog, my God, shutting me off from the clear sky of your truth, and my wickedness came forth as if from fatness.[7]

THE THEFT OF THE PEARS

Augustine recounts stealing pears with a gang of boys, wanting nothing but the theft itself.

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2.4.9 Furtum certe punit lex tua, domine, et lex scripta in cordibus hominum, quam ne ipsa quidem delet iniquitas: quis enim fur aequo animo furem patitur? nec copiosus adactum inopia. et ego furtum facere uolui et feci nulla conpulsus egestate nisi penuria et fastidio iustitiae et sagina iniquitatis. nam id furatus sum, quod mihi abundabat et multo melius, nec ea re uolebam frui, quam furto appetebam, sed ipso furto et peccato. arbor erat pirus in uicinia nostrae uineae pomis onusta nec forma nec sapore inlecebrosis.	Theft is certainly punished by your law, Lord, and by the law written on human hearts, which not even wickedness itself erases. For what thief calmly puts up with a thief? Not even a rich one with one driven by poverty. Yet I wanted to commit theft, and I did it, driven by no need—unless by a poverty of justice and a distaste for it, and a gorging on wickedness. For I stole what I had in plenty, and of much better quality; nor did I want to enjoy the thing I was after by stealing, but the theft itself, and the sin. There was a pear tree near our vineyard, laden with fruit that was tempting neither in looks nor in taste.
ad hanc excutiendam atque asportandam nequissimi adulescentuli perreximus nocte intempesta, quo usque ludum de pestilentiae more in areis produxeramus, et abstulimus inde onera ingentia non ad nostras epulas, sed uel proicienda porcis, etiamsi aliquid inde	To shake it and carry off its fruit, we set out, a gang of worthless youths, in the dead of night (we had kept up our games in the streets until then, as was our pestilent habit), and took away huge loads from it—not to feast on ourselves, but perhaps to

6 Babylon stands for the city of this world, from which God's people are told to flee (Jeremiah 51:6).
7 Psalm 73:7.

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comedimus, dum tamen fieret a nobis quod eo liberet, quo non liceret. ecce cor meum, deus, ecce cor meum, quod miseratus es in imo abyssi. dicat tibi nunc ecce cor meum, quid ibi quaerebat, ut essem gratis malus et malitiae meae causa nulla esset nisi malitia. foeda erat et amaui eam; amaui perire, amaui defectum meum, non illud, ad quod deficiebam, sed defectum meum ipsum amaui, turpis anima et dissiliens a firmamento tuo in exterminium, non dedecore aliquid, sed dedecus appetens.

2.5.10 Etenim species est pulchris corporibus et auro et argento et omnibus, et in contactu carnis congruentia ualet plurimum ceterisque sensibus est sua cuique adconmodata modificatio corporum; habet etiam honor temporalis et imperitandi atque superandi potentia suum decus, unde etiam uindictae auiditas oritur: et tamen in cuncta haec adipiscenda non est egrediendum abs te, domine, neque deuiandum a lege tua. et uita, quam hic uiuimus, habet inlecebram suam propter quendam modum decoris sui et conuenientiam cum his omnibus infimis pulchris. amicitia quoque hominum caro nodo dulcis est propter unitatem de multis animis. propter uniuersa haec atque huius modi peccatum admittitur, dum inmoderata in ista inclinatione, cum extrema bona sint, meliora et summa deseruntur, tu, domine deus noster, et ueritas tua et lex tua.

habent enim et haec ima delectationes, sed non sicut deus meus, qui fecit omnia, quia in ipso delectatur iustus, et ipse est deliciae rectorum corde.

2.5.11 Cum itaque de facinore quaeritur, qua causa factum sit, credi non solet, nisi cum appetitus adipiscendi alicuius illorum bonorum, quae infima diximus, esse potuisse adparuerit aut metus amittendi. pulchra sunt enim et decora, quamquam prae bonis superioribus et beatificis abiecta et iacentia. homicidium fecit. cur fecit? adamauit eius coniugem aut praedium aut uoluit depraedari, unde uiueret, aut timuit ab illo tale aliquid amittere aut laesus ulcisci se exarsit. num homicidium sine causa faceret ipso homicidio delectatus? quis crediderit?

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throw to the pigs, even if we did eat some; what mattered was that we did something that pleased us because it was forbidden. Here is my heart, God, here is my heart, on which you had mercy at the bottom of the abyss. Let my heart now tell you what it was looking for there: that I should be wicked for nothing, with no cause for my wickedness except wickedness itself. It was foul, and I loved it. I loved to perish; I loved my own failing—not the thing for which I failed, but my failing itself I loved: a base soul, leaping down from your firm ground into destruction, seeking not something by shameful means, but the shame itself.

There is, after all, beauty in lovely bodies, in gold and silver and all things; in the touch of the flesh, harmony counts for most; and each of the other senses has its own fitting adjustment of bodies. Worldly honor, too, and the power to command and to prevail, have their own splendor—which is also where the eagerness for revenge springs from. And yet, to obtain all these things, we must not go out from you, Lord, or stray from your law. The life we live here also has its allure, because of a certain measure of its own grace and its harmony with all these lowest beauties. Human friendship, too, is sweet with its dear bond, because of the unity it makes out of many minds. For the sake of all these, and things like them, sin is committed, when, through an immoderate leaning toward them—though they are the lowest goods—the better and highest are deserted: you, Lord our God, and your truth, and your law.

For these lowest things too have their delights, but not like my God, who made all things; for in him the righteous one delights, and he himself is the joy of the upright in heart.

So when a crime is being investigated and the question is why it was done, people do not usually believe it until it appears that there could have been a desire to obtain one of those goods we have called the lowest, or a fear of losing one. For they are beautiful and attractive, though compared with the higher goods that bring happiness they are base and lowly. A man has committed murder. Why did he do it? He loved the victim's wife or his estate; or he wanted to rob him to have something to live on; or he feared losing something of the kind to him; or, having been wronged, he burned

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to avenge himself. Would he commit murder without a cause, delighting in murder for its own sake? Who would believe it?

nam et de quodam dictum est uaecordi et nimis crudeli homine, quod gratuito potius malus atque crudelis erat; praedicta est tamen causa: ne per otium, inquit, torpesceret manus aut animus. quare id quoque? cur ita? ut scilicet illa exercitatione scelerum capta urbe honores, imperia, diuitias adsequeretur et careret metu legum et difficultate rerum propter inopiam rei familiaris et conscientiam scelerum. nec ipse igitur Catilina amauit facinora sua, sed utique aliud, cuius causa illa faciebat.

Even that insane and utterly cruel man, of whom it was said that he was wicked and cruel for no reason, still had a cause assigned to him: "so that," the writer says, "his hand or his mind should not grow sluggish through idleness." Why that too? Why so? Clearly so that, by that practice in crime, once he had seized the city he might obtain honors, power and riches, and be free from fear of the laws and from the difficulties caused by "the lack of family means and the consciousness of his crimes." So not even Catiline himself loved his crimes, but something else, for whose sake he committed them.[8]

2.6.12 Quid ego miser in te amaui, o furtum meum, o facinus illud meum nocturnum sexti decimi anni aetatis meae? non enim pulchrum eras, cum furtum esses. aut uero aliquid es, ut loquar ad te? pulchra erant poma illa, quae furati sumus, quoniam creatura tua erat, pulcherrime omnium, creator omnium, deus bone, deus summum bonum et bonum uerum meum; pulchra erant illa poma, sed non ipsa concupiuit anima mea miserabilis. erat mihi enim meliorum copia, illa autem decerpsi, tantum ut furarer. nam decerpta proieci epulatus inde solam iniquitatem, qua laetabar fruens. nam et si quid illorum pomorum intrauit in os meum, condimentum ibi facinus erat.

What did I, wretched one, love in you, my theft, you nighttime crime of mine in my sixteenth year? You were not beautiful, since you were theft. Or are you anything at all, that I should speak to you? Those pears we stole were beautiful, because they were your creation, most beautiful of all, Creator of all, good God, God the highest good and my true good. Those pears were beautiful, but it was not them that my wretched soul desired. For I had plenty of better ones; those I picked only in order to steal. Once picked, I threw them away, having feasted only on the wickedness, which I enjoyed with delight. For if any of those pears did get into my mouth, what seasoned it there was the crime.

et nunc, domine deus meus, quaero, quid me in furto delectauerit, et ecce species nulla est: non dico sicut in aequitate atque prudentia, sed neque sicut in mente hominis atque memoria et sensibus et uegetante uita, neque sicut speciosa sunt sidera et decora locis suis et terra et mare plena fetibus, qui succedunt nascendo decedentibus; non saltem ut est quaedam defectiua species et umbratica uitiis fallentibus.

And now, Lord my God, I ask what it was that delighted me in the theft, and look—there is no beauty in it at all. I do not mean the beauty that is in justice and prudence; nor even the beauty in the human mind and memory and senses and growing life; nor that of the stars, beautiful and graceful in their places, or of earth and sea, full of offspring that, by being born, take the place of those that pass away. It does not have even that flawed and shadowy kind of beauty found in the vices that deceive.

2.6.13 Nam et superbia celsitudinem imitatur, cum tu sis unus super omnia deus excelsus. et ambitio quid nisi honores quaerit et gloriam, cum tu sis prae cunctis honorandus unus et gloriosus in aeternum? et saeuitia potestatum timeri uult: quis autem timendus nisi unus deus, cuius

For pride imitates loftiness, whereas you alone are God, exalted above all. And what does ambition seek but honors and glory, whereas you alone are to be honored above all and are glorious forever? The cruelty of the powerful wants to be feared: but

8 Catiline led a failed conspiracy to seize power in Rome in 63 BC; the quotations are from Sallust's *War with Catiline* (16 and 5).

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potestati eripi aut subtrahi quid, quando aut ubi aut quo uel a quo potest? et blanditiae lasciuientium amari uolunt: sed neque blandius est aliquid tua caritate nec amatur quicquam salubrius quam illa prae cunctis formosa et luminosa ueritas tua. et curiositas affectare uidetur studium scientiae, cum tu omnia summe noueris. ignorantia quoque ipsa atque stultitia simplicitatis et innocentiae nomine tegitur, quia te simplicius quicquam non reperitur. quid te autem innocentius, quandoquidem opera sua malis inimica sunt?

et ignauia quasi quietem appetit: quae uero quies certa praeter dominum? luxuria satietatem atque abundantiam se cupit uocari: tu es autem plenitudo et indeficiens copia incorruptibilis suauitatis. effusio liberalitatis obtendit umbram: sed bonorum omnium largitor affluentissimus tu es. auaritia multa possidere uult: et tu possides omnia. inuidentia de excellentia litigat: quid te excellentius? ira uindictam quaerit: te iustius quis uindicat? timor insolita et repentina exhorrescit rebus, quae amantur, aduersantia, dum praecauet securitati: tibi enim quid insolitum? quid repentinum? aut quis a te separat quod diligis? aut ubi nisi apud te firma securitas? tristitia rebus amissis contabescit, quibus se oblectabat cupiditas, quia ita sibi nollet, sicut tibi auferri nihil potest.

2.6.14 Ita fornicatur anima, cum auertitur abs te et quaerit extra te ea quae pura et liquida non inuenit, nisi cum redit ad te. peruerse te imitantur omnes, qui longe se a te faciunt et extollunt se aduersum te. sed etiam sic te imitando indicant creatorem te esse omnis naturae et ideo non esse, quo a te omni modo recedatur. quid ergo in illo furto ego dilexi et in quo dominum meum uel uitiose atque peruerse imitatus sum? an libuit facere contra legem saltem fallacia, quia potentatu non poteram, ut mancam libertatem captiuus imitarer faciendo inpune, quod non liceret, tenebrosa omnipotentiae similitudine? ecce est ille seruus fugiens dominum suum et consecutus umbram. o putredo, o monstrum uitae et mortis profunditas!

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who is to be feared except God alone, from whose power what can be seized or stolen away—when, or where, or whither, or by whom? The caresses of the wanton want to be loved: but nothing is more caressing than your love, and nothing is loved more healthfully than your truth, beautiful and radiant beyond all things. Curiosity poses as a zeal for knowledge, whereas you know all things supremely. Even ignorance and stupidity cloak themselves under the names of simplicity and innocence, because nothing is found simpler than you. And what is more innocent than you, since it is the wicked whose own works are their enemies?

Sloth seeks rest, as it were: but what sure rest is there apart from the Lord? Self-indulgence wants to be called fullness and abundance: but you are fullness and the unfailing plenty of incorruptible sweetness. Prodigality casts a shadow of generosity: but you are the most lavish giver of all good things. Greed wants to possess much: and you possess all things. Envy fights for preeminence: what is more preeminent than you? Anger seeks revenge: who takes revenge more justly than you? Fear shrinks from what is unusual and sudden, threatening the things it loves, while it looks out for its own security: but what is unusual to you? What is sudden? Or who can separate you from what you love? Or where is there firm security, except with you? Sadness pines away over the loss of things in which craving took its pleasure, because it would like nothing to be taken from it, as nothing can be taken from you.

So the soul commits fornication when it turns away from you and seeks outside you what it can find pure and clear only when it returns to you. All who put themselves far from you and raise themselves up against you imitate you perversely. But even by imitating you in this way they show that you are the Creator of all nature, and that there is therefore nowhere to go to get away from you altogether. What, then, did I love in that theft? In what way did I imitate my Lord, even if viciously and perversely? Was it that I took pleasure in acting against the law, at least by deceit, since I could not by power—so that, a prisoner, I might imitate a maimed freedom by doing with impunity what was not allowed, in a dark likeness of omnipotence? Here is that slave, fleeing his master and

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		chasing a shadow. O rottenness! O monstrous life, and depth of death!
	potuitne libere quod non licebat, non ob aliud, nisi quia non licebat ?	Could what was not allowed give me pleasure for no other reason than that it was not allowed?
2.7.15	Quid retribuam domino, quod recolit haec memoria mea et anima mea non metuit inde? diligam te, domine, et gratias agam et confitear nomini tuo, quoniam tanta dimisisti mihi mala et nefaria opera mea. gratiae tuae deputo et misericordiae tuae, quod peccata mea tamquam glaciem soluisti. gratiae tuae deputo et quaecumque non feci mala: quid enim non facere potui, qui etiam gratuitum facinus amaui? et omnia mihi dimissa esse fateor, et quae mea sponte feci mala et quae te duce non feci. quis est hominum, qui suam cogitans infirmitatem audet uiribus suis tribuere castitatem atque innocentiam suam, ut minus amet te, quasi minus ei necessaria fuerit misericordia tua, qua donas peccata conuersis ad te?	What shall I give back to the Lord, that my memory recalls these things and yet my soul is not afraid of them? I will love you, Lord, and thank you, and confess your name, because you have forgiven me such great evils, such wicked deeds of mine. I credit it to your grace and your mercy that you have melted away my sins like ice. I credit to your grace also whatever evils I did not do. For what could I not have done, I who loved even a crime for its own sake? And I confess that all has been forgiven me—both the evils I did of my own accord and those I did not do because you were my guide. What man is there who, considering his own weakness, dares to attribute his chastity and innocence to his own strength, so as to love you less—as if he had less need of your mercy, by which you forgive the sins of those who turn to you?[9]
	qui enim uocatus a te secutus est uocem tuam et uitauit ea, quae me de me ipso recordantem et fatentem legit, non me derideat ab eo medico aegrum sanari, a quo sibi praestitum est, ut non aegrotaret, uel potius ut minus aegrotaret, et ideo te tantundem, inmo uero amplius diligat, quia per quem me uidet tantis peccatorum meorum languoribus exui, per eum se uidet tantis peccatorum languoribus non inplicari.	For let anyone who, called by you, has followed your voice and avoided the things he reads me recalling and confessing about myself, not laugh at me for being healed, sick as I was, by the same physician who granted him not to fall sick—or rather, to be less sick. Let him therefore love you just as much, or indeed even more; for he sees that the one through whom I am being freed from such great sicknesses of my sins is the one through whom he himself is kept from being entangled in such great sicknesses of sin.

WHY STEAL WITH FRIENDS?

Augustine concludes he would never have stolen alone and that he loved the shared thrill of wrongdoing.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
2.8.16	Quem fructum habui miser aliquando in his, quae nunc recolens erubesco, maxime in illo furto, in quo ipsum furtum amaui, nihil aliud, cum et ipsum esset nihil et eo ipso ego miserior? et tamen solus id non fecissem — sic recordor animum tunc meum — solus omnino id non fecissem. ergo amaui ibi etiam consortium eorum, cum quibus id feci. non ergo nihil aliud quam furtum amaui; inmo uero nihil aliud, quia et illud nihil est. quid est re	What fruit did I, wretched, ever have from these things that I now blush to recall—above all from that theft, in which I loved the theft itself and nothing else, when it was itself nothing, and I all the more wretched for it? And yet alone I would not have done it—so I remember my state of mind at the time—alone I would not have done it at all. So in it I also loved the company of those I did it

9 The opening echoes Psalm 116:12.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	uera? quis est, qui doceat me, nisi qui inluminat cor meum et discernit umbras eius? quid est,	with. Then it is not true that I loved nothing but the theft? No, it is true: nothing else, because that too is nothing. What is it, really? Who is there to teach me, except the one who lights up my heart and sorts out its shadows? What is it?
	quod mihi uenit in mentem quaerere et discutere et considerare, quia si tunc amarem poma illa, quae furatus sum, et eis frui cuperem, possem etiam solus, si satis esset, conmittere illam iniquitatem, qua peruenirem ad uoluptatem meam, nec confricatione consciorum animorum accenderem pruritum cupiditatis meae? sed quoniam in illis pomis uoluptas mihi non erat, ea erat in ipso facinore, quam faciebat consortium simul peccantium.	This is what has come into my mind to ask, to discuss and to consider: if I had loved those pears I stole and wanted to enjoy them, I could have done it even alone, if committing that wickedness had been enough to bring me to my pleasure; nor would I have inflamed the itch of my craving by rubbing it against the minds of accomplices. But since my pleasure was not in the pears, it was in the crime itself, and it was the company of others sinning with me that produced it.
2.9.17	Quid erat ille affectus animi? certe enim plane turpis erat nimis, et uae mihi erat, qui habebam illum. sed tamen quid erat? delicta quis intellegit? risus erat quasi titillato corde, quod fallebamus eos, qui haec a nobis fieri non putabant et uehementer nolebant. cur ergo eo me delectabat, quo id non faciebam solus? an quia etiam nemo facile solus ridet? nemo quidem facile, sed tamen etiam solos et singulos homines, cum alius nemo praesens est, uincit risus aliquando, si aliquid nimie ridiculum uel sensibus occurrit uel animo. at ego illud solus non facerem, non facerem omnino solus. ecce est coram te, deus meus, uiua recordatio animae meae.	What was that state of mind? Certainly it was utterly, excessively foul, and woe to me who had it. But still, what was it? "Who understands his sins?" It was a laugh, as though our hearts were being tickled, because we were fooling people who did not think we would do such things and would have strongly objected. Why, then, did it delight me that I was not doing it alone? Is it because no one easily laughs alone? No one easily, it is true; but still, laughter does sometimes overcome people even when they are by themselves, with no one else present, if something very funny strikes the senses or the mind. But I would not have done that alone; alone I would not have done it at all. See, here before you, my God, is the living memory of my soul.[10]
	solus non facerem furtum illud, in quo me non libebat id quod furabar, sed quia furabar: quod me solum facere prorsus non liberet nec facerem. o nimis inimica amicitia, seductio mentis inuestigabilis, ex ludo et ioco nocendi auiditas et alieni damni appetitus nulla lucri mei, nulla ulciscendi libidine, sed cum dicitur: „eamus, faciamus" et pudet non esse impudentem.	Alone I would not have committed that theft, in which what pleased me was not what I stole but that I stole; and doing it alone would not have pleased me in the least, nor would I have done it. O friendship, all too unfriendly! Unfathomable seduction of the mind, greed to do harm arising from play and jest, appetite for another's loss, without any lust for gain of my own or for revenge! But when someone says, "Come on, let's do it," one is ashamed not to be shameless.
2.10.18	Quis exaperit istam tortuosissimam et inplicatissimam nodositatem? foeda est; nolo in eam intendere, nolo eam uidere. te uolo, iustitia et innocentia, pulchra et decora honestis luminibus et insatiabili satietate. quies est apud te ualde et uita inperturbabilis. qui intrat in te, intrat in	Who can untie this most twisted and tangled knot? It is foul; I do not want to look at it, I do not want to see it. I want you, justice and innocence, beautiful and lovely to pure eyes, whose fullness never cloys. With you there is deep rest and a life that

10 Psalm 19:12.

LATIN	ENGLISH
gaudium domini sui et non timebit et habebit se optime in optimo. defluxi abs te ego et erraui, deus meus, nimis deuius ab stabilitate tua in adulescentia et factus sum mihi regio egestatis.	nothing can disturb. Whoever enters into you enters into the joy of his Lord, and will not fear, and will be at his best in the Best. I slipped away from you, my God, and wandered, straying too far from your steadfastness in my youth, and I became to myself a land of want.[11]

11 Echoes Matthew 25:21 and the "far country" of the prodigal son (Luke 15:14).

Book III

Carthage, Cicero's Hortensius, and the Manichees
As a student in Carthage, Augustine discovers philosophy and joins the Manichees.

CARTHAGE

Arriving in Carthage as a student, Augustine seeks love and is tangled in shameful affairs.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.1.1	Veni Karthaginem et circumstrepebat me undique sartago flagitiosorum amorum. nondum amabam et amare amabam et secretiore indigentia oderam me minus indigentem. quaerebam quid amarem, amans amare, et oderam securitatem et uiam sine muscipulis, quoniam famis mihi erat intus ab interiore cibo, te ipso, deus meus, et ea fame non esuriebam, sed eram sine desiderio alimentorum incorruptibilium, non quia plenus eis eram, sed quo inanior, fastidiosior. et ideo non bene ualebat anima mea et ulcerosa proiciebat se foras, miserabiliter scalpi auida contactu sensibilium. sed si non haberent animam, non utique amarentur. amare et amari dulce mihi erat magis, si et amantis corpore fruerer.	I came to Carthage, and all around me there sizzled a frying pan of shameful loves. I was not yet in love, but I loved to love, and with a more hidden need I hated myself for needing less. I was looking for something to love, in love with loving, and I hated safety and a path without snares. For I had a hunger within me, for the inner food—you yourself, my God—yet that hunger did not make me hungry; I had no desire for incorruptible nourishment, not because I was full of it, but because the emptier I was, the more I loathed it. And so my soul was in poor health; covered in sores, it flung itself outward, wretchedly eager to be scratched by contact with the things of sense. But if these had no soul, they would certainly not be loved. To love and to be loved was sweet to me, all the more if I could also enjoy the body of the one I loved.[1]
	uenam igitur amicitiae coinquinabam sordibus concupiscentiae candoremque eius obnubilabam de tartaro libidinis, et tamen foedus atque inhonestus, elegans et urbanus esse gestiebam abundanti uanitate. rui etiam in amorem, quo cupiebam capi. deus meus, misericordia mea, quanto felle mihi suauitatem illam et quam bonus aspersisti, quia et amatus sum et perueni ad uinculum fruendi et conligabar laetus aerumnosis nexibus, ut caederer uirgis ferreis ardentibus zeli et suspicionum et timorum et irarum atque rixarum.	So I fouled the spring of friendship with the filth of lust, and clouded its brightness with the hell of desire; and yet, foul and disgraceful as I was, I longed, in my overflowing vanity, to be elegant and sophisticated. I rushed, too, into love, by which I longed to be captured. My God, my mercy, with how much gall did you, in your goodness, sprinkle that sweetness for me! For I was loved, and I arrived at the bond of enjoyment, and I was happily tied up in painful knots, so that I might be beaten with the red-hot iron rods of jealousy and suspicions and fears and angers and quarrels.

TEARS AT THE THEATER

Augustine asks why theater audiences enjoy grieving over fictional suffering they would never want themselves.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.2.2	Rapiebant me spectacula theatrica plena imaginibus miseriarum mearum et fomitibus ignis mei. quid est,	

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quod ibi homo uult dolere luctuosa et tragica, quae tamen pati ipse nollet? et tamen pati uult ex eis dolorem spectator et dolor ipse est uoluptas eius. quid est nisi miserabilis insania? nam eo magis eis mouetur quisque, quo minus a talibus affectibus sanus est, quamquam, cum ipse patitur, miseria, cum aliis compatitur, misericordia dici solet. sed qualis tandem misericordia in rebus fictis et scenicis? non enim ad subueniendum prouocatur auditor, sed tantum ad dolendum inuitatur et auctori earum imaginum amplius fauet, cum amplius dolet.	I was carried away by the shows of the theater, full of images of my own miseries and of fuel for my fire. Why is it that a person wants to feel pain there, watching sad and tragic events that he would not want to suffer himself? And yet as a spectator he wants to feel pain from them, and the pain itself is his pleasure. What is this but a wretched madness? For the less free someone is from such feelings, the more he is moved by them—although when a person suffers himself it is usually called misery, and when he suffers with others, compassion. But what sort of compassion is it, after all, that is felt for fictions on the stage? The listener is not called on to help, only invited to grieve; and the more he grieves, the more he applauds the author of those images.
et si calamitates illae hominum uel antiquae uel falsae sic agantur, ut qui spectat non doleat, abscedit inde fastidiens et reprehendens; si autem doleat, manet intentus et gaudens.	And if those human disasters, whether from long ago or made up, are staged in such a way that the spectator feels no pain, he leaves in disgust, finding fault; but if he does feel pain, he stays riveted and enjoys it.
3.2.3 Lacrimae ergo amantur et dolores. certe omnis homo gaudere uult. an cum miserum esse neminem libeat, libet tamen esse misericordem, quod quia non sine dolore est, hac una causa amantur dolores? et hoc de illa uena amicitiae est. sed quo uadit? quo fluit? ut quid decurrit in torrentem picis bullientis, aestus inmanes taetrarum libidinum, in quos ipsa mutatur et uertitur per nutum proprium de caelesti serenitate detorta atque deiecta? repudietur ergo misericordia? nequaquam. ergo amentur dolores aliquando. sed caue inmunditiam, anima mea, sub tutore, deo meo, deo patrum nostrorum et laudabili et superelato in omnia saecula, caue inmunditiam. neque enim nunc non misereor, sed tunc in theatris congaudebam amantibus, cum sese fruebantur per flagitia, quamuis haec imaginarie gererent in ludo spectaculi,	So tears are loved, and pains. Yet surely every human being wants to rejoice. Or is it that, while no one likes to be miserable, people do like to be compassionate, and since this cannot happen without pain, for this reason alone pains are loved? This too flows from that spring of friendship. But where does it go? Where does it flow? Why does it run down into a torrent of boiling pitch, into the monstrous surges of foul lusts, into which it is itself changed and turned by its own consent, twisted and thrown down from its heavenly calm? Should compassion, then, be rejected? Not at all. So let pains sometimes be loved. But beware of uncleanness, my soul, under the protection of my God, the God of our fathers, worthy of praise and exalted above all forever—beware of uncleanness. For I am not without compassion now; but back then, in the theaters, I shared the joy of the lovers when they enjoyed each other in shameful acts, even though they were only playing it out in the make-believe of the show.[2]
cum autem sese amittebant, quasi misericors contristabar; et utrumque delectabat tamen. nunc uero magis miseror gaudentem in flagitio quam uelut dura perpessum detrimento perniciosae uoluptatis et	And when they lost each other, I was saddened, as though I were compassionate; and yet both delighted me. But now I feel more compassion for someone who rejoices in a shameful act than for

1 A Latin pun: *Carthago* (Carthage) and *sartago* (a frying pan).
2 The praise of God echoes the Song of the Three Young Men (Daniel 3:52 in the Latin Bible).

LATIN

amissione miserae felicitatis. haec certe uerior misericordia, sed non in ea delectat dolor. nam etsi adprobatur officio caritatis qui dolet miserum, mallet tamen utique non esse quod doleret, qui germanitus misericors est. si enim est maliuola beniuolentia, quod fieri non potest, potest et ille, qui ueraciter sinceriterque miseretur, cupere esse miseros, ut misereatur. nonnullus itaque dolor adprobandus, nullus amandus est. hoc enim tu, domine deus, qui animas amas, longe alteque purius quam nos et incorruptibilius misereris, quod nullo dolore sauciaris. et ad haec quis idoneus?

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someone who has, as it were, endured hardship through being deprived of a ruinous pleasure and losing a miserable happiness. This is certainly truer compassion, but in it the pain gives no delight. For although one who grieves for the wretched is commended for performing a duty of love, still the person who is genuinely compassionate would much rather there were nothing to grieve over. For if there were such a thing as malevolent benevolence—which is impossible—then someone who truly and sincerely feels compassion could also wish there to be wretched people, so that he could feel compassion for them. So some pain is to be approved, but none is to be loved. For this is how you, Lord God, who love souls, feel compassion far, far more purely than we do, and more incorruptibly: you are wounded by no pain. "And who is equal to these things?"[3]

3.2.4 At ego tunc miser dolere amabam et quaerebam, ut esset quod dolerem, quando mihi in aerumna aliena et falsa et saltatoria ea magis placebat actio histrionis meque alliciebat uehementius, qua mihi lacrimae excutiebantur. quid autem mirum, cum infelix pecus aberrans a grege tuo et inpatiens custodiae tuae turpi scabie foedarer? et inde erant dolorum amores, non quibus altius penetrarer — non enim amabam talia perpeti, qualia spectare — sed quibus auditis et fictis tamquam in superficie raderer: quos tamen quasi ungues scalpentium feruidus tumor et tabes et sanies horrida consequebatur. talis uita mea numquid uita erat, deus meus?

But I, wretched as I was then, loved to grieve, and I went looking for something to grieve over, when, in someone else's misfortune—a false one, danced out on the stage—the actor's performance pleased me more and drew me more strongly, the more it shook tears from me. What wonder, when I, an unhappy sheep straying from your flock and impatient of your care, was disfigured with a foul mange? That was the source of my love of pains—not pains that would pierce me deeply (for I did not love to suffer the kinds of things I loved to watch), but ones which, heard and invented, would scratch me, as it were, on the surface. Yet, as happens with scratching fingernails, a burning swelling followed, and festering, and horrible pus. Such was my life—was it a life, my God?

3.3.5 Et circumuolabat super me fidelis a longe misericordia tua. in quantas iniquitates distabui et sacrilega curiositate secutus sum, ut deserentem te deduceret me ad ima infida et circumuentoria obsequia daemoniorum, quibus immolabam facta mea mala, et in omnibus flagellabas me! ausus sum etiam in celebritate sollemnitatum tuarum intra parietes ecclesiae tuae concupiscere et agere negotium procurandi fructus mortis: unde me uerberasti grauibus poenis, sed nil ad culpam meam, o tu praegrandis misericordia mea, deus meus, refugium meum a terribilibus nocentibus, in quibus uagatus sum praefidenti collo ad longe

And your mercy, faithful from afar, hovered over me. Into what wickednesses I wasted away! What sacrilegious curiosity I followed, so that, having deserted you, it led me down to the faithless depths and the deceitful services of demons, to whom I offered my evil deeds in sacrifice! And in all of them you scourged me. I even dared, during the celebration of your solemn rites, within the walls of your church, to desire and to carry through an affair for obtaining the fruits of death. For this you lashed me with heavy punishments, but nothing in proportion to my guilt—O you, my

3 2 Corinthians 2:16.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	recedendum a te, amans uias meas et non tuas, amans fugitiuam libertatem.	immense mercy, my God, my refuge from the terrible powers that do harm, among whom I wandered with my neck stiff with overconfidence, to go farther and farther away from you, loving my ways and not yours, loving a runaway's freedom.
3.3.6	Habebant et illa studia, quae honesta uocabantur, ductum suum intuentem fora litigiosa, ut excellerem in eis, hoc laudabilior, quo fraudulentior. tanta est caecitas hominum de caecitate etiam gloriantium. et maior iam eram in schola rhetoris et gaudebam superbe et tumebam tyfo, quamquam longe sedatior, domine, tu scis, et remotus omnino ab euersionibus, quas faciebant euersores — hoc enim nomen scaeuum et diabolicum uelut insigne urbanitatis est — inter quos uiuebam pudore inpudenti, quia talis non eram: et cum eis eram et amicitiis eorum delectabar aliquando, a quorum semper factis abhorrebam, hoc est ab euersionibus, quibus proterue insectabantur ignotorum uerecundiam, quam proturbarent gratis inludendo atque inde pascendo maliuolas laetitias suas. nihil est illo actu similius actibus daemoniorum.	Those studies, too, that were called respectable had their direction, looking toward the quarrelsome law courts, so that I might excel in them—the more deceitful, the more praised. Such is the blindness of human beings, who even glory in their blindness. And I was already at the top of the rhetoric school, and I rejoiced proudly and swelled with conceit—though I was much quieter, Lord, you know it, and kept entirely clear of the "wrecking" done by the Wreckers (for this sinister and devilish name is worn as a badge of sophistication). I lived among them with a shameless kind of shame, because I was not one of them. I was with them, and sometimes enjoyed their friendship, though I always shrank from their deeds—that is, from the wreckings with which they wantonly attacked the modesty of newcomers, harassing it for no reason by mockery and so feeding their own malicious glee. Nothing is more like the behavior of demons than that.[4]
	quid itaque uerius quam euersores uocarentur, euersi plane prius ipsi atque peruersi deridentibus eos et seducentibus fallacibus occulte spiritibus in eo ipso, quo alios inridere amant et fallere?	What name, then, could be truer for them than Wreckers, since they themselves had first been plainly wrecked and warped, while deceiving spirits secretly mocked them and led them astray in the very thing in which they love to mock and deceive others?

READING CICERO'S HORTENSIUS

At nineteen, Cicero's Hortensius fires Augustine with a longing for wisdom, but Scripture seems crude to him.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.4.7	Inter hos ego inbecilla tunc aetate discebam libros eloquentiae, in qua eminere cupiebam fine damnabili et uentoso per gaudia uanitatis humanae, et usitato iam discendi ordine perueneram in librum cuiusdam Ciceronis, cuius linguam fere omnes mirantur, pectus non ita. sed liber ille ipsius exhortationem continet ad philosophiam et uocatur Hortensius. ille uero liber mutauit affectum meum et ad te ipsum, domine, mutauit preces meas et uota ac desideria mea fecit alia. uiluit mihi repente omnis uana spes et inmortalitatem	Among these companions, at that still impressionable age, I was studying the textbooks of eloquence, in which I longed to stand out—a damnable and windy goal, pursued for the joys of human vanity. Following the usual order of study, I had come to a book by a certain Cicero, whose tongue nearly everyone admires, though not his heart. But this book of his contains an exhortation to philosophy, and it is called *Hortensius*. That

4 The "Wreckers" (*eversores*) were a gang of rowdy students at Carthage who bullied newcomers.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	sapientiae concupiscebam aestu cordis incredibili et surgere coeperam, ut ad te redirem.	book changed my feelings. It turned my prayers toward you yourself, Lord, and made my hopes and longings different. Suddenly every empty hope grew worthless to me, and with an unbelievable burning of heart I longed for the immortality of wisdom. I had begun to rise, so as to return to you.[5]
	non enim ad acuendam linguam, quod uidebar emere maternis mercedibus, cum agerem annum aetatis undeuicensimum iam defuncto patre ante biennium, non ergo ad acuendam linguam referebam illum librum neque mihi locutionem, sed quod loquebatur persuaserat.	For it was not to sharpen my tongue—which is what I seemed to be buying with my mother's money, since I was in my nineteenth year and my father had died two years before—it was not, I say, to sharpen my tongue that I took up that book. What had won me over was not its style but what it said.
3.4.8	Quomodo ardebam, deus meus, quomodo ardebam reuolare a terrenis ad te, et nesciebam quid ageres mecum! apud te est enim sapientia. amor autem sapientiae nomen graecum habet philosophiam, quo me accendebant illae litterae. sunt qui seducant per philosophiam magno et blando et honesto nomine colorantes et fucantes errores suos, et prope omnes, qui ex illis et supra temporibus tales erant, notantur in eo libro et demonstrantur, et manifestatur ibi salutifera illa admonitio spiritus tui per seruum tuum bonum et pium:	How I burned, my God, how I burned to fly back from earthly things to you—and I did not know what you were doing with me! For with you is wisdom. Now the love of wisdom has a Greek name, "philosophy," and it was for this that those pages set me on fire. There are people who lead others astray through philosophy, coloring and painting over their errors with that great, attractive, and honorable name. Nearly all such people, of Cicero's time and earlier, are singled out and exposed in that book. And there the saving warning of your Spirit, given through your good and devoted servant, is made plain:
	uidete, ne quis uos decipiat per philosophiam et inanem seductionem secundum traditionem hominum, secundum elementa huius mundi et non secundum Christum, quia in ipso inhabitat omnis plenitudo diuinitatis corporaliter. et ego illo tempore, scis tu, lumen cordis mei, quoniam necdum mihi haec apostolica nota erant, hoc tamen solo delectabar in illa exhortatione, quod non illam aut illam sectam, sed ipsam quaecumque esset sapientiam ut diligerem et quaererem et adsequerer et tenerem atque amplexarer fortiter, excitabar sermone illo et accendebar et ardebam, et hoc solum me in tanta flagrantia refrangebat, quod nomen Christi non erat ibi, quoniam hoc nomen secundum misericordiam tuam, domine, hoc nomen saluatoris mei, fili tui, in ipso adhuc lacte matris tenerum cor meum pie biberat et alte retinebat, et quidquid sine hoc nomine fuisset quamuis litteratum et expolitum et ueridicum, non me totum rapiebat.	"See that no one deceives you through philosophy and empty deceit, according to human tradition, according to the elements of this world, and not according to Christ; for in him the whole fullness of the Godhead dwells bodily." At that time—you know it, light of my heart—these words of the apostle were not yet known to me. Even so, the one thing that delighted me in that exhortation was this: it urged me to love and seek and pursue and hold and firmly embrace not this or that school, but wisdom itself, whatever it might be. That speech roused me, kindled me, set me burning. And in such a blaze the only thing that checked me was that the name of Christ was not there. For by your mercy, Lord, this name—the name of my Savior, your Son—my tender heart had devoutly drunk in with my mother's very milk and kept deep within. Whatever lacked this name,

5 Cicero (106–43 BC), the great Roman orator and statesman. His *Hortensius*, an exhortation to philosophy, now survives only in fragments.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		however learned and polished and truthful, could not carry me away completely.[6]
3.5.9	Itaque institui animum intendere in scripturas sanctas et uidere, quales essent. et ecce uideo rem non conpertam superbis neque nudatam pueris, sed incessu humilem, successu excelsam et uelatam mysteriis, et non eram ego talis, ut intrare in eam possem aut inclinare ceruicem ad eius gressus. non enim sicut modo loquor, ita sensi, cum adtendi ad illam scripturam, sed uisa est mihi indigna, quam Tullianae dignitati conpararem. tumor enim meus refugiebat modum eius et acies mea non penetrabat interiora eius. uerum tamen illa erat, quae cresceret cum paruulis, sed ego dedignabar esse paruulus et turgidus fastu mihi grandis uidebar.	So I decided to turn my mind to the holy Scriptures and see what they were like. And look: I see something not disclosed to the proud, nor laid bare to children, but humble at the entrance, lofty further in, and veiled in mysteries. I was not the kind of person who could enter it, or bow my neck to follow its steps. For when I first turned to that Scripture I did not feel as I speak now; it seemed to me unworthy to be compared with the dignity of Cicero. My swollen pride shrank from its plainness, and my sharp eye could not pierce its depths. Yet it was the kind of thing that grows along with little ones. But I scorned to be a little one, and, puffed up with arrogance, I thought myself big.

AMONG THE MANICHEES

Augustine joins the Manichees, whose materialist fables and objections to the Old Testament capture him.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.6.10	Itaque incidi in homines superbe delirantes, carnales nimis et loquaces, in quorum ore laquei diaboli et uiscum confectum conmixtione syllabarum nominis tui et domini Iesu Christi et paracleti consolatoris nostri spiritus sancti. haec nomina non recedebant de ore eorum, sed tenus sono et strepitu linguae; ceterum cor inane ueri. et dicebant: „ueritas et ueritas“ et multum eam dicebant mihi et nusquam erat in eis, sed falsa loquebantur non de te tantum, qui uere ueritas es, sed etiam de istis elementis mundi, creatura tua, de quibus etiam uera dicentes philosophos transgredi debui prae amore tuo, mi pater summe bone, pulchritudo pulchrorum omnium.	And so I fell in with people raving in their pride, all too carnal and full of talk. In their mouths were the devil's snares, a birdlime made by mixing together the syllables of your name, and of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Paraclete, our Comforter, the Holy Spirit. These names never left their lips, but only as sound and the noise of the tongue; their heart was empty of truth. They kept saying, "Truth, truth," and said it to me often, yet it was nowhere in them. Instead they spoke falsehoods, not only about you, who truly are the Truth, but also about the elements of this world, your creation—though even the philosophers who spoke truly about those things I ought to have passed beyond for love of you, my Father, supremely good, beauty of all things beautiful.[7]
	o ueritas, ueritas, quam intime etiam tum medullae animi mei suspirabant tibi, cum te illi sonarent mihi frequenter et multipliciter uoce sola et libris multis et ingentibus! et illa erant fercula, in quibus mihi esurienti te inferebatur sol et luna, pulchra opera tua, sed tamen opera tua, non tu, nec ipsa prima. priora enim spiritalia opera tua quam ista corporea quamuis lucida et caelestia. at ego nec	O Truth, Truth, how deeply even then the marrow of my mind sighed for you, while they sounded your name at me often and in many ways, by voice alone and in many huge books! These were the dishes on which, to me in my hunger for you, they served up the sun and the moon—your beautiful works, but still your works, not you, and not even

6 Colossians 2:8–9; the "servant" is the apostle Paul.
7 These are the Manichees, followers of the Persian prophet Mani (3rd century AD), who taught that the world is a battleground between two powers, Light and Darkness. Augustine belonged to the sect for about nine years.

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priora illa, sed te ipsam, ueritas, in qua non est conmutatio nec momenti obumbratio, esuriebam et sitiebam. et apponebantur adhuc mihi in illis ferculis phantasmata splendida, quibus iam melius erat amare istum solem saltem istis oculis uerum quam illa falsa animo decepto per oculos.

et tamen, quia te putabam, manducabam, non auide quidem, quia nec sapiebas in ore meo sicuti es — neque enim tu eras illa figmenta inania — nec nutriebar eis, sed exhauriebar magis. cibus in somnis simillimus est cibis uigilantium, quo tamen dormientes non aluntur; dormiunt enim. at illa nec similia erant ullo modo tibi, sicut nunc mihi locuta es, quia illa erant corporalia phantasmata, falsa corpora, quibus certiora sunt uera corpora ista, quae uidemus uisu carneo, siue caelestia siue terrestria: cum pecudibus et uolatilibus uidemus, et certiora sunt, quam cum imaginamur ea. et rursus certius imaginamur ea quam ex eis suspicamur alia grandiora et infinita, quae omnino nulla sunt. qualibus ego tunc pascebar inanibus et non pascebar.

at tu, amor meus, in quem deficio, ut fortis sim, nec ista corpora es, quae uidemus quamquam in caelo, nec ea, quae non uidemus ibi, quia tu ista condidisti nec in summis tuis conditionibus habes. quanto ergo longe es a phantasmatis illis meis, phantasmatis corporum, quae omnino non sunt! quibus certiores sunt phantasiae corporum eorum, quae sunt, et eis certiora corpora, quae tamen non es. sed nec anima es, quae uita est corporum — ideo melior uita corporum certiorque quam corpora — sed tu uita es animarum, uita uitarum, uiuens te ipsa et non mutaris, uita animae meae.

3.6.11 Vbi ergo mihi tunc eras et quam longe? et longe peregrinabar abs te exclusus et a siliquis porcorum, quos de siliquis pascebam. quanto enim meliores grammaticorum et poetarum fabellae quam illa decipula!

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the first of them. For your spiritual works come before these bodily ones, however bright and heavenly. But it was not even for those first works that I hungered and thirsted, but for you yourself, the Truth, "with whom there is no change, nor shadow of turning." And on those dishes they kept setting before me glittering phantasms. Better by far to love this sun, which is at least real to these eyes, than those falsehoods that deceive the mind by way of the eyes.[8]

And yet, because I thought they were you, I ate—not greedily, since you did not taste in my mouth as you are (for you were not those empty fictions), and I was not nourished by them but drained instead. Food in dreams is very like the food of people who are awake, yet sleepers are not fed by it; they are asleep. But those things were not like you in any way, as you have now told me, because they were bodily phantasms, false bodies. The real bodies we see with the eyes of the flesh, whether in the sky or on the earth, are more certain than they are; we see them along with the beasts and the birds. We see these things, and they are more certain than when we imagine them. And again, we imagine them with more certainty than when, starting from them, we conjecture other things, greater and infinite, which do not exist at all. On such empty things I fed then—and was not fed.

But you, my love, for whom I grow faint so that I may be strong, you are not those bodies we see, even in the sky, nor those we do not see there; for you made them, and you do not count them even among the highest things you have made. How far, then, you are from those phantasms of mine, phantasms of bodies that do not exist at all! More certain than they are the mental images of bodies that do exist, and more certain than those images are the bodies themselves—and yet you are not these. Nor are you the soul, which is the life of bodies (and so the life of bodies is better and more certain than bodies). You are the life of souls, the life of lives, living by yourself, and you do not change, life of my soul.

Where were you for me then, and how far away? Far from you I was wandering, shut out even from the husks of the pigs, I who was feeding them

8 James 1:17.

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nam uersus et carmen et Medea uolans utiliores certe quam quinque elementa uarie fucata propter quinque antra tenebrarum, quae omnino nulla sunt et occidunt credentem. nam uersum et carmen etiam ad uera pulmenta transfero; uolantem autem Medeam etsi cantabam, non asserebam, etsi cantari audiebam, non credebam: illa autem credidi, uae, uae!	husks. How much better are the tales of the grammarians and poets than those traps! Verse and poetry and Medea flying are surely more useful than the five elements, variously painted up to match the five caves of darkness—things that do not exist at all, and that kill those who believe in them. Verse and poetry I can even turn into real nourishment. As for Medea flying, even when I recited it I did not assert it, and when I heard it recited I did not believe it. But those things I believed—alas, alas![9]
quibus gradibus deductus in profunda inferi, quippe laborans et aestuans inopia ueri, cum te, deus meus — tibi confiteor, qui me miseratus es et nondum confitentem — cum te non secundum intellectum mentis, quo modo praestare uoluisti beluis, sed secundum sensum carnis quaererem. tu autem eras interior intimo meo et superior summo meo. offendi illam mulierem audacem, inopem prudentiae, aenigma Salomonis, sedentem super sellam in foribus et dicentem: panes occultos libenter edite et aquam dulcem furtiuam bibite. quae me seduxit, quia inuenit foris habitantem in oculo carnis meae et talia ruminantem apud me, qualia per illum uorassem.	By such steps I was led down into the depths of hell, toiling and feverish for lack of truth, since I was seeking you, my God—I confess it to you, who had mercy on me even before I confessed—not by the understanding of the mind, by which you willed me to surpass the beasts, but by the senses of the flesh. But you were more inward than my innermost self, and higher than my highest. I came upon that bold woman who lacks prudence, Solomon's riddle, sitting on a chair at her door and saying, "Eat hidden bread gladly, and drink sweet stolen water." She seduced me, because she found me living outside myself, in the eye of my flesh, and chewing over within me the sort of things I had swallowed through that eye.[10]
3.7.12 Nesciebam enim aliud, uere quod est, et quasi acutule mouebar, ut suffragarer stultis deceptoribus, cum a me quaereretur, unde malum est et utrum forma corporea deus finiretur et haberet capillos et ungues et utrum iusti existimandi essent qui haberent uxores multas simul et occiderent homines et sacrificarent de animalibus. quibus rerum ignarus perturbabar et recedens a ueritate ire in eam mihi uidebar, quia non noueram malum non esse nisi priuationem boni usque ad quod omnino non est. quod unde uiderem, cuius uidere usque ad corpus erat oculis et animo usque ad phantasma?	For I did not know that other reality, what truly is, and I was nudged, as if by some cleverness, into siding with foolish deceivers when they asked me where evil comes from, whether God was bounded by a bodily shape and had hair and nails, and whether people should be considered righteous who had many wives at once, and killed human beings, and sacrificed animals. Ignorant of these matters, I was thrown into confusion by them; and while I was moving away from the truth, I seemed to myself to be moving toward it. For I did not know that evil is nothing but a privation of good, to the point where nothing at all remains. (And how could I see this, when my seeing went no further than bodies with my eyes, and no further than phantasms with my mind?)
non noueram deum esse spiritum, non cui membra essent per longum et latum nec cui esse moles esset, quia moles in parte minor est quam in toto suo, et si infinita	I did not know that God is spirit, not something with limbs stretching in length and breadth, nor something whose being is bulk. For bulk is smal-

9 The husks: Luke 15:16. Medea, the sorceress of Greek myth, escapes in a flying chariot; the five elements and five caves of darkness belong to Manichee cosmology.
10 Proverbs 9:13–17.

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	sit, minor est in aliqua parte certo spatio definita quam per infinitum et non est tota ubique sicut spiritus, sicut deus. et quid in nobis esset, secundum quod essemus, et quid in scriptura diceremur ad imaginem dei, prorsus ignorabam.	ler in a part than in its whole; and even if it is infinite, it is smaller in any part bounded by a fixed space than across its infinity, and it is not whole everywhere, as spirit is, as God is. And what it is in us by which we exist, and in what respect Scripture says we are "in the image of God," I was entirely ignorant.[11]
3.7.13	Et non noueram iustitiam ueram interiorem non ex consuetudine iudicantem, sed ex lege lectissima dei omnipotentis, qua formarentur mores regionum et dierum pro regionibus et diebus, cum ipsa ubique ac semper esset, non alibi alia nec alias aliter, secundum quam iusti essent Abraham et Isaac et Iacob et Moyses et Dauid et illi omnes laudati ore dei;	Nor did I know the true inner justice, which judges not by custom but by the most excellent law of almighty God. By that law the customs of places and times are shaped to suit those places and times, while the law itself is everywhere and always, not one thing here and another there, nor one way now and another then. By it Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and Moses and David were righteous, and all those praised by the mouth of God.
	sed eos ab imperitis iudicari iniquos, iudicantibus ex humano die et uniuersos mores humani generis ex parte moris sui metientibus, tamquam si quis nescius in armamentis, quid cui membro adcommodatum sit, ocrea uelit caput contegi et galea calciari et murmuret, quod non apte conueniat, aut in uno die indicto a pomeridianis horis iustitio quisquam stomachetur non sibi concedi quod uenale proponere, quia mane concessum est, aut in una domo uideat aliquid tractari manibus a quoquam seruo, quod facere non sinatur qui pocula ministrat, aut aliquid post praesepia fieri, quod ante mensam prohibeatur, et indignetur, cum sit unum habitaculum et una familia, non ubique atque omnibus idem tribui.	I did not know that such men are judged wicked by the ignorant, who judge by a merely human day and measure the whole morality of the human race by the yardstick of their own. It is as if someone who knew nothing about armor, or which piece fits which limb, wanted to cover his head with a shin-guard and shoe his feet with a helmet, and then grumbled that they did not fit. Or as if, on a day when business was suspended from noon, someone were angry that he was not allowed to put something up for sale in the afternoon, since it had been allowed in the morning. Or as if, in one household, he saw a slave handling something that the one who serves the cups is not permitted to touch, or something done behind the stable that is forbidden at the table, and resented that, when it is one dwelling and one household, the same thing is not granted everywhere and to everyone.[12]
	sic sunt isti qui indignantur, cum audierint illo saeculo licuisse iustis aliquid, quod isto non licet iustis, et quia illis aliud praecepit deus, istis aliud pro temporalibus causis, cum eidem iustitiae utrique seruierint, cum in uno homine et in uno die et in unis aedibus uideant aliud alii membro congruere et aliud iam dudum licuisse, post horam non licere, quiddam in illo angulo permitti aut iuberi, quod in isto iuxta uetetur et uindicetur. numquid iustitia uaria est et mutabilis? sed tempora, quibus praesidet, non pariter eunt; tempora enim sunt.	Such are those who are indignant when they hear that in that age something was permitted to the righteous which is not permitted to the righteous in this one; that God commanded one thing to those and another to these, for reasons of the times, though both served the same justice. Yet in one person, on one day, in one house, they see one thing suiting one limb and another another; something allowed a moment ago not allowed an hour later; something permitted or even commanded in

11 John 4:24; Genesis 1:27.
12 "A human day" echoes 1 Corinthians 4:3, where Paul speaks of being judged by a human court.

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that corner which is forbidden and punished in this one next to it. Is justice, then, varied and changeable? No; but the times over which it presides do not move in step, for they are times.

homines autem, quorum uita super terram breuis est, quia sensu non ualent causas contexere saeculorum priorum aliarumque gentium, quas experti non sunt, cum his quas experti sunt, in uno autem corpore uel die uel domo facile possunt uidere, quid cui membro, quibus momentis, quibus partibus personisue congruat, in illis offenduntur, hic seruiunt.

Human beings, whose life on earth is short, cannot by their own perception connect the circumstances of earlier ages and other peoples, which they have not experienced, with those they have. But in a single body or day or house they can easily see what suits which limb, at which moments, in which parts or for which persons. And so in the one case they take offense; in the other they comply.

3.7.14 Haec ego tunc nesciebam et non aduertebam, et feriebant undique ista oculos meos et non uidebam. et cantabam carmina et non mihi licebat ponere pedem quemlibet et ubilibet, sed in alio atque alio metro aliter atque aliter et in uno aliquo uersu non omnibus locis eundem pedem; et ars ipsa, qua canebam, non habebat aliud alibi, sed omnia simul. et non intuebar iustitiam, cui seruirent boni et sancti homines, longe excellentius atque sublimius habere simul omnia quae praecipit et nulla ex parte uarie, tamen uariis temporibus non omnia simul, sed propria distribuentem ac praecipientem. et reprehendebam caecus pios patres non solum, sicut deus iuberet atque inspiraret, utentes praesentibus uerum quoque, sicut deus reuelaret, futura praenuntiantes.

These things I did not know then, nor did I notice them. They struck my eyes on every side, and I did not see. I was writing poems, and I was not allowed to put any foot anywhere I liked: it went differently in one meter and another, and even within a single line the same foot did not belong in every position. Yet the art by which I composed did not have one rule here and another there; it held them all at once. And I did not see that justice, which good and holy people have served, holds all its commands together at once, in a far more excellent and sublime way, and varies in no part, and yet in varied times assigns and commands not everything at once, but what is proper to each. In my blindness I found fault with the devout patriarchs, who not only used the things of the present as God commanded and inspired them, but also foretold the future as God revealed it.

3.8.15 Numquid aliquando aut alicubi iniustum est diligere deum ex toto corde et ex tota anima et ex tota mente et diligere proximum tamquam te ipsum? itaque flagitia, quae sunt contra naturam, ubique ac semper detestanda atque punienda sunt, qualia Sodomitarum fuerunt. quae si omnes gentes facerent, eodem criminis diuina lege tenerentur, quae non sic fecit homines, ut hoc se uterentur modo. uiolatur quippe ipsa societas, quae cum deo nobis esse debet, cum eadem natura, cuius ille auctor est, libidinis peruersitate polluitur. quae autem contra mores hominum sunt flagitia, pro morum diuersitate uitanda sunt, ut pactum inter se ciuitatis aut gentis consuetudine uel lege firmatum nulla ciuis aut peregrini libidine uioletur. turpis enim omnis pars uniuerso suo non congruens.

Is it ever, anywhere, unjust to love God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind, and to love your neighbor as yourself? So shameful acts against nature, such as those of the people of Sodom, are to be detested and punished everywhere and always. Even if every nation committed them, all would be held guilty of the same crime under the divine law, which did not make human beings to use one another in that way. For the very fellowship that ought to exist between us and God is violated when the nature of which he is the author is polluted by perverted lust. But shameful acts against human customs are to be avoided according to the diversity of those customs, so that the agreement a city or nation has confirmed among itself by custom or law may not

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	be violated by the lust of any citizen or foreigner. For every part that does not fit its whole is ugly.[13]
cum autem deus aliquid contra morem aut pactum quorumlibet iubet, etsi numquam ibi factum est, faciendum est, et si omissum, instaurandum, et si institutum non erat, instituendum est. si enim regi licet in ciuitate, cui regnat, iubere aliquid, quod neque ante illum quisquam nec ipse umquam iusserat, et non contra societatem ciuitatis eius obtemperatur, inmo contra societatem non obtemperatur — generale quippe pactum est societatis humanae oboedire regibus suis — quanto magis deus regnator uniuersae creaturae, cui ad ea quae iusserit sine dubitatione seruiendum est! sicut enim in potestatibus societatis humanae maior potestas minori ad oboediendum praeponitur, ita deus omnibus.	But when God commands something contrary to the custom or agreement of any people, even if it has never been done there, it must be done; if it has lapsed, it must be restored; if it was never established, it must be established. For if a king may command, in the city he rules, something that neither anyone before him nor he himself had ever commanded, and obeying him is not against the fellowship of that city—indeed, not obeying him is against it, for it is a general agreement of human society to obey its kings—how much more must we serve God, the ruler of all creation, without hesitation in whatever he commands! For just as among the authorities of human society the greater authority is set above the lesser to be obeyed, so God is set above all.
3.8.16 Item in facinoribus, ubi libido est nocendi siue per contumeliam siue per iniuriam et utrumque uel ulciscendi causa, sicut inimico inimicus, uel adipiscendi alicuius extra conmodi, sicut latro uiatori, uel euitandi mali, sicut ei qui timetur, uel inuidendo, sicut feliciori miserior aut in aliquo prosperatus ei, quem sibi aequari timet aut aequalem dolet, uel sola uoluptate alieni mali, sicut spectatores gladiatorum aut inrisores aut inlusores quorumlibet. haec sunt capita iniquitatis, quae pullulant principandi et spectandi et sentiendi libidine aut una aut duabus earum aut simul omnibus, et uiuitur male aduersus tria et septem, psalterium decem chordarum, decalogum tuum, deus altissime et dulcissime. sed quae flagitia in te, qui non corrumperis? aut quae aduersus te facinora, cui noceri non potest?	So too with crimes, where there is a lust to do harm, whether by insult or by injury. Both are done either for revenge, as enemy against enemy; or to gain some advantage that belongs to another, as a robber against a traveler; or to avoid some evil, as against someone who is feared; or out of envy, as the less fortunate against the more fortunate, or as someone who has prospered in something against one he fears may become his equal, or resents as his equal already; or for the sheer pleasure of another's pain, as with spectators of gladiators, or those who jeer and make fools of anyone at all. These are the chief heads of wickedness. They sprout from the lust for power, the lust of the eyes, and the lust of the senses—from one of them, or two, or all three at once. And so people live badly, against the three and the seven, the ten-stringed harp, your Ten Commandments, O God most high and most sweet. But what shameful acts can touch you, who cannot be corrupted? Or what crimes can be done against you, who cannot be harmed?[14]
sed hoc uindicas, quod in se homines perpetrant, quia etiam cum in te peccant, inpie faciunt in animas suas, et mentitur iniquitas sibi siue corrumpendo ac peruertendo naturam suam, quam tu fecisti et ordinasti, uel inmoderate utendo concessis rebus uel in non concessa	But you punish what human beings commit against themselves, because even when they sin against you, they act wickedly against their own souls, and iniquity lies to itself. They do so by corrupting and perverting their own nature, which

13 Matthew 22:37–39.
14 The "three and the seven" are the commandments concerning God and those concerning one's neighbor; the "ten-stringed harp" comes from the Psalms (e.g. Psalm 144:9).

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flagrando in eum usum, qui est contra naturam; aut rei tenentur animo et uerbis saeuientes aduersus te et aduersus stimulum calcitrantes, aut cum diruptis limitibus humanae societatis laetantur audaces priuatis conciliationibus aut diremptionibus, prout quidque delectauerit aut offenderit. et ea fiunt, cum tu derelinqueris, fons uitae, qui es unus et uerus creator et rector uniuersitatis, et priuata superbia diligitur in parte, unum falsum.

itaque pietate humili reditur in te et purgas nos a consuetudine mala et propitius es peccatis confitentium et exaudis gemitus conpeditorum et soluis a uinculis, quae nobis fecimus, si iam non erigamus aduersus te cornua falsae libertatis auaritia plus habendi et damno totum amittendi, amplius amando proprium nostrum quam te, omnium bonum.

3.9.17 Sed inter flagitia et facinora et tam multas iniquitates sunt peccata proficientium, quae bene iudicantibus et uituperantibus ex regula perfectionis et laudantur spe frugis sicut herba segetis. et sunt quaedam similia uel flagitio uel facinori et non sunt peccata, quia nec te offendunt, dominum deum nostrum, nec sociale consortium, cum conciliantur aliqua in usum uitae congrua et tempori, et incertum est an libidine habendi, aut puniuntur corrigendi studio potestate ordinata, et incertum est an libidine nocendi. multa itaque facta, quae hominibus inprobanda uiderentur, testimonio tuo adprobata sunt et multa laudata ab hominibus te teste damnantur, cum saepe se aliter habet species facti et aliter facientis animus atque articulus occulti temporis.

cum uero aliquid tu repente inusitatum et inprouisum imperas, etiamsi hoc aliquando uetuisti, quamuis causam imperii tui pro tempore occultes et quamuis contra pactum sit aliquorum hominum societatis, quis dubitet esse faciendum, quando ea iusta est societas hominum, quae seruit tibi? sed beati qui te imperasse sciunt. fiunt

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you made and set in order; or by using permitted things without restraint; or by burning for things not permitted, for that use which is against nature. Or they are held guilty of raging against you in mind and word, kicking against the goad; or when, breaking through the boundaries of human society, they boldly delight in private alliances or feuds, according to what has pleased or offended them. These things happen when you are forsaken, fountain of life, who are the one true creator or ruler of the universe, and when, out of private pride, a false unity is loved in a part.

So it is by humble devotion that we return to you. You cleanse us from bad habit, you are merciful to the sins of those who confess, you hear the groans of those in chains, and you release us from the chains we have made for ourselves—provided we no longer raise against you the horns of a false freedom, greedy to have more and so losing everything, loving our own private good more than you, the good of all.

But among shameful acts and crimes and so many iniquities there are also the sins of those who are making progress. These are blamed by good judges by the standard of perfection, yet praised in hope of fruit, like the green blade of the grain. And there are some things that look like a shameful act or a crime, yet are not sins, because they offend neither you, the Lord our God, nor the fellowship of society. Such is the case when things are acquired for the needs of life, suited to the time, though it is uncertain whether it was done from a lust for possessing; or when people are punished by duly constituted authority from zeal to correct them, though it is uncertain whether it was done from a lust to harm. So many deeds that people would think should be condemned are approved by your testimony, and many that people praise are condemned with you as witness. For often the outward look of a deed is one thing, and the mind of the doer, and the unseen circumstance of the moment, quite another.

But when you suddenly command something unusual and unforeseen, even if you once forbade it, even if for the time being you hide the reason for your command, and even if it runs against the agreement of some human society, who would doubt that it must be done, since only that human

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	enim omnia a seruientibus tibi uel ad exhibendum, quod ad praesens opus est, uel ad futura praenuntianda.	society is just which serves you? But happy are those who know that you commanded it. For everything is done by those who serve you either to show what is needed for the present or to foretell what is to come.
3.10.18	Haec ego nesciens inridebam illos sanctos seruos et prophetas tuos. et quid agebam, cum inridebam eos, nisi ut inriderer abs te sensim atque paulatim perductus ad eas nugas, ut crederem ficum plorare, cum decerpitur, et matrem eius arborem lacrimis lacteis? quam tamen ficum si comedisset aliquis sanctus alieno sane, non suo scelere decerptam, misceret uisceribus et anhelaret de illa angelos, inmo uero particulas dei gemendo in oratione atque ructando: quae particulae summi et ueri dei ligatae fuissent in illo pomo, nisi electi sancti dente ac uentre soluerentur. et credidi miser magis misericordiam praestandam fructibus terrae quam hominibus, propter quos nascerentur. si quis uero esuriens peteret, qui manichaeus non esset, quasi capitali supplicio damnanda buccella uideretur, si ei daretur.	Not knowing these things, I used to mock those holy servants and prophets of yours. And what was I doing when I mocked them, except making myself mocked by you? Gradually, little by little, I was led into such nonsense as to believe that a fig weeps when it is picked, and that the mother tree weeps milky tears. Yet if some saint ate that fig—picked, of course, by someone else's crime, not his own—he would mix it into his insides and breathe out angels from it, or rather particles of God, as he groaned and belched in prayer. These particles of the supreme and true God would have stayed bound in that fruit, had they not been set free by the teeth and belly of one of the Elect. And I believed, wretch that I was, that more mercy should be shown to the fruits of the earth than to the human beings for whose sake they grow. For if someone hungry who was not a Manichee asked for food, giving him even a mouthful seemed to deserve something like a death sentence.[15]

MONICA'S DREAM

Monica weeps for her son, dreams of his return to faith, and is reassured by a bishop.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
3.11.19	Et misisti manum tuam ex alto et de hac profunda caligine eruisti animam meam, cum pro me fleret ad te mea mater, fidelis tua, amplius quam flent matres corporea funera. uidebat enim illa mortem meam ex fide et spiritu, quem habebat ex te, et exaudisti eam, domine. exaudisti eam nec despexisti lacrimas eius, cum profluentes rigarent terram sub oculis eius in omni loco orationis eius: exaudisti eam. nam unde illud somnium, quo eam consolatus es, ut uiuere mecum cederet et habere mecum eandem mensam in domo? quod nolle coeperat auersans et detestans blasphemias erroris mei. uidit enim se stantem in quadam regula lignea et uenientem ad se iuuenem splendidum hilarem atque arridentem sibi, cum illa esset maerens et maerore confecta.	And you sent your hand from on high and drew my soul out of this deep darkness, when my mother, your faithful servant, wept for me to you more than mothers weep over the bodies of their dead. For by the faith and spirit she had from you she saw my death, and you heard her, Lord. You heard her and did not despise her tears, which streamed down and watered the ground beneath her eyes wherever she prayed; you heard her. For where else did that dream come from, by which you consoled her, so that she agreed to live with me and share one table with me in her house? (She had begun to refuse this, turning away from and loathing the blasphemies of my error.) She saw herself standing on a kind of wooden rule, and a radiant young man coming toward her, cheerful and smil-

15 In Manichee teaching the "Elect" were the fully initiated, whose eating was believed to free particles of divine light trapped in plants; ordinary "hearers," like Augustine, supplied their food.

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qui cum causas ab ea quaesisset maestitiae suae cotidianarumque lacrimarum docendi, ut adsolet, non discendi gratia, atque illa respondisset perditionem meam se plangere, iussisse illum, quo secura esset, atque admonuisse, ut adtenderet et uideret, ubi esset illa, ibi esse et me. quod illa ubi adtendit, uidit me iuxta se in eadem regula stantem. unde hoc, nisi quia erant aures tuae ad cor eius, o tu bone omnipotens, qui sic curas unumquemque nostrum, tamquam solum cures, et sic omnes, tamquam singulos?

ing at her, while she was grieving and worn out with grief.

He asked her the reasons for her sadness and her daily tears—asking, as such visitors do, in order to teach rather than to learn. When she replied that she was mourning my ruin, he told her to be at peace, and urged her to look closely and see that where she was, there I was too. And when she looked, she saw me standing beside her on the same rule. Where did this come from, unless your ears were close to her heart, O you who are good and almighty, who care for each one of us as if you cared for that one alone, and for all as for each?

3.11.20 Vnde illud etiam, quod cum mihi narrasset ipsum uisum et ego ad id detrahere conarer, ut illa se potius non desperaret futuram esse quod eram, continuo sine aliqua haesitatione: „non“ inquit; „non enim mihi dictum est: ubi ille, ibi et tu, sed: ubi tu, ibi et ille.“ confiteor tibi, domine, recordationem meam, quantum recolo, quod saepe non tacui, amplius me isto per matrem responso tuo, quod tam uicina interpretationis falsitate turbata non est et tam cito uidit quod uidendum fuit, quod ego certe, antequam dixisset, non uideram, etiam tum fuisse conmotum quam ipso somnio, quo feminae piae gaudium tanto post futurum ad consolationem tunc praesentis sollicitudinis tanto ante praedictum est.

And where did this come from, too? When she told me about the vision, and I tried to twist it to mean rather that she should not despair of becoming what I was, she said at once, without the least hesitation, “No. It was not said to me, ‘Where he is, there you are too,’ but ‘Where you are, there he is too.’” I confess to you, Lord, my recollection, as far as I recall it—and I have often spoken of it: I was more moved by this answer of yours through my mother—that she was not shaken by so plausible a false interpretation, and saw so quickly what was there to be seen, which I certainly had not seen before she spoke—than I was by the dream itself. In that dream the joy of this devout woman, which would come so much later, was foretold so long before, to console her in her present anxiety.

nam nouem ferme anni secuti sunt, quibus ego in illo limo profundi ac tenebris falsitatis, cum saepe surgere conarer et grauius alliderer, uolutatus sum, cum tamen illa uidua casta, pia et sobria, quales amas, iam quidem spe alacrior, sed fletu et gemitu non segnior, non desineret horis omnibus orationum suarum de me plangere ad te, et intrabant in conspectum tuum preces eius, et tamen dimittebas adhuc uolui et inuolui illa caligine.

For almost nine years followed in which I wallowed in that mud of the deep and in the darkness of falsehood, often trying to rise and being dashed down all the harder. And all the while that chaste widow, devout and sober, the kind you love—now more cheerful in hope, but no less tireless in weeping and groaning—never stopped, at every hour of her prayers, mourning over me to you. Her prayers entered into your sight, and yet you still let me tumble and be tangled in that darkness.

3.12.21 Et dedisti alterum responsum interim, quod recolo. nam et multa praetereo, propter quod propero ad ea quae me magis urguent confiteri tibi, et multa non memini. dedisti ergo alterum per sacerdotem tuum, quendam episcopum nutritum in ecclesia et exercitatum in libris tuis. quem cum illa femina rogasset, ut dignaretur mecum conloqui et refellere errores meos et dedocere me mala ac docere bona — faciebat enim hoc, quos forte idoneos inuenisset — noluit ille, prudenter sane,

Meanwhile you gave another answer, which I recall. (I pass over many things, because I am hurrying on to those that press me more urgently to confess to you, and many I do not remember.) You gave this other answer through a priest of yours, a bishop raised in the Church and well trained in your books. When that woman asked him to be kind enough to talk with me, refute my errors, unteach me what was bad and teach me what was

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quantum sensi postea. respondit enim me adhuc esse indocilem, et quod inflatus essem nouitate haeresis illius et nonnullis quaestiunculis iam multos inperitos exagitassem, sicut illa indicauerat ei. „sed“ inquit „sine illum ibi. tantum roga pro eo dominum:

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good—for she used to do this whenever she happened to find suitable people—he refused, and wisely, as I realized later. He replied that I was still unteachable, because I was puffed up with the novelty of that heresy and had already stirred up many inexperienced people with some petty questions, as she herself had told him. “But,” he said, “leave him where he is. Just pray to the Lord for him.

ipse legendo reperiet, quis ille sit error et quanta inpietas.“ simul etiam narrauit se quoque paruulum a seducta matre sua datum fuisse manichaeis et omnes paene non legisse tantum uerum etiam scriptitasse libros eorum sibique adparuisse nullo contra disputante et conuincente, quam esset illa secta fugienda: itaque fugisse. quae cum ille dixisset atque illa nollet adquiescere, sed instaret magis deprecando et ubertim flendo, ut me uideret et mecum dissereret, ille iam substomachans: „uade“ inquit „a me; ita uiuas, fieri non potest, ut filius istarum lacrimarum pereat.“ quod illa ita se accepisse inter conloquia sua mecum saepe recordabatur, ac si de caelo sonuisset.

By his own reading he will discover what that error is, and how great its impiety.” He also told her that he himself, as a little boy, had been handed over to the Manichees by his mother, who had been led astray; that he had not only read nearly all their books but had even copied them out; and that it had become clear to him, with no one arguing against him or refuting him, how much that sect was to be fled—and so he had fled it. When he had said this and she still would not rest content, but pressed him all the harder, pleading and weeping floods of tears, to see me and talk with me, he, by now somewhat irritated, said: “Go away from me. As surely as you live, it cannot be that the son of these tears should perish.” In her conversations with me she often recalled that she had taken this as if it had sounded from heaven.

Book IV

Teaching at Thagaste and the death of a friend
Augustine teaches rhetoric, consults astrologers, and grieves the death of a close friend.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.1.1	Per idem tempus annorum nouem, ab undeuicensimo anno aetatis meae usque ad duodetricensimum, seducebamur et seducebamus falsi atque fallentes in uariis cupiditatibus et palam per doctrinas, quas liberales uocant, occulte autem falso nomine religionis, hic superbi, ibi superstitiosi, ubique uani, hac popularis gloriae sectantes inanitatem usque ad theatricos plausus et contentiosa carmina et agonem coronarum faenearum et spectaculorum nugas et intemperantiam libidinum, illac autem purgari nos ab istis sordibus expetentes, cum eis, qui appellarentur electi et sancti, afferremus escas, de quibus nobis in officina aqualiculi sui fabricarent angelos et deos, per quos liberaremur. et sectabar ista atque faciebam cum amicis meis per me ac mecum deceptis.	Through that same period of nine years, from my nineteenth year to my twenty-eighth, we were led astray and led others astray, deceived and deceiving in various cravings: openly through the studies they call liberal, secretly under the false name of religion—proud in the one, superstitious in the other, empty in both. On one side we chased the emptiness of popular glory, down to the applause of the theater, and poetry contests, and competitions for crowns of grass, and the trifles of the shows, and unbridled lusts. On the other side we sought to be cleansed of this filth by bringing food to those who were called the Elect and holy, so that in the workshops of their stomachs they might manufacture for us angels and gods, through whom we would be set free. These things I pursued and practiced with my friends, who were deceived through me and with me.
	inrideant me arrogantes et nondum salubriter prostrati et elisi a te, deus meus, et ego tamen confitear tibi dedecora mea in laude tua. sine me, obsecro, et da mihi circuire praesenti memoria praeteritos circuitus erroris mei et immolare tibi hostiam iubilationis. quid enim sum ego mihi sine te nisi dux in praeceps? aut quid sum, cum mihi bene est, nisi sugens lac tuum aut fruens te cibo, qui non corrumpitur? et quis homo est quilibet homo, cum sit homo? sed inrideant nos fortes et potentes, nos autem infirmi et inopes confiteamur tibi.	Let the arrogant laugh at me, those who have not yet been brought low and crushed by you for their own good, my God; still I will confess my shameful deeds to you, in your praise. Allow me, I beg you, and grant me to go round again in present memory the past rounds of my error, and to offer you a sacrifice of joy. For what am I to myself without you but a guide to my own downfall? Or what am I, when all is well with me, but a child sucking your milk, or feeding on you, the food that does not perish? And what is any human being, whoever he may be, since he is only human? Let the strong and powerful laugh at us; but let us, weak and needy, confess to you.
4.2.2	Docebam in illis annis artem rhetoricam et uictoriosam loquacitatem uictus cupiditate uendebam. malebam tamen, domine, tu scis, bonos habere discipulos, sicut appellantur boni, et eos sine dolo docebam dolos, non quibus contra caput innocentis agerent, sed aliquando pro capite nocentis. et, deus, uidisti de longinquo lapsantem in lubrico et in multo fumo scintillantem	In those years I was teaching the art of rhetoric, and, conquered by craving, I sold the talk that conquers. Yet I preferred, Lord, you know it, to have good students, as "good" is commonly understood, and without guile I taught them guile—not to be used against the life of an innocent man, but sometimes to save the life of a guilty one. And you,

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	fidem meam, quam exhibebam in illo magisterio diligentibus uanitatem et quaerentibus mendacium, socius eorum.	God, saw from afar my faith slipping on slippery ground and glimmering through thick smoke—the faith I showed in that teaching to those who loved vanity and sought lies, myself their companion.
	in illis annis unam habebam non eo quod legitimum uocatur coniugio cognitam, sed quam indagauerat uagus ardor inops prudentiae; sed unam tamen, ei quoque seruans tori fidem, in qua sane experirer exemplo meo, quid distaret inter coniugalis placiti modum, quod foederatum esset generandi gratia, et pactum libidinosi amoris, ubi proles etiam contra uotum nascitur, quamuis iam nata cogat se diligi.	In those years I had one woman, not joined to me in what is called lawful marriage, but one whom my restless passion, lacking prudence, had tracked down. Still, she was only one, and I kept faith with her bed. With her I learned by my own experience the difference between the restraint of a marriage contract, entered into for the sake of having children, and a pact of lustful love, in which children are born even against our wishes—though once born, they compel us to love them.[1]
4.2.3	Recolo etiam, cum mihi theatrici carminis certamen inire placuisset, mandasse mihi nescio quem haruspicem, quid ei dare uellem mercedis, ut uincerem, me autem foeda illa sacramenta detestatum et abominatum respondisse, nec si corona illa ita esset inmortaliter aurea, muscam pro uictoria mea necari sinere. necaturus enim erat ille in sacrificiis suis animantia et illis honoribus inuitaturus mihi suffragatura daemonia uidebatur. sed hoc quoque malum non ex tua castitate repudiaui, deus cordis mei. non enim amare te noueram, qui nisi fulgores corporeos cogitare non noueram. talibus enim figmentis suspirans anima nonne fornicatur abs te et fidit in falsis et pascit uentos? sed uidelicet sacrificari pro me nollem daemonibus, quibus me illa superstitione ipse sacrificabam.	I remember, too, that when I had decided to enter a competition for theatrical verse, some soothsayer sent to ask me what fee I would pay him to make me win. But I detested and loathed those foul rites, and answered that even if the crown were of immortal gold, I would not allow a fly to be killed for my victory. For he was going to kill living creatures in his sacrifices, and with those offerings, it seemed, he would invite demons to take my side. But this evil too I rejected not out of any purity toward you, God of my heart. For I did not know how to love you, since I could think of nothing but bodily splendors. Does not a soul that sighs after such fictions commit fornication, away from you, and trust in falsehoods, and feed the winds? And yet, of course, I would not have sacrifices offered to demons on my behalf—while by that superstition I was offering myself to them as a sacrifice.
	quid est enim aliud uentos pascere quam ipsos pascere, hoc est errando eis esse uoluptati atque derisui?	For what else is feeding the winds but feeding those very spirits—that is, by going astray, becoming their pleasure and their laughingstock?

CONSULTING ASTROLOGERS

Augustine consults astrologers despite warnings from a wise old physician and his friend Nebridius.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.3.4	Itaque illos planos, quos mathematicos uocant, plane consulere non desistebam, quod quasi nullum eis esset sacrificium et nullae preces ad aliquem spiritum ob diuinationem dirigerentur. quod tamen christiana et uera pietas consequenter repellit et damnat. bonum est enim	So I did not stop openly consulting those charlatans they call astrologers, on the grounds that they offered practically no sacrifice and directed no prayers to any spirit for the sake of divination. Yet true Christian piety consistently rejects and con-

1 Augustine never names this woman; he lived with her for some fifteen years. Their son, Adeodatus, is named in Book IX.

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confiteri tibi, domine, et dicere: miserere mei: cura animam meam, quoniam peccaui tibi, neque ad licentiam peccandi abuti indulgentia tua, sed meminisse dominicae uocis: ecce sanus factus es; iam noli peccare, ne quid tibi deterius contingat. quam totam illi salubritatem interficere conantur, cum dicunt: „de caelo tibi est ineuitabilis causa peccandi“ et Venus hoc fecit aut Saturnus aut Mars,“ scilicet ut homo sine culpa sit, caro et sanguis et superba putredo, culpandus sit autem caeli ac siderum creator et ordinator.

et quis est hic nisi deus noster, suauitas et origo iustitiae, qui reddes unicuique secundum opera eius et cor contritum et humiliatum non spernis?

4.3.5 Erat eo tempore uir sagax, medicinae artis peritissimus atque in ea nobilissimus, qui proconsul manu sua coronam illam agonisticam inposuerat non sano capiti meo, sed non ut medicus. nam illius morbi tu sanator, qui resistis superbis, humilibus autem das gratiam. numquid tamen etiam per illum senem defuisti mihi aut destitisti mederi animae meae?

quia enim factus ei eram familiarior et eius sermonibus — erant enim sine uerborum cultu uiuacitate sententiarum iucundi et graues — adsiduus et fixus inhaerebam, ubi cognouit et ex conloquio meo libris genethliacorum esse me deditum, benigne ac paterne monuit, ut eos abicerem neque curam et operam rebus utilibus necessariam illi uanitati frustra inpenderem, dicens ita se illa didicisse, ut eam professionem primis annis aetatis suae deferre uoluisset, qua uitam degeret, et si Hippocraten intellexisset, et illas utique litteras potuisse intellegere: et tamen non ob aliam causam se postea illis relictis medicinam adsecutum, nisi eas falsissimas conperisset et nollet uir grauis decipiendis hominibus uictum quaerere. „at tu“ inquit „quo te in hominibus sustentas, rhetoricam tenes, hanc autem fallaciam libero studio, non necessitate rei familiaris sectaris.

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demns this too. For it is good to confess to you, Lord, and to say, “Have mercy on me; heal my soul, for I have sinned against you,” and not to abuse your indulgence as a license to sin, but to remember the Lord’s words: “See, you have been made well; sin no more, so that nothing worse happens to you.” All this saving health they try to kill when they say, “The cause of your sinning is fixed in the heavens, and cannot be avoided,” and “Venus did this, or Saturn, or Mars”—so that, naturally, a human being, flesh and blood and proud corruption, may be without fault, and the creator and ruler of the heavens and the stars may take the blame.[2]

And who is this but our God, the sweetness and source of justice, who will repay each according to his works, and does not spurn a broken and humbled heart?

There was at that time a shrewd man, highly skilled in the art of medicine and very distinguished in it, who as proconsul had with his own hand placed that contest crown on my unsound head—but not as a physician. For of that disease you are the healer, who resist the proud but give grace to the humble. Yet did you fail me even through that old man, or stop healing my soul?[3]

I had become fairly close to him, and I hung constantly and attentively on his conversation, which, though without verbal polish, was delightful and weighty for the liveliness of its thought. When he learned from our talk that I was devoted to books of horoscopes, he advised me kindly, like a father, to throw them away and not to waste on that vanity the care and effort that useful things require. He said he had studied that art himself, so thoroughly that in his early years he had wanted to make it the profession by which he earned his living; and if he could understand Hippocrates, he could certainly understand those writings too. Yet he had later abandoned them and taken up medicine for no other reason than that he had found them utterly false, and as a serious man he did not want to earn his living by deceiving people. “But you,” he said, “have rhetoric to support you in the world; you pursue this deception out of free interest, not from need to support your household.[4]

2 Psalm 41:4; John 5:14. The Latin calls astrologers *mathematici*, “mathematicians.”
3 Vindicianus, proconsul of Africa around AD 380, whom Augustine names in Book VII.

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	quo magis mihi te oportet de illa credere, qui eam tam perfecte discere elaboraui, quam ex ea sola uiuere uolui.“ a quo ego cum quaesissem, quae causa ergo faceret, ut multa inde uera pronuntiarentur, respondit ille, ut potuit, sortem hoc facere in rerum natura usquequaque diffusam. si enim de paginis poetae cuiuspiam longe aliud canentis atque intendentis, cum forte quis consulit, mirabiliter consonus negotio saepe uersus exiret, et mirandum non esse dicebat, si ex anima humana superiore aliquo instinctu nesciente, quid in se fieret, non arte, sed sorte sonaret aliquid, quod interrogantis rebus factisque concineret.	So you should believe me about it all the more, since I worked to learn it so thoroughly that I meant to live by it alone.” When I asked him what, then, made so many true predictions come out of it, he answered as best he could that it was chance, spread everywhere throughout the natural world. For if someone happens to consult the pages of some poet who sings of and intends something quite different, and a line often comes out that fits the matter at hand wonderfully well, he said it was no wonder if a human soul, by some higher prompting and without knowing what was happening within it, by chance and not by skill, should sound out something that chimed with the affairs and actions of the one asking.
4.3.6	Et hoc quidem ab illo uel per illum procurasti mihi, et quid ipse postea per me ipsum quaererem, in memoria mea deliniasti. tunc autem nec ipse nec carissimus Nebridius, adulescens ualde bonus et ualde castus, inridens totum illud diuinationis genus, persuadere mihi potuerunt, ut haec abicerem, quoniam me amplius ipsorum auctorum mouebat auctoritas et nullum certum quale quaerebam documentum adhuc inueneram, quo mihi sine ambiguitate appareret, quae ab eis consultis uera dicerentur, forte uel sorte, non arte inspectorum siderum dici.	This you provided for me from him, or through him, and you sketched in my memory what I would later search out for myself. But at that time neither he nor dearest Nebridius, a very good and very chaste young man, who laughed at that whole business of divination, could persuade me to give these things up. For the authority of their authors moved me more, and I had not yet found any certain proof, of the kind I was looking for, to show me beyond doubt that the true things said by those who were consulted were said by luck or lot, not by the art of reading the stars.[5]

THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

Augustine's closest friend is baptized, dies of fever, and leaves him devastated by grief.

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4.4.7	In illis annis, quo primum tempore in municipio, quo natus sum, docere coeperam, conparaueram amicum societate studiorum nimis carum, coaeuum mihi et conflorentem flore adulescentiae. mecum puer creuerat et pariter in scholam ieramus pariterque luseramus. sed nondum erat sic amicus, quamquam ne tum quidem sic, uti est uera amicitia, quia non est uera, nisi cum eam tu agglutinas inter haerentes sibi caritate diffusa in cordibus nostris per spiritum sanctum, qui datus est nobis. sed tamen dulcis erat nobis, cocta feruore parilium studiorum. nam et a fide uera, quam non germanitus et penitus adulescens tenebat, deflexeram eum in superstitiosas fabellas et perniciosas, propter quas me	In those years, when I had first begun teaching in the town where I was born, I had gained a friend, made very dear through our shared studies, of my own age and blooming, as I was, in the bloom of youth. He had grown up with me as a boy; we had gone to school together and played together. But as a boy he was not yet a friend in the way he now became—though even now not in the way that true friendship is. For friendship is not true unless you bind it together among those who cleave to one another, through the love poured out in our hearts by the Holy Spirit, who has been given to us. Yet it was very sweet, ripened by the warmth of shared pursuits. For I had turned him away from the true

4 Hippocrates (5th century BC), the Greek physician regarded as the founder of medicine.
5 Nebridius, a close friend from Carthage, later joined Augustine in Milan and appears again in Books VI–IX.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	plangebat mater. mecum iam errabat in animo ille homo et non poterat anima mea sine illo.	faith, which as a young man he did not hold genuinely and deeply, toward those superstitious and destructive fables for which my mother wept over me. Now this man was wandering with me in mind, and my soul could not be without him.[6]
	et ecce tu inminens dorso fugitiuorum tuorum, deus ultionum et fons misericordiarum simul, qui conuertis nos ad te miris modis, ecce abstulisti hominem de hac uita, cum uix expleuisset annum in amicitia mea, suaui mihi super omnes suauitates illius uitae meae.	And look—you, who press close on the backs of those who run from you, God of vengeance and at the same time fountain of mercies, who turn us to yourself in wonderful ways—look, you took the man from this life when he had barely completed a year of friendship with me, a friendship sweeter to me than all the sweetnesses of that life of mine.
4.4.8	Quis laudes tuas enumerat unus in se uno, quas expertus est? quid tunc fecisti, deus meus, et quam inuestigabilis abyssus iudiciorum tuorum? cum enim laboraret ille febribus, iacuit diu sine sensu in sudore laetali et, cum desperaretur, baptizatus est nesciens me non curante et praesumente id retinere potius animam eius quod a me acceperat, non quod in nescientis corpore fiebat. longe autem aliter erat. nam recreatus est et saluus factus, statimque, ut primo cum eo loqui potui — potui autem mox, ut ille potuit, quando non discedebam et nimis pendebamus ex inuicem — temtaui apud illum inridere, tamquam et illo inrisuro mecum baptismum, quem acceperat mente atque sensu absentissimus. sed tamen iam se accepisse didicerat.	Who can count up your praises, even those one person has experienced in himself alone? What did you do then, my God, and how unsearchable is the abyss of your judgments! When he was suffering from fever, he lay for a long time unconscious in a deathly sweat, and when his life was despaired of, he was baptized without knowing it. I did not care, assuming that his soul would keep what it had received from me rather than what was being done to his unconscious body. But it was quite otherwise. For he revived and recovered, and at once, as soon as I could speak with him—and I could as soon as he could, since I never left his side and we depended so much on each other—I tried to mock, in front of him, the baptism he had received when he was utterly absent in mind and senses, assuming he would mock it with me. But by now he had learned that he had received it.
	at ille ita me exhorruit ut inimicum admonuitque mirabili et repentina libertate, ut, si amicus esse uellem, talia sibi dicere desinerem. ego autem stupefactus atque turbatus distuli omnes motus meos, ut conualesceret prius essetque idoneus uiribus ualetudinis, cum quo agere possem quod uellem. sed ille abreptus dementiae meae, ut apud te seruaretur consolationi meae: post paucos dies me absente repetitur febribus et defungitur.	But he recoiled from me as from an enemy, and with astonishing and sudden frankness he warned me that if I wanted to be his friend, I must stop saying such things to him. Stunned and shaken, I held back all my impulses until he should recover and be strong enough in health for me to deal with him as I wished. But he was snatched away from my madness, to be kept safe with you for my consolation. A few days later, while I was away, the fever came back and he died.
4.4.9	Quo dolore contenebratum est cor meum et quidquid aspiciebam mors erat. et erat mihi patria supplicium et paterna domus mira infelicitas, et quidquid cum illo conmunicaueram, sine illo in cruciatum inmanem uerterat. expetebant eum undique oculi mei, et non	With this grief my heart was plunged into darkness, and whatever I looked at was death. My hometown was a torment to me, and my father's house a strange misery; whatever I had shared with him had turned, without him, into mon-

6 Romans 5:5.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	dabatur; et oderam omnia, quod non haberent eum, nec mihi iam dicere poterant: „ecce uenit“, sicut cum ueniret, quando absens erat. factus eram ipse mihi magna quaestio et interrogabam animam meam, quare tristis esset et quare conturbaret me ualde, et nihil nouerat respondere mihi. et si dicebam: „Spera in deum,“ iuste non obtemperabat, quia uerior erat et melior homo, quem carissimum amiserat, quam phantasma, in quod sperare iubebatur. solus fletus erat dulcis mihi et successerat amico meo in deliciis animi mei.	strous torture. My eyes looked for him everywhere, and he was not given to them. I hated everything, because nothing had him, and nothing could say to me now, “Look, he’s coming,” as when he was alive but away. I had become a great question to myself, and I kept asking my soul why it was sad and why it troubled me so much, and it had no answer to give me. And if I said, “Hope in God,” it rightly did not obey, because the dear friend it had lost was a truer and better human being than the phantasm it was told to hope in. Only weeping was sweet to me, and it had taken my friend’s place among the delights of my mind.[7]
4.5.10	Et nunc, domine, iam illa transierunt et tempore lenitum est uulnus meum. possumne audire abs te, qui ueritas es, et admouere aurem cordis mei ori tuo, ut dicas mihi, cur fletus dulcis sit miseris? an tu, quamuis ubique adsis, longe abiecisti a te miseriam nostram, et tu in te manes, nos autem in experimentis uoluimur? et tamen nisi ad aures tuas ploraremus, nihil residui de spe nostra fieret. unde igitur suauis fructus de amaritudine uitae carpitur gemere et flere et suspirare et conqueri? an hoc ibi dulce est, quod speramus exaudire te? recte istud in precibus, quia desiderium perueniendi habent. num in dolore amissae rei et luctu, quo tunc operiebar? neque enim sperabam reuiuescere illum aut hoc petebam lacrimis, sed tantum dolebam et flebam.	And now, Lord, all that has passed, and time has softened my wound. May I hear from you, who are truth, and bring the ear of my heart close to your mouth, so that you may tell me why weeping is sweet to the wretched? Or have you, though you are present everywhere, flung our misery far away from you? Do you remain in yourself, while we are tossed about in our trials? And yet unless we wept into your ears, nothing would be left of our hope. Where, then, does it come from, this sweet fruit plucked from the bitterness of life—groaning and weeping and sighing and lamenting? Is it sweet because we hope that you hear us? That is true of prayers, since they carry a longing to reach you. But is it so in grief for something lost, and in the mourning in which I was then wrapped? For I did not hope that he would come back to life, nor was that what I asked for with my tears; I only grieved and wept.
	miser enim eram et amiseram gaudium meum. an et fletus res amara est et prae fastidio rerum, quibus prius fruebamur, et tunc, dum ab eis abhorremus, delectat?	For I was wretched, and I had lost my joy. Or is weeping, too, a bitter thing, which gives us pleasure only out of disgust for the things we once enjoyed, at the moment when we recoil from them?
4.6.11	Quid autem ista loquor? non enim tempus quaerendi nunc est, sed confitendi tibi. miser eram et miser est omnis animus uinctus amicitia rerum mortalium et dilaniatur, cum eas amittit, et tunc sentit miseriam, qua miser est et antequam amittat eas. sic ego eram illo tempore et flebam amarissime et requiescebam in amaritudine. ita miser eram et habebam cariorem illo amico meo uitam ipsam miseram. nam quamuis eam mutare uellem, nollem tamen amittere magis quam illum et nescio an uellem uel pro illo, sicut de Oreste et Pylade	But why do I say all this? Now is not the time for asking questions but for confessing to you. I was wretched—and wretched is every mind bound by friendship to mortal things. It is torn to pieces when it loses them, and then it feels the wretchedness that made it wretched even before it lost them. That is how I was at that time. I wept most bitterly, and I found my rest in bitterness. So wretched was I, and yet I held that wretched life itself dearer than my friend. For though I wished to

7 Psalm 42:5.

LATIN	ENGLISH
traditur, si non fingitur, qui uellent pro inuicem simul mori, quia morte peius eis erat non simul uiuere.	change it, I was even less willing to lose it than I had been to lose him; and I do not know whether I would have been willing to lose it even for him, as is told of Orestes and Pylades—if the story is not made up—who were willing to die for each other, or together, since for them not to live together was worse than death.[8]
sed in me nescio quis affectus nimis huic contrarius ortus erat et taedium uiuendi erat in me grauissimum et moriendi metus. credo, quo magis illum amabam, hoc magis mortem, quae mihi eum abstulerat, tamquam atrocissimam inimicam oderam et timebam et eam repente consumpturam omnes homines putabam, quia illum potuit. sic eram omnino, memini. ecce cor meum, deus meus, ecce intus; uide, quia memini, spes mea, qui me mundas a talium affectionum inmunditia, dirigens oculos meos ad te et euellens de laqueo pedes meos. mirabar enim ceteros mortales uiuere, quia ille, quem quasi non moriturum dilexeram, mortuus erat, et me magis, quia ille alter eram, uiuere illo mortuo mirabar. bene quidam dixit de amico suo: dimidium animae suae.	But in me some feeling had arisen that was the very opposite of this: a crushing weariness of living, and a fear of dying. I think that the more I loved him, the more I hated and feared death, which had taken him from me, as the cruelest of enemies; and I thought it would suddenly devour all people, since it had been able to take him. That is exactly how I was; I remember. Here is my heart, my God; here it is, within. See, for I remember, my hope—you who cleanse me from the uncleanness of such feelings, turning my eyes toward you and plucking my feet from the snare. For I was amazed that other mortals were alive, since he whom I had loved as if he would never die was dead; and I was even more amazed that I, who was his other self, was alive when he was dead. Someone put it well when he called his friend "half of his soul."[9]
nam ego sensi animam meam et animam illius unam fuisse animam in duobus corporibus, et ideo mihi horrori erat uita, quia nolebam dimidius uiuere, et ideo forte mori metuebam, ne totus ille moreretur, quem multum amaueram.	For I felt that my soul and his had been one soul in two bodies. That is why life was a horror to me: I did not want to live as half a person. And perhaps that is also why I was afraid to die—so that he whom I had loved so much should not die entirely.
4.7.12 O dementiam nescientem diligere homines humaniter! o stultum hominem inmoderate humana patientem! quod ego tunc eram. itaque aestuabam, suspirabam, flebam, turbabar, nec requies erat nec consilium. portabam enim concisam et cruentam animam meam inpatientem portari a me, et ubi eam ponerem non inueniebam. non in amoenis nemoribus, non in ludis atque cantibus nec in suaue olentibus locis nec in conuiuiis apparatis nec in uoluptate cubilis et lecti, non denique in libris atque carminibus adquiescebat. horrebant omnia et ipsa lux, et quidquid non erat quod ille erat, inprobum et taediosum erat praeter gemitum et lacrimas: nam in eis solis aliquantula requies. ubi autem inde auferebatur anima mea, onerabat me grandis sarcina miseriae.	What madness, not to know how to love human beings as human beings! What a foolish man, to suffer the human lot without any measure! That is what I was then. And so I seethed, I sighed, I wept, I was distraught; I had neither rest nor any counsel. For I was carrying my soul, torn and bleeding, which would not bear to be carried by me, and I could not find anywhere to set it down. Not in pleasant groves, not in games and songs, not in sweet-scented places, not in lavish banquets, not in the pleasures of the bedroom and the bed, not even, finally, in books and poetry did it find rest. Everything filled me with horror, even the light itself. Whatever was not what he was seemed vile and hateful—except groaning and tears, for in them alone was there some little rest. But whenev-

8 Orestes and Pylades: heroes of Greek legend, proverbial for their devoted friendship.
9 The poet Horace, speaking of his friend Virgil (Odes 1.3.8).

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	er my soul was drawn away from them, a great load of misery weighed me down.
ad te, domine, leuanda erat et curanda, sciebam, sed nec uolebam nec ualebam, eo magis quod mihi non eras aliquid solidum et firmum, cum de te cogitabam. non enim tu eras, sed uanum phantasma et error meus erat deus meus. si conabar eam ibi ponere, ut requiesceret, per inane labebatur et iterum ruebat super me, et ego mihi remanseram infelix locus, ubi nec esse possem nec inde recedere. quo enim cor meum fugeret a corde meo? quo a me ipso fugerem? quo non me sequerer? et tamen fugi de patria. minus enim eum quaerebant oculi mei, ubi uidere non solebant, atque a Thagastensi oppido ueni Carthaginem.	It should have been lifted up to you, Lord, to be healed; I knew that. But I neither wanted to nor was able to, all the more because when I thought of you, you were nothing solid or firm to me. For it was not you, but an empty phantom, and my error was my god. If I tried to set my soul down there to rest, it slid through the void and came crashing back down on me, and I remained for myself an unhappy place, where I could neither stay nor get away. For where could my heart flee from my heart? Where could I flee from myself? Where would I not follow myself? And yet I did flee from my hometown. For my eyes would look for him less where they were not used to seeing him. And so I came from the town of Thagaste to Carthage.

CONSOLATION IN FRIENDS

Time and the company of friends gradually ease Augustine's grief.

LATIN	ENGLISH
4.8.13 Non uacant tempora nec otiose uoluuntur per sensus nostros: faciunt in animo mira opera. ecce ueniebant et praeteribant de die in diem et ueniendo et praetereundo inserebant mihi spes alias et alias memorias et paulatim resarciebant me pristinis generibus delectationum, quibus cedebat dolor meus ille; sed succedebant non quidem dolores alii, causae tamen aliorum dolorum. nam unde me facillime et in intima dolor ille penetrauerat, nisi quia fuderam in harenam animam meam diligendo morituram acsi non morituram? maxime quippe me reparabant atque recreabant aliorum amicorum solacia, cum quibus amabam quod postea amabam, et hoc erat ingens fabula et longum mendacium, cuius adulterina confricatione corrumpebatur mens nostra pruriens in auribus. sed illa mihi fabula non moriebatur, si quis amicorum meorum moreretur.	Times are not idle, nor do they roll by to no effect through our senses: they work wonders in the mind. See, they came and went, day after day, and by coming and going they planted in me other hopes and other memories. Little by little they patched me up again with my old kinds of pleasure, and that grief of mine gave way before them. What took its place were not, indeed, new griefs, but the causes of new griefs. For why had that grief pierced me so easily and so deeply, if not because I had poured out my soul onto the sand by loving someone who was going to die as though he would never die? What most restored and revived me was the comfort of other friends, with whom I loved what I went on to love: and that was a huge fable and a long lie, by whose adulterous caress our mind, itching in its ears, was corrupted. But that fable did not die for me whenever one of my friends died.[10]
alia erant, quae in eis amplius capiebant animum: conloqui et conridere et uicissim beniuole obsequi, simul legere libros dulciloquos, simul nugari et simul honestari, dissentire interdum sine odio tamquam ipse homo secum atque ipsa rarissima dissensione condire consensiones plurimas, docere aliquid inuicem aut discere ab inuicem,	There were other things in their company that captured my mind more fully: talking and laughing together, doing each other kindnesses in turn, reading delightfully written books together, joking together and being serious together, disagreeing now and then without resentment, as a person

10 The "fable" is the Manichee mythology that Augustine and his friends then believed.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	desiderare absentes cum molestia, suscipere uenientes cum laetitia: his atque huius modi signis a corde amantium et redamantium procedentibus per os, per linguam, per oculos et mille motus gratissimos quasi fomitibus flagrare animos et ex pluribus unum facere.	does with himself, and seasoning our many agreements with those very rare disagreements; teaching each other something, or learning from each other; missing the absent with an ache, and welcoming them back with joy. By these and similar signs, which spring from the hearts of those who love and are loved in return and show themselves through the mouth, the tongue, the eyes, and a thousand delightful gestures, our minds were set ablaze as if by kindling, and out of many we were made one.
4.9.14	Hoc est, quod diligitur in amicis et sic diligitur, ut rea sibi sit humana conscientia, si non amauerit redamantem aut si amantem non redamauerit, nihil quaerens ex eius corpore praeter indicia beniuolentiae. hinc ille luctus, si quis moriatur, et tenebrae dolorum et uersa dulcedine in amaritudinem cor madidum et ex amissa uita morientium mors uiuentium. beatus qui amat te et amicum in te et inimicum propter te. solus enim nullum carum amittit, cui omnes in illo cari, qui non amittitur. et quis est iste nisi deus noster, deus, qui fecit caelum et terram et inplet ea, quia inplendo ea fecit ea? te nemo amittit, nisi qui dimittit, et quia dimittit, quo it aut quo fugit nisi a te placido ad te iratum?	This is what is loved in friends, and loved so much that a person's conscience feels guilty if he does not love one who loves him, or does not return the love of one who loves him, seeking nothing from the other's body but signs of goodwill. Hence the mourning when someone dies, the darkness of grief, the heart drenched as sweetness turns to bitterness, and, from the lost life of the dying, the death of the living. Happy is the one who loves you, and his friend in you, and his enemy for your sake. For he alone loses no one dear to him to whom all are dear in the one who is never lost. And who is that but our God, the God who made heaven and earth and fills them, because by filling them he made them? No one loses you except one who leaves you; and in leaving you, where does he go, where does he flee, except from you at peace to you in anger?
	nam ubi non inuenit legem tuam in poena sua? et lex tua ueritas et ueritas tu.	For where does he not find your law in his own punishment? And your law is truth, and truth is you.

LOVING WHAT PASSES

Augustine urges the soul to love passing things in God rather than resting in them.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.10.15	Deus uirtutum, conuerte nos et ostende faciem tuam, et salui erimus. nam quoquouersum se uerterit anima hominis, ad dolores figitur alibi praeterquam in te, tametsi figitur in pulchris extra te et extra se. quae tamen nulla essent, nisi essent abs te. quae oriuntur et occidunt et oriendo quasi esse incipiunt et crescunt, ut perficiantur, et perfecta senescunt et intereunt: et non omnia senescunt et omnia intereunt. ergo cum oriuntur et tendunt esse, quo magis celeriter crescunt, ut sint, eo magis festinant, ut non sint. sic est modus eorum. tantum dedisti eis, quia partes sunt rerum, quae non sunt omnes simul, sed decedendo ac succedendo agunt omnes	"God of hosts, turn us back and show us your face, and we shall be saved." For wherever the human soul turns, anywhere but to you, it is fastened to sorrows, even if it is fastened to beautiful things outside you and outside itself. Yet these would be nothing at all if they were not from you. They rise and they set: by rising they begin, as it were, to be; they grow toward completion; and once complete, they grow old and perish. Not all things grow old, but all things perish. So when they rise and strive toward being, the faster they grow in order to be,

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uniuersum, cuius partes sunt. ecce sic peragitur et sermo noster per signa sonantia.	the more they hurry toward not being. Such is their measure. This much you have given them, because they are parts of things that do not all exist at once, but by passing away and succeeding one another they all together make up the universe of which they are parts. (See, this is how our speech too is accomplished, through sounding signs.[11]
non enim erit totus sermo, si unum uerbum non decedat, cum sonuerit, partes suas, ut succedat aliud. laudet te ex illis anima mea, deus, creator omnium, sed non eis infigatur glutine amore per sensus corporis. eunt enim quo ibant, ut non sint, et conscindunt eam desideriis pestilentiosis, quoniam ipsa esse uult et requiescere amat in eis, quae amat. in illis autem non est ubi, quia non stant: fugiunt, et quis ea sequitur sensu carnis? aut quis ea conprehendit, uel cum praesto sunt? tardus est enim sensus carnis, quoniam sensus carnis est: ipse est modus eius. sufficit ad aliud, ad quod factus est, ad illud autem non sufficit, ut teneat transcurrentia ab initio debito usque ad finem debitum.	For a speech will not be whole unless each word, once it has sounded its parts, gives way so that another may follow.) Let my soul praise you for these things, O God, "creator of all things," but let it not be glued to them by love through the senses of the body. For they go where they were going, toward not being, and they tear the soul apart with pestilent desires, since it wants to be, and loves to rest in the things it loves. But in them there is nowhere to rest, because they do not stand still: they flee, and who can follow them with the sense of the flesh? Or who can grasp them, even when they are at hand? For the sense of the flesh is slow, because it is the sense of the flesh: that is its measure. It is sufficient for the other purpose for which it was made, but it is not sufficient for this: to hold on to things that run past, from their appointed beginning to their appointed end.[12]
in uerbo enim tuo, per quod creantur, ibi audiunt: „hinc et huc usque."	For in your Word, through whom they are created, there they hear: "From here" and "this far."[13]
4.11.16 Noli esse uana, anima mea, et obsurdescere in aure cordis tumultu uanitatis tuae. audi et tu: uerbum ipsum clamat, ut redeas, et ibi est locus quietis inperturbabilis, ubi non deseritur amor, si ipse non deserat. ecce illa discedunt, ut alia succedant et omnibus suis partibus constet infima uniuersitas. „numquid ego aliquo discedo?" ait uerbum dei. ibi fige mansionem tuam, ibi conmenda quidquid inde habes, anima mea, saltem fatigata fallaciis. ueritati conmenda quidquid tibi est a ueritate, et non perdes aliquid, et reflorescent putria tua et sanabuntur omnes languores tui et fluxa tua reformabuntur et renouabuntur et constringentur ad te et non te deponent, quo descendunt, sed stabunt tecum et permanebunt ad semper stantem ac permanentem deum.	Do not be vain, my soul, and do not let the ear of your heart be deafened by the din of your vanity. You too, listen: the Word himself calls you to return, and there is the place of undisturbed quiet, where love is not abandoned if it does not itself abandon. See, those things pass away so that others may take their place, and so that the lowest level of the universe may be made up of all its parts. "But do I ever go away anywhere?" says the Word of God. Make your dwelling there; entrust to it whatever you have from there, my soul—at least now that you are worn out with deceptions. Entrust to the truth whatever you have from the truth, and you will lose nothing: what has rotted in you will blossom again, all your sicknesses will be healed, what is fleeting in you will be reshaped and renewed and bound fast to you. It will not

11 Psalm 80:7.
12 "Deus, creator omnium" ("God, creator of all things"), the opening of a hymn by Ambrose.
13 Echoing Job 38:11, where God sets limits to the sea.

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		drag you down to where it descends, but will stand with you and remain with you before God, who always stands and remains.
4.11.17	Vtquid peruersa sequeris carnem tuam? ipsa te sequatur conuersam. quidquid per illam sentis, in parte est et ignoras totum, cuius hae partes sunt, et delectant te tamen. sed si ad totum conprehendendum esset idoneus sensus carnis tuae ac non et ipse in parte uniuersi accepisset pro tua poena iustum modum, uelles, ut transiret quidquid existit in praesentia, ut magis tibi omnia placerent. nam et quod loquimur, per eundem sensum carnis audis et non uis utique stare syllabas, sed transuolare, ut aliae ueniant et totum audias. ita semper omnia, quibus unum aliquid constat, et non sunt omnia simul ea, quibus constat: plus delectant omnia quam singula, si possint sentiri omnia.	Why, turned the wrong way, do you follow your flesh? Let it follow you, once you have turned back. Whatever you sense through it is partial; you do not know the whole of which these are parts, and yet they delight you. But if the sense of your flesh were capable of grasping the whole—if it had not, as your just punishment, itself been given a limited place as a part of the universe—you would want whatever exists in the present to pass away, so that the whole might please you more. For what we say, too, you hear through that same sense of the flesh, and you certainly do not want the syllables to stand still, but to fly past, so that others may come and you may hear the whole. So it always is with all the things that make up a single whole (and the things that make it up do not all exist at once): all of them together delight us more than each one singly, if all of them could be perceived.
	sed longe his melior qui fecit omnia, et ipse est deus noster, et non discedit, quia nec succeditur ei.	But far better than these is the one who made all things. He is our God, and he does not pass away, because nothing takes his place.
4.12.18	Si placent corpora, deum ex illis lauda et in artificem eorum retorque amorem, ne in his, quae tibi placent, tu displiceas. si placent animae, in deo amentur, quia et ipsae mutabiles sunt et illo fixae stabiliuntur: alioquin irent et perirent. in illo ergo amentur, et rape ad eum tecum quas potes et dic eis: „hunc amemus: ipse fecit haec et non est longe.“ non enim fecit atque abiit, sed ex illo in illo sunt. ecce ubi est, ubi sapit ueritas? intimus cordi est, sed cor errauit ab eo. redite, praeuaricatores, ad cor et inhaerete illi, qui fecit uos. state cum eo et stabitis, requiescite in eo et quieti eritis. quo itis in aspera? quo itis?	If bodies please you, praise God for them, and turn your love back upon their maker, so that in the things that please you, you do not displease him. If souls please you, let them be loved in God, because they too are changeable, and only when fixed in him do they stand firm; otherwise they would go their way and perish. So let them be loved in him. Carry off to him with you as many as you can, and say to them: Let us love him. He made these things, and he is not far away. For he did not make them and then go away: they are from him and in him. See where he is: wherever truth is tasted. He is innermost in the heart, but the heart has wandered away from him. Return to your heart, you transgressors, and cling to him who made you. Stand with him and you will stand; rest in him and you will be at rest. Where are you going, into these rough places? Where are you going?[14]
	bonum, quod amatis, ab illo est: sed quantum est ad illum, bonum est et suaue; sed amarum erit iuste, quia	The good you love is from him; but only insofar as it is directed toward him is it good and sweet. Oth-

14 “Return to your heart, you transgressors”: Isaiah 46:8.

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iniuste amatur deserto illo quidquid ab illo est. quo uobis adhuc et adhuc ambulare uias difficiles et laboriosas? non est requies, ubi quaeritis eam. quaerite quod quaeritis, sed ibi non est, ubi quaeritis. beatam uitam quaeritis in regione mortis: non est illic. quomodo enim beata uita, ubi nec uita?	erwise it will rightly turn bitter, because whatever comes from him is wrongly loved if he is abandoned. Why do you still go on and on walking these hard and toilsome roads? There is no rest where you are looking for it. Seek what you seek, but it is not where you seek it. You seek the happy life in the land of death: it is not there. For how can there be a happy life where there is not even life?
4.12.19 Et descendit huc ipsa uita nostra et tulit mortem nostram et occidit eam de abundantia uitae suae et tonuit clamans, ut redeamus hinc ad eum in illud secretum, unde processit ad nos in ipsum primum uirginalem uterum, ubi ei nupsit humana creatura, caro mortalis, ne semper mortalis; et inde uelut Sponsus procedens de thalamo suo exultauit ut gigans ad currendam uiam. non enim tardauit, sed cucurrit clamans dictis, factis, morte, uita, descensu, ascensu, clamans, ut redeamus ad eum. et discessit ab oculis, ut redeamus ad cor et inueniamus eum. abscessit enim et ecce hic est. noluit nobiscum diu esse et non reliquit nos.	Our very Life came down here and took on our death and killed it out of the abundance of his own life. And he thundered, calling us to return from here to him, into that secret place from which he came forth to us—first into the virgin womb, where human nature, mortal flesh, was wedded to him, so that it might not be mortal forever. And from there, "like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, he rejoiced like a giant to run his course." For he did not delay, but ran, calling out by his words, his deeds, his death, his life, his descent, his ascent—calling us to return to him. And he departed from our sight, so that we might return to him. And he departed from our sight, so that we might return to our heart and find him there. For he went away, and see, he is here. He did not want to stay with us long, and yet he has not left us.[15]
illuc enim abscessit, unde numquam recessit, quia mundus per eum factus est et in hoc mundo erat et uenit in hunc mundum peccatores saluos facere. cui confitetur anima mea, et sanat eam, quoniam peccauit illi. fili hominum, quo usque graues corde? numquid et post descensum uitae non uultis ascendere et uiuere? sed quo ascenditis, quando in alto estis et posuistis in caelo os uestrum? descendite, ut ascendatis et ascendatis ad deum. cecidistis enim ascendendo contra deum. dic eis ista, ut plorent in conualle plorationis, et sic eos rape tecum ad deum, quia de spiritu eius haec dicis eis, si dicis ardens igne caritatis.	For he went away to the place he never left, because the world was made through him, and he was in this world, and he came into this world to save sinners. To him my soul confesses, and he heals it, for it has sinned against him. Children of men, how long will you be heavy of heart? Even now that Life has come down, do you not want to go up and live? But where can you go up, when you are already on high and have set your mouth in the heavens? Come down, so that you may go up—go up to God. For you fell by going up against God. Tell them this, so that they may weep in the valley of weeping, and so carry them off with you to God; for it is by his Spirit that you say these things to them, if you say them burning with the fire of love.[16]

15 Psalm 19:5.
16 Echoing John 1:10, 1 Timothy 1:15, and Psalms 4:2, 73:9 and 84:6.

ON THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE FITTING

Augustine recalls writing a book on beauty and fitness while still picturing God as a body.

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4.13.20	Haec tunc non noueram et amabam pulchra inferiora et ibam in profundum et dicebam amicis meis: „num amamus aliquid nisi pulchrum? quid est ergo pulchrum? et quid est pulchritudo? quid est quod nos allicit et conciliat rebus, quas amamus? nisi enim esset in eis decus et species, nullo modo nos ad se mouerent.“ et animaduertebam et uidebam in ipsis corporibus aliud esse quasi totum et ideo pulchrum, aliud autem, quod ideo deceret, quoniam apte accommodaretur alicui, sicut pars corporis ad uniuersum suum aut calciamentum ad pedem et similia. et ista consideratio scaturriit in animo meo ex intimo corde meo, et scripsi libros „de pulchro et apto“, puto, duos aut tres; tu scis, deus: nam excidit mihi.	At that time I did not know these things. I loved lower beauties, and I was sinking into the depths. I used to say to my friends: "Do we love anything except what is beautiful? What, then, is the beautiful? And what is beauty? What is it that draws us to the things we love and wins us over to them? For unless there were grace and form in them, they could in no way move us toward themselves." And I noticed and saw that in bodies themselves there was one thing that is, as it were, a whole, and beautiful for that reason, and another that is fitting because it is well suited to something else, as a part of the body is to the body as a whole, or a shoe to a foot, and so on. This reflection welled up in my mind from the depths of my heart, and I wrote books *On the Beautiful and the Fitting*—two or three, I think. You know, God; it has slipped my memory.[17]
	non enim habemus eos, sed aberrauerunt a nobis nescio quomodo.	For we no longer have them; they have strayed away from us, I do not know how.
4.14.21	Quid est autem, quod me mouit, domine deus meus, ut ad Hierium, Romanae urbis oratorem, scriberem illos libros? quem non noueram facie, sed amaueram hominem ex doctrinae fama, quae illi clara erat, et quaedam uerba eius audieram, et placuerant mihi. sed magis quia placebat aliis et eum efferebant laudibus stupentes, quod ex homine Syro, docto prius graecae facundiae, post in latina etiam dictor mirabilis extitisset et esset scientissimus rerum ad studium sapientiae pertinentium, mihi placebat. laudabatur homo et amabatur absens. utrumnam ab ore laudantis intrat in cor audientis amor ille? absit; sed ex amante alio accenditur alius. hinc enim amatur qui laudatur, dum non fallaci corde laudatoris praedicari creditur, id est cum amans eum laudat.	But what moved me, Lord my God, to dedicate those books to Hierius, an orator of the city of Rome? I did not know him by sight, but I had come to love the man for his reputation for learning, which was brilliant; and I had heard some of his sayings, and they had pleased me. But he pleased me more because he pleased others, who extolled him with praise, astonished that a Syrian, first trained in Greek eloquence, had afterward become a wonderful speaker in Latin too, and was deeply learned in the subjects that belong to the pursuit of wisdom. A man is praised, and is loved though absent. Does that love pass from the mouth of the one who praises into the heart of the one who hears? Not at all! Rather, one lover sets another on fire. For this is why someone who is praised is loved: when we believe he is being extolled by a heart that does not deceive—that is, when the one who praises him loves him.[18]
4.14.22	Sic enim tunc amabam homines ex hominum iudicio; non enim ex tuo, deus meus, in quo nemo fallitur. sed tamen	For that is how I loved people then: by the judgment of people, not by yours, my God, in whom no

17 Augustine's first book, written around AD 380; it has not survived.
18 Hierius: a rhetorician otherwise unknown.

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cur non sicut auriga nobilis, sicut uenator studiis popularibus diffamatus, sed longe aliter et grauiter et ita, quemadmodum et me laudari uellem? non autem uellem ita laudari et amari me ut histriones, quamquam eos et ipse laudarem et amarem, sed eligens latere quam ita notus esse et uel haberi odio quam sic amari. ubi distribuuntur ista pondera uariorum et diuersorum amorum in anima una? quid est, quod amo in alio, quod rursus nisi odissem, non a me detestarer et repellerem, cum sit uterque nostrum homo? non enim sicut equus bonus amatur ab eo qui nollet hoc esse, etiamsi posset,

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one is deceived. And yet why was it not the way one loves a famous charioteer, or a beast-hunter in the arena celebrated by the enthusiasm of the crowd, but very differently, seriously, and in the way I would want to be praised myself? For I would not want to be praised and loved as actors are—though I myself praised and loved them—but would rather remain unknown than be famous like that, and even be hated rather than loved like that. Where in a single soul are these weights of so many different kinds of love distributed? What is it that I love in another, which in turn, unless I hated it, I would not reject and repel from myself, since each of us is a human being? For it is not like a good horse, loved by someone who would not want to be a horse even if he could.

hoc et de histrione dicendum est, qui naturae nostrae socius est. ergone amo in homine quod odi esse, cum sim homo? grande profundum est ipse homo, cuius etiam capillos tu, domine, numeratos habes et non minuuntur in te: et tamen capilli eius magis numerabiles quam affectus eius et motus cordis eius.

The same must be said of an actor, who shares our nature. Do I then love in a human being what I would hate to be, though I am a human being? A human being is a great deep. You, Lord, have even his hairs numbered, and not one of them is lost in you; and yet his hairs are easier to count than his feelings and the movements of his heart.

4.14.23 At ille rhetor ex eo erat genere, quem sic amabam, ut esse me uellem talem; et errabam tyfo et circumferebar omni uento et nimis occulte gubernabar abs te. et unde scio et unde certus confiteor tibi, quod illum in amore laudantium magis amaueram quam in rebus ipsis, de quibus laudabatur? quia si non laudatum uituperarent eum idem ipsi et uituperando atque spernendo ea ipsa narrarent, non accenderer in eo et non excitarer, et certe res non aliae forent nec homo ipse alius, sed tantummodo alius affectus narrantium. ecce ubi iacet anima infirma nondum haerens soliditati ueritatis. sicut aurae linguarum flauerint a pectoribus opinantium, ita fertur et uertitur, torquetur ac retorquetur, et obnubilatur ei lumen et non cernitur ueritas. et ecce est ante nos.

But that rhetorician was the kind of man I loved in such a way that I wanted to be like him. I was straying, puffed up with conceit, carried about by every wind, and all the while I was being steered by you, but very secretly. How do I know, and how can I confess to you with certainty, that I loved him more because of the love of those who praised him than for the things for which he was praised? Because if those same people, instead of praising him, had criticized him, and in criticizing and scorning him had told the very same things, I would not have been kindled or stirred toward him. Yet the facts would not have been different, nor the man himself; only the feelings of those who told about him. See where the weak soul lies when it does not yet cling to the solidity of truth: as the breezes of talk blow from the breasts of those who hold opinions, so it is carried and turned, twisted and twisted back, and the light is clouded over for it and the truth is not seen—and yet, look, it is right in front of us.

et magnum quiddam mihi erat, si sermo meus et studia mea illi uiro innotescerent: quae si probaret, flagrarem magis; si autem inprobaret, sauciaretur cor uanum et inane soliditatis tuae. et tamen pulchrum illud atque aptum, unde ad eum scripseram, libenter animo

And it seemed a great thing to me that my writing and my studies should become known to that man. If he approved of them, I would burn all the more; if he disapproved, my heart, vain and

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uersabam ob os contemplationis meae et nullo conlaudatore mirabar.

4.15.24 Sed tantae rei cardinem in arte tua nondum uidebam, omnipotens, qui facis mirabilia solus, et ibat animus meus per formas corporeas et pulchrum, quod per se ipsum, aptum autem, quod ad aliquid adconmodatum deceret, definiebam et distinguebam et exemplis corporeis adstruebam. et conuerti me ad animi naturam et non me sinebat falsa opinio, quam de spiritalibus habebam, uerum cernere. et inruebat in oculos ipsa uis ueri et auertebam palpitantem mentem ab incorporea re ad liniamenta et colores et tumentes magnitudines et, quia non poteram ea uidere in animo, putabam me non posse uidere animum meum.

et cum in uirtute pacem amarem, in uitiositate autem odissem discordiam, in illa unitatem, in ista quandam diuisionem notabam, inque illa unitate mens rationalis et natura ueritatis ac summi boni mihi esse uidebatur, in ista uero diuisione inrationalis uitae nescio quam substantiam et naturam summi mali, quae non solum esset substantia, sed omnino uita esset et tamen abs te non esset, deus meus, ex quo sunt omnia, miser opinabar. et illam monadem appellabam tamquam sine ullo sexu mentem, hanc uero dyadem, iram in facinoribus, libidinem in flagitiis, nesciens quid loquerer. non enim noueram neque didiceram nec ullam substantiam malum esse nec ipsam mentem nostram summum atque inconmutabile bonum.

4.15.25 Sicut enim facinora sunt, si uitiosus est ille animi motus, in quo est impetus, et se iactat insolenter ac turbide, et flagitia, si est inmoderata illa animae affectio, qua carnales hauriuntur uoluptates, ita errores et falsae opiniones uitam contaminant, si rationalis mens ipsa uitiosa est. qualis in me tunc erat nesciente alio lumine illam inlustrandam esse, ut sit particeps ueritatis, quia non est ipsa natura ueritatis, quoniam tu inluminabis lucernam meam, domine; deus meus, inluminabis tenebras meas, et de plenitudine tua omnes nos accepimus. es enim tu lumen uerum, quod inluminat

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empty of your solidity, would be wounded. And yet that beautiful and fitting, the subject on which I had written to him, I gladly turned over in my mind before the eyes of my contemplation, and admired it though no one joined me in praising it.

But I did not yet see the hinge on which so great a matter turns in your craftsmanship, Almighty, who alone do wonders. My mind moved among bodily forms. I defined and distinguished the beautiful, as what is so in itself, and the fitting, as what is becoming because it is suited to something else, and I supported this with bodily examples. And I turned to the nature of the mind, but the false opinion I held about spiritual things would not let me see the truth. The very force of truth burst into my eyes, and I turned my throbbing mind away from incorporeal reality toward lines and colors and swelling magnitudes; and because I could not see these in the mind, I thought I could not see the mind.

In virtue I loved peace, and in vice I hated discord, and so I observed in the one a unity and in the other a kind of division. In that unity, it seemed to me, lay the rational mind and the nature of truth and of the highest good. In this division, poor wretch that I was, I supposed there was some substance of irrational life, the nature of the highest evil—something that was not only a substance but actually alive, and yet was not from you, my God, from whom all things are. And I called the former a “monad” [oneness], as if it were a mind without any sex, and the latter a “dyad” [twoness]—anger in crimes of violence, lust in shameful acts—not knowing what I was saying. For I had not known or learned that evil is not any kind of substance, nor that our own mind is not the highest and unchangeable good.

For just as there are crimes of violence when that movement of the mind in which impulse resides is corrupt and throws itself about insolently and turbulently, and shameful acts when that affection of the soul by which carnal pleasures are drunk in is unrestrained, so errors and false opinions defile life when the rational mind itself is corrupt. So it was in me then, for I did not know that it must be illuminated by another light in order to share in the truth, since it is not itself the nature of truth. For “you will light my lamp, Lord; my God, you

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	omnem hominem uenientem in hunc mundum, quia in te non est transmutatio nec momenti obumbratio.	will lighten my darkness," and of your fullness we have all received. For you are the true light that enlightens everyone who comes into this world, because in you there is no change, nor the shadow of a moment's turning.[19]
4.15.26	Sed ego conabar ad te et repellebar abs te, ut saperem mortem, quoniam superbis resistis. quid autem superbius, quam ut assererem mira dementia me id esse naturaliter, quod tu es? cum enim ego essem mutabilis et eo mihi manifestum esset, quod utique ideo sapiens esse cupiebam, ut ex deteriore melior fierem, malebam tamen etiam te opinari mutabilem quam me non hoc esse, quod tu es. itaque repellebar et resistebas uentosae ceruici meae et imaginabar formas corporeas et caro carnem accusabam et spiritus ambulans non reuertebar ad te et ambulando ambulabam in ea, quae non sunt neque in te neque in me neque in corpore neque mihi creabantur a ueritate tua, sed a mea uanitate fingebantur ex corpore,	But I was straining toward you and being driven back by you, so that I might taste death, because you resist the proud. And what could be prouder than to claim, in amazing madness, that I was by nature what you are? For though I was changeable—and this was plain to me from the very fact that I wanted to become wise, so as to become better instead of worse—I still preferred to think that you too were changeable rather than that I was not what you are. So I was driven back, and you resisted my stiff and windy neck. I imagined bodily forms; flesh myself, I blamed the flesh; a wandering spirit, I did not return to you. Wandering, I wandered into things that do not exist—not in you, nor in me, nor in any body. They were not created for me by your truth; they were invented by my vanity out of bodies.
	et dicebam paruulis fidelibus tuis, ciuibus meis, a quibus nesciens exulabam, dicebam illis garrulus et ineptus: „cur ergo errat anima, quam fecit deus?" et mihi nolebam dici: „cur ergo errat deus?" et contendebam magis inconmutabilem tuam substantiam coactam errare quam meam mutabilem sponte deuiasse et poena errare confitebar.	And I would say to your little ones, your faithful, my fellow citizens, from whom I was unknowingly in exile—I would say to them, chattering and foolish: "Why then does the soul that God made go astray?" But I did not want anyone to say to me, "Why then does God go astray?" And I would argue that your unchangeable substance had been forced to go astray, rather than confess that my changeable substance had strayed of its own accord and was going astray as a punishment.
4.15.27	Et eram aetate annorum fortasse uiginti sex aut septem, cum illa uolumina scripsi, uoluens apud me corporalia figmenta Obstrepentia cordis mei auribus, quas intendebam, dulcis ueritas, in interiorem melodiam tuam, cogitans de pulchro et apto et stare cupiens et audire te et gaudio gaudere propter uocem sponsi, et non poteram, quia uocibus erroris mei rapiebar foras et pondere superbiae meae in ima decidebam. non enim dabas auditui meo gaudium et laetitiam, aut exultabant ossa, quae humiliata non erant.	I was about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old when I wrote those volumes. I was turning over in myself bodily fictions that clattered in the ears of my heart—ears that I was straining, sweet truth, toward your inner melody, as I thought about the beautiful and the fitting. I longed to stand and hear you, and to rejoice with joy at the bridegroom's voice, and I could not, because I was dragged outside by the voices of my error, and by the weight of my pride I kept falling to the depths. For you did not give joy and gladness to my hearing, nor did my bones rejoice, for they had not been humbled.[20]

19 Psalm 18:28; then John 1:16 and 1:9.
20 Echoing John 3:29 and Psalm 51:8.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
4.16.28	Et quid mihi proderat, quod annos natus ferme uiginti, cum in manus meas uenissent Aristotelica quaedam, quas appellant decem categorias — quarum nomine, cum eas rhetor Carthaginiensis, magister meus, buccis tyfo crepantibus conmemoraret et alii qui docti habebantur, tamquam in nescio quid magnum et diuinum suspensus inhiabam — legi eas solus et intellexi? quas cum contulissem cum eis, qui se dicebant uix eas magistris eruditissimis non loquentibus tantum, sed multa in puluere depingentibus intellexisse, nihil inde aliud mihi dicere potuerunt, quam ego solus apud me ipsum legens cognoueram;	And what good did it do me that when I was about twenty, and some writings of Aristotle came into my hands—the ones they call the *Ten Categories*—I read them by myself and understood them? At their very name, when my teacher, the rhetorician of Carthage, and others who were considered learned spoke of them with cheeks puffed and crackling with conceit, I used to gape in suspense, as if at something great and divine. When I compared notes with people who said they had barely understood them with the help of very learned teachers—who not only explained them aloud but drew many diagrams in the sand—they could tell me nothing more than I had learned reading alone by myself.[21]
	et satis aperte mihi uidebantur loquentes de substantiis, sicuti est homo, et quae in illis essent, sicuti est figura hominis, qualis sit et statura, quot pedum sit, aut cognatio, cuius frater sit, aut ubi sit constitutus aut quando natus, aut stet an sedeat aut calciatus uel armatus sit aut aliquid faciat aut patiatur aliquid, et quaecumque in his nouem generibus, quorum exempli gratia quaedam posui, uel in ipso substantiae genere innumerabilia reperiuntur.	They seemed to me to speak clearly enough about substances, such as a human being, and about what is in them: a human being's shape, what it is like; his stature, how many feet tall he is; his relationship, whose brother he is; or where he is placed, or when he was born; whether he is standing or sitting, has shoes on or is armed; whether he is doing something or having something done to him—and all the countless things found in these nine classes, of which I have given some examples, or in the class of substance itself.
4.16.29	Quid hoc mihi proderat, quando et oberat, cum etiam te, deus meus, mirabiliter simplicem atque inconmutabilem, illis decem praedicamentis putans quidquid esset omnino conprehensum, sic intellegere conarer, quasi et tu subiectum esses magnitudini tuae aut pulchritudini, ut illa essent in te quasi in subiecto sicut in corpore, cum tua magnitudo et tua pulchritudo tu ipse sis, corpus autem non eo sit magnum et pulchrum, quo corpus est, quia etsi minus magnum et minus pulchrum esset, nihilominus corpus esset. falsitas enim erat, quam de te cogitabam, non ueritas, et figmenta miseriae meae, non firmamenta beatitudinis tuae. iusseras enim et ita fiebat in me, ut terra spinas et tribolos pareret mihi et cum labore peruenirem ad panem meum.	What good did this do me, when it actually did me harm? For I thought that absolutely everything that exists was contained in those ten categories, and so I tried to understand you too, my God, who are wonderfully simple and unchangeable, as if you too were the subject of your greatness or your beauty, so that these were in you as in a subject, as they are in a body. But your greatness and your beauty are you yourself, whereas a body is not great and beautiful by being a body, since even if it were less great and less beautiful, it would still be a body. What I thought about you was falsehood, not truth: figments of my misery, not the foundations of your blessedness. For you had commanded, and so it was happening in me, that the earth should bring forth thorns and thistles for me, and that I should come to my bread only by toil.[22]
4.16.30	Et quid mihi proderat, quod omnes libros artium, quas liberales uocant, tunc nequissimus malarum cupiditatum	And what good did it do me that I, at that time the most worthless slave of evil cravings, read by my-

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seruus per me ipsum legi et intellexi, quoscumque legere potui? et gaudebam in eis et nesciebam, unde esset quidquid ibi uerum et certum esset. dorsum enim habebam ad lumen et ad ea, quae inluminantur, faciem: unde ipsa facies mea, qua inluminata cernebam, non inluminabatur. quidquid de arte loquendi et disserendi, quidquid de dimensionibus figurarum et de musicis et de numeris sine magna difficultate nullo hominum tradente intellexi, scis tu, domine deus meus, quia et celeritas intellegendi et dispiciendi acumen donum tuum est.	self and understood all the books I could get hold of on the arts they call liberal? I delighted in them, and I did not know where whatever was true and certain in them came from. For I had my back to the light and my face toward the things that are lit, so that my face itself, with which I saw the things that were lit, was not itself lit. Whatever there was on the art of speaking and of reasoning, on the dimensions of figures, on music and on numbers, I understood without great difficulty and with no one teaching me. You know, Lord my God, that quickness of understanding and sharpness of discernment are your gift.
sed non inde sacrificabam tibi. itaque mihi non ad usum, sed ad perniciem magis ualebat, quia tam bonam partem substantiae meae sategi habere in potestate et fortitudinem meam non ad te custodiebam, sed profectus sum abs te in longinquam regionem, ut eam dissiparem in meretrices cupiditates. nam quid mihi proderat bona res non utenti bene? non enim sentiebam illas artes etiam ab studiosis et ingeniosis difficillime intellegi, nisi cum eis eadem conabar exponere et erat ille excellentissimus in eis, qui me exponentem non tardius sequeretur.	But I did not offer them to you in sacrifice. And so they served not for my benefit but rather for my ruin, because I took pains to keep so good a portion of my substance in my own power; and I did not keep my strength for you, but went away from you into a far country to squander it on wanton cravings. For what good was a good thing to me, when I did not use it well? I did not realize that those arts were very hard to understand even for studious and talented people until I tried to explain them to such people; and the most outstanding among them was the one who was not too slow in following my explanations.
4.16.31 Sed quid mihi hoc proderat putanti, quod tu, domine deus ueritas, corpus esses lucidum et inmensum et ego frustum de illo corpore? nimia peruersitas! sed sic eram nec erubesco, deus meus, confiteri tibi in me misericordias tuas et inuocare te, qui non erubui tunc profiteri hominibus blasphemias meas et latrare aduersum te. quid ergo tunc mihi proderat ingenium per illas doctrinas agile et nullo adminiculo humani magisterii tot nodosissimi libri enodati, cum deformiter et sacrilega turpitudine in doctrina pietatis errarem? aut quid tantum oberat paruulis tuis longe tardius ingenium, cum a te longe non recederent, ut in nido ecclesiae tuae tuti plumescerent et alas caritatis alimento sanae fidei nutrirent? o domine deus noster, in uelamento alarum tuarum speremus et protege nos et porta nos.	But what good did it do me, when I thought that you, Lord God, Truth, were a vast luminous body, and I a fragment of that body? What extreme perversity! But that is how I was. And I do not blush, my God, to confess to you your mercies toward me and to call upon you—I who did not blush then to profess my blasphemies before people and to bark against you. What good, then, was a mind nimble in those disciplines, and all those knotty books unknotted without the help of any human teacher, when I was going astray, in shameful and sacrilegious ugliness, in the teaching of godliness? Or what great harm did a much slower mind do to your little ones, since they did not go far from you, so that in the nest of your church they might grow their feathers in safety and nourish the wings of love on the food of sound faith? O Lord our God, let us hope in the shelter of your wings: protect us and carry us.
tu portabis, tu portabis et paruulos et usque ad canos tu portabis, quoniam firmitas nostra quando tu es, tunc est	You will carry us, you will carry us when we are little, and right up to our gray hairs you will carry

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firmitas, cum autem nostra est, infirmitas est. uiuit apud te semper bonum nostrum, et quia inde auersi sumus, peruersi sumus. reuertamur iam, domine, ut non euertamur, quia uiuit apud te sine ullo defectu bonum nostrum, quod tu ipse es, et non timemus, ne non sit quo redeamus, quia nos inde ruimus; nobis autem absentibus non ruit domus nostra, aeternitas tua.

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us. For our strength, when it is you, is strength; but when it is our own, it is weakness. Our good lives forever with you, and because we have turned away from it, we have turned awry. Let us turn back now, Lord, so that we are not overturned; for our good lives with you without any failing, and that good is you yourself. And we do not fear that there will be nowhere to return to just because we fell from there. Our house does not fall in our absence: it is your eternity.[23]

22 Genesis 3:18–19.
21 Aristotle's *Categories*, a basic text of logic that lists ten classes of things that can be said about anything.
23 Echoing Isaiah 46:4.

Book V

Faustus, Rome, and Milan: meeting Ambrose
Disappointed by Faustus, Augustine moves to Rome, then Milan, where he hears Ambrose.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
5.1.1	Accipe sacrificium confessionum mearum de manu linguae meae, quam formasti et excitasti, ut confiteatur nomini tuo, et sana omnia ossa mea, et dicant: domine, quis similis tibi? neque enim docet te, quid in se agatur, qui tibi confitetur, quia oculum tuum non excludit cor clausum nec manum tuam repellit duritia hominum, sed soluis eam, cum uoles, aut miserans aut uindicans, et non est qui se abscondat a calore tuo. sed te laudet anima mea, ut amet te, et confiteatur tibi miserationes tuas, ut laudet te.	Accept the sacrifice of my confessions from the hand of my tongue, which you formed and stirred up to confess your name; heal all my bones, and let them say, "Lord, who is like you?" For one who confesses to you does not teach you what is happening inside him, because a closed heart does not shut out your eye, nor does human hardness push away your hand. You loosen it when you will, whether in mercy or in punishment, and there is no one who can hide from your heat. But let my soul praise you so that it may love you, and let it confess your mercies to you so that it may praise you.[1]
	non cessat nec tacet laudes tuas uniuersa creatura tua nec spiritus omnis hominis per os conuersum ad te nec animalia nec corporalia per os considerantium ea, ut exsurgat in te a lassitudine anima nostra innitens eis, quae fecisti, et adtransiens ad te, qui fecisti haec mirabiliter: et ibi refectio et uera fortitudo.	Your whole creation never ceases or falls silent in your praise: every human spirit praises you through its mouth turned toward you, and animals and physical things through the mouths of those who contemplate them. So our soul may rise up to you out of its weariness, leaning on the things you have made and passing beyond them to you, who made them so wonderfully. And there is refreshment and true strength.
5.2.2	Eant et fugiant a te inquieti iniqui. et tu uides eos et distinguis umbras, et ecce pulchra sunt cum eis omnia et ipsi turpes sunt. et quid nocuerunt tibi? aut in quo imperium tuum dehonestauerunt a caelis usque in nouissima iustum et integrum? quo enim fugerunt, cum fugerent a facie tua? aut ubi tu non inuenis eos? sed fugerunt, ut non uiderent te uidentem se atque excaecati in te offenderent — quia non deseris aliquid eorum, quae fecisti — in te offenderent iniusti et iuste uexarentur, subtrahentes se lenitati tuae et offendentes in rectitudinem tuam et cadentes in asperitatem tuam. uidelicet nesciunt, quod ubique sis, quem nullus circuminscribit locus, et solus es praesens etiam his, qui longe fiunt a te.	Let the restless and the wicked go and flee from you. You see them, and you mark out the shadows; and look, all things are beautiful with them, while they themselves are ugly. And what harm have they done you? Or in what way have they dishonored your rule, which is just and whole from the heavens down to the lowest things? For where did they flee when they fled from your face? Or where do you not find them? But they fled so as not to see you who see them, and so that, blinded, they might stumble against you—for you abandon nothing that you have made—so that the unjust might stumble against you and be justly punished, withdrawing from your gentleness, stumbling against your uprightness, and falling upon your

1 Psalm 35:10.

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	severity. Evidently they do not know that you are everywhere, you whom no place contains, and that you alone are present even to those who go far from you.
conuertantur ergo et quaerant te, quia non, sicut ipsi deseruerunt creatorem suum, ita tu deseruisti creaturam tuam. ipsi conuertantur, et ecce ibi es in corde eorum, in corde confitentium tibi et proicientium se in te et plorantium in sinu tuo post uias suas difficiles: et tu facilis tergens lacrimas eorum, et magis plorant et gaudent in fletibus, quoniam tu, domine, non aliquis homo, caro et sanguis, sed tu, domine, qui fecisti, reficis et consolaris eos. et ubi ego eram, quando te quaerebam? et tu eras ante me, ego autem et a me discesseram nec me inueniebam: quanto minus te!	Let them turn back, then, and seek you, because you have not abandoned your creation as they abandoned their creator. Let them turn back, and see, you are there in their heart—in the heart of those who confess to you and throw themselves upon you and weep in your lap after their hard journeys. And you gently wipe away their tears, and they weep all the more and rejoice in their weeping, because it is you, Lord—not some human being of flesh and blood, but you, Lord, who made them—who remake and comfort them. And where was I when I was seeking you? You were right in front of me, but I had gone away even from myself and could not find myself—how much less could I find you!

FAUSTUS

The famous Manichee Faustus reaches Carthage, but proves charming and unlearned, loosening Augustine's attachment to the sect.

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5.3.3 Proloquor in conspectu dei mei annum illum undetricensimum aetatis meae. iam uenerat Carthaginem quidam manichaeorum episcopus, Faustus nomine, magnus laqueus diaboli, et multi inplicabantur in eo per inlecebram suauiloquentiae. quam ego iam tametsi laudabam, discernebam tamen a ueritate rerum, quarum discernendarum auidus eram, nec quali uasculo sermonis, sed quid mihi scientiae comedendum adponeret nominatus apud eos ille Faustus intuebar. fama enim de illo praelocuta mihi erat, quod esset honestarum omnium doctrinarum peritissimus et adprime disciplinis liberalibus eruditus. et quoniam multa philosophorum legeram memoriaeque mandata retinebam, ex eis quaedam conparabam illis manichaeorum longis fabulis, et mihi probabiliora ista uidebantur, quae dixerunt illi, qui tantum potuerunt ualere, ut possent aestimare saeculum, quamquam eius dominum minime inuenerint.	Let me set out, in the sight of my God, that twenty-ninth year of my life. A certain bishop of the Manichees had come to Carthage, Faustus by name, a great snare of the devil, and many were entangled in it through the lure of his smooth eloquence. Although I too praised that eloquence, I nonetheless distinguished it from the truth of the things I was eager to learn; I was looking not at the dish in which his speech was served, but at what food of knowledge this Faustus, so celebrated among them, would set before me to eat. For his reputation had told me in advance that he was highly skilled in every respectable branch of learning and especially well versed in the liberal arts. And since I had read a great deal of the philosophers and kept it committed to memory, I compared some of their teachings with those long myths of the Manichees. What seemed more probable to me was what had been said by those who were capable enough to be able to assess the world, even though they never found its Lord.[2]
quoniam magnus es, domine, et humilia respicis, excelsa autem a longe agnoscis nec propinquas nisi obtritis corde	For you are great, Lord, and you look upon the lowly, but the lofty you know from afar. You draw

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	nec inueniris a superbis, nec si illi curiosa peritia numerent stellas et harenam et dimetiantur sidereas plagas et uestigent uias astrorum.	near only to the crushed in heart, and you are not found by the proud—not even if with curious skill they count the stars and the sand, measure out the regions of the sky, and track the paths of the heavenly bodies.
5.3.4	Mente sua enim quaerunt ista et ingenio, quod tu dedisti eis, et multa inuenerunt et praenuntiauerunt ante multos annos, defectus luminarium solis et lunae, quo die, qua hora, quanta ex parte futuri essent, et non eos fefellit numerus. et ita factum est, ut praenuntiauerunt, et scripserunt regulas indagatas et leguntur hodie atque ex eis praenuntiatur, quo anno et quo mense anni et quo die mensis et qua hora diei et quota parte luminis sui defectura sit luna uel sol: et ita fiet, ut praenuntiatur.	For they search out these things with their own minds and with the intelligence you gave them, and they have discovered much, and predicted many years in advance eclipses of the sun and moon—on what day, at what hour, and how great a part would be eclipsed—and their calculation has not deceived them. It turned out just as they predicted. They wrote down the rules they had worked out, and these are read today; and from them it is predicted in what year, in what month of the year, on what day of the month, at what hour of the day, and to what extent of its light the moon or the sun will be eclipsed: and it will happen as predicted.
	et mirantur haec homines et stupent qui nesciunt ea, et exultant atque extolluntur qui sciunt, et per inpiam superbiam recedentes et deficientes a lumine tuo tanto ante solis defectum futurum praeuident et in praesentia suum non uident — non enim religiose quaerunt, unde habeant ingenium, quo ista quaerunt — et inuenientes, quia tu fecisti eos, non ipsi se dant tibi, se ut serues quod fecisti, et quales se ipsi fecerant occidunt se tibi et trucidant exaltationes suas sicut uolatilia et curiositates suas sicut pisces maris, quibus perambulant secretas semitas abyssi, et luxurias suas sicut pecora campi, ut tu, deus, ignis edax consumas mortuas curas eorum recreans eos immortaliter.	People who do not know these things marvel and are astounded, and those who do know them exult and are lifted up. Through impious pride they draw back from your light and suffer their own eclipse: they foresee an eclipse of the sun so long in advance, yet do not see their own in the present (for they do not ask in a spirit of devotion where they got the intelligence with which they investigate these things). And when they find that you made them, they do not give themselves to you, so that you may preserve what you made; nor do they sacrifice to you what they have made of themselves—slaughtering their soaring pride like the birds, their curiosity like the fish of the sea, with which they travel the hidden paths of the deep, and their self-indulgence like the beasts of the field—so that you, God, a devouring fire, may consume their dead cares and re-create them to live forever.[3]
5.3.5	Sed non nouerunt uiam, uerbum tuum, per quod fecisti ea quae numerant et ipsos qui numerant et sensum, quo cernunt quae numerant, et mentem, de qua numerant; et sapientiae tuae non est numerus. ipse autem unigenitus factus est nobis sapientia et iustitia et sanctificatio et numeratus est inter nos et soluit tributum Caesari. non nouerunt hanc uiam, qua descendant ad illum a se et per	But they have not known the way, your Word, through whom you made the things they count, and the people who count them, and the sense by which they perceive what they count, and the mind with which they count; and of your wisdom there is no counting. But the only-begotten himself was made for us wisdom and righteousness

2 Faustus of Milevis in North Africa, a Manichee bishop famous in the sect as a speaker.
3 Echoing Psalm 8:7–8 and Deuteronomy 4:24.

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	eum ascendant ad eum. non nouerunt hanc uiam et putant se excelsos esse cum sideribus et lucidos, et ecce ruerunt in terram, et obscuratum est insipiens cor eorum.	and sanctification; he was counted among us, and he paid tribute to Caesar. They have not known this way, by which they might come down from themselves to him and through him go up to him. They have not known this way, and they think themselves lofty and shining among the stars; and look, they have fallen to the earth, and their foolish heart has been darkened.[4]
	et multa uera de creatura dicunt et ueritatem, creaturae artificem, non pie quaerunt et ideo non inueniunt, aut si inueniunt, cognoscentes deum non sicut deum honorant aut gratias agunt et euanescunt in cogitationibus suis et dicunt se esse sapientes sibi tribuendo quae tua sunt, ac per hoc student peruersissima caecitate etiam tibi tribuere quae sua sunt, mendacia scilicet in te conferentes, qui ueritas es, et inmutantes gloriam incorrupti dei in similitudinem imaginis corruptibilis hominis et uolucrum et quadrupedum et serpentium, et conuertunt ueritatem tuam in mendacium et colunt et seruiunt creaturae potius quam creatori.	They say many true things about the creation, yet they do not seek the Truth, the creation's maker, with reverence, and so they do not find him. Or if they do find him, "though they know God, they do not honor him as God or give thanks, but become futile in their thinking," and they call themselves wise, attributing to themselves what is yours. And so, with the most perverse blindness, they strive to attribute to you what is theirs—heaping lies, that is, on you, who are the Truth—"exchanging the glory of the incorruptible God for an image in the likeness of corruptible man and of birds and four-footed beasts and serpents." They "turn your truth into a lie, and worship and serve the creature rather than the Creator."[5]
5.3.6	Multa tamen ab eis ex ipsa creatura uera dicta retinebam, et occurrebat mihi ratio per numeros et ordinem temporum et uisibiles attestationes siderum et conferebam cum dictis Manichaei, quae de his rebus multa scripsit copiosissime delirans, et non mihi occurrebat ratio nec solstitiorum et aequinoctiorum nec defectuum luminarium nec quidquid tale in libris saecularis sapientiae didiceram. ibi autem credere iubebar, et ad illas rationes numeris et oculis meis exploratas non occurrebat et longe diuersum erat.	Still, I kept hold of many true things they had said about the creation itself. Their reasoning made sense to me, confirmed by calculation, by the order of the seasons, and by the visible testimony of the stars. I compared it with the sayings of Mani, who wrote a great deal on these subjects, raving at enormous length; and in him I found no account that made sense of the solstices and equinoxes, or of eclipses, or of anything of the kind I had learned in the books of secular wisdom. There, though, I was ordered to believe; and what I was told did not square with the accounts I had tested by calculation and with my own eyes, but was far different.[6]
5.4.7	Numquid, domine deus ueritatis, quisquis nouit ista, iam placet tibi? infelix enim homo, qui scit illa omnia, te autem nescit; beatus autem, qui te scit, etiamsi illa nesciat. qui uero et te et illa nouit, non propter illa beatior, sed propter te solum beatus est, si cognoscens te sicut te glorificet et gratias agat et non euanescat in cogitationibus suis.	Lord God of truth, does anyone who knows these things please you just for that? Unhappy is the person who knows all of them but does not know you; happy is the one who knows you, even if he does not know them. And whoever knows both you and them is not happier because of them; he is happy because of you alone—if, knowing you, he glorifies

4 Echoing Psalm 147:5, 1 Corinthians 1:30, Isaiah 53:12 and Matthew 17:24–27.
5 Romans 1:21–25.
6 Mani (AD 216–276), the Persian founder of the Manichaean religion to which Augustine then belonged.

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you as you are and gives thanks, and does not become futile in his thinking.

sicut enim melior, qui nouit possidere arborem et de usu eius tibi gratias agit, quamuis nesciat uel quot cubitis alta sit uel quanta latitudine diffusa, quam ille, qui eam metitur et omnes ramos eius numerat et neque possidet eam neque creatorem eius nouit aut diligit, sic fidelis homo, cuius totus mundus diuitiarum est et quasi nihil habens omnia possidet inhaerendo tibi, cui seruiunt omnia, quamuis nec saltem septentrionum gyros nouerit, dubitare stultum est, quin utique melior sit quam mensor caeli et numerator siderum et pensor elementorum et neglegens tui, qui omnia in mensura et numero et pondere disposuisti.

Consider someone who knows how to own a tree and thanks you for the use of it, though he may not know how many cubits tall it is or how wide it spreads. He is better off than someone who measures it and counts all its branches but neither owns it nor knows or loves its Creator. In the same way, the faithful person—to whom the whole world of riches belongs, and who, "as having nothing, yet possesses all things" by clinging to you, whom all things serve—even if he does not know so much as the circuits of the Great Bear, is certainly better; it is foolish to doubt it. He is better than one who measures the heavens and counts the stars and weighs the elements, yet neglects you, who "have arranged all things by measure and number and weight."[7]

5.5.8 Sed tamen quis quaerebat manichaeum nescio quem etiam ista scribere, sine quorum peritia pietas disci poterat? dixisti enim homini: ecce pietas est sapientia. quam ille ignorare posset, etiamsi ista perfecte nosset: ista uero quia non nouerat, impudentissime audens docere, prorsus illam nosse non posset. uanitas est enim mundana ista etiam nota profiteri, pietas autem tibi confiteri. unde ille deuius ad hoc ista multum locutus est, ut conuictus ab eis, qui ista uere didicissent, quis esset eius sensus in ceteris, quae abditiora sunt, manifeste cognosceretur. non enim parui se aestimari uoluit, sed spiritum sanctum, consolatorem et ditatorem fidelium tuorum, auctoritate plenaria personaliter in se esse persuadere conatus est.

But who asked some Mani or other to write about these things too, when piety could be learned without any expertise in them? For you said to humankind, "See: piety is wisdom." He could have been ignorant of that even if he had known these things perfectly; but since he did not know these things, and yet most shamelessly dared to teach them, he could not possibly have known piety. For it is vanity to profess these worldly matters even when one knows them; piety is to confess to you. So, straying from the path, he talked at length about these things, with the result that once he was refuted by those who had truly learned them, it became plain what his understanding was worth in other matters, which are more hidden. For he did not want to be thought little of; he tried to persuade people that the Holy Spirit, the Comforter and Enricher of your faithful, was personally present in him with full authority.[8]

itaque cum de caelo ac stellis et de solis ac lunae motibus falsa dixisse comprehenderetur, quamuis ad doctrinam religionis ista non pertineant, tamen ausus eius sacrilegos fuisse satis emineret, cum ea non solum ignorata, sed etiam falsa tam uesana superbiae uanitate diceret, ut ea tamquam diuinae personae tribuere sibi niteretur.

So when he was caught having said false things about the sky and the stars and the motions of the sun and moon—even though these things do not belong to religious teaching—his daring was shown clearly enough to be sacrilegious. For he spoke of things he not only did not know but got wrong, and with such crazed and empty pride that he tried to attribute them to himself as to a divine person.

7 2 Corinthians 6:10; Wisdom 11:20.
8 Job 28:28, in the Greek version.

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5.5.9	Cum enim audio christianum aliquem fratrem illum aut illum ista nescientem et aliud pro alio sentientem, patienter intueor opinantem hominem nec illi obesse uideo, cum de te, domine creator omnium, non credat indigna, si forte situs et habitus creaturae corporalis ignoret. obest autem, si hoc ad ipsam doctrinae pietatis formam pertinere arbitretur et pertinacius affirmare audeat quod ignorat. sed etiam talis infirmitas in fidei cunabulis a caritate matre sustinetur, donec assurgat nouus homo in uirum perfectum et circumferri non possit omni uento doctrinae.	When I hear some Christian brother or other who does not know these things and takes one thing for another, I look patiently on a man holding his opinion. I do not see that it harms him, so long as he believes nothing unworthy of you, Lord, Creator of all things, even if he happens to be ignorant of the position and nature of the physical creation. It does harm him, though, if he thinks this belongs to the very form of the teaching of piety, and dares to assert too stubbornly what he does not know. Yet even such weakness, in the cradle of faith, is supported by Love, our mother, until the new self grows up "to maturity" and can no longer be "carried about by every wind of doctrine."[9]
	in illo autem, qui doctor, qui auctor, qui dux et princeps eorum, quibus illa suaderet, ita fieri ausus est, ut qui eum sequerentur non quemlibet hominem, sed spiritum tuum sanctum se sequi arbitrarentur, quis tantam dementiam, sicubi falsa dixisse conuinceretur, non detestandam longeque abiciendam esse iudicaret? sed tamen nondum liquido conpereram, utrum etiam secundum eius uerba uicissitudines longiorum et breuiorum dierum atque noctium et ipsius noctis et diei et deliquia luminum et si quid eius modi in aliis libris legeram, posset exponi, ut, si forte posset, incertum mihi fieret, utrum ita se res haberet an ita, sed ad fidem meam illius auctoritatem propter creditam sanctitatem praeponerem.	But here was a man who dared to act—as teacher, authority, guide, and leader of those he was persuading—in such a way that his followers believed they were following not just any man but your Holy Spirit. Once he was convicted of saying anything false, who would not judge that such madness should be loathed and cast far away? Yet I had not yet clearly established whether, even on his account, the variations of longer and shorter days and nights, and of night and day themselves, and the eclipses of the lights, and anything else of the kind I had read in other books, could be explained. If by chance they could, it would remain uncertain to me whether things were this way or that; but for the sake of my faith I would set his authority first, because of the holiness I believed he had.
5.6.10	Et per annos ferme ipsos nouem, quibus eos animo uagabundus audiui, nimis extento desiderio uenturum expectabam istum Faustum. ceteri enim eorum, in quos forte incurrissem, qui talium rerum quaestionibus a me obiectis deficiebant, illum mihi promittebant, cuius aduentu conlatoque conloquio facillime mihi haec et si qua forte maiora quaererem enodatissime expedirentur. ergo ubi uenit, expertus sum hominem gratum et iucundum uerbis et ea ipsa, quae illi solent dicere, multo suauius garrientem. sed quid ad meam sitim pretiosorum poculorum decentissimus ministrator? iam rebus talibus satiatae erant aures meae, nec ideo mihi meliora uidebantur, quia melius dicebantur, nec ideo uera, quia diserta, nec ideo sapiens anima, quia uultus congruus et decorum eloquium.	For almost the whole nine years in which, a wanderer in mind, I was their hearer, I had been awaiting the arrival of this Faustus with all too eager longing. The others among them whom I happened to meet, who failed when I put questions about such things to them, kept promising me him: once he came and we talked together, these questions—and any greater ones I might have—would be very easily and very clearly resolved. So when he came, I found a gracious man, pleasant in speech, who chattered the very things they usually say, only much more sweetly. But what use to my thirst was this most elegant server of precious cups? My ears were already sated with such things. They did not seem better to me because they were better said, nor true because elo-

9 Ephesians 4:13–14.

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quent; nor did the soul seem wise because the face was fitting and the speech graceful.

illi autem, qui eum mihi promittebant, non boni rerum existimatores erant, et ideo illis uidebatur prudens et sapiens, quia delectabat eos loquens. sensi autem aliud genus hominum etiam ueritatem habere suspectam et ei nolle adquiescere, si comto atque uberi sermone promeretur.

Those who had promised him to me were not good judges of things, and so he seemed prudent and wise to them because his speaking delighted them. I had also come across another kind of people who hold even truth suspect and refuse to accept it if it is offered in polished and abundant language.

me autem iam docueras, deus meus, miris et occultis modis, et propterea credo, quod tu me docueris, quoniam uerum est nec quisquam praeter te alius doctor est ueri, ubicumque et undecumque claruerit. iam ergo abs te didiceram nec eo debere uideri aliquid uerum dici, quia eloquenter dicitur, nec eo falsum, quia inconposite sonant signa labiorum; rursus nec ideo uerum, quia inpolite enuntiatur, nec ideo falsum, quia splendidus sermo est, sed perinde esse sapientiam et stultitiam, sicut sunt cibi utiles et inutiles, uerbis autem ornatis et inornatis sicut uasis urbanis et rusticanis utrosque cibos posse ministrari.

But you, my God, had already taught me, in wonderful and hidden ways—and I believe it was you who taught me, because it is true, and there is no other teacher of truth but you, wherever and from whatever source it shines out. So I had already learned from you that nothing should seem true just because it is eloquently said, nor false because the signs from the lips sound unpolished; nor, again, true because it is roughly expressed, nor false because the language is splendid. Wisdom and folly are like wholesome and unwholesome food; and words, ornate or plain, are like fine city dishes or rustic ones—either food can be served in either.

5.6.11 Igitur auiditas mea, qua illum tanto tempore expectaueram hominem, delectabatur quidem motu affectuque disputantis et uerbis congruentibus atque ad uestiendas sententias facile occurrentibus. delectabar autem et cum multis uel etiam prae multis laudabam ac ferebam; sed moleste habebam, quod in coetu audientium non sinerer ingerere illi et partiri cum eo curas quaestionum mearum conferendo familiariter et accipiendo ac reddendo sermonem. quod ubi potui et aures eius cum familiaribus meis eoque tempore occupare coepi, quo non dedeceret alternis disserere, et protuli quaedam, quae me mouebant, expertus sum prius hominem expertem liberalium disciplinarum nisi grammaticae atque eius ipsius usitato modo.

So my eagerness, with which I had waited for the man so long, was indeed delighted by his energy and feeling in debate, and by the apt words that came readily to clothe his thoughts. I was delighted, and I praised and extolled him along with many others—even more than many. But it annoyed me that in the crowd of listeners I was not allowed to put my questions to him and share the burden of them in friendly conversation, exchanging talk back and forth. When I was able to, and together with my friends began to claim his attention at a time when a back-and-forth discussion was not out of place, and put forward some things that troubled me, I learned from experience first of all that he had no experience of the liberal arts except grammar, and that only in the ordinary way.

et quia legerat aliquas Tullianas orationes et paucissimos Senecae libros et nonnulla poetarum et suae sectae si qua uolumina latine atque conposite conscripta erant, et quia aderat cotidiana sermocinandi exercitatio, inde suppetebat eloquium, quod fiebat acceptius magisque seductorium moderamine ingenii et quodam lepore naturali. itane est, ut recolo, domine deus meus, arbiter conscientiae meae? coram te cor meum et recordatio

He had read some of Cicero's speeches, a very few books of Seneca, some of the poets, and whatever volumes of his own sect were written in good, well-composed Latin; and he had daily practice in speaking. From this came a ready eloquence, made more acceptable and more seductive by a controlled intelligence and a certain natural charm. Is it as I remember, Lord my God, judge of

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	mea, qui mecum tunc agebas abdito secreto prouidentiae tuae et inhonestos errores meos iam conuertebas ante faciem meam, ut uiderem et odissem.	my conscience? My heart and my memory are before you, who were then dealing with me in the hidden secret of your providence, and were already turning my shameful errors before my face, so that I might see them and hate them.[10]
5.7.12	Nam posteaquam ille mihi inperitus earum artium, quibus eum excellere putaueram, satis apparuit, desperare coepi posse mihi eum illa, quae me mouebant, aperire atque dissoluere; quorum quidem ignarus posset ueritatem tenere pietatis, sed si manichaeus non esset. libri quippe eorum pleni sunt longissimis fabulis de caelo et de sideribus et sole et luna: quae mihi eum, quod utique cupiebam, conlatis numerorum rationibus, quas alibi ego legeram, utrum potius ita essent, ut Manichaei libris continebatur, an certe uel par etiam inde ratio redderetur, subtiliter explicare posse iam non arbitrabar. quae tamen ubi consideranda et discutienda protuli, modeste sane ille nec ausus est subire ipsam sarcinam. nouerat enim se ista non nosse nec eum puduit confiteri.	For once he had shown himself clearly enough to be untrained in the arts in which I had thought he excelled, I began to despair that he could open up and resolve the things that troubled me. Someone ignorant of these could still hold the truth of piety —but only if he were not a Manichee. Their books are full of endlessly long fables about the sky and the stars and the sun and the moon. I no longer thought he could explain precisely—as I very much wanted—by comparing them with the mathematical calculations I had read elsewhere, whether things were really as the Manichees' books contained, or at least whether an equally good account could be given from them. When I brought these things forward to be considered and discussed, he was modest enough not to dare to take up the burden. He knew that he did not know these things, and he was not ashamed to admit it.
	non erat de talibus, quales multos loquaces passus eram, conantes ea me docere et dicentes nihil. iste uero cor habebat, etsi non rectum ad te, nec tamen nimis incautum ad se ipsum. non usquequaque inperitus erat inperitiae suae et noluit se temere disputando in ea coartari, unde nec exitus ei ullus nec facilis esset reditus: etiam hinc mihi amplius placuit. pulchrior est enim temperantia confitentis animi quam illa, quae nosse cupiebam. et eum in omnibus difficilioribus et subtilioribus quaestionibus talem inueniebam.	He was not one of those many talkers I had put up with, who tried to teach me these things and said nothing. This man had a heart—not upright toward you, but not too incautious toward himself either. He was not wholly ignorant of his own ignorance, and he did not want to be cornered by rash debate in a place from which there was no way out and no easy way back. For this, too, I liked him more. The restraint of a mind that confesses is more beautiful than the things I wanted to know. And I found him like this in all the more difficult and subtle questions.
5.7.13	Refracto itaque studio, quod intenderam in Manichaei litteras, magisque desperans de ceteris eorum doctoribus, quando in multis, quae me mouebant, ita ille nominatus apparuit, coepi cum eo pro studio illius agere uitam, quo ipse flagrabat in eas litteras, quas tunc iam rhetor Karthaginis adulescentes docebam, et legere cum eo siue quae ille audita desideraret siue quae ipse tali ingenio apta existimarem. ceterum conatus omnis meus, qui proficere in illa secta statueram, illo homine cognito prorsus intercidit, non ut ab eis omnino separarer, sed quasi melius quicquam non inueniens eo, quo iam	So the zeal I had directed toward Mani's writings was broken, and I despaired still more of their other teachers, since in many of the things that troubled me this famous man had turned out as he did. I began to spend time with him for the sake of his own passion: he was burning for literature, which I was then already teaching to young men as a professor of rhetoric at Carthage. I read with him either what he wanted to hear or what I thought suited to such a mind. For the rest, all my effort to advance in that sect collapsed completely

10 Seneca the Younger (died AD 65), Roman Stoic philosopher and writer.

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quoquo modo inrueram, contentus interim esse decreueram, nisi aliquid forte, quod magis eligendum esset, eluceret. ita ille Faustus, qui multis laqueus mortis extitit, meum quo captus eram relaxare iam coeperat nec uolens nec sciens.	once I had come to know the man. Not that I separated from them entirely; but, as if finding nothing better, I had decided to be content for the time being with what I had somehow blundered into, unless something more worth choosing should happen to shine out. So that Faustus, who was a snare of death to many, had already begun to loosen the snare in which I was caught, neither willing it nor knowing it.
manus enim tuae, deus meus, in abdito prouidentiae tuae non deserebant animam meam, et sanguine cordis matris meae per lacrimas eius diebus et noctibus pro me sacrificabatur tibi, et egisti mecum miris modis. tu illud egisti, deus meus. nam a domino gressus hominis diriguntur, et uiam eius uolet. aut quae procuratio salutis praeter manum tuam reficientem quae fecisti?	For your hands, my God, in the hidden depth of your providence, did not abandon my soul. From the blood of my mother's heart, through her tears day and night, sacrifice was offered to you for me; and you dealt with me in wonderful ways. You did it, my God; for "a person's steps are directed by the Lord, and he will choose his way." Or what provision is there for salvation except your hand, remaking what you have made?[11]

TO ROME

Seeking better-behaved students, Augustine sails for Rome, deceiving Monica and leaving her behind in tears.

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5.8.14 Egisti ergo mecum, ut mihi persuaderetur Romam pergere et potius ibi docere quod docebam Carthagini. et hoc unde mihi persuasum est, non praeteribo confiteri tibi, quoniam et in his altissimi tui recessus et praesentissima in nos misericordia tua cogitanda et praedicanda est. non ideo Romam pergere uolui, quod maiores quaestus maiorque mihi dignitas ab amicis, qui hoc suadebant, promittebatur — quamquam et ista ducebant animum tunc meum — sed illa erat causa maxima et paene sola, quod audiebam quietius ibi studere adulescentes et ordinatiore disciplinae cohercitione sedari, ne in eius scholam, quo magistro non utuntur, passim et proterue inruant, nec eos admitti omnino, nisi ille permiserit. contra apud Carthaginem foeda est et intemperans licentia scholasticorum:	So you dealt with me so that I was persuaded to go to Rome and to teach there, rather than at Carthage, what I had been teaching. How I was persuaded I will not fail to confess to you, because in these things too your deepest hidden ways and your mercy, ever present to us, should be pondered and proclaimed. I did not want to go to Rome because the friends who urged it promised greater earnings and greater standing—though these things too drew my mind at the time. The greatest reason, almost the only one, was that I heard that young men there studied more quietly and were kept in check by a more orderly discipline: they did not rush wildly and insolently into the school of a teacher who was not their own, and were not admitted at all unless he allowed it. At Carthage, by contrast, the students' license is disgraceful and unrestrained.
inrumpunt inpudenter et prope furiosa fronte perturbant ordinem, quem quisque discipulis ad proficiendum instituerit, multa iniuriosa faciunt mira hebetudine et punienda legibus, nisi consuetudo patrona sit, hoc miseriores eos ostendens, quo iam quasi liceat faciunt, quod per tuam aeternam legem numquam licebit, et	They burst in shamelessly and, looking almost frenzied, disrupt the order each teacher has set up for his pupils' progress. They commit many outrages with astonishing stupidity, acts that would be punished by law if custom did not protect them. This shows them all the more wretched:

11 Psalm 37:23.

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inpune se facere arbitrantur, cum ipsa faciendi caecitate puniantur et inconparabiliter patiantur peiora, quam faciunt. ergo quos mores cum studerem meos esse nolui, eos cum docerem cogebar perpeti alienos, et ideo placebat ire, ubi talia non fieri omnes qui nouerant indicabant.	they do, as if it were allowed, what by your eternal law will never be allowed, and they think they do it with impunity, when they are punished by the very blindness of doing it, and suffer incomparably worse than they inflict. So the behavior I refused to make my own when I was a student, I was forced to endure in others when I was a teacher. And so I was glad to go where everyone who knew said such things did not happen.
uerum autem tu, spes mea et portio mea in terra uiuentium, ad mutandum terrarum locum pro salute animae meae et Carthagini stimulos, quibus inde auellerer, admouebas et Romae inlecebras, quibus adtraherer, proponebas mihi per homines, qui diligunt uitam mortuam, hinc insana facientes, inde uana pollicentes, et ad corrigendos gressus meos utebaris occulte et illorum et mea peruersitate. nam et qui perturbabant otium meum, foeda rabie caeci erant, et qui inuitabant ad aliud, terram sapiebant, ego autem, qui detestabar hic ueram miseriam, illic falsam felicitatem appetebam.	But it was you, "my hope and my portion in the land of the living," who, so that I would change my place on earth for the salvation of my soul, applied goads at Carthage to tear me away from there and set allurements before me at Rome to draw me there. You did it through people who love a life that is death—here doing insane things, there promising empty ones—and to correct my steps you secretly made use of both their perversity and mine. For those who disturbed my peace were blinded by a disgraceful frenzy, and those who invited me elsewhere had a taste for earthly things; while I, detesting real misery here, was seeking false happiness there.[12]
5.8.15 Sed quare hinc abirem et illuc irem, tu sciebas, deus, nec indicabas mihi nec matri, quae me profectum atrociter planxit et usque ad mare secuta est. sed fefelli eam uiolenter me tenentem, ut aut reuocaret aut mecum pergeret, et finxi me amicum nolle deserere, donec uento facto nauigaret. et mentitus sum matri, et illi matri, et euasi: quia et hoc tu dimisisti mihi misericorditer seruans me ab aquis maris plenum exsecrandis sordibus usque ad aquam gratiae tuae, qua me abluto siccarentur flumina maternorum oculorum, quibus pro me cotidie tibi rigabat terram sub uultu suo. et tamen recusanti sine me redire uix persuasi, ut in loco, qui proximus nostrae naui erat, memoria beati Cypriani, maneret ea nocte.	But why I was leaving here and going there, you knew, God, and you did not reveal it to me or to my mother, who wept bitterly at my going and followed me all the way to the sea. But I deceived her as she clung to me with all her strength, determined either to call me back or to come with me. I pretended I did not want to leave a friend until the wind rose and he could sail. And I lied to my mother—and to such a mother! And I got away. For this too you mercifully forgave me, keeping me, full of detestable filth, safe from the waters of the sea for the water of your grace; once I was washed in it, the rivers would dry from my mother's eyes, with which every day she watered the ground beneath her face before you for my sake. Still, since she refused to go back without me, I barely persuaded her to stay that night in a place close to our ship, a shrine to blessed Cyprian.[13]
sed ea nocte clanculo ego profectus sum, illa autem non mansit orando et flendo. et quid a te petebat, deus meus, tantis lacrimis, nisi ut nauigare me non sineres? sed alte consulens et exaudiens cardinem desiderii eius non curasti quod tunc petebat, ut me faceres quod semper	But that night I slipped away secretly, and she did not; she stayed, praying and weeping. And what was she asking of you, my God, with so many tears, except that you would not let me sail? But you, taking deep counsel and hearing the very

12 Psalm 142:5.
13 Cyprian, bishop of Carthage, martyred in AD 258; his shrine stood by the harbor.

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	petebat. flauit uentus et impleuit uela nostra et litus subtraxit aspectibus nostris, in quo mane illa insaniebat dolore et querellis et gemitu implebat aures tuas contemnentis ista, cum et me cupiditatibus raperes ad finiendas ipsas cupiditates et illius carnale desiderium iusto dolorum flagello uapularet. amabat enim secum praesentiam meam more matrum, sed multis multo amplius, et nesciebat, quid tu illi gaudiorum facturus esses de absentia mea.	core of her longing, did not heed what she was asking then, so that you might make me what she was always asking. The wind blew and filled our sails and took the shore from our sight; and on that shore, in the morning, she was wild with grief, filling your ears with complaints and groans. You disregarded them, since you were sweeping me away by my own cravings to put an end to those very cravings, and her fleshly longing was being whipped by the just scourge of sorrow. For she loved to have me with her, as mothers do, but far more than many; and she did not know what joys you were going to make for her out of my absence.
	nesciebat, ideo flebat et eiulabat atque illis cruciatibus arguebatur in ea reliquiarium Euae, cum gemitu quaerens quod cum gemitu pepererat. et tamen post accusationem fallaciarum et crudelitatis meae conuersa rursum ad deprecandum te pro me abiit ad solita, et ego Romam.	She did not know; so she wept and wailed, and those torments exposed in her what remained of Eve, seeking with groaning what she had brought forth with groaning. And yet, after accusing me of deceit and cruelty, she turned again to pray to you for me and went back to her usual life, and I went to Rome.[14]

FEVER IN ROME

Augustine falls gravely ill in Rome, still unbaptized, and recovers through God's mercy and Monica's prayers.

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5.9.16	Et ecce excipior ibi flagello aegritudinis corporalis et ibam iam ad inferos portans omnia mala, quae conmiseram et in te et in me et in alios, multa et grauia super originalis peccati uinculum, quo omnes in Adam morimur. non enim quicquam eorum mihi donaueras in Christo nec soluerat ille in cruce sua inimicitias, quas tecum contraxeram peccatis meis. quomodo enim eas solueret in cruce phantasmatis, quod de illo credideram? quam ergo falsa mihi uidebatur mors carnis eius, tam uera erat animae meae, et quam uera erat mors carnis eius, tam falsa uita animae meae, quae id non credebat. et ingrauescentibus febribus iam ibam et peribam. quo enim irem, si hinc tunc abirem, nisi in ignem atque tormenta digna factis meis in ueritate ordinis tui?	And look—there I was met by the scourge of bodily sickness, and I was already on my way to the underworld, carrying all the evils I had committed against you, against myself, and against others: many and grievous, on top of the bond of original sin by which "in Adam we all die." For you had not forgiven me any of them in Christ, nor had he undone on his cross the enmities I had contracted with you by my sins. How could he undo them on the cross of a phantom, which is what I had believed of him? As false as the death of his flesh seemed to me, so real was the death of my soul; and as real as the death of his flesh was, so false was the life of my soul, which did not believe it. And as the fevers grew worse, I was going, I was perishing. For where would I have gone, had I left this world then, except into fire and the torments my deeds deserved, in the truth of your order?[15]
	et hoc illa nesciebat et tamen pro me orabat absens. tu autem ubique praesens ubi erat exaudiebas eam et ubi	She did not know this, yet she was praying for me in her absence; and you, present everywhere,

14 An allusion to Genesis 3:16, the pain of childbirth laid on Eve.
15 1 Corinthians 15:22. The Manichees held that Christ's body, and so his death, was only apparent.

LATIN	ENGLISH
eram miserabaris mei, ut recuperarem salutem corporis adhuc insanus corde sacrilego. neque enim desiderabam in illo tanto periculo baptismum tuum et melior eram puer, quo illum de materna pietate flagitaui, sicut iam recordatus atque confessus sum. sed in dedecus meum creueram et consilia medicinae tuae demens irridebam, qui non me siuisti talem bis mori. quo uulnere si feriretur cor matris, numquam sanaretur. non enim satis eloquor, quid erga me habebat animi et quanto maiore sollicitudine me parturiebat spiritu, quam carne pepererat.	heard her where she was and had mercy on me where I was, so that I recovered the health of my body, though still sick in my sacrilegious heart. For in that great danger I did not long for your baptism. I was better as a boy, when I begged for it from my mother's devotion, as I have already recalled and confessed. But I had grown up to my own disgrace, and like a madman I laughed at the counsels of your medicine—you who did not let me die twice in such a state. Had my mother's heart been struck by that wound, it would never have healed. For I cannot say enough what feeling she had for me, and with how much greater anxiety she was in labor with me in the spirit than when she gave birth to me in the flesh.
5.9.17 Non itaque uideo, quomodo sanaretur, si mea talis illa mors transuerberasset uiscera dilectionis eius. et ubi essent tantae preces, tam crebrae sine intermissione? nusquam nisi ad te. an uero tu, deus misericordiarum, sperneres cor contritum et humiliatum uiduae castae ac sobriae, frequentantis elemosynas, obsequentis atque seruientis sanctis tuis, nullum diem praetermittentis oblationem ad altare tuum, bis die, mane et uespere, ad ecclesiam tuam sine ulla intermissione uenientis, non ad uanas fabulas et aniles loquacitates, sed ut te audiret in tuis sermonibus et tu illam in suis orationibus? huiusne tu lacrimas, quibus non a te aurum et argentum petebat nec aliquod nutabile aut uolubile bonum, sed salutem animae filii sui, tu, cuius munere talis erat, contemneres et repelleres ab auxilio tuo? nequaquam, domine,	So I do not see how she could have been healed, if such a death of mine had pierced the depths of her love. And where would all those prayers have gone, so many and so frequent, without ceasing? Nowhere but to you. Or would you, God of mercies, despise "the contrite and humbled heart" of a chaste and sober widow, generous in giving alms, attentive to your saints and serving them, letting no day pass without an offering at your altar, coming to your church twice a day, morning and evening, without fail—not for idle tales and old women's gossip, but so that she might hear you in your sermons and you might hear her in her prayers? Would you despise her tears, with which she asked you not for gold or silver, nor for any unstable or fleeting good, but for the salvation of her son's soul—you, by whose gift she was what she was? Would you turn them away from your help? Never, Lord.[16]
inmo uero aderas et exaudiebas et faciebas ordine, quo praedestinaueras esse faciendum. absit, ut tu falleres eam in illis uisionibus et responsionibus tuis, quae iam conmemoraui et quae non conmemoraui, quae illa fideli pectore tenebat et semper orans tamquam chirografa tua ingerebat tibi. dignaris enim, quoniam in saeculum misericordia tua, eis quibus omnia debita dimittis, etiam promissionibus debitor fieri.	No—you were there, you were listening, and you were acting in the order in which you had predestined it should be done. Far be it from you to have deceived her in those visions and answers of yours—those I have already mentioned and those I have not—which she held in her faithful heart and, always praying, pressed upon you like bonds signed in your own hand. For you deign, since "your mercy endures forever," to become by your promises a debtor to those whose debts you forgive entirely.[17]

16 Psalm 51:17.
17 Psalm 118:1.

LATIN

ENGLISH

5.10.18 Recreasti ergo me ab illa aegritudine et saluum fecisti filium ancillae tuae tunc interim corpore, ut esset cui salutem meliorem atque certiorem dares. et iungebar etiam tunc Romae falsis illis atque fallentibus sanctis: non enim tantum auditoribus eorum, quorum e numero erat etiam is, in cuius domo aegrotaueram et conualueram, sed eis etiam, quos electos uocant. adhuc enim mihi uidebatur non esse nos, qui peccamus, sed nescio quam aliam in nobis peccare naturam et delectabat superbiam meam extra culpam esse et, cum aliquid mali fecissem, non confiteri me fecisse, ut sanares animam meam, quoniam peccabat tibi, sed excusare me amabam et accusare nescio quid aliud, quod mecum esset et ego non essem.

So you restored me from that sickness and made the son of your servant well—in body, for the time being—so that there would be someone to whom you could give a better and surer health. Even then, at Rome, I associated with those false and deceiving "saints": not only with their hearers, among whom was the man in whose house I had fallen ill and recovered, but also with those they call the elect. For it still seemed to me that it is not we who sin, but some other nature in us that sins. It pleased my pride to be beyond blame, and, when I had done something wrong, not to confess that I had done it so that you might heal my soul, since it had sinned against you. Instead I loved to excuse myself and accuse some other thing that was with me and yet was not I.

uerum autem totum ego eram et aduersus me inpietas mea me diuiserat, et id erat peccatum insanabilius, quo me peccatorem non esse arbitrabar, et execrabilis iniquitas, te, deus omnipotens, te in me ad perniciem meam, quam me a te ad salutem malle superari. nondum ergo posueras custodiam ori meo et ostium continentiae circum labia mea, ut non declinaret cor meum in uerba mala ad excusandas excusationes in peccatis cum hominibus operantibus iniquitatem, et ideo adhuc conbinabam cum electis eorum, sed tamen desperans in ea falsa doctrina me posse proficere, eaque ipsa, quibus, si nil melius reperirem, contentus esse decreueram, iam remissius neglegentiusque retinebam.

But in truth it was all I, and my impiety had divided me against myself. That sin was all the more incurable because I did not think I was a sinner; and it was a detestable wickedness that I preferred you, almighty God—you!—to be defeated in me to my destruction, rather than myself to be defeated by you to my salvation. You had not yet "set a guard on my mouth and a door of self-control around my lips," so that my heart would not "turn aside to evil words, to make excuses for sins with those who work iniquity." And so I still kept company with their elect; yet I already despaired of making progress in that false teaching, and even the beliefs with which I had decided to be content if I found nothing better, I now held more loosely and carelessly.[18]

DRAWN TO THE ACADEMICS

Augustine is drawn to the Academic skeptics' doubt while still mixing with Manichees in Rome.

LATIN

ENGLISH

5.10.19 Etenim suborta est etiam mihi cogitatio, prudentiores illos ceteris fuisse philosophos, quos Academicos appellant, quod de omnibus dubitandum esse censuerant nec aliquid ueri ab homine conprehendi posse decreuerant. ita enim et mihi liquido sensisse uidebantur, ut uulgo habentur, etiam illorum intentionem nondum intellegenti. nec dissimulaui eundem hospitem meum reprimere a nimia fiducia, quam sensi eum habere de rebus fabulosis, quibus manichaei libri pleni sunt.

For the thought had also arisen in me that the philosophers they call the Academics had been wiser than the rest, because they held that everything should be doubted and had concluded that no truth can be grasped by a human being. That, too, is what they seemed to me clearly to have thought, as they are commonly taken to have done; I did not yet understand what they really meant. Nor did I hold back from restraining that

18 Psalm 141:3–4.

LATIN	ENGLISH
amicitia tamen eorum familiarius utebar quam ceterorum hominum, qui in illa haeresi non fuissent.	same host of mine from the excessive confidence I saw he had in the fabulous stories that fill the Manichees' books. Yet I was on friendlier terms with them than with other people who had not belonged to that heresy.[19]
nec eam defendebam pristina animositate, sed tamen familiaritas eorum — plures enim eos Roma occultabat — pigrius me faciebat aliud quaerere praesertim desperantem in ecclesia tua, domine caeli et terrae, creator omnium uisibilium et inuisibilium, posse inueniri uerum, unde me illi auerterant, multumque mihi turpe uidebatur credere figuram te habere humanae carnis et membrorum nostrorum liniamentis corporalibus terminari. et quoniam cum de deo meo cogitare uellem, cogitare nisi moles corporum non noueram — neque enim uidebatur mihi esse quicquam, quod tale non esset — ea maxima et prope sola causa erat ineuitabilis erroris mei.	I no longer defended it with my former passion; but my close ties with them—Rome hides a great many of them—made me slower to look for anything else. This was all the more so because I despaired of finding the truth in your Church, Lord of heaven and earth, Creator of all things visible and invisible, from which they had turned me away. It seemed to me very shameful to believe that you had the shape of human flesh and were bounded by the bodily outlines of our limbs. And since, when I wanted to think about my God, I did not know how to think of anything but bodily masses —for nothing seemed to me to exist that was not of that kind—this was the greatest and almost the only cause of my inescapable error.
5.10.20 Hinc enim et mali substantiam quandam credebam esse talem et habere suam molem tetram et deformem siue crasSam, quam terram dicebant, siue tenuem atque subtilem, sicuti est aeris corpus: quam malignam mentem per illam terram repentem imaginantur. et quia deum bonum nullam malam naturam creasse qualiscumque me pietas credere cogebat, constituebam ex aduerso sibi duas moles, utramque infinitam, sed malam angustius, bonam grandius, et ex hoc initio pestilentioso me cetera sacrilegia sequebantur. cum enim conaretur animus meus recurrere in catholicam fidem, repercutiebatur, quia non erat catholica fides, quam esse arbitrabar.	From this came my belief that evil too was some such substance, with its own mass, foul and misshapen and dense—which they called earth—or else thin and fine, like the body of air, which they imagine as a malignant mind creeping through that earth. And because such piety as I had compelled me to believe that a good God had created no evil nature, I set up two masses opposed to each other, both infinite, but the evil one narrower and the good one larger; and from this pestilential beginning the rest of my sacrileges followed. For whenever my mind tried to run back to the Catholic faith, I was thrown back, because the Catholic faith was not what I thought it was.
et magis pius mihi uidebar, si te, deus meus, cui confitentur ex Me miserationes tuae, uel ex ceteris partibus infinitum crederem, quamuis ex una, qua tibi moles mali opponebatur, cogerer finitum fateri, quam si ex omnibus partibus in corporis humani forma te opinarer finiri. et melius mihi uidebar credere nullum malum te creasse — quod mihi nescienti non solum aliqua substantia sed etiam corporea uidebatur, quia et mentem cogitare non noueram nisi eam subtile corpus esse, quod tamen per loci spatia diffunderetur — quam credere abs te esse qualem putabam naturam mali. ipsum quoque saluatorem nostrum, unigenitum tuum,	I thought myself more devout if I believed that you, my God—to whom your mercies make confession through me—were infinite at least on the other sides, even though on one side, where the mass of evil was set against you, I was forced to admit you were finite, than if I supposed you were bounded on all sides by the form of a human body. And it seemed better to me to believe that you had created no evil—which, in my ignorance, seemed to me not only some kind of substance but a bodily one, since I did not know how to think even of mind except as a fine body, though one spread

19 The Academics: skeptics of Plato's later Academy, such as Arcesilaus and Carneades, whom Augustine knew chiefly through Cicero.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	tamquam de massa lucidissimae molis tuae porrectum ad nostram salutem ita putabam, ut aliud de illo non crederem nisi quod possem uanitate imaginari.	through the spaces of place—than to believe that the nature of evil, as I conceived it, came from you. Even our Savior himself, your only-begotten, I thought of as if he had been stretched out for our salvation from the mass of your most shining bulk, so that I believed nothing of him except what I could imagine in my vanity.
	talem itaque naturam eius nasci non posse de Maria uirgine arbitrabar, nisi carni concerneretur. concerni autem et non coinquinari non uidebam, quod mihi tale figurabam. metuebam itaque credere incarnatum, ne credere cogerer ex carne inquinatum. nunc spiritales tui blande et amanter ridebunt me, si has confusiones meas legerint; sed tamen talis eram.	So I thought such a nature as his could not be born of the Virgin Mary unless it were mingled with flesh. And I could not see how it could be mingled without being defiled, picturing it as I did. So I was afraid to believe he was born in the flesh, lest I be forced to believe he was defiled by the flesh. Now your spiritual ones will laugh at me gently and lovingly, if they read these confusions of mine; but that is what I was.
5.11.21	Deinde quae illi in scripturis tuis reprehenderant defendi posse non existimabam, sed aliquando sane cupiebam cum aliquo illorum librorum doctissimo conferre singula et experiri, quid inde sentiret. iam enim Elpidii cuiusdam aduersus eosdem manichaeos coram loquentis et disserentis sermones etiam apud Carthaginem mouere me coeperant, cum talia de scripturis proferret, quibus resisti non facile posset. et inbecilla mihi responsio uidebatur istorum; quam quidem non facile palam promebant, sed nobis secretius, cum dicerent scripturas noui testamenti falsatas fuisse a nescio quibus, qui Iudaeorum legem inserere christianae fidei uoluerunt, atque ipsi incorrupta exemplaria nulla proferrent. sed me maxime captum et offocatum quodam modo deprimebant corporalia cogitantem moles illae, sub quibus anhelans in auram tuae ueritatis liquidam et simplicem respirare non poteram.	Next, I did not think the things they had criticized in your Scriptures could be defended; yet at times I did want to discuss each point with someone deeply learned in those books and find out what he thought. For already at Carthage the talks of a certain Elpidius, who spoke and argued in person against these same Manichees, had begun to move me, since he brought forward things from the Scriptures that could not easily be resisted. Their reply seemed weak to me—a reply they did not readily bring out in public, but only to us in private: that the Scriptures of the New Testament had been falsified by somebody or other who wanted to graft the law of the Jews onto the Christian faith; yet they themselves produced no uncorrupted copies. But what most held me captive, and in a way stifled me, as I thought in bodily terms, were those masses; weighed down under them, gasping, I could not breathe the pure and simple air of your truth.[20]
5.12.22	Sedulo ergo agere coeperam, propter quod ueneram, ut docerem Romae artem rhetoricam, et prius domi congregare aliquos, quibus et per quos innotescere coeperam. et ecce cognosco alia Romae fieri, quae non patiebar in Africa. nam re uera illas euersiones a perditis adulescentibus ibi non fieri manifestatum est mihi: „sed subito“ inquiunt „ne mercedem magistro reddant, conspirant multi adulescentes et transferunt se ad alium, desertores fidei et quibus prae pecuniae caritate iustitia uilis est.“ oderat etiam istos cor meum quamuis non	So I began diligently to do what I had come for, to teach the art of rhetoric at Rome, and first to gather at my house some people to whom, and through whom, I had begun to be known. And look—I discovered that at Rome things happen that I had not had to put up with in Africa. It was indeed made plain to me that those wreckings by dissolute young men did not happen there. “But suddenly,” people said, “to avoid paying their teacher his fee, a crowd of young men conspire together and

20 Elpidius: a Catholic otherwise unknown, who debated the Manichees publicly at Carthage.

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perfecto odio. quod enim ab eis passurus eram, magis oderam fortasse quam eo, quod cuilibet inlicita faciebant.	transfer to another—breakers of faith, for whom justice is cheap compared with love of money." My heart hated these too, though not "with a perfect hatred." For perhaps I hated more what I was going to suffer from them than the fact that they were doing wrong to anyone at all.[21]
certe tamen turpes sunt tales et fornicantur abs te amando uolatica ludibria temporum et lucrum luteum, quod cum adprehenditur manum inquinat, et amplectendo mundum fugientem, contemnendo te manentem et reuocantem et ignoscentem redeunti ad te meretrici humanae animae. et nunc tales odi prauos et distortos, quamuis eos corrigendos diligam, ut pecuniae doctrinam ipsam, quam discunt, praeferant, ei uero te deum ueritatem et ubertatem certi boni et pacem castissimam. sed tunc magis eos pati nolebam malos propter me, quam fieri propter te bonos uolebam.	Such people are certainly base. They are unfaithful to you, loving the flighty mockeries of time and filthy gain, which soils the hand that grasps it; they embrace a fleeting world and despise you, who remain, and call back, and forgive the human soul that returns to you from its unfaithfulness. And now I hate such crooked and twisted people, though I love them as people to be set right—so that they may prefer the learning they acquire to money, and to learning prefer you, God, the truth and abundance of sure good and most chaste peace. But then I was more unwilling to suffer them as bad people for my own sake than I wanted them to become good for yours.

AMBROSE

Appointed to teach rhetoric in Milan, Augustine hears Ambrose preach and begins to reconsider the Catholic faith.

LATIN	ENGLISH
5.13.23 Itaque posteaquam missum est a Mediolanio Romam ad praefectum urbis, ut illi ciuitati rhetoricae magister prouideretur inpertita etiam euectione publica, ego ipse ambiui per eos ipsos manichaeis uanitatibus ebrios — quibus ut carerem ibam, sed utrique nesciebamus — ut dictione proposita me probatum praefectus tunc Symmachus mitteret. et ueni Mediolanium ad Ambrosium episcopum, in optimis notum orbi terrae, pium cultorem tuum, cuius tunc eloquia strenue ministrabant adipem frumenti tui et laetitiam olei et sobriam uini ebrietatem populo tuo. ad eum autem ducebar abs te nesciens, ut per eum ad te sciens ducerer. suscepit me paterne ille homo dei et peregrinationem meam satis episcopaliter dilexit. et eum amare coepi primo quidem non tamquam doctorem ueri, quod in ecclesia tua prorsus desperabam, sed tamquam hominem benignum in me.	So when a request came from Milan to the prefect of the city of Rome to provide that city with a teacher of rhetoric, with travel at public expense granted as well, I myself canvassed for it through those very people drunk with Manichaean vanities—I was going in order to be rid of them, though neither they nor I knew it—so that Symmachus, then prefect, might test me with a set speech and send me. And I came to Milan, to Ambrose the bishop, known throughout the world as among the best, your devout worshiper, whose eloquence in those days vigorously dispensed to your people the richness of your wheat, the gladness of oil, and the sober intoxication of wine. I was led to him by you without knowing it, so that through him I might be led to you knowing it. That man of God received me like a father and welcomed my coming from abroad as a bishop should. And I began to love him—at first not as a teacher of truth, which I utterly despaired of finding in your Church, but as a man who was kind to me.[22]
studiose audiebam disputantem in populo, non intentione, qua debui, sed quasi explorans eius	

LATIN	ENGLISH
facundiam, utrum conueniret famae suae an maior minorue proflueret, quam praedicabatur, et uerbis eius suspendebar intentus, rerum autem incuriosus et contemptor adstabam et delectabar sermonis suauitate, quamquam eruditioris, minus tamen hilarescentis atque mulcentis, quam Fausti erat, quod attinet ad dicendi modum. ceterum rerum ipsarum nulla conparatio: nam ille per manichaeas fallacias aberrabat, ille autem saluberrime docebat salutem. sed longe est a peccatoribus salus, qualis ego tunc aderam. et tamen propinquabam sensim et nesciens.	I listened eagerly to him preaching to the people—not with the intention I should have had, but as if testing his eloquence, to see whether it lived up to its reputation or flowed more or less fully than was said. I hung intently on his words, but stood by uninterested in their content and scornful of it. I was delighted by the sweetness of his speech, which was more learned than Faustus's, though, as far as manner of delivery goes, less lively and less soothing. As for the substance, there was no comparison: the one was wandering astray among Manichaean deceptions, while the other was teaching salvation in the most saving way. But "salvation is far from sinners," such as I then was, standing there; and yet I was drawing nearer, gradually and without knowing it.[23]
5.14.24 Cum enim non satagerem discere quae dicebat, sed tantum quemadmodum dicebat audire — ea mihi quippe desperanti ad te uiam patere homini inanis cura remanserat — ueniebant in animum meum simul cum uerbis, quae diligebam, res etiam, quas neglegebam. neque enim ea dirimere poteram. et dum cor aperirem ad excipiendum, quam diserte diceret, pariter intrabat et quam uera diceret, gradatim quidem. nam primo etiam ipsa defendi posse mihi iam coeperunt uideri et fidem catholicam, pro qua nihil posse dici aduersus oppugnantes manichaeos putaueram, iam non inpudenter asseri existimabam, maxime audito uno atque altero et saepius aenigmate soluto de scriptis ueteribus, ubi, cum ad litteram acciperem, occidebar.	For though I did not take pains to learn what he said, but only to hear how he said it—that empty concern was all I had left, since I despaired that any way lay open for a human being to you—the things I neglected came into my mind together with the words I loved; for I could not separate them. And while I opened my heart to take in how eloquently he spoke, there entered with it how truly he spoke—though only step by step. First it began to seem to me that these things too could be defended, and that the Catholic faith, for which I had thought nothing could be said against the Manichees' attacks, could be maintained without shame. This was especially so after I had heard one riddle from the Old Testament solved, then another, and then many more—passages that killed me when I took them literally.[24]
spiritaliter itaque plerisque illorum librorum locis expositis iam reprehendebam desperationem meam illam dumtaxat, qua credideram legem et prophetas detestantibus atque irridentibus resisti omnino non posse. nec tamen iam ideo mihi catholicam uiam tenendam esse sentiebam, quia et ipsa poterat habere doctos adsertores suos, qui copiose et non absurde obiecta refellerent, nec ideo iam damnandum illud, quod tenebam, quia defensionis partes aequabantur. ita enim catholica non mihi uicta uidebatur, ut nondum etiam uictrix appareret.	So when many passages in those books had been explained spiritually, I now began to blame my despair—at least the despair in which I had believed that those who hated and mocked the Law and the Prophets could not be resisted at all. Yet I did not therefore feel that I should hold to the Catholic way, since it too could have its learned defenders, who refuted objections fully and not absurdly; nor did I therefore think that what I held should now be condemned, since the two sides

22 Symmachus, pagan senator and celebrated orator, prefect of Rome in AD 384. Ambrose (about AD 340–397), bishop of Milan from 374.
21 Psalm 139:22.
23 Psalm 119:155.
24 An echo of 2 Corinthians 3:6, "the letter kills, but the Spirit gives life."

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	were equally matched in their defense. For the Catholic faith did not seem to me defeated, yet it did not yet appear victorious either.
5.14.25 Tunc uero fortiter intendi animum, si quo modo possem certis aliquibus documentis manichaeos conuincere falsitatis. quod si possem spiritalem substantiam cogitare, statim machinamenta illa omnia soluerentur et abicerentur ex animo meo: sed non poteram. uerum tamen de ipso mundi huius corpore omnique natura, quam sensus carnis attingeret, multo probabiliora plerosque sensisse philosophos magis magisque considerans atque comparans iudicabam. itaque Academicorum more, sicut existimantur, dubitans de omnibus atque inter omnia fluctuans manichaeos quidem relinquendos esse decreui, non arbitrans eo ipso tempore dubitationis meae in illa secta mihi permanendum esse, cui iam nonnullos philosophos praeponebam: quibus tamen philosophis, quod sine salutari nomine Christi essent, curationem languoris animae meae conmittere omnino recusabam.	Then indeed I strained my mind hard, to see whether I could somehow convict the Manichees of falsehood by some sure proofs. If I had been able to conceive of a spiritual substance, all those contrivances of theirs would at once have been undone and thrown out of my mind; but I could not. Still, as I considered and compared more and more, I judged that most of the philosophers had held far more probable views about the body of this world and all of nature that the bodily senses reach. And so, in the manner of the Academics as they are commonly understood, doubting everything and wavering among all things, I decided that the Manichees at least must be abandoned; I did not think that in the very time of my doubt I should remain in a sect to which I already preferred some philosophers. Yet to those philosophers, because they were without the saving name of Christ, I utterly refused to entrust the cure of my soul's sickness.
statui ergo tamdiu esse catechumenus in catholica ecclesia mihi a parentibus conmendata, donec aliquid certi eluceret, quo cursum dirigerem.	So I resolved to be a catechumen in the Catholic Church, which my parents had commended to me, until some certainty should shine out by which I could steer my course.

Book VI

Milan: Monica, Alypius, and worldly ambitions
In Milan Augustine wavers among ambition, marriage plans and friends while seeking truth.

MONICA IN MILAN

Monica joins Augustine in Milan, obeys Ambrose over African customs, and hopes for his conversion.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.1.1	Spes mea a iuuentute mea, ubi mihi eras et quo recesseras? an uero non tu feceras me et discreueras me a quadrupedibus et uolatilibus caeli? sapientiorem me feceras, et ambulabam per tenebras et lubricum et quaerebam te foris a me et non inueniebam deum cordis mei; et ueneram in profundum maris et diffidebam et desperabam de inuentione ueri. iam uenerat ad me mater pietate fortis, terra marique me sequens et in periculis omnibus de te secura. nam et per marina discrimina ipsos nautas consolabatur, a quibus rudes abyssi uiatores, cum perturbantur, consolari solent, pollicens eis peruentionem cum salute, quia hoc ei tu per uisum pollicitus eras.	My hope from my youth, where were you all this while, and where had you withdrawn to? Had you not made me, and set me apart from the four-footed beasts, and made me wiser than the birds of the air? Yet I walked through darkness and on slippery ground, and I sought you outside myself, and I did not find the God of my heart. I had come into the depths of the sea; I had lost confidence and despaired of finding the truth. My mother had already come to me, strong in her devotion, following me over land and sea, and secure in you through every danger. In the perils of the sea she even comforted the sailors themselves—who usually comfort inexperienced travelers on the deep when they are frightened—promising them they would arrive safely, because you had promised her this in a vision.
	et inuenit me periclitantem quidem grauiter desperatione indagandae ueritatis, sed tamen ei cum indicassem non me quidem iam esse manichaeum, sed neque catholicum christianum, non, quasi inopinatum aliquid audierit, exiluit laetitia, cum iam secura fieret ex ea parte miseriae meae, in qua me tamquam mortuum resuscitandum tibi flebat et feretro cogitationis offerebat, ut diceres filio uiduae: iuuenis, tibi dico, surge, et reuiuesceret et inciperet loqui et traderes illum matri suae. nulla ergo turbulenta exultatione trepidauit cor eius, cum audisset ex tanta parte iam factum, quod tibi cotidie plangebat ut fieret, ueritatem me nondum adeptum, sed falsitati iam ereptum:	She found me in grave danger through despair of discovering the truth. But when I told her that I was no longer a Manichee, though not a Catholic Christian either, she did not leap for joy as if she had heard something unexpected. She was already reassured about that part of my misery, for which she wept for me before you as for someone dead but to be raised again. She was offering me on the bier of her thoughts, so that you would say to the widow's son, "Young man, I say to you, arise," and he would come back to life and begin to speak, and you would give him back to his mother. So her heart was not shaken by any turbulent exultation when she heard that so great a part of what she lamented before you every day, praying that it might happen, had already happened: I had not yet gained the truth, but I had already been rescued from falsehood.[1]

1 Luke 7:14–15.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	inmo uero quia certa erat, quod restabat te daturum, qui totum promiseras, placidissime et pectore pleno fiduciae respondit mihi credere se in Christo, quod, priusquam de hac uita emigraret, me uisura esset fidelem catholicum. et hoc quidem mihi. tibi autem, fons misericordiarum, preces et lacrimas densiores, ut accelerares adiutorium et inluminares tenebras meas, et studiosius ad ecclesiam currere et in Ambrosi ora suspendi, ad fontem salientis aquae in uitam aeternam. diligebat autem illum uirum sicut angelum dei, quod per illum cognouerat me interim ad illam ancipitem fluctuationem iam esse perductum, per quam transiturum me ab aegritudine ad sanitatem intercurrente artiore periculo quasi per accessionem, quam criticam medici uocant, certa praesumebat.	No: because she was sure that you would also grant what remained, since you had promised the whole, she answered me very calmly and with a heart full of confidence that she believed in Christ that before she departed this life she would see me a faithful Catholic. That much she said to me. But to you, fountain of mercies, she poured out more frequent prayers and tears, that you would hasten your help and light up my darkness; and she ran more eagerly to church and hung on Ambrose's lips, as on "a fountain of water springing up to eternal life." She loved that man like an angel of God, because she had learned that it was through him that I had been brought, for the moment, to that wavering state of uncertainty. She took it for certain that through it I would pass from sickness to health, with a sharper danger coming in between, like the attack that doctors call the "crisis."[2]
6.2.2	Itaque cum ad memorias sanctorum, sicut in Africa solebat, pultes et panem et merum adtulisset atque ab ostiario prohiberetur, ubi hoc episcopum uetuisse cognouit, tam pie atque oboedienter amplexa est, ut ipse mirarer, quam facile accusatrix potius consuetudinis suae quam disceptatrix illius prohibitionis effecta sit.	So when she had brought porridge and bread and wine to the shrines of the saints, as was her custom in Africa, and was stopped by the doorkeeper, as soon as she learned that the bishop had forbidden it, she accepted this so devoutly and obediently that I myself marveled at how readily she became an accuser of her own custom rather than a critic of his prohibition.[3]
	non enim obsidebat spiritum eius uinulentia eamque stimulabat in odium ueri amor uini, sicut plerosque mares et feminas, qui ad canticum sobrietatis sicut ad potionem aquatam madidi nausiant: sed illa cum attulisset canistrum cum sollemnibus epulis praegustandis atque largiendis, plus etiam quam unum pocillum pro suo palato satis sobrio temperatum, unde dignationem sumeret, non ponebat, et si multae essent quae illo modo uidebantur honorandae memoriae defunctorum, idem ipsum unum, quod ubique poneret, circumferebat, quo iam non solum aquatissimo, sed etiam tepidissimo cum suis praesentibus per sorbitiones exiguas partiretur, quia pietatem ibi quaerebat, non uoluptatem.	For no fondness for wine laid siege to her spirit, nor did love of wine goad her into hatred of the truth, as it does many men and women who, soaked in drink, are as sickened by a hymn to sobriety as by a watered-down drink. Rather, when she had brought her basket of customary food, to be tasted and then shared out, she would set out no more than one small cup, mixed to suit her very sober palate, from which to take a sip as a mark of respect. And if there were many shrines of the dead that seemed to deserve honor in this way, she carried around the same single cup to set down at each; and she shared it with those present in tiny sips, by then not only very watery but quite lukewarm, because she was seeking devotion there, not pleasure.
	itaque ubi conperit a praeclaro praedicatore atque antistite pietatis praeceptum esse ista non fieri nec ab eis qui sobrie facerent, ne ulla occasio se ingurgitandi	So when she learned that the illustrious preacher and master of devotion had ordered that these

2 John 4:14.
3 In North Africa it was customary to bring food and drink to martyrs' tombs and share it there.

LATIN	ENGLISH
daretur ebriosis, et quia illa quasi parentalia superstitioni gentilium essent simillima, abstinuit se libentissime et pro canistro pleno terrenis fructibus plenum purgatioribus uotis pectus ad memorias martyrum afferre didicerat, ut et quod posset daret egentibus et sic communicatio dominici corporis illic celebraretur, cuius passionis imitatione immolati et coronati sunt martyres. sed tamen uidetur mihi, domine deus meus — et ita est in conspectu tuo de hac re cor meum — non facile fortasse de hac amputanda consuetudine matrem meam fuisse cessuram, si ab alio prohiberetur, quem non sicut Ambrosium diligebat.	things not be done even by those who did them soberly, so as not to give drunkards any opportunity to gorge themselves, and because these feasts, like a kind of festival for the dead, closely resembled the superstition of the pagans, she gave them up most willingly. In place of a basket full of the fruits of the earth, she had learned to bring to the shrines of the martyrs a heart full of purer prayers, so that she could give what she could to the needy, and so that the communion of the Lord's body might be celebrated there—in imitation of whose passion the martyrs were sacrificed and crowned. Yet it seems to me, Lord my God—and this is how my heart stands on the matter in your sight—that my mother would perhaps not easily have given up this custom if it had been forbidden by someone else whom she did not love as she loved Ambrose.[4]
quem propter salutem meam maxime diligebat, eam uero ille propter eius religiosissimam conuersationem, qua in bonis operibus tam feruens spiritu frequentabat ecclesiam, ita ut saepe erumperet, cum me uideret, in eius praedicationem gratulans mihi, quod talem matrem haberem, nesciens, qualem illa filium, qui dubitabam de illis omnibus et inueniri posse uiam uitae minime putabam.	She loved him above all for the sake of my salvation, and he in turn loved her for her deeply devout way of life: fervent in spirit and busy with good works, she was constantly at church. So whenever he saw me he would often burst out in her praise, congratulating me on having such a mother—not knowing what kind of son she had in me, who doubted all these things and scarcely thought that the way of life could be found.

AMBROSE READING

Augustine watches Ambrose read silently and learns from his sermons to read Scripture spiritually.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.3.3 Nec iam ingemescebam orando, ut subuenires mihi, sed ad quaerendum intentus et ad disserendum inquietus erat animus meus ipsumque Ambrosium felicem quendam hominem secundum saeculum opinabar, quem sic tantae potestates honorarent: caelibatus tantum eius mihi laboriosus uidebatur. quid autem ille spei gereret, aduersus ipsius excellentiae temtamenta quid luctaminis haberet quidue solaminis in aduersis, et occultum os eius, quod erat in corde eius, quam sapida gaudia de pane tuo ruminaret, nec conicere noueram nec expertus eram. nec ille sciebat aestus meos nec foueam periculi mei. non enim quaerere ab eo poteram quod uolebam, sicut uolebam, secludentibus me ab eius aure atque ore cateruis negotiosorum hominum, quorum infirmitatibus seruiebat: cum quibus quando non erat, quod	I no longer groaned in prayer for you to come to my help; my mind was intent on searching and restless for argument. Ambrose himself I considered a fortunate man by the world's standards, honored as he was by such great powers; only his celibacy seemed to me a heavy burden. But what hope he carried within him, what struggle he had against the temptations of his own eminence, what comfort he found in adversity, and what savory joys the hidden mouth of his heart tasted as it chewed on your bread—these things I could not guess, and had never experienced. Nor did he know my turmoil or the pit of danger I was in. For I could not ask him what I wanted, in the way I wanted, since crowds of busy people, whose weak-

4 The Latin compares them to the Parentalia, the Roman festival honoring dead ancestors.

LATIN

perexiguum temporis erat, aut corpus reficiebat necessariis sustentaculis aut lectione animum.

sed cum legebat, oculi ducebantur per paginas et cor intellectum rimabatur, uox autem et lingua quiescebant. saepe, cum adessemus — non enim uetabatur quisquam ingredi aut ei uenientem nuntiari mos erat — sic eum legentem uidimus tacite et aliter numquam sedentesque in diuturno silentio — quis enim tam intento esse oneri auderet? — discedebamus et coniectabamus eum paruo ipso tempore, quod reparandae menti suae nanciscebatur, feriatum ab strepitu causarum alienarum nolle in aliud auocari et cauere fortasse, ne auditore suspenso et intento, si qua obscurius posuisset ille quem legeret, etiam exponere esset necesse aut de aliquibus difficilioribus dissertare quaestionibus atque huic operi temporibus inpensis minus quam uellet uoluminum euolueret, quamquam et causa seruandae uocis, quae illi facillime obtundebatur, poterat esse iustior tacite legendi.

quolibet tamen animo id ageret, bono utique ille uir agebat.

6.3.4 Sed certe mihi nulla dabatur copia sciscitandi quae cupiebam de tam sancto oraculo tuo, pectore illius, nisi cum aliquid breuiter esset audiendum. aestus autem illi mei otiosum eum ualde, cui refunderentur, requirebant nec umquam inueniebant. et eum quidem in populo uerbum ueritatis recte tractantem omni die dominico audiebam, et magis magisque mihi confirmabatur omnes uersutarum calumniarum nodos, quos illi deceptores nostri aduersus diuinos libros innectebant, posse dissolui.

ubi uero etiam conperi ad imaginem tuam hominem a te factum ab spiritalibus filiis tuis, quos de matre catholica per gratiam regenerasti, non sic intellegi, ut humani corporis forma determinatum crederent atque cogitarent, quamquam quomodo se haberet spiritalis substantia, ne quidem tenuiter atque aenigmate suspicabar, tamen gaudens erubui non me tot annos

ENGLISH

nesses he served, shut me off from his ear and his mouth. And when he was not with them, which was only a very little time, he was refreshing either his body with the food it needed or his mind with reading.

When he read, his eyes ran over the pages and his heart searched out the meaning, but his voice and tongue were still. Often when we were there—for no one was forbidden to come in, and it was not the custom for visitors to be announced—we saw him reading like this, silently, and never any other way. We would sit a long while in silence (for who would dare to burden a man so absorbed?) and then go away. We guessed that in the little time he managed to find for restoring his mind, free from the din of other people's affairs, he did not want to be called away to anything else. Perhaps he was also wary that if a listener were hanging on his words, and the author he was reading had put something obscurely, he would have to explain it, or argue over some of the harder questions; and that, with his time spent on such work, he would get through fewer volumes than he wished. Though the need to save his voice, which very easily grew hoarse, may have been a sounder reason for reading silently.

Whatever his intention in doing it, a man like that certainly did it with a good one.

But certainly I was given no chance to ask what I longed to ask of that holy oracle of yours, his heart, except when something could be heard briefly. The surges of my turmoil needed to find him completely at leisure, so that they could pour themselves out to him, and they never did. Still, every Lord's day I heard him among the people, "rightly handling the word of truth," and more and more I became convinced that all the knots of cunning slander which those deceivers of ours had tied against the divine books could be untied.[5]

And when I also discovered that your spiritual children, whom you have brought to new birth by grace from their Catholic mother, do not understand the words "man made by you in your image" in such a way as to believe and think of you as bounded by the shape of a human body—although I had not even the faintest, most riddling notion of

5 2 Timothy 2:15. "Those deceivers" are the Manichees.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	aduersus catholicam fidem, sed contra carnalium cogitationum figmenta latrasse. eo quippe temerarius et inpius fueram, quod ea quae debebam quaerendo discere, accusando dixeram. tu autem, altissime et proxime, secretissime et praesentissime, cui membra non sunt alia maiora et alia minora, sed ubique totus es et nusquam locorum es, non es utique forma ista corporea, tamen fecisti hominem ad imaginem tuam, et ecce ipse a capite usque ad pedes in loco est.	how a spiritual substance could exist—I blushed, and yet rejoiced, that for so many years I had been barking not against the Catholic faith but against figments of carnal imagination. I had been rash and impious in this: what I ought to have learned by inquiring, I had asserted by accusing. For you, most high and most near, most hidden and most present, who have no limbs, some larger and some smaller, but are everywhere whole and nowhere in space—you are certainly not this bodily form; and yet you made man in your image, and look: from head to foot he is in space.
6.4.5	Cum ergo nescirem, quomodo haec subsisteret imago tua, pulsans proponerem, quomodo credendum esset, non insultans opponerem, quasi ita creditum esset. tanto igitur acrior cura rodebat intima mea, quid certi retinerem, quanto me magis pudebat tam diu inlusum et deceptum promissione certorum puerili errore et animositate tam multa incerta quasi certa garrisse. quod enim falsa essent, postea mihi claruit. certum tamen erat, quod incerta essent et a me aliquando pro certis habita fuissent, cum catholicam tuam caecis contentionibus accusarem, etsi nondum conpertam uera docentem, non tamen ea docentem, quae grauiter accusabam.	So, since I did not know how this image of yours could exist, I ought to have knocked and asked how it was to be believed, not mockingly attacked it as if it were believed in the way I imagined. The anxiety about what I could hold on to as certain gnawed at my insides all the more sharply, the more ashamed I was that, deluded and deceived for so long by the promise of certainties, I had chattered with childish error and heat about so many uncertain things as if they were certain. That they were false became clear to me only later. But it was certain even then that they were uncertain, and that I had once taken them as certain when I attacked your Catholic Church with blind contentiousness—a Church I had not yet found to teach the truth, but which did not teach what I so fiercely accused it of.
	itaque confundebar et conuertebar et gaudebam, deus meus, quod ecclesia unica, corpus unici tui, in qua mihi nomen Christi infanti est inditum, non saperet infantiles nugas neque hoc haberet in doctrina sua sana, quod te creatorem omnium in spatium loci quamuis summum et amplum, tamen undique terminatum membrorum humanorum figura contruderet.	So I was put to shame and turned around, and I rejoiced, my God, that the one Church, the body of your one and only Son, in which the name of Christ had been put upon me as an infant, had no taste for infantile nonsense, and did not hold in its sound teaching that you, the creator of all things, were crammed into a space—however lofty and vast, still bounded on every side—in the shape of human limbs.
6.4.6	Gaudebam etiam, quod uetera scripta legis et prophetarum iam non illo oculo mihi legenda proponerentur, quo antea uidebantur absurda, cum arguebam tamquam ita sentientes sanctos tuos; uerum autem non ita sentiebant. et tamquam regulam diligentissime conmendaret, saepe in popularibus sermonibus suis dicentem Ambrosium laetus audiebam: littera occidit, Spiritus autem uiuificat, cum ea, quae ad litteram peruersitatem docere uidebantur, remoto mystico uelamento spiritaliter aperiret, non dicens quod	I rejoiced too that the old writings of the Law and the Prophets were no longer set before me to be read with that eye to which they had once seemed absurd, when I criticized your saints for thinking things which in truth they did not think. And I was glad to hear Ambrose often saying in his sermons to the people, as though he were carefully commending it as a rule: "The letter kills, but the Spirit gives life." For he would draw aside the mystical veil and open up in a spiritual sense passages

LATIN

me offenderet, quamuis ea diceret, quae utrum uera essent adhuc ignorarem. tenebam cor meum ab omni adsensione timens praecipitium et suspendio magis necabar. uolebam enim eorum quae non uiderem ita me certum fieri, ut certus essem, quod septem et tria decem sint.

neque enim tam insanus eram, ut ne hoc quidem putarem posse conprehendi, sed sicut hoc, ita cetera cupiebam siue corporalia, quae coram sensibus meis non adessent, siue spiritalia, de quibus cogitare nisi corporaliter nesciebam. et sanari credendo poteram, ut purgatior acies mentis meae dirigeretur aliquo modo in ueritatem tuam semper manentem et ex nullo deficientem; sed, sicut euenire assolet, ut malum medicum expertus etiam bono timeat se conmittere, ita erat ualetudo animae meae, quae utique nisi credendo sanari non poterat et, ne falsa crederet, curari recusabat, resistens manibus tuis, qui medicamenta fidei confecisti et sparsisti super morbos orbis terrarum et tantam illis auctoritatem tribuisti.

6.5.7 Ex hoc tamen quoque iam praeponens doctrinam catholicam modestius ibi minimeque fallaciter sentiebam iuberi, ut crederetur quod non demonstrabatur — siue esset quid, sed cui forte non esset, siue nec quid esset — quam illic temeraria pollicitatione scientiae credulitatem inrideri et postea tam multa fabulosissima et absurdissima, quia demonstrari non poterant, credenda imperari.

deinde paulatim tu, domine, manu mitissima et misericordissima pertractans et conponens cor meum, consideranti, quam innumerabilia crederem, quae non uiderem neque cum gererentur affuissem, sicut tam multa in historia gentium, tam multa de locis atque urbibus, quae non uideram, tam multa amicis, tam multa medicis, tam multa hominibus aliis atque aliis, quae nisi crederentur, omnino in hac uita nihil ageremus, postremo quam inconcusse fixum fide retinerem, de quibus parentibus ortus essem, quod scire non possem, nisi audiendo credidissem, persuasisti mihi non qui

ENGLISH

which, taken literally, seemed to teach something perverse. He said nothing that offended me, though he said things I did not yet know to be true or false. For I kept my heart from assenting to anything, afraid of falling headlong; and by that hanging in suspense I was all the more being strangled. I wanted to be as certain of the things I could not see as I was that seven and three make ten.

I was not so mad as to think that even this could not be known; but I wanted everything else to be known in the same way—whether bodily things not present to my senses, or spiritual things, which I did not know how to think of except in bodily terms. And I could have been healed by believing, so that the sight of my mind, made purer, might somehow be directed toward your truth, which always abides and never falls short in anything. But just as it often happens that someone who has had a bad doctor is afraid to trust himself even to a good one, so it was with the health of my soul. It certainly could not be healed except by believing, and yet, for fear of believing what was false, it refused to be cured, resisting your hands—you who prepared the medicines of faith, sprinkled them over the diseases of the whole world, and gave them such great authority.

From this point on, however, I began to prefer Catholic teaching. I felt that it acted more modestly, and with no deceit at all, in bidding us believe what was not demonstrated (whether because it could be demonstrated, though perhaps not to everyone, or because it could not be demonstrated at all), than the other side did, where credulity was mocked with a rash promise of knowledge, and then so many utterly fabulous and absurd things were commanded to be believed because they could not be demonstrated.

Then little by little, Lord, with a most gentle and merciful hand you touched and set in order my heart. I considered how countless were the things I believed without seeing them, or without being present when they happened: so much in the history of nations, so much about places and cities I had never seen, so much on the word of friends, so much on the word of doctors, so much on the word of one person or another—things which, unless they were believed, we could do nothing at all

LATIN

crederent libris tuis, quos tanta in omnibus fere gentibus auctoritate fundasti, sed qui non crederent esse culpandos nec audiendos esse, si qui forte mihi dicerent: „unde scis illos libros unius ueri et ueracissimi dei spiritu esse humano generi ministratos?“ id ipsum enim maxime credendum erat, quoniam nulla pugnacitas calumniosarum quaestionum per tam multa quae legeram inter se confligentium philosophorum extorquere mihi potuit, ut aliquando non crederem te esse quidquid esses, quod ego nescirem, aut administrationem rerum humanarum ad te pertinere.

ENGLISH

in this life. Finally I considered how unshakably and firmly I held by faith who my parents were, which I could not know unless I had believed what I heard. And so you persuaded me that it was not those who believed your books—which you have established with such great authority among almost all nations—but those who did not believe them who were to be blamed; and that I should not listen to anyone who might say to me, “How do you know that those books were given to the human race by the Spirit of the one true and supremely truthful God?” For this was the very thing most to be believed. In all the many works I had read of philosophers contradicting one another, no combative, slanderous questioning had ever been able to wring from me a moment when I did not believe that you exist—whatever you are, which I did not know—or that the government of human affairs belongs to you.

6.5.8 Sed id credebam aliquando robustius, aliquando exilius, semper tamen credidi et esse te et curam nostri gerere, etiamsi ignorabam uel quid sentiendum esset de substantia tua uel quae uia duceret aut reduceret ad te. ideoque cum essemus infirmi ad inueniendam liquida ratione ueritatem et ob hoc nobis opus esset auctoritate sanctarum litterarum, iam credere coeperam nullo modo te fuisse tributurum tam excellentem illi scripturae per omnes iam terras auctoritatem, nisi et per ipsam tibi credi et per ipsam te quaeri uoluisses.

But I believed this sometimes more robustly, sometimes more feebly. Still, I always believed both that you exist and that you care for us, even though I did not know what to think about your substance, or what way led to you, or led back to you. And so, since we were too weak to find the truth by clear reason, and for that reason needed the authority of the holy Scriptures, I had now begun to believe that you would never have given that Scripture such surpassing authority throughout all lands unless you had willed that through it you should be believed in, and through it sought.

iam enim absurditatem, quae me in illis litteris solebat offendere, cum multa ex eis probabiliter exposita audissem, ad sacramentorum altitudinem referebam eoque mihi illa uenerabilior et sacrosancta fide dignior apparebat auctoritas, quo et omnibus ad legendum esset in promtu et secreti sui dignitatem in intellectu profundiore seruaret, uerbis apertissimis et humillimo genere loquendi se cunctis praebens et exercens intentionem eorum, qui non sunt leues corde, ut exciperet omnes populari sinu et per angusta foramina paucos ad te traiceret, multo tamen plures, quam si nec tanto apice auctoritatis emineret nec turbas gremio sanctae humilitatis hauriret. cogitabam haec et aderas mihi, suspirabam et audiebas me, fluctuabam et gubernabas me, ibam per uiam saeculi latam nec deserebas.

For the absurdity that used to offend me in those writings, now that I had heard many passages plausibly explained, I attributed to the depth of their mysteries. And that authority seemed to me all the more worthy of reverence and of holy faith because it lay open for everyone to read, and yet kept the dignity of its secret for a deeper understanding. It offers itself to all in the plainest words and the humblest style of speech, and yet exercises the attention of those who are not light of heart. So it welcomes everyone into its broad embrace, and through narrow openings brings a few across to you—yet many more than if it did not stand out on so lofty a peak of authority, or did not draw the crowds into the lap of its holy humility. I was thinking these things, and you were with me; I sighed, and you heard me; I was tossed about,

LATIN	ENGLISH
	and you steered me; I walked the broad way of the world, and you did not abandon me.
6.6.9 Inhiabam honoribus, lucris, coniugio, et tu inridebas. patiebar in eis cupiditatibus amarissimas difficultates te propitio tanto magis, quanto minus sinebas mihi dulcescere quod non eras tu. uide cor meum, domine, qui uoluisti, ut hoc recordarer et confiterer tibi. nunc tibi inhaereat anima mea, quam de uisco tam tenaci mortis exuisti. quam misera erat! et sensum uulneris tu pungebas, ut relictis omnibus conuerteretur ad te, qui es super omnia et sine quo nulla essent omnia, conuerteretur et sanaretur.	I gaped after honors, money, marriage, and you laughed at me. In these cravings I suffered the bitterest hardships—and you were the more gracious to me, the less you let anything that was not you grow sweet to me. Look at my heart, Lord, you who willed that I should remember this and confess it to you. Now let my soul cling to you, the soul you have freed from such sticky birdlime of death. How wretched it was! And you pricked the sore of its wound, so that it might leave everything and turn to you, who are above all things, and without whom all things would be nothing—turn, and be healed.

THE DRUNKEN BEGGAR

Before a speech praising the emperor, Augustine envies a cheerful drunken beggar and questions his ambitions.

LATIN	ENGLISH
quam ergo miser eram et quomodo egisti, ut sentirem miseriam meam die illo, quo, cum pararem recitare imperatori laudes, quibus plura mentirer, et mentienti faueretur ab scientibus easque curas anhelaret cor meum et cogitationum tabificarum febribus aestuaret, transiens per quendam uicum Mediolanensem animaduerti pauperem mendicum iam, credo, saturum iocantem atque laetantem. et ingemui et locutus sum cum amicis, qui mecum erant, multos dolores insaniarum nostrarum, quia omnibus talibus conatibus nostris, qualibus tunc laborabam, sub stimulis cupiditatum trahens infelicitatis meae sarcinam et trahendo exaggerans nihil uellemus aliud nisi ad securam laetitiam peruenire, quo nos mendicus ille iam praecessisset numquam illuc fortasse uenturos. quod enim iam ille pauculis et emendicatis nummulis adeptus erat, ad hoc ego tam aerumnosis anfractibus et circuitibus ambiebam, ad laetitiam scilicet temporalis felicitatis.	How wretched I was, then, and how you acted to make me feel my wretchedness on the day when I was preparing to deliver a speech in praise of the emperor! In it I was going to tell a good many lies, and be applauded for lying by people who knew it. My heart was panting over these worries and burning with the fever of consuming thoughts. Passing through a certain street in Milan, I noticed a poor beggar—already well filled, I suppose—joking and cheerful. I groaned, and spoke with the friends who were with me about the many sorrows our madness brings. For in all such efforts of ours, like the ones I was laboring at then—dragging the load of my unhappiness under the goad of my cravings, and making it heavier by dragging it—we wanted nothing other than to reach a carefree happiness. That beggar had already got there ahead of us, and we perhaps would never arrive. For what he had already obtained with a few begged coins, I was chasing by such wearisome twists and turns: namely, the happiness of a passing well-being.[6]
non enim uerum gaudium habebat: sed et ego illis ambitionibus multo falsius quaerebam. et certe ille laetabatur, ego anxius eram, securus ille, ego trepidus. et si quisquam percontaretur me, utrum mallem exultare an	True, he did not have true joy; but I, with those ambitions of mine, was seeking a far falser one. And he, at any rate, was cheerful and I was anxious; he was carefree, I was afraid. If anyone

6 As official teacher of rhetoric at Milan, Augustine delivered panegyrics on the young emperor Valentinian II (AD 385).

LATIN	ENGLISH
metuere, responderem: „exultare“; rursus si rogaret, utrum me talem mallem, qualis ille, an qualis ego tunc essem, me ipsum curis timoribusque confectum eligerem, sed peruersitate: numquid ueritate? neque enim eo me praeponere illi debebam, quo doctior eram, quoniam non inde gaudebam, sed placere inde quaerebam hominibus, non ut eos docerem, sed tantum ut placerem. propterea et baculo disciplinae tuae confringebas ossa mea.	had asked me whether I would rather be merry or fearful, I would have answered, "Merry." But if he had asked again whether I would rather be such a man as he was, or such as I then was, I would have chosen myself, worn out with cares and fears—but out of perversity. Surely not out of truth? For I had no right to prefer myself to him because I was more learned, since I took no joy in that; rather, I used it to seek to please people—not to teach them, but only to please them. That is why you broke my bones with the rod of your discipline.
6.6.10 Recedant ergo ab anima mea qui dicunt ei: „interest, unde quis gaudeat.“ gaudebat mendicus ille uinulentia, tu gloria. qua gloria, domine? quae non est in te. nam sicut uerum gaudium non erat, ita nec illa uera gloria et amplius uertebat mentem meam. et ille ipsa nocte digesturus erat ebrietatem suam, ego cum mea dormieram et surrexeram et dormiturus et surrecturus eram; uide quot dies! interest uero, unde quis gaudeat, scio, et gaudium spei fidelis inconparabiliter distat ab illa uanitate. sed et tunc distabat inter nos: nimirum quippe ille felicior erat, non tantum quod hilaritate perfundebatur, cum ego curis euiscerarer, uerum etiam quod ille bene optando adquisiuerat uinum, ego mentiendo quaerebam tyfum.	So away from my soul with those who say to it, "It matters what a person rejoices in. That beggar rejoiced in drunkenness; you in glory." What glory, Lord? A glory that is not in you. For just as his was not true joy, so that was not true glory either, and it overturned my mind all the more. And he would sleep off his drunkenness that very night; I had gone to sleep with mine and got up with it, and would go to sleep and get up with it again—look, how many days! It does matter what a person rejoices in, I know, and the joy of a faithful hope is incomparably distant from that emptiness. But even then there was a distance between him and me. He was certainly the happier: not only because he was drenched in cheerfulness while I was gutted by cares, but also because he had got his wine by wishing people well, while I was chasing puffed-up vanity by telling lies.
dixi tunc multa in hac sententia caris meis et saepe aduertebam in his, quomodo mihi esset, et inueniebam male mihi esse et dolebam et conduplicabam ipsum male, et si quid adrisisset prosperum, taedebat adprehendere, quia paene priusquam teneretur auolabat.	I said many things along these lines to my dear friends at that time, and often in these reflections I noticed how things stood with me. I found that it went badly with me, and I grieved, and so doubled that very badness. And if any good fortune smiled on me, I could not be bothered to seize it, because it flew away almost before it could be held.

ALYPIUS AND THE GAMES

Augustine tells how his friend Alypius was cured of, then relapsed into, a passion for gladiatorial games.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.7.11 Congemescebamus in his qui simul amice uiuebamus, et maxime cum Alypio et Nebridio ista conloquebar. quorum Alypius ex eodem quo ego eram ortus municipio, parentibus primatibus municipalibus, me minor natu. nam et studuerat apud me, cum in nostro oppido docere coepi, et postea Carthagini et diligebat multum, quod ei bonus et doctus uiderer, et ego illum propter magnam	Those of us who lived together as friends groaned together over these things, and I talked of them most of all with Alypius and Nebridius. Alypius was born in the same town as I was, to parents of one of its leading families, and was younger than I. He had studied with me when I first began to teach in our town, and afterward at Carthage. He

LATIN	ENGLISH
uirtutis indolem, quae in non magna aetate satis eminebat. gurges tamen morum Carthaginensium, quibus nugatoria feruent spectacula, absorbuerat eum in insaniam circensium. sed cum in eo miserabiliter uolueretur, ego autem rhetoricam ibi professus publica schola uterer, nondum me audiebat ut magistrum propter quandam simultatem, quae inter me et patrem eius erat exorta.	loved me greatly, because I seemed to him good and learned; and I loved him for his great natural bent toward virtue, which stood out plainly in one so young. But the whirlpool of Carthaginian morals, where frivolous shows are all the rage, had sucked him into a mania for the circus. While he was being wretchedly whirled around in it, and I was teaching rhetoric there in a public school, he did not yet attend my classes as his teacher, because of a quarrel that had arisen between his father and me.[7]
et conpereram, quod circum exitiabiliter amaret, et grauiter angebar, quod tantam spem perditurus uel etiam perdidisse mihi uidebatur. sed monendi eum et aliqua cohercitione reuocandi nulla erat copia uel amicitiae beniuolentia uel iure magisterii. putabam enim eum de me cum patre sentire, ille uero non sic erat. itaque postposita in hac re patris uoluntate salutare me coeperat ueniens in auditorium meum et audire aliquid atque abire.	I had learned that he had a ruinous passion for the circus, and I was deeply distressed, because he seemed to me about to throw away such great promise, or to have thrown it away already. But I had no means of warning him and calling him back by some restraint, either through the goodwill of friendship or by a teacher's authority. For I thought he felt about me as his father did; but that was not so. So, setting aside his father's wishes in this matter, he had begun to greet me, coming into my lecture room, listening for a while, and then leaving.
6.7.12 Sed enim de memoria mihi lapsum erat agere cum illo, ne uanorum ludorum caeco et praecipiti studio tam bonum interimeretur ingenium. uerum autem, domine, tu, qui praesides gubernaculis omnium, quae creasti, non eum oblitus eras futurum inter filios tuos antistitem sacramenti tui et, ut aperte tibi tribueretur eius correctio, per me quidem illam sed nescientem operatus es. nam quodam die cum sederem loco solito et coram me adessent discipuli, uenit, salutauit, sedit atque in ea quae agebantur intendit animum. et forte lectio in manibus erat. quam dum exponerem et opportune mihi adhibenda uideretur similitudo circensium, quo illud quod insinuabam et iucundius et planius fieret et cum inrisione mordaci eorum, quos illa captiuasset insania, scis tu, deus noster, quod tunc de Alypio ab illa peste sanando non cogitauerim.	But it had slipped my mind to take the matter up with him, so that he would not ruin so fine a talent through a blind and headlong enthusiasm for empty games. But you, Lord, who hold the helm of everything you have created, had not forgotten that he was to be, among your sons, a bishop presiding over your sacrament. And so that his correction might be plainly credited to you, you brought it about through me—but without my knowing. For one day, as I sat in my usual place with my students before me, he came in, greeted me, sat down, and turned his attention to what was going on. As it happened, I had a text in hand, and as I was explaining it a comparison with the circus games seemed apt, to make my point more enjoyable and clearer, with biting mockery of those whom that madness had taken captive. You know, our God, that I was not thinking at the time of curing Alypius of that plague.
at ille in se rapuit meque illud non nisi propter se dixisse credidit et quod alius acciperet ad suscensendum mihi, accepit honestus adulescens ad suscensendum sibi et ad me ardentius diligendum. dixeras enim tu iam olim et innexueras litteris tuis: corripe sapientem, et amabit te.	But he took it to himself, and believed I had said it only because of him. What someone else would have taken as a reason to be angry with me, this honest young man took as a reason to be angry

7 Alypius, later bishop of their hometown, Thagaste. The circus: chariot racing.

LATIN

at illum ego non corripueram, sed utens tu omnibus et scientibus et nescientibus ordine quo nosti — et ille ordo iustus est — de corde et lingua mea carbones ardentes operatus es, quibus mentem spei bonae adureres tabescentem ac sanares. taceat laudes tuas qui miserationes tuas non considerat, quae tibi de medullis meis confitentur.

etenim uero ille post illa uerba proripuit se ex fouea tam alta, qua libenter demergebatur et cum mira uoluptate caecabatur, et excussit animum forti temperantia, et resiluerunt omnes circensium sordes ab eo ampliusque illuc non accessit. deinde patrem reluctantem euicit, ut me magistro uteretur: cessit ille atque concessit. et audire me rursus incipiens illa mecum superstitione inuolutus est amans in manichaeis ostentationem continentiae, quam ueram et germanam putabat. erat autem illa uecors et seductoria, pretiosas animas captans nondum uirtutis altitudinem scientes tangere et superficie decipi faciles, sed tamen adumbratae simulataeque uirtutis.

6.8.13 Non sane relinquens incantatam sibi a parentibus terrenam uiam Romam praecesserat, ut ius disceret, et ibi gladiatorii spectaculi hiatu incredibili et incredibiliter abreptus est. cum enim auersaretur et detestaretur talia, quidam eius amici et condiscipuli, cum forte de prandio redeuntibus peruium esset, recusantem uehementer et resistentem familiari uiolentia duxerunt in amphitheatrum crudelium et funestorum ludorum diebus haec dicentem: „si corpus meum in locum illum trahitis, numquid et animum et oculos meos in illa spectacula potestis intendere? adero itaque absens ac sic et uos et illa superabo“. quibus auditis illi nihilo setius eum adduxerunt secum, id ipsum forte explorare cupientes utrum posset efficere. quo ubi uentum est et sedibus quibus potuerunt locati sunt, feruebant omnia inmanissimis uoluptatibus.

ENGLISH

with himself, and to love me more ardently. For you had said long ago, and woven into your Scriptures, “Rebuke a wise man, and he will love you.” But I had not rebuked him. Rather you, who make use of everyone, knowing or unknowing, in the order you know—and that order is just—made burning coals of my heart and tongue, with which to cauterize and heal a mind of good promise that was wasting away. Let him be silent in your praise who does not consider your mercies, which confess to you from my very marrow.[8]

And indeed, after those words he pulled himself out of that deep pit, where he had been willingly plunging and blinding himself with astonishing pleasure. He shook his mind free with strong restraint; all the filth of the circus sprang off him, and he never went there again. Then he overcame his father’s reluctance so that he could have me as his teacher; his father gave way and allowed it. And when he began to attend my lectures again, he became entangled along with me in that superstition, loving the Manichees’ display of self-control, which he thought was true and genuine. But it was senseless and seductive, capturing precious souls not yet able to reach the heights of virtue and easily taken in by the surface—though it was only the surface of a virtue shadowed and counterfeit.

He had certainly not abandoned the worldly path that his parents had chanted over him like a spell, and he had gone ahead of me to Rome to study law. There, incredibly, he was carried away by an incredible craving for gladiatorial shows. He loathed and detested such things. But one day some of his friends and fellow students, coming back from lunch, happened to meet him on the way, and though he vehemently refused and resisted, they dragged him with a friendly violence into the amphitheater during the days of the cruel and deadly games. He said: “If you drag my body to that place, can you really fix my mind and my eyes on those shows? I will be there and yet absent, and so I will get the better of both you and them.” When they heard this they brought him along with them all the same, perhaps wanting to find out whether he could do what he said. When they arrived and had found what seats they could,

8 Proverbs 9:8.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	the whole place was seething with the most savage pleasures.
ille clausis foribus oculorum interdixit animo, ne in tanta mala procederet. atque utinam et aures opturasset! nam quodam pugnae casu, cum clamor ingens totius populi uehementer eum pulsasset, curioSitate uictus et quasi paratus, quidquid illud esset, etiam uisum contemnere et uincere, aperuit et percussus est grauiore uulnere in anima quam ille in corpore, quem cernere concupiuit, ceciditque miserabilius quam ille, quo cadente factus est clamor: qui per eius aures intrauit et reserauit eius lumina, ut esset, qua feriretur et deiceretur audax adhuc potius quam fortis animus et eo infirmior, quo de se praesumserat, qui debuit de te.	He shut the doors of his eyes and forbade his mind to go out to such evils. If only he had stopped up his ears too! For at a certain turn in the fight, when a huge roar from the whole crowd struck him hard, he was overcome by curiosity; and supposing himself ready to despise and overcome whatever it was, even once seen, he opened his eyes. And he was struck with a deeper wound in his soul than the man he wanted to see had received in his body, and he fell more wretchedly than the man whose fall had raised the roar. That roar entered through his ears and unlocked his eyes, opening a way to strike and throw down a mind that was still more reckless than strong—and all the weaker for having relied on itself, when it ought to have relied on you.
ut enim uidit illum sanguinem, inmanitatem simul ebibit et non se auertit, sed fixit aspectum et hauriebat furias et nesciebat et delectabatur scelere certaminis et cruenta uoluptate inebriabatur. et non erat iam ille, qui uenerat, sed unus de turba, ad quam uenerat, et uerus eorum socius, a quibus adductus erat. quid plura? spectauit, clamauit, exarsit, abstulit inde secum insaniam, qua stimularetur redire non tantum cum illis, a quibus abstractus est, sed etiam prae illis et alios trahens. et inde tamen manu ualidissima et misericordissima eruisti eum tu et docuisti eum non sui habere, sed tui fiduciam, sed longe postea.	For as soon as he saw that blood, he drank in savagery along with it. He did not turn away, but fixed his gaze; he was gulping down frenzy without knowing it, delighting in the wickedness of the contest and getting drunk on bloody pleasure. He was no longer the man who had come, but one of the crowd he had come into, and a true companion of those who had brought him. What more is there to say? He watched, he shouted, he burned, and he carried away with him a madness that would goad him to come back—not only with those who had first dragged him there, but ahead of them, and dragging others along. And yet from all this you rescued him, with your most strong and merciful hand, and taught him to put his trust not in himself but in you—but that was much later.

ALYPIUS ARRESTED AS A THIEF

As a student, Alypius is wrongly arrested as a thief, and later resists bribery as a legal assessor.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.9.14 Verum tamen iam hoc ad medicinam futuram in eius memoria reponebatur. nam et illud, quod, cum adhuc studeret iam me audiens apud Carthaginem et medio die cogitaret in foro quod recitaturus erat, sicut exerceri scholastici solent, siuisti eum conprehendi ab aeditimis fori tamquam furem, non arbitror aliam ob causam te permisisse, deus noster, nisi ut ille uir tantus futurus iam inciperet discere, quam non facile in noscendis causis homo ab homine damnandus esset temeraria credulitate. quippe ante tribunal deambulabat solus cum tabulis ac	Still, this was already being stored up in his memory as a medicine for the future. There was another incident too. While he was still a student, already attending my lectures at Carthage, he was in the forum at midday thinking over a speech he was to recite, as students usually practice. You let him be seized as a thief by the custodians of the forum. I think you allowed this, our God, for no other reason than that this man, who was to be so great, might already begin to learn that in hearing

LATIN

stilo, cum ecce adulescens quidam ex numero scholasticorum, fur uerus, securim clanculo apportans illo non sentiente ingressus est ad cancellos plumbeos, qui uico argentario desuper praeminent, et praecidere plumbum coepit.

sono autem securis audito submurmurauerunt argentarii, qui subter erant, et miserunt qui adprehenderent quem forte inuenissent. quorum uocibus auditis relicto instrumento ille discessit timens, ne cum eo teneretur. Alypius autem, qui non uiderat intrantem, exeuntem sensit et celeriter uidit abeuntem et causam scire cupiens ingressus est locum et inuentam securim stans atque admirans considerabat, cum ecce illi, qui missi erant, reperiunt eum solum ferentem ferrum, cuius sonitu exciti uenerant: tenent, adtrahunt, congregatis inquilinis fori tamquam furem manifestum se conprehendisse gloriantur, et inde offerendus iudiciis ducebatur.

6.9.15 Sed hactenus docendus fuit. statim enim, domine, adfuisti innocentiae, cuius testis eras tu solus. cum enim duceretur uel ad custodiam uel ad supplicium, fit eis obuiam quidam architectus, cuius maxima erat cura publicarum fabricarum. gaudent illi eum potissimum occurrisse, cui solebant in suspicionem uenire ablatarum rerum, quae perissent de foro, ut quasi tandem iam ille cognosceret, a quibus haec fierent. uerum autem uiderat homo saepe Alypium in domo cuiusdam senatoris, ad quem salutandum uentitabat, statimque cognitum manu adprehensa semouit a turbis et tanti mali causam quaerens, quid gestum esset, audiuit omnesque tumultuantes, qui aderant, et minaciter frementes iussit uenire secum. et uenerunt ad domum illius adulescentis, qui rem conmiserat.

puer uero erat ante ostium et tam paruus erat, ut nihil exinde domino suo metuens facile posset totum indicare; cum eo quippe in foro fuit pedisecus. quem posteaquam recoluit Alypius, architecto intimauit. at ille securim demonstrauit puero quaerens ab eo, cuius esset. qui confestim „nostra“ inquit; deinde interrogatus aperuit

ENGLISH

cases one person should not readily condemn another through rash credulity. He was walking alone in front of the tribunal with his writing tablets and stylus, when suddenly a young man, one of the students—the real thief—secretly brought an axe and, without Alypius noticing, got in to the lead railings that overlook the silversmiths' street from above, and began to cut away the lead.

When they heard the sound of the axe, the silversmiths below began to murmur, and they sent men to seize whomever they might find. Hearing their voices, the thief left his tool behind and made off, afraid of being caught with it. Alypius, who had not seen him go in, noticed him coming out and saw him hurrying away. Wanting to know why, he went into the place, found the axe, and was standing there looking at it in puzzlement—when suddenly the men who had been sent find him alone, holding the iron whose sound had roused them. They seize him, drag him off, gather the people who lived around the forum, and boast that they have caught a thief red-handed; and from there he was being led away to be handed over to the courts.

But this was as far as his lesson was to go. For at once, Lord, you came to the aid of his innocence, of which you alone were the witness. As he was being led off either to prison or to punishment, they were met by an architect who had chief responsibility for the public buildings. They were delighted to have run into him of all people, since he used to suspect them when things went missing from the forum—so now at last, they thought, he would know who was doing it. But the man had often seen Alypius at the house of a certain senator whom he regularly went to pay his respects to. He recognized him at once, took him by the hand, led him away from the crowd, and asked the reason for such serious trouble. He heard what had happened, and ordered the whole noisy crowd, grumbling and threatening, to come with him. And they came to the house of the young man who had committed the crime.

Now there was a slave boy in front of the door, so young that he could easily tell the whole story without fearing any consequences for his master; for he had been with him in the forum as his attendant. As soon as Alypius recalled him, he told

LATIN	ENGLISH
cetera. sic in illam domum translata causa confusisque turbis, quae de illo triumphare iam coeperant, futurus dispensator uerbi tui et multarum in ecclesia tua causarum examinator experientior instructiorque discessit.	the architect. The architect showed the axe to the boy and asked him whose it was. "Ours," he said at once; and then, when questioned, he disclosed the rest. So the case was transferred to that house, the crowd that had already begun to triumph over Alypius was put to shame, and the future dispenser of your word and judge of many cases in your Church went away more experienced and better instructed.
6.10.16 Hunc ergo Romae inueneram, et adhaesit mihi fortissimo uinculo mecumque Mediolanium profectus est, ut nec me desereret et de iure, quod didicerat, aliquid ageret secundum uotum magis parentum quam suum. et ter iam adsederat mirabili continentia ceteris, cum ille magis miraretur eos, qui aurum innocentiae praeponerent. temtata est quoque eius indoles non solum de inlecebra cupiditatis sed etiam stimulo timoris. Romae adsidebat comiti largitionum Italicianarum. erat eo tempore quidam potentissimus senator, cuius et beneficiis obstricti multi et terrori subditi erant. uoluit sibi licere nescio quid ex more potentiae suae, quod esset per leges inlicitum; restitit Alypius. promissum est praemium; inrisit animo.	It was this Alypius, then, whom I had found at Rome. He clung to me with the strongest bond and set out with me for Milan, both so as not to leave me and to make some use of the law he had learned—more to fulfill his parents' wishes than his own. He had already sat three times as an assessor, with a self-control that amazed others, while he was the more amazed at those who put gold above integrity. His character was tested not only by the lure of greed but also by the goad of fear. At Rome he was assessor to the Count of the Italian Treasury. At that time there was a very powerful senator to whom many were bound by his favors and many subjected by terror. He wanted to be allowed something or other, as men of his power were used to, that the laws forbade. Alypius resisted. A bribe was promised; in his heart he laughed at it.[9]
praetentae minae; calcauit mirantibus omnibus inusitatam animam, quae hominem tantum et innumerabilibus praestandi nocendique modis ingenti fama celebratum uel amicum non optaret uel non formidaret inimicum. ipse autem iudex, cui consiliarius erat, quamuis et ipse fieri nollet, non tamen aperte recusabat, sed in istum causam transferens ab eo se non permitti adserebat, quia et re uera, si ipse faceret, iste discederet. hoc solo autem paene iam inlectus erat studio litterario, ut pretiis praetorianis codices sibi conficiendos curaret, sed consulta iustitia deliberationem in melius uertit utiliorem iudicans aequitatem, qua prohibebatur, quam potestatem, qua sinebatur.	Threats were made; he trampled on them. Everyone marveled at so unusual a spirit, which neither wished to have as a friend, nor feared as an enemy, a man so great and so famous for his countless ways of helping and harming. The judge himself, whose adviser Alypius was, did not want it done either, yet would not openly refuse; he shifted the matter onto Alypius, claiming that Alypius would not let him—and in fact, if he had done it, Alypius would have walked out. Only in one thing was he almost led astray, by his love of learning: he considered having books copied for himself at the special rates available to the praetorian court. But he consulted justice and changed his mind for the better, judging that fairness, which forbade it, was more valuable than power, which allowed it.
paruum est hoc; sed qui in paruo fidelis est, et in magno fidelis est, nec ullo modo erit inane, quod tuae ueritatis ore processit: si in iniusto mamona fideles non fuistis, uerum quis dabit uobis? et si in alieno fideles non fuistis,	This is a small thing. But "whoever is faithful in little is faithful also in much," and nothing will ever be empty that came from the mouth of your

9 An assessor was a legal adviser to a magistrate; the Count of the Italian Treasury was the imperial finance official for Italy.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	uestrum quis dabit uobis? talis tunc ille inhaerebat mihi mecumque nutabat in consilio, quisnam esset tenendus uitae modus.	Truth: "If you have not been faithful with unrighteous wealth, who will entrust you with what is true? And if you have not been faithful with what belongs to another, who will give you what is your own?" Such was the man who was clinging to me then, and who wavered with me in deciding what way of life we should hold to.[10]
6.10.17	Nebridius etiam, qui relicta patria uicina Carthagini atque ipsa Carthagine, ubi frequentissimus erat, relicto paterno rure optimo, relicta domo et non secutura matre nullam ob aliam causam Mediolanium uenerat, nisi ut mecum uiueret in flagrantissimo studio ueritatis atque sapientiae, pariter suspirabat pariterque fluctuabat beatae uitae inquisitor ardens et quaestionum difficillimarum scrutator acerrimus. et erant ora trium egentium et inopiam suam sibimet inuicem anhelantium et ad te expectantium, ut dares eis escam in tempore opportuno. et in omni amaritudine, quae nostros saeculares actus de misericordia tua sequebatur, intuentibus nobis finem, cur ea pateremur, occurrebant tenebrae, et auersabamur gementes et dicebamus: „quamdiu haec?" et hoc crebro dicebamus et dicentes non relinquebamus ea, quia non elucebat certum aliquid, quod illis relictis adprehenderemus.	Nebridius too had left his home country near Carthage, and Carthage itself, where he spent most of his time; he had left his father's excellent estate, left his house, and left his mother, who was not going to follow him. He had come to Milan for no other reason than to live with me in a most ardent pursuit of truth and wisdom. Like me he sighed, like me he wavered: a burning seeker of the happy life and a most penetrating examiner of the hardest questions. So there were the mouths of three needy people, gasping out their want to one another and waiting on you, that you might give them their food in due season. And in all the bitterness which, by your mercy, followed our worldly doings, when we looked for the purpose of our suffering, darkness met us. We turned away groaning and said, "How long is this to go on?" We said this often, and while saying it we did not give those things up, because nothing certain shone out that we could grasp once we had given them up.

THIRTY AND STILL SEARCHING

Nearly thirty, Augustine despairs over his unfinished search for wisdom and the pull of career and marriage.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.11.18	Et ego maxime mirabar satagens et recolens, quam longum tempus esset ab undeuicensimo anno aetatis meae, quo feruere coeperam studio sapientiae, disponens ea inuenta relinquere omnes uanarum cupiditatum spes inanes et insanias mendaces. et ecce iam tricenariam aetatem gerebam in eodem luto haesitans auiditate fruendi praesentibus fugientibus et dissipantibus me, dum dico: „cras inueniam; ecce manifestum apparebit, et tenebo; ecce Faustus ueniet et exponet omnia. o magni uiri Academici! nihil ad agendam uitam certi conprehendi potest. inmo quaeramus diligentius et non desperemus. ecce iam non sunt absurda in libris ecclesiasticis, quae absurda uidebantur, et possunt aliter atque honeste intellegi. figam pedes in eo gradu, in quo	And I most of all was amazed, as I anxiously went back over how long a time it had been since my nineteenth year, when I first began to burn with zeal for wisdom, resolving that once I found it I would leave behind all the empty hopes and lying follies of vain cravings. And here I was, already turning thirty, stuck in the same mud, greedy to enjoy present things that were fleeing from me and scattering me, while I kept saying: Tomorrow I will find it. Look, it will appear plainly, and I will hold on to it. Look, Faustus will come and explain everything. O you great men, the Academics! Nothing certain for the conduct of life can be grasped. No—let us search more carefully and not

10 Luke 16:10–12. "Your Truth" is Christ.

LATIN	ENGLISH
puer a parentibus positus eram, donec inueniatur perspicua ueritas. sed ubi quaeretur? quando quaeretur?	despair. Look, the things in the Church's books that used to seem absurd are no longer absurd; they can be understood differently, and in a proper sense. I will plant my feet on the step where my parents set me as a boy, until the clear truth is found. But where is it to be sought? When is it to be sought?
non uacat Ambrosio, non uacat legere. ubi ipsos codices quaerimus? unde aut quando conparamus? a quibus sumimus? deputentur tempora, distribuantur horae pro salute animae. magna spes oborta est: non docet catholica fides, quod putabamus et uani accusabamus. nefas habent docti eius credere deum figura humani corporis terminatum. et dubitamus pulsare, quo aperiantur cetera? antemeridianis horis discipuli occupant; ceteris quid facimus? cur non id agimus? sed quando salutamus amicos maiores, quorum suffragiis opus habemus? quando praeparamus quod emant scholastici? quando reparamus nos ipsos relaxando animo ab intentione curarum? pereant omnia	Ambrose has no time; there is no time to read. Where do we even look for the books? Where, or when, can we buy them? From whom can we borrow them? Let times be set aside, let hours be allotted for the health of the soul. A great hope has dawned: the Catholic faith does not teach what we thought, and what in our emptiness we accused it of. Its learned men hold it sacrilege to believe that God is bounded by the shape of a human body. And do we hesitate to knock, so that the rest may be opened to us? My students take up the morning hours; what do we do with the rest? Why don't we do this? But then when do we pay our respects to influential friends, whose support we need? When do we prepare what students will pay for? When do we restore ourselves, relaxing our minds from the strain of our cares? Away with it all!
6.11.19 et dimittamus haec uana et inania: conferamus nos ad solam inquisitionem ueritatis. uita misera est, mors incerta est; subito obrepat: quomodo hinc exibimus? et ubi nobis discenda sunt quae hinc negleximus? ac non potius huius neglegentiae supplicia luenda? quid, si mors ipsa omnem curam cum sensu amputabit et finiet? ergo et hoc quaerendum. sed absit, ut ita sit. non uacat, non est inane, quod tam eminens culmen auctoritatis christianae fidei toto orbe diffunditur. numquam tanta et talia pro nobis diuinitus agerentur, si morte corporis etiam uita animae consumeretur. quid cunctamur igitur relicta spe saeculi conferre nos totos ad quaerendum deum et uitam beatam?	Let us dismiss all these empty, pointless things and devote ourselves solely to the search for truth. Life is miserable, death uncertain. Suppose it creeps up on us suddenly: in what state will we leave this world? And where are we to learn what we neglected here? Will we not rather have to pay the penalty for this neglect? Or what if death itself cuts off and ends all care along with all sensation? Then this too must be looked into. But God forbid that it should be so. It is not for nothing, it is not empty, that the towering summit of the Christian faith's authority is spread across the whole world. Such great things, and such things, would never be done for us by God if the life of the soul were also used up by the death of the body. Why, then, do we hesitate to give up worldly hope and devote ourselves wholly to seeking God and the happy life?
sed expecta: iucunda sunt etiam ista, habent non paruam dulcedinem suam; non facile ab eis praecidenda est intentio, quia turpe est ad ea rursum redire. ecce iam quantum est, ut inpetretur aliquis honor. et quid amplius in his desiderandum? suppetit amicorum maiorum copia: ut nihil aliud multum festinemus, uel praesidatus dari potest. et ducenda uxor cum aliqua pecunia, ne sumptum	But wait: these things are pleasant too; they have no little sweetness of their own. We should not lightly cut off our pursuit of them, since it would be shameful to go back to them again. Just think what an achievement it would be to obtain some official post now. And what more should we wish

LATIN	ENGLISH
nostrum grauet, et ille erit modus cupiditatis. multi magni uiri et imitatione dignissimi sapientiae studio cum coniugibus dediti fuerunt.“	for in this life? We have plenty of influential friends: if nothing else, and if we press hard, even a provincial governorship could be granted. And we should marry a wife with some money, so that she does not add to our expenses; and that will be the limit of our craving. Many great men, most worthy of imitation, have devoted themselves to the study of wisdom while married.
6.11.20 Cum haec dicebam et alternabant hi uenti et inpellebant huc atque illuc cor meum, transibant tempora, et tardabam conuerti ad dominum et differebam de die in diem uiuere in te et non differebam cotidie in memet ipso mori: amans beatam uitam timebam illam in sede sua et ab ea fugiens quaerebam eam. putabam enim me miserum fore nimis, si feminae priuarer amplexibus, et medicinam misericordiae tuae ad eandem infirmitatem sanandam non cogitabam, quia expertus non eram, et propriarum uirium credebam esse continentiam, quarum mihi non eram conscius, cum tam stultus essem, ut nescirem, sicut scriptum est, neminem posse esse continentem, nisi tu dederis. utique dares, si gemitu interno pulsarem aures tuas et fide solida in te iactarem curam meam.	While I was saying these things, and these winds shifted back and forth and drove my heart this way and that, time was passing, and I was slow to turn to the Lord. From day to day I put off living in you, and did not put off dying daily in myself. Loving the happy life, I feared it in its own dwelling-place, and while fleeing from it I sought it. For I thought I would be too miserable if I were deprived of a woman’s embraces. I gave no thought to the medicine of your mercy for healing that weakness, because I had not tried it; and I believed that self-control came from one’s own strength, a strength I was not aware of having. I was so foolish that I did not know that, as it is written, no one can have self-control unless you grant it. And you would surely have granted it, if I had knocked at your ears with inward groaning and with firm faith had cast my care on you.[11]
6.12.21 Prohibebat me sane Alypius ab uxore ducenda cantans nullo modo nos posse securo otio simul in amore sapientiae uiuere, sicut iam diu desideraremus, si id fecissem. erat enim ipse in ea re etiam tunc castissimus, ita ut mirum esset, quia uel experientiam concubitus ceperat in ingressu adulescentiae suae, sed non haeserat magisque doluerat et spreuerat et deinde iam continentissime uiuebat. ego autem resistebam illi exemplis eorum, qui coniugati coluissent sapientiam et promeruissent deum et habuissent fideliter ac dilexissent amicos. a quorum ego granditate quidem animi longe aberam et deligatus morbo carnis mortifera suauitate trahebam catenam meam solui timens et quasi concusso uulnere repellens uerba bene suadentis tamquam manum soluentis.	Alypius, it is true, kept me from taking a wife, harping on the point that if I did, we could not possibly live together in carefree leisure for the love of wisdom, as we had long desired. For he himself was even then extremely chaste in this respect—remarkably so, since he had had some experience of sexual intercourse at the start of his adolescence. But he had not become attached to it; rather he had regretted and despised it, and from then on lived with complete self-control. I, on the other hand, countered him with the examples of men who had been married and yet had cultivated wisdom, found favor with God, and been faithful and loving to their friends. I was far from their greatness of spirit. Bound by the disease of the flesh and its deadly sweetness, I dragged my chain along, afraid to be released; and as if my wound had been jarred, I pushed away the words of good advice as though they were a hand untying me.
insuper etiam per me ipsi quoque Alypio loquebatur serpens et innectebat atque spargebat per linguam meam	Moreover, through me the serpent was speaking to Alypius himself, weaving and scattering sweet

LATIN	ENGLISH
dulces laqueos in uia eius, quibus illi honesti et expediti pedes inplicarentur.	snares in his path through my tongue, to entangle his honorable and unencumbered feet.
6.12.22 Cum enim me ille miraretur, quem non parui penderet, ita haerere uisco illius uoluptatis, ut me adfirmarem, quotienscumque inde inter nos quaereremus, caelibem uitam nullo modo posse degere atque ita me defenderem, cum illum mirantem uiderem, ut dicerem multum interesse inter illud, quod ipse raptim et furtim expertus esset, quod paene iam ne meminisset quidem atque ideo nulla molestia facile contemneret, et delectationes consuetudinis meae, ad quas si accessisset honestum nomen matrimonii, non eum mirari oportere, cur ego illam uitam nequirem spernere, coeperat et ipse desiderare coniugium nequaquam uictus libidine talis uoluptatis, sed curiositatis. dicebat enim scire se cupere, quidnam esset illud, sine quo uita mea, quae illi sic placebat, non mihi uita, sed poena uideretur.	For he was amazed that I, whom he thought highly of, was so stuck in the birdlime of that pleasure that I would insist, whenever we discussed it between us, that I could never lead a celibate life. And when I saw his amazement, I defended myself by saying that there was a great difference between what he had experienced hurriedly and furtively—which he could hardly even remember now, and so could easily despise without any distress—and the delights of my own habit; and if the honorable name of marriage were added to these, he should not wonder why I could not despise that life. So he too began to desire marriage—not at all overcome by lust for that pleasure, but by curiosity. For he said he wanted to know what this thing was, without which my life, which he liked so much, seemed to me not a life but a punishment.
stupebat enim liber ab illo uinculo animus seruitutem meam et stupendo ibat in experiendi cupidinem uenturus in ipsam experientiam atque inde fortasse lapsurus in eam quam stupebat seruitutem, quoniam sponsionem uolebat facere cum morte, et qui amat periculum, incidet in illud. neutrum enim nostrum, si quod est coniugale decus in officio regendi matrimonii et suscipiendorum liberorum, ducebat nisi tenuiter. magna autem ex parte atque uehementer consuetudo satiandae insatiabilis concupiscentiae me captum excruciabat, illum autem admiratio capiendum trahebat. sic eramus, donec tu, altissime, non deserens humum nostrum miseratus miseros subuenires miris et occultis modis.	For his mind, free of that chain, was astonished at my slavery, and through astonishment was moving toward a desire to try it—on his way to the experience itself, and from there perhaps to fall into the very slavery that astonished him. For he was ready to make a pact with death; and "whoever loves danger will fall into it." Neither of us gave more than slight thought to whatever honor marriage has in the duty of ordering married life and raising children. For the most part it was the habit of sating an insatiable desire that held me captive and tormented me violently, while wonder was drawing him on to be taken captive. So we were, until you, Most High, who do not abandon our clay, took pity on us in our pitiable state and came to our help in wonderful and hidden ways.[12]

PLANS FOR MARRIAGE

Monica arranges a marriage for Augustine, and he agrees to wait two years for the young bride.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.13.23 Et instabatur inpigre, ut ducerem uxorem. iam petebam, iam promittebatur maxime matre dante operam, quo me iam coniugatum baptismus salutaris ablueret, quo me in dies gaudebat aptari et uota sua ac promissa tua in mea fide conpleri animaduertebat. cum sane et rogatu meo et desiderio suo forti clamore cordis abs te deprecaretur	Meanwhile I was being pressed, tirelessly, to marry. I was already making my proposal, and a bride was already being promised, largely through my mother's efforts, so that once I was married the saving waters of baptism might wash me. She was

11 Wisdom 8:21.
12 Sirach 3:26 (3:27 in the Latin Bible); the "pact with death" echoes Isaiah 28:15.

LATIN	ENGLISH
cotidie, ut ei per uisum ostenderes aliquid de futuro matrimonio meo, numquam uoluisti. et uidebat quaedam uana et phantastica, quo cogebat inpetus de hac re satagentis humani spiritus, et narrabat mihi non cum fiducia, qua solebat, cum tu demonstrabas ei, sed contemnens ea. dicebat enim discernere se nescio quo sapore, quem uerbis explicare non poterat, quid interesset inter reuelantem te et animam suam somniantem.	glad that I was becoming more fit for it day by day, and saw her prayers and your promises being fulfilled in my faith. At my request, and from her own longing, she begged you every day with a strong cry of the heart to show her something in a vision about my future marriage; but you never would. She did see some empty and fanciful things, produced by the pressure of a human spirit preoccupied with the matter, and she told them to me—not with the confidence she used to have when you showed her something, but dismissing them. For she said that by some kind of taste, which she could not explain in words, she could tell the difference between you revealing something and her own soul dreaming.
instabatur tamen, et puella petebatur, cuius aetas ferme biennio minus quam nubilis erat, et quia ea placebat, exspectabatur.	Still, the pressure went on, and a girl was asked for in marriage who was about two years short of marriageable age; and since she was acceptable, we waited.[13]

A COMMUNITY OF FRIENDS

Augustine and his friends plan a shared life of philosophical leisure, but the plan collapses over wives.

LATIN	ENGLISH
6.14.24 Et multi amici agitaueramus animo et conloquentes ac detestantes turbulentas humanae uitae molestias paene iam firmaueramus remoti a turbis otiose uiuere, id otium sic moliti, ut, si quid habere possemus, conferremus in medium unamque rem familiarem conflaremus ex omnibus, ut per amicitiae sinceritatem non esset aliud huius et aliud illius, sed quod ex cunctis fieret unum, et uniuersum singulorum esset et omnia omnium, cum uideremur nobis esse posse decem ferme homines in eadem societate essentque inter nos praediuites, Romanianus maxime communiceps noster, quem tunc graues aestus negotiorum suorum ad comitatum adtraxerant, ab ineunte aetate mihi familiarissimus. qui maxime instabat huic rei et magnam in suadendo habebat auctoritatem, quod ampla res eius multum ceteris anteibat.	Many of us friends, too, had been turning things over in our minds, talking together and deploring the turbulent troubles of human life, and we had almost resolved to withdraw from the crowds and live in leisure. We had planned that leisure so that whatever each of us could own we would put into a common fund, making one household out of all of them. Through the sincerity of friendship, nothing would be this one's or that one's; instead, one thing would be made out of all, and the whole would belong to each, and everything to everyone. It seemed to us that there could be about ten people in this community, and some of us were very rich—above all Romanianus, from our own town, who had been my close friend from my earliest years, and whom the grave turmoil of his affairs had then drawn to the imperial court. He was the keenest on this plan, and his voice carried great weight in persuading us, because his large fortune far exceeded everyone else's.[14]
et placuerat nobis, ut bini annui tamquam magistratus omnia necessaria curarent ceteris quietis. sed	We had agreed that each year two of us, like magistrates, would take care of all necessary business, leaving the rest in peace. But once we began

13 Roman law set twelve as the minimum age of marriage for girls.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	posteaquam coepit cogitari, utrum hoc mulierculae sinerent, quas et alii nostrum iam habebant et nos habere uolebamus, totum illud placitum, quod bene formabamus, dissiluit in manibus atque confractum et abiectum est. inde ad suspiria et gemitus et gressus ad sequendas latas et tritas uias saeculi, quoniam multae cogitationes erant in corde nostro, consilium autem tuum manet in aeternum. ex quo consilio deridebas nostra et tua praeparabas nobis daturus escam in opportunitate et aperturus manum atque impleturus animas nostras benedictione.	to consider whether our women would allow it—some of us already had wives, and we wanted to have them—the whole plan we had shaped so well fell apart in our hands, broke, and was thrown away. Then back we went to sighs and groans, and our steps turned to follow the broad and well-worn ways of the world; for there were many thoughts in our heart, but your counsel stands forever. Out of that counsel you laughed at our plans and prepared your own for us, intending to give us food in due season, and to open your hand and fill our souls with blessing.

THE PARTING

Augustine's longtime partner is sent back to Africa, and he takes another mistress while awaiting marriage.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
6.15.25	Interea mea peccata multiplicabantur, et auulsa a latere meo tamquam inpedimento coniugii cum qua cubare solitus eram, cor, ubi adhaerebat, concisum et uulneratum mihi erat et trahebat sanguinem. et illa in Africam redierat uouens tibi alium se uirum nesciturum relicto apud me naturali ex illa filio meo. at ego infelix nec feminae imitator, dilationis inpatiens, tamquam post biennium accepturus eam quam petebam, quia non amator coniugii sed libidinis seruus eram, procuraui aliam, non utique coniugem, quo tamquam sustentaretur et perduceretur uel integer uel auctior morbus animae meae satellitio perdurantis consuetudinis in regnum uxorium. nec sanabatur uulnus illud meum, quod prioris praecisione factum erat, sed post feruorem doloremque acerrimum putrescebat et quasi frigidius, sed desperatius dolebat.	Meanwhile my sins were multiplying. The woman I had been used to sleeping with was torn from my side as an obstacle to my marriage, and my heart, which clung to her, was cut and wounded and trailed blood. She had gone back to Africa, vowing to you that she would never know another man, and leaving with me the son I had by her. But I, unhappy man, could not even imitate a woman. Impatient of delay—for I was to receive the girl I was courting only after two years—and because I was no lover of marriage but a slave of lust, I procured another woman, certainly not as a wife. So the disease of my soul would be kept alive, as it were, and carried on, intact or even worse, under the escort of a lasting habit, into the realm of married life. Nor was that wound of mine healed, the one made by cutting away the first woman. After the fever and the sharpest pain it began to fester, and it hurt more coldly, so to speak, but more hopelessly.
6.16.26	Tibi laus, tibi gloria, fons misericordiarum. ego fiebam miserior et tu propinquior. aderat iam iamque dextera tua raptura me de caeno et ablutura, et ignorabam. nec me reuocabat a profundiore uoluptatum carnalium gurgite nisi metus mortis et futuri iudicii tui, qui per uarias quidem opiniones, numquam tamen recessit de pectore meo. et disputabam cum amicis meis Alypio et Nebridio de finibus bonorum et malorum Epicurum accepturum fuisse palmam in animo meo, nisi ego	Praise to you, glory to you, fountain of mercies! I was growing more wretched, and you were coming nearer. Your right hand was already there, at any moment about to snatch me out of the mud and wash me clean, and I did not know it. Nothing called me back from a still deeper whirlpool of carnal pleasures except the fear of death and of your judgment to come, which, through all my shifting opinions, never left my heart. And I used

14 Romanianus, a wealthy man of Thagaste who had supported Augustine's education; Augustine later dedicated *Against the Academics* to him.

LATIN	ENGLISH
credidissem post mortem restare animae uitam et tractus meritorum, quod Epicurus credere noluit.	to argue with my friends Alypius and Nebridius about the ends of good and evil. Epicurus, I said, would have won the prize in my mind, had I not believed that after death the soul lives on, and so do the consequences of what we have deserved—which Epicurus refused to believe.[15]
et quaerebam, si essemus inmortales et in perpetua corporis uoluptate sine ullo amissionis terrore uiueremus, cur non essemus beati aut quid aliud quaereremus, nesciens id ipsum ad magnam miseriam pertinere, quod ita demersus et caecus cogitare non possem lumen honestatis et gratis amplectendae pulchritudinis, quam non uidet oculus carnis et uidetur ex intimo. nec considerabam miser, ex qua uena mihi manaret, quod ista ipsa foeda tamen cum amicis dulciter conferebam nec esse sine amicis poteram beatus etiam secundum sensum, quem tunc habebam quantalibet affluentia carnalium uoluptatum. quos utique amicos gratis diligebam uicissimque ab eis me diligi gratis sentiebam. o tortuosas uias! uae animae meae audaci, quae sperauit, si a te recessisset, se aliquid melius habituram!	And I would ask: if we were immortal, and lived in unending bodily pleasure with no fear of losing it, why would we not be happy, or what else would we be looking for? I did not know that this itself was part of my great misery: that, sunk and blind as I was, I could not conceive the light of goodness, and of a beauty to be embraced for its own sake, which the eye of the flesh does not see but which is seen from within. Nor did I consider, wretch that I was, from what spring it flowed that I could talk over even these shameful things with my friends and find it sweet, and that I could not be happy without friends, even by the standard of happiness I held then, however great the abundance of carnal pleasures. These friends I certainly loved for their own sake, and I felt that they in turn loved me for my own sake. O twisting paths! Woe to the reckless soul that hoped, if it withdrew from you, to have something better!
uersa et reuersa in tergum et in latera et in uentrem, et dura sunt omnia, et tu solus requies. et ecce ades et liberas a miserabilibus erroribus et constitues nos in uia tua et consolaris et dicis: „currite, ego feram et ego perducam et ibi ego feram.“	Turned and turned again, onto its back, its sides, its belly—everything is hard, and you alone are rest. And look, you are here: you free us from our wretched errors, set us on your way, comfort us, and say, “Run! I will carry you, I will bring you through, and there too I will carry you.”

15 Epicurus (341–270 BC) held pleasure to be the highest good and the soul to die with the body. “The ends of good and evil” echoes the title of Cicero’s dialogue on ethics.

Book VII

The Platonist books and the nature of evil
Platonist books help Augustine conceive of God as spirit and of evil as privation.

THINKING OF GOD AS A BODY

Augustine struggles because he can only imagine God as a vast body spread through space.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.1.1	Iam mortua erat adulescentia mea mala et nefanda, et ibam in iuuentutem, quanto aetate maior, tanto uanitate turpior, qui cogitare aliquid substantiae nisi tale non poteram, quale per hos oculos uideri solet. non te cogitabam, deus, in figura corporis humani, ex quo audire aliquid de sapientia coepi; semper hoc fugi et gaudebam me hoc reperire in fide spiritalis matris nostrae, catholicae tuae; sed quid te aliud cogitarem non occurrebat.	By now my bad and wicked adolescence was dead, and I was going on into young manhood—the older in years, the more shameful in my emptiness. I could not conceive of any substance except the kind usually seen through these eyes. I did not think of you, God, in the shape of a human body; ever since I had begun to hear something of wisdom, I had always shunned that idea, and I was glad to have found it rejected in the faith of our spiritual mother, your Catholic Church. But what else to think you were did not occur to me.
	et conabar cogitare te homo, et talis homo, summum et solum et uerum deum, et te incorruptibilem et inuiolabilem et inconmutabilem totis medullis credebam, quia nesciens, unde et quomodo, plane tamen uidebam et certus eram id, quod corrumpi potest, deterius esse quam id quod non potest, et quod uiolari non potest, incunctanter praeponebam uiolabili, et quod nullam patitur mutationem, melius esse quam id quod mutari potest.	And I, a man—and such a man—was trying to conceive of you, the supreme and only and true God. With all my inmost being I believed you to be incorruptible and inviolable and unchangeable. For, though I did not know where from or how, I saw plainly and was certain that what can be corrupted is worse than what cannot; what cannot be violated I unhesitatingly ranked above what can; and what suffers no change is better than what can change.
	clamabat uiolenter cor meum aduersus omnia phantasmata mea et hoc uno ictu conabar abigere circumuolantem turbam inmunditiae ab acie mentis meae: et uix dimota in ictu oculi ecce conglobata rursus aderat et inruebat in aspectum meum et obnubilabat eum, ut quamuis non forma humani corporis, corporeum tamen aliquid cogitare cogerer per spatia locorum siue infusum mundo siue etiam extra mundum per infinita diffusum, etiam ipsum incorruptibile et inuiolabile et inconmutabile, quod corruptibili et uiolabili et conmutabili praeponebam, quoniam quidquid priuabam spatiis talibus, nihil mihi esse uidebatur, sed prorsus nihil, ne inane quidem, tamquam si corpus auferatur loco et maneat locus omni corpore uacuatus et terreno et humido et aerio et caelesti, sed tamen sit locus inanis tamquam spatiosum nihil.	My heart cried out violently against all my phantoms, and with this one blow I tried to beat away from my mind's eye the swarm of uncleanness flying around it. But scarcely was it driven off when, in the blink of an eye, look, it had massed together again and was back, rushing at my sight and clouding it. So although I did not think of you in the form of a human body, I was still forced to think of something bodily, extended through space—whether poured into the world or even spread through infinity outside the world. I thought this even of that incorruptible, inviolable, and unchangeable being which I ranked above the corruptible, violable, and changeable. For whatever I stripped of such spaces seemed to me to be nothing—absolutely nothing, not even a

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	void. It was as if a body were taken out of a place, and the place remained emptied of every body, earthy, watery, airy, and heavenly, and yet was still a place, empty, a spacious nothing.
7.1.2 Ego itaque incrassatus corde nec mihimet ipsi uel ipse conspicuus, quidquid non per aliquanta spatia tenderetur uel diffunderetur uel conglobaretur uel tumeret uel tale aliquid caperet aut capere posset, nihil prorsus esse arbitrabar. per quales enim formas ire solent oculi mei, per tales imagines ibat cor meum, nec uidebam hanc eandem intentionem, qua illas ipsas imagines formabam, non esse tale aliquid: quae tamen ipsas non formaret, nisi esset magnum aliquid. ita etiam te, uita uitae meae, grandem per infinita spatia undique cogitabam penetrare totam mundi molem et extra eam quaquauersum per inmensa sine termino, ut haberet te terra, haberet caelum, haberent omnia et illa finirentur in te, tu autem nusquam.	So I, grown dull of heart and not even clear to myself, thought that whatever was not stretched out over some amount of space, or diffused, or massed together, or swelling, or did not contain or could not contain something of that kind, was nothing at all. For my heart moved among images just like the forms my eyes are used to moving among, and I did not see that the very attention by which I formed those images was not anything of that sort—and yet it could not have formed them unless it were something great. So I thought even of you, life of my life, as vast, penetrating the whole mass of the world through infinite spaces on every side, and beyond it in every direction through immensity without end, so that the earth would have you, the sky would have you, all things would have you, and they would be bounded in you, but you nowhere.
sicut autem luci solis non obsisteret aeris corpus, aeris huius, qui supra terram est, quominus per eum traiceretur penetrans eum non dirrumpendo aut concidendo, sed implendo eum totum, sic tibi putabam non solum caeli et aeris et maris, sed etiam terrae corpus peruium et ex omnibus maximis minimisque partibus penetrabile ad capiendam praesentiam tuam, occulta inspiratione intrinsecus et extrinsecus administrante omnia, quae creasti. ita suspicabar, quia cogitare aliud non poteram; nam falsum erat. illo enim modo maior pars terrae maiorem tui partem haberet et minorem minor, atque ita te plena essent omnia, ut amplius tui caperet elephanti corpus quam passeris, quo esset isto grandius grandioremque occuparet locum, atque ita frustatim partibus mundi magnis magnas, breuibus breues partes tuas praesentes faceres.	Just as the body of the air—this air above the earth—does not block the sun's light from passing through it, penetrating it not by bursting or cutting it but by filling it entirely, so I thought that not only the body of the sky, the air, and the sea, but also that of the earth, was open to you, penetrable in all its parts, greatest and least, to receive your presence; and that by a hidden inspiration you governed, within and without, all the things you had created. That was my guess, because I could think of nothing else; but it was false. For in that way a larger part of the earth would hold a larger part of you, and a smaller part a smaller; and all things would be full of you in such a way that an elephant's body would hold more of you than a sparrow's, by as much as it is bigger and takes up a bigger place. And so you would make your parts present piecemeal to the parts of the world—large parts to the large, small parts to the small.
non est autem ita. sed nondum inluminaueras tenebras meas.	But it is not so. You had not yet lit up my darkness.
7.2.3 Sat erat mihi, domine, aduersus illos deceptos deceptores et loquaces mutos, quoniam non ex eis sonabat uerbum tuum, sat erat ergo illud quod iam diu ab usque Carthagine a Nebridio proponi solebat et omnes, qui	Against those deceived deceivers and talkative mutes—mute, since your Word did not sound from them—it was enough for me, Lord; it was enough, that argument Nebridius used to put forward long

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audiebamus, concussi sumus: quid erat tibi factura nescio qua gens tenebrarum, quam ex aduersa mole solent proponere, si tu cum ea pugnare noluisses? si enim responderetur aliquid fuisse nocituram, uiolabilis tu et corruptibilis fores.	ago, back in Carthage, which shook all of us who heard it. What would that race of darkness—whatever it is—which they set against you as an opposing mass, have done to you if you had refused to fight it? If the answer was that it would have done you some harm, then you would be violable and corruptible.[1]
si autem nihil ea nocere potuisse diceretur, nulla afferretur causa pugnandi et ita pugnandi, ut quaedam portio tua et membrum tuum uel proles de ipsa substantia tua misceretur aduersis potestatibus et non a te creatis naturis atque in tantum ab eis corrumperetur et conmutaretur in deterius, ut a beatitudine in miseriam uerteretur et egeret auxilio, quo erui purgarique posset, et hanc esse animam, cui tuus sermo seruienti liber et contaminatae purus et corruptae integer subueniret, sed et ipse corruptibilis, quia ex una eademque substantia. itaque si te, quidquid es, id est substantiam tuam, qua es, incorruptibilem dicerent, falsa esse illa omnia et exsecrabilia; si autem corruptibilem, id ipsum iam falsum et prima uoce abominandum.	But if they said it could have done you no harm, they would give no reason for fighting—and for fighting in such a way that some portion of you, a limb of yours, offspring of your very substance, was mixed up with hostile powers and natures not created by you, and was so corrupted by them and changed for the worse that it was turned from happiness into misery and needed help to be rescued and cleansed. This, they say, is the soul; and your Word comes to its aid, free to help it in its slavery, pure to help it in its defilement, whole to help it in its corruption—and yet the Word too is corruptible, since it is of one and the same substance. So if they said that you, whatever you are—that is, your substance, by which you are—are incorruptible, then all those other claims were false and abominable; but if they said you were corruptible, that very statement was false and to be rejected at the first word.
sat erat ergo istuc aduersus eos omni modo euomendos a pressura pectoris, quia non habebant, qua exirent sine horribili sacrilegio cordis et linguae sentiendo de te ista et loquendo.	This, then, was enough against them: they deserved to be vomited up by every means from my oppressed heart, since they had no way out without horrible sacrilege of heart and tongue, thinking and saying such things about you.

WHERE DOES EVIL COME FROM?

Augustine wrestles with where evil comes from if a good God made all things.

LATIN	ENGLISH
7.3.4 Sed et ego adhuc, quamuis incontaminabilem et inconuertibilem et nulla ex parte mutabilem dicerem firmeque sentirem dominum nostrum, deum uerum, qui fecisti non solum animas nostras sed etiam corpora, nec tantum nostras animas et corpora, sed omnes et omnia, non tenebam explicitam et enodatam causam mali. quaecumque tamen esset, sic eam quaerendam uidebam, ut non per illam constringerem deum inconmutabilem mutabilem credere, ne ipse fierem quod quaerebam. itaque securus eam quaerebam et certus non esse uerum quod illi dicerent, quos toto animo fugiebam, quia	But even I, at that time—although I said, and firmly believed, that our Lord, the true God, who made not only our souls but our bodies too, and not only our souls and bodies but everyone and everything, could not be defiled or altered or changed in any part—still did not grasp the cause of evil, untangled and made plain. Whatever it was, though, I saw that I had to seek it in a way that would not force me to believe the unchangeable God changeable, lest I myself become the very evil I was looking for. So I sought it without

1 The "race of darkness" is the Manichees' evil principle, which they set against God as an equal opposing power.

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	uidebam quaerendo, unde malum, repletos malitia, qua opinarentur tuam potius substantiam male pati quam suam male facere.	anxiety, certain that what those people said was not true, whom I fled with my whole mind. For I saw that in asking where evil comes from, they were full of malice, since they preferred to think that your substance suffers evil rather than that their own does evil.
7.3.5	Et intendebam, ut cernerem quod audiebam, liberum uoluntatis arbitrium causam esse, ut male faceremus et rectum iudicium tuum ut pateremur, et eam liquidam cernere non ualebam. itaque aciem mentis de profundo educere conatus mergebar iterum et saepe conatus mergebar iterum atque iterum. subleuabat enim me in lucem tuam, quod tam sciebam me habere uoluntatem quam me uiuere. itaque cum aliquid uellem aut nollem, non alium quam me uelle ac nolle certissimus eram et ibi esse causam peccati mei iam iamque aduertebam. quod autem inuitus facerem, pati me potius quam facere uidebam et id non culpam, sed poenam esse iudicabam, qua me non iniuste plecti, te iustum cogitans, cito fatebar. sed rursus dicebam: „quis fecit me? nonne deus meus, non tantum bonus, sed ipsum bonum?	I strained to see what I had heard: that the free choice of the will is the cause of our doing evil, and your just judgment the cause of our suffering it. But I could not see it clearly. I tried to lift my mind's eye out of the depths, and sank again; I tried often, and sank again and again. What lifted me toward your light was this: I knew I had a will as surely as I knew I was alive. So when I willed or did not will something, I was utterly certain that it was I and no one else who willed or did not will it, and I was coming to see more and more that the cause of my sin lay there. But what I did against my will, I saw that I suffered rather than did, and I judged it not a fault but a penalty; and, thinking of you as just, I was quick to admit that I was not unjustly punished by it. But then again I would say: "Who made me? Was it not my God, who is not only good but goodness itself?
	unde igitur mihi male uelle et bene nolle? ut esset, cur iuste poenas luerem? quis in me hoc posuit et inseuit mihi plantarium amaritudinis, cum totus fierem a dulcissimo deo meo? si diabolus auctor, unde ipse diabolus? quod si et ipse peruersa uoluntate ex bono angelo diabolus factus est, unde et in ipso uoluntas mala, qua diabolus fieret, quando totus angelus a conditore optimo factus esset?" his cogitationibus deprimebar iterum et suffocabar, sed non usque ad illum infernum subducebar erroris, ubi nemo tibi confitetur, dum tu potius mala pati quam homo facere putatur.	"Where, then, does my willing evil and not willing good come from? Is it so that I might justly pay the penalty? Who put this in me, and planted in me this seedbed of bitterness, when I was made entirely by my most sweet God? If the devil is the author, where does the devil himself come from? And if he too was turned from a good angel into a devil by a perverse will, where did the evil will come from in him, by which he became a devil, when the whole angel had been made by a Creator who is supremely good?" Under these thoughts I was pushed down again and choked. But I was not dragged down to that hell of error where no one confesses to you, since there it is thought that you suffer evil rather than that human beings do it.
7.4.6	Sic enim nitebar inuenire cetera, ut iam inueneram melius esse incorruptibile quam corruptibile, et ideo te, quidquid esses, esse incorruptibilem confitebar. neque enim ulla anima umquam potuit poteritue cogitare aliquid, quod sit te melius, qui summum et optimum bonum es. cum autem uerissime atque certissime incorruptibile corruptibili praeponatur, sicut ego iam praeponebam, poteram iam cogitatione aliquid adtingere, quod esset melius deo meo, nisi tu esses	For I was striving to find the rest in the same way as I had already found that the incorruptible is better than the corruptible; and so I confessed that you, whatever you were, were incorruptible. For no soul ever could, or ever will be able to, conceive of anything better than you, who are the supreme and highest good. And since the incorruptible is most truly and most certainly to be ranked above the corruptible, as I already ranked it, I

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incorruptibilis. ubi igitur uidebam incorruptibile corruptibili esse praeferendum, ibi te quaerere debebam atque inde aduertere, ubi sit malum, id est unde sit ipsa corruptio, qua uiolari substantia tua nullo modo potest.

nullo enim prorsus uiolat corruptio deum nostrum, nulla uoluntate, nulla necessitate, nullo inprouiso casu, quoniam ipse est deus et quod sibi uult, bonum est et ipse est idem bonum; corrumpi autem non est bonum. nec cogeris inuitus ad aliquid, quia uoluntas tua non est maior quam potentia tua. esset autem maior, si te ipso tu ipse maior esses: uoluntas enim et potentia dei deus ipse est. quid inprouisum tibi, qui nosti omnia? et nulla natura est, nisi quia nosti eam. et ut quid multa dicimus, cur non sit corruptibilis substantia, quae deus est, quando, si hoc esset, non esset deus?

7.5.7 Et quaerebam, unde malum, et male quaerebam et in ipsa inquisitione mea non uidebam malum. et constituebam in conspectu spiritus mei uniuersam creaturam, quidquid in ea cernere possumus, sicuti est terra et mare et aer et sidera et arbores et animalia mortalia, et quidquid in ea non uidemus, sicut firmamentum caeli insuper et omnes angelos et cuncta spiritalia eius, sed etiam ipsa, quasi corpora essent, locis et locis ordinata, ut imaginatio mea;

et feci unam massam grandem distinctam generibus corporum creaturam tuam, siue re uera quae corpora erant, siue quae ipse pro spiritibus finxeram, et eam feci grandem, non quantum erat, quod scire non poteram, sed quantum libuit, undiqueuersum sane finitam, te autem, domine, ex omni parte ambientem et penetrantem eam, sed usquequaque infinitum, tamquam si mare esset ubique et undique per inmensa infinitum solum mare et haberet intra se spongiam quamlibet magnam, sed finitam tamen, plena esset utique spongia illa ex omni sua parte ex inmenso mari: sic creaturam tuam finitam te infinito plenam putabam et dicebam: „ecce deus et ecce quae creauit deus, et bonus deus atque his ualidissime longissimeque praestantior; sed tamen bonus bona creauit: et ecce quomodo ambit atque implet ea?

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could in thought have reached something better than my God—if you were not incorruptible. There, then, where I saw that the incorruptible is to be preferred to the corruptible, I ought to have sought you, and from there to have worked out where evil is—that is, where corruption itself comes from, by which your substance can in no way be harmed.

For corruption in no way at all harms our God—not by any will, any necessity, any unforeseen chance—since he is God, and what he wills for himself is good, and he himself is that very good; but to be corrupted is not good. Nor are you forced into anything against your will, because your will is not greater than your power. It would be greater only if you were greater than yourself; for the will and the power of God are God himself. And what can be unforeseen to you, who know all things? No nature exists except because you know it. But why do we say so much about why the substance that is God is not corruptible, when, if it were, it would not be God?

I was asking where evil comes from, and I was asking in an evil way, and I did not see the evil in my very asking. I set before my spirit's gaze the whole creation: whatever we can see in it—earth and sea and air and stars and trees and mortal animals—and whatever we do not see in it, such as the firmament of heaven above, and all the angels and all its spiritual beings. But even these my imagination arranged in their various places as if they were bodies.

And I made your creation into one great mass, divided up by kinds of bodies—both those that really were bodies and those I had imagined in place of spirits. I made it great—not as great as it was, which I could not know, but as great as I pleased—though bounded, of course, on every side. And you, Lord, I pictured surrounding and penetrating it on every side, but infinite in every direction. It was as if there were a sea everywhere, stretching on all sides through immensity, nothing but one infinite sea, and it held within it a sponge, as large as you like but still finite: that sponge would surely be filled in every part by the immeasurable sea. So I thought your finite creation was full of you, the infinite, and I said: Here is God, and here is what God created. God is good, and far, far sur-

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passes these things in power and greatness; but still, being good, he created good things—and see how he surrounds and fills them.

ubi ergo malum et unde et qua huc inrepsit? quae radix eius et quod semen eius? an omnino non est? cur ergo timemus et cauemus quod non est? aut si inaniter timemus, timor ipse malum est, quo incassum stimulatur et excruciatur cor, et tanto grauius malum, quanto non est, quod timeamus, et timemus. idcirco aut est malum, quod timemus, aut hoc malum est, quia timemus. unde est igitur, quia deus fecit haec omnia bonus bona? maius quidem et summum bonum minora fecit bona, sed tamen et creans et creata bona sunt omnia. unde est malum? an unde fecit ea, materies aliqua mala erat, et formauit atque ordinauit eam, sed reliquit aliquid in illa, quod in bonum non conuerteret? cur et hoc?

Where, then, is evil? Where does it come from, and how did it creep in here? What is its root, and what its seed? Or does it not exist at all? Then why do we fear and guard against what does not exist? Or if our fear is groundless, surely the fear itself is an evil, goading and tormenting the heart for nothing —and an evil all the worse, since there is nothing to fear, and yet we fear. So either there is an evil that we fear, or the evil is that we fear. Where, then, does it come from, since God, who is good, made all these things good? He, the greater and supreme good, made lesser goods; but still, creator and created alike, all are good. Where does evil come from? Was there some evil matter from which he made things, which he shaped and ordered, but left something in it that he did not turn into good? Why that too?

an inpotens erat totam uertere et conmutare, ut nihil mali remaneret, cum sit omnipotens? postremo cur inde aliquid facere uoluit ac non potius eadem omnipotentia fecit, ut nulla esset omnino? aut uero exsistere poterat contra eius uoluntatem? aut si aeterna erat, cur tam diu per infinita retro spatia temporum sic eam siuit esse ac tanto post placuit aliquid ex ea facere? aut iam, si aliquid subito uoluit agere, hoc potius ageret omnipotens, ut illa non esset atque ipse solus esset totum uerum et summum et infinitum bonum? aut si non erat bene, ut non aliquid boni etiam fabricaretur et conderet qui bonus erat, illa sublata et ad nihilum redacta materie, quae mala erat, bonam ipse institueret, unde omnia crearet?

Was he unable to turn and change the whole of it so that no evil remained, when he is almighty? Finally, why did he want to make anything from it at all, and not rather, by that same almighty power, make it not exist at all? Or could it exist against his will? Or if it was eternal, why did he let it be that way for so long, through the infinite stretches of past time, and then so much later decide to make something out of it? Or if he suddenly wanted to act, would not the almighty rather have acted so that it would not exist, and he alone would be, the whole, true, supreme, and infinite good? Or if it was not good that he who was good should not also fashion and found something good, why did he not remove that evil matter and reduce it to nothing, and himself establish good matter from which to create all things?

non enim esset omnipotens, si condere non posset aliquid boni, nisi ea quam non ipse condiderat adiuuaretur materia“. talia uoluebam pectore misero, ingrauidato curis mordacissimis de timore mortis et non inuenta ueritate; stabiliter tamen haerebat in corde meo in catholica ecclesia fides Christi tui, domini et saluatoris nostri, in multis quidem adhuc informis et praeter doctrinae normam fluitans, sed tamen non eam relinquebat animus, inmo in dies magis magisque inbibebat.

For he would not be almighty if he could not found anything good without the help of matter he had not founded himself. Such things I turned over in my wretched heart, weighed down with the most gnawing cares by the fear of death and by not having found the truth. Yet the faith of your Christ, our Lord and Savior, as held in the Catholic Church, stayed firmly fixed in my heart. In many respects it was still unformed and drifting from the rule of doctrine; yet my mind did not abandon it, but drank it in more and more every day.

ASTROLOGY REFUTED

Augustine finally rejects astrology after hearing about twins born under the same stars with different fates.

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7.6.8	Iam etiam mathematicorum fallaces diuinationes et inpia deliramenta reieceram. confiteantur etiam hinc tibi de intimis uisceribus animae meae miserationes tuae, deus meus! tu enim, tu omnino — nam quis alius a morte omnis erroris reuocat nos nisi uita, quae mori nescit, et sapientia mentes indigentes inluminans, nullo indigens lumine, qua mundus administratur usque ad arborum uolatica folia? — tu procurasti peruicaciae meae, qua obluctatus sum Vindiciano acuto seni et Nebridio adulescenti mirabilis animae, illi uehementer adfirmanti, huic cum dubitatione quidem aliqua, sed tamen crebro dicenti non esse illam artem futura praeuidendi, coniecturas autem hominum habere saepe uim sortis et multa dicendo dici pleraque uentura nescientibus eis, qui dicerent, sed in ea non tacendo incurrentibus, procurasti tu ergo hominem amicum, non quidem segnem consultatorem mathematicorum nec eas litteras bene callentem, sed, ut dixi, consultorem curiosum et tamen scientem aliquid, quod a patre suo se audisse dicebat: quod quantum ualeret ad illius artis opinionem euertendam, ignorabat.	By now I had also rejected the deceitful predictions and impious ravings of the astrologers. Let your mercies confess to you for this too, my God, from the inmost depths of my soul! For it was you, entirely you—for who else calls us back from the death of every error but the life that cannot die, and the wisdom that lights up needy minds while needing no light itself, the wisdom by which the world is governed, down to the fluttering leaves of the trees?—it was you who took care of my stubbornness. I had fought against Vindicianus, a shrewd old man, and Nebridius, a young man of wonderful spirit: the first declared vehemently, and the second said often, though with some hesitation, that there is no art of foreseeing the future; that human guesses often have the force of chance; and that by saying many things, people say many things that will come true, without knowing it themselves, simply stumbling on them by not keeping quiet. So you provided a man who was a friend—no lazy consulter of astrologers, and not well versed in their literature, but, as I said, a curious consulter—who nevertheless knew something he said he had heard from his father; how much it would do to overturn belief in that art, he did not know.
	is ergo uir nomine Firminus, liberaliter institutus et excultus eloquio, cum me tamquam carissimum de quibusdam suis rebus, in quas saecularis spes eius intumuerat, consuleret, quid mihi secundum suas quas constellationes appellant uideretur, ego autem, qui iam de hac re in Nebridii sententiam flecti coeperam, non quidem abnuerem conicere ac dicere quod nutanti occurrebat, sed tamen subicerem prope iam esse mihi persuasum ridicula illa esse et inania, tum ille mihi narrauit patrem suum fuisse librorum talium curiosissimum et habuisse amicum aeque illa simulque sectantem. qui pari studio et conlatione flagrabant in eas nugas igne cordis sui, ita ut mutorum quoque animalium, si quae domi parerent, obseruarent momenta nascentium atque ad ea caeli positionem notarent, unde illius quasi artis experimenta colligerent.	This man, Firminus by name, had a liberal education and was well trained in eloquence. He consulted me, as a very dear friend, about certain affairs of his in which his worldly hopes had swelled, asking what I thought according to what they call his constellations. By then I had begun to lean toward Nebridius's view on the matter. I did not refuse to make a guess and say what occurred to my wavering mind, but I did add that I was now almost persuaded that these things were ridiculous and empty. Then he told me that his father had been extremely curious about such books, and had had a friend who pursued them just as eagerly and alongside him. With equal zeal, and comparing notes, they fanned the fire of their hearts over these trifles, so that they even observed the moments of birth of dumb animals, if any gave birth in their houses, and noted the position of the sky

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	at those moments, in order to gather experimental evidence for this so-called art.[2]
itaque dicebat audisse se a patre suo, quod cum eundem Firminum praegnans mater esset, etiam illius paterni amici famula quaedam pariter utero grandescebat. quod latere non potuit dominum, qui etiam canum suarum partus examinatissima diligentia nosse curabat; atque ita factum esse, ut cum iste coniugis, ille autem ancillae dies et horas minutioresque horarum articulos cautissima obseruatione numerarent, enixae essent ambae simul, ita ut easdem constellationes usque ad easdem minutias utrique nascenti facere cogerentur, iste filio, ille seruulo. nam cum mulieres parturire coepissent, indicauerunt sibi ambo, quid sua cuiusque domo ageretur, et parauerunt quos ad se inuicem mitterent, simul ut natum quod parturiebatur esset cuique nuntiatum: quod tamen ut continuo nuntiaretur, tamquam in regno suo facile effecerant.	So he said he had heard from his father that when Firminus's mother was pregnant with him, a slave woman belonging to that friend of his father's was also growing big with child at the same time. This could not escape her master, who took care to know even when his dogs gave birth, with the most minute attention. And so it happened that while the one man counted the days, hours, and smaller fractions of hours for his wife, and the other for his slave woman, with the most careful observation, both women gave birth at the same moment—so that they were compelled to cast the same horoscope, down to the same minutes, for each newborn: the one for his son, the other for his little slave. For when the women began to go into labor, the two men informed each other what was happening in each one's house, and had messengers ready to send to one another, so that each would be told of the birth the moment it happened. That it should be announced instantly they had easily arranged, as each was master in his own domain.
atque ita qui ab alterutro missi sunt, tam ex paribus domorum interuallis sibi obuiam factos esse dicebat, ut aliam positionem siderum aliasque particulas momentorum neuter eorum notare sineretur: et tamen Firminus amplo apud suos loco natus dealbatiores uias saeculi cursitabat, augebatur diuitiis, sublimabatur honoribus, seruus autem ille conditionis iugo nullatenus relaxato dominis seruiebat ipso indicante, qui nouerat eum.	And the messengers sent by each, he said, met each other at a point so exactly equidistant from the two houses that neither man could note any other position of the stars or any other fraction of a moment. And yet Firminus, born to a high station among his people, ran along the brighter roads of the world, grew in wealth, and was raised to honors; while that slave served his masters, the yoke of his condition not loosened in the least—as Firminus himself, who knew him, reported.
7.6.9 His itaque auditis et creditis — talis quippe narrauerat — omnis illa reluctatio mea soluta concidit, et primo Firminum ipsum conatus sum ab illa curiositate reuocare, cum dicerem, constellationibus eius inspectis ut uera pronuntiarem, debuisse me utique uidere ibi parentes inter suos esse primarios, nobilem familiam propriae ciuitatis, natales ingenuos, honestam educationem liberalesque doctrinas; at si me ille seruus ex eisdem constellationibus — quia et illius ipsae essent — consuluisset, ut eidem quoque uera proferrem, debuisse me rursus ibi uidere abiectissimam familiam, conditionem seruilem et cetera longe a prioribus aliena longeque distantia.	When I heard this and believed it—for such was the man who told it—all my resistance gave way and collapsed. First I tried to call Firminus himself back from that curiosity. I told him that, had I examined his constellations in order to tell him the truth, I ought certainly to have seen there parents who were leading figures among their own people, a noble family in its own city, free birth, a respectable upbringing, and a liberal education. But if that slave had consulted me on the same constellations—for they were his as well—then, to tell him the truth too, I ought to have seen there a

2 "Constellations" here means the horoscope: the positions of the stars at the moment of a person's birth.

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family of the lowest kind, a slave's condition, and everything else utterly unlike the first case and far removed from it.

unde autem fieret, ut eadem inspiciens diuersa dicerem, si uera dicerem — si autem eadem dicerem, falsa dicerem — inde certissime colligi ea, quae uera consideratis constellationibus dicerentur, non arte dici, sed sorte, quae autem falsa, non artis inperitia, sed sortis mendacio.

So, looking at the same things, I would have to say different things if I spoke truly; if I said the same things, I would speak falsely. From this I concluded with complete certainty that whatever true things are said from examining constellations are said not by skill but by luck, and whatever false things, not from lack of skill but because luck lied.

7.6.10 Hinc autem accepto aditu ipse mecum talia ruminando, ne quis eorundem delirorum, qui talem quaestum sequerentur, quos iam iamque inuadere atque inrisos refellere cupiebam, mihi ita resisteret, quasi aut Firminus mihi aut illi pater falsa narrauerit, intendi considerationem in eos qui gemini nascuntur, quorum plerique ita post inuicem funduntur ex utero, ut paruum ipsum temporis interuallum, quantamlibet uim in rerum natura habere contendant, colligi tamen humana obseruatione non possit litterisque signari omnino non ualeat, quas mathematicus inspecturus est, ut uera pronuntiet. et non erunt uera, quia easdem litteras inspiciens eadem debuit dicere de Esau et Iacob; sed non eadem utrique acciderunt. falsa ergo diceret aut, si uera diceret, non eadem diceret: at eadem inspiceret. non ergo arte, sed sorte uera diceret.

With this opening gained, I went on chewing such things over by myself. I did not want any of those same madmen who pursued that trade—whom I already longed to attack and refute with ridicule—to resist me by claiming that Firminus had told me lies, or his father had told him. So I turned my attention to those who are born twins. Most of them come out of the womb one after the other with so small an interval of time between them that, however much force they claim it has in the nature of things, it cannot be caught by human observation, and cannot possibly be recorded in the figures the astrologer will examine in order to pronounce the truth. And his pronouncements will not be true, because, looking at the same figures, he would have had to say the same things about Esau and about Jacob; yet the same things did not happen to both. So he would speak falsely; or if he spoke truly, he would not say the same things—yet he would be looking at the same figures. So it would be not by skill but by luck that he spoke truly.[3]

tu enim, domine, iustissime moderator uniuersitatis, consulentibus consultisque nescientibus occulto instinctu agis, ut, dum quisque consulit, hoc audiat, quod eum oportet audire occultis meritis animarum ex abysso iusti iudicii tui. cui non dicat homo: „quid est hoc?" „ut quid hoc?" non dicat, non dicat; homo est enim.

For you, Lord, most just ruler of the universe, by a hidden prompting of which both consulters and consulted know nothing, bring it about that each person consulting hears what he ought to hear, according to the hidden merits of souls, out of the abyss of your just judgment. Let no one say to you, "What is this?" or "Why this?" Let him not say it, let him not say it: he is only human.

7.7.11 Iam itaque me, adiutor meus, illis uinculis solueras, et quaerebam, unde malum, et non erat exitus. sed me non sinebas ullis fluctibus cogitationis auferri ab ea fide, qua credebam et esse te et esse inconmutabilem substantiam tuam et esse de hominibus curam et iudicium tuum et in Christo, filio tuo, domino nostro, atque scripturis sanctis, quas ecclesiae tuae catholicae conmendaret auctoritas,

So by now, my helper, you had freed me from those chains, and I was asking where evil comes from, and there was no way out. But you did not let any waves of thought carry me away from the faith by which I believed that you exist, that your substance is unchangeable, that you care for human beings and judge them, and that in Christ,

3 Esau and Jacob, twin sons of Isaac whose lives went very differently (Genesis 25).

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uiam te posuisse salutis humanae ad eam uitam, quae post hanc mortem futura est. his itaque saluis atque inconcusse roboratis in animo meo quaerebam aestuans, unde sit malum. quae illa tormenta parturientis cordis mei, qui gemitus, deus meus! et ibi erant aures tuae nesciente me. et cum in silentio fortiter quaererem, magnae uoces erant ad misericordiam tuam, tacitae contritiones animi mei.

tu sciebas, quid patiebar, et nullus hominum. quantum enim erat, quod inde digerebatur per linguam meam in aures familiarissimorum meorum! numquid tumultus animae meae, cui nec tempora nec os meum sufficiebat, sonabat eis? totum tamen ibat in auditum tuum, quod rugiebam a gemitu cordis mei, et ante te erat desiderium meum et lumen oculorum meorum non erat mecum. intus enim erat, ego autem foris, nec in loco illud. at ego intendebam in ea, quae locis continentur, et non ibi inueniebam locum ad requiescendum, nec recipiebant me ista, ut dicerem: „sat est et bene est," nec dimittebant redire, ubi mihi satis esset bene. superior enim eram istis, te uero inferior, et tu gaudium uerum mihi subdito tibi et tu mihi subieceras quae infra me creasti.

et hoc erat rectum temperamentum et media regio salutis meae, ut manerem ad imaginem tuam et tibi seruiens dominarer corpori. sed cum superbe contra te surgerem et currerem aduersus dominum in ceruice crassa scuti mei, etiam ista infima supra me facta sunt et premebant, et nusquam erat laxamentum et respiramentum. ipsa occurrebant undique aceruatim et conglobatim cernenti, cogitanti autem imagines corporum ipsae opponebantur redeunti, quasi diceretur: „quo is, indigne et sordide?" et haec de uulnere meo creuerant, quia humiliasti tamquam uulneratum superbum, et tumore meo separabar abs te et nimis inflata facies claudebat oculos meos.

7.8.12 Tu uero, domine, in aeternum manes et non in aeternum irasceris nobis, quoniam miseratus es terram et cinerem,

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your Son, our Lord, and in the holy Scriptures commended by the authority of your Catholic Church, you had laid down the way of human salvation to the life that is to come after this death. With these things safe and unshakably strengthened in my mind, I was asking, in a fever, where evil comes from. What torments my heart suffered in its labor, what groans, my God! And your ears were there, though I did not know it. And when I searched hard in silence, the silent anguish of my mind was a great cry to your mercy.

You knew what I was suffering, and no human being did. For how little of it was put into words by my tongue for the ears of my closest friends! Did the tumult of my soul, for which neither time nor my mouth was enough, reach their ears? Yet all of it went into your hearing, all that "I roared out from the groaning of my heart; and my desire was before you, and the light of my eyes was not with me." For that light was within, and I was outside; and it was not in a place. But I was intent on things contained in places, and I found no place there to rest. Those things did not take me in so that I could say, "It is enough, and it is well," nor did they let me go back to where it would be well enough for me. For I was higher than they, but lower than you; and you are my true joy when I am subject to you, and you had subjected to me the things you created below me.[4]

And this was the right balance, the middle region of my well-being: to remain in your image and, serving you, to rule the body. But when I rose proudly against you, and "ran against the Lord with the thick neck of my shield," even these lowest things were set above me and pressed me down, and nowhere was there relief or room to breathe. When I looked, they rushed at me from every side in heaps and masses; when I thought, the images of bodies themselves blocked my way back, as if to say, "Where are you going, unworthy and filthy?" And these had grown out of my wound, for you humbled the proud like one wounded. I was cut off from you by my own swelling, and my face, too puffed up, closed my eyes.[5]

But you, Lord, "remain forever," and you are not angry with us forever, for you have taken pity on

4 Psalm 38:8–10.
5 Job 15:26, in the Old Latin version; "you humbled the proud like one wounded" echoes Psalm 89:10.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et placuit in conspectu tuo reformare deformia mea. et stimulis internis agitabas me, ut inpatiens essem, donec mihi per interiorem aspectum certus esses. et residebat tumor meus ex occulta manu medicinae tuae aciesque conturbata et contenebrata mentis meae acri collyrio salubrium dolorum de die in diem sanabatur.	earth and ashes. It pleased you, in your sight, to reshape what was misshapen in me. You kept stirring me with inward goads, so that I could not rest until you were certain to me by my inner sight. And my swelling went down under the hidden hand of your healing, and my mind's eye, troubled and darkened, was being healed day by day by the stinging salve of healthy pains.[6]

THE PLATONIST BOOKS

Augustine reads Platonist books that teach the eternal Word but not the Word made flesh.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.9.13	Et primo uolens ostendere mihi, quam resistas superbis, humilibus autem des gratiam et quanta misericordia tua demonstrata sit hominibus uia humilitatis, quod uerbum caro factum est et habitauit inter homines, procurasti mihi per quendam hominem inmanissimo tyfo turgidum quosdam Platonicorum libros ex graeca lingua in latinum uersos, et ibi legi non quidem his uerbis, sed hoc idem omnino multis et multiplicibus suaderi rationibus, quod in principio erat uerbum et uerbum erat apud deum et deus erat uerbum: hoc erat in principio apud deum; omnia per ipsum facta sunt, et sine ipso factum est nihil, quod factum est; in eo uita est, et uita erat lux hominum; et lux in tenebris lucet, et tenebrae eam non conprehenderunt;	First, you wanted to show me how you resist the proud but give grace to the humble, and with what great mercy you have shown human beings the way of humility, in that your Word became flesh and dwelt among them. So through a certain man, swollen with monstrous pride, you procured for me some books of the Platonists, translated from Greek into Latin. And there I read—not in these words, of course, but exactly the same thing, argued by many different kinds of reasoning—that "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were made through him, and without him nothing was made. What was made is life in him, and the life was the light of human beings; and the light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not grasp it."[7]
	et quia hominis anima, quamuis testimonium perhibeat de lumine, non est tamen ipsa lumen, sed uerbum, deus ipse, est lumen uerum, quod inluminat omnem hominem uenientem in hunc mundum; et quia in hoc mundo erat, et mundus per eum factus est, et mundus eum non cognouit. quia uero in sua propria uenit et sui eum non receperunt, quotquot autem receperunt eum, dedit eis potestatem filios dei fieri credentibus in nomine eius, non ibi legi.	And that the human soul, though it "bears witness to the light," is not itself the light, but the Word, God, is "the true light that enlightens every human being coming into this world"; and that "he was in this world, and the world was made through him, and the world did not know him." But that "he came to his own, and his own did not receive him; but to all who did receive him he gave the power to become children of God, to those who believe in his name"—this I did not read there.[8]
7.9.14	Item legi ibi, quia uerbum, deus, non ex carne, non ex sanguine neque ex uoluntate uiri neque ex uoluntate	Again, I read there that the Word, God, "was born not of flesh, not of blood, not of the will of a man nor of the will of the flesh, but of God." But that

6 Psalm 102:12; Psalm 85:5.
7 The "books of the Platonists" were probably works of Plotinus and Porphyry in the Latin translation of Marius Victorinus. John 1:1–5.
8 John 1:7–12. In John, the one who "bears witness to the light" is John the Baptist.

LATIN	ENGLISH
carnis, sed ex deo natus est; sed quia uerbum caro factus est et habitauit in nobis, non ibi legi.	"the Word became flesh and dwelt among us," I did not read there.[9]
indagaui quippe in illis litteris uarie dictum et in multis modis, quod sit filius in forma patris non rapinam arbitratus esse aequalis deo, quia naturaliter id ipsum est, sed quia semet ipsum exinaniuit formam serui accipiens, in similitudinem hominum factus et habitu inuentus ut homo, humiliauit se factus oboediens usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis: propter quod deus eum exaltauit a mortuis et donauit ei nomen, quod est super omne nomen, ut in nomine Iesu omne genu flectatur caelestium, terrestrium et infernorum et omnis lingua confiteatur, quia dominus Iesus in gloria est dei patris non habent illi libri.	I did track down in those writings, said in various ways and in many forms, that the Son, being "in the form of the Father, did not think equality with God something to be seized," because by nature he is that very thing. But that "he emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, made in the likeness of human beings and found in appearance as a man; he humbled himself, becoming obedient to death, even death on a cross; therefore God raised him from the dead and gave him the name that is above every name, so that at the name of Jesus every knee should bend, in heaven, on earth, and under the earth, and every tongue confess that the Lord Jesus is in the glory of God the Father"—this those books do not contain.[10]
quod autem ante omnia tempora et supra omnia tempora inconmutabiliter manet unigenitus filius tuus coaeternus tibi et quia de plenitudine eius accipiunt animae, ut beatae sint, et quia participatione manentis in se sapientiae renouantur, ut sapientes sint, est ibi; quod autem secundum tempus pro inpiis mortuus est et filio unico tuo non pepercisti, sed pro nobis omnibus tradidisti eum non est ibi. abscondisti enim haec a sapientibus et reuelasti ea paruulis, ut uenirent ad eum laborantes et onerati et reficeret eos, quoniam mitis est et humilis corde, et dirigit mites in iudicio et docet mansuetos uias suas uidens humilitatem nostram et laborem nostrum et dimittens omnia peccata nostra.	That your only-begotten Son, coeternal with you, remains unchangeably before all times and above all times; and that souls "receive of his fullness" so as to be happy, and are renewed by sharing in the wisdom that remains in itself so as to be wise—that is there. But that in time "he died for the ungodly," and that you "did not spare your only Son but handed him over for us all"—that is not there. For "you have hidden these things from the wise and revealed them to little ones," so that "those who labor and are burdened" might come to him and he might refresh them, since he is "gentle and humble of heart"; and "he guides the gentle in judgment and teaches the meek his ways," seeing "our lowliness and our toil," and forgiving "all our sins."[11]
qui autem cothurno tamquam doctrinae sublimioris elati non audiunt dicentem: discite a me, quoniam mitis sum et humilis corde, et inuenietis requiem animabus uestris, etsi cognoscunt deum, non sicut deum glorificant aut gratias agunt, sed euanescunt in cogitationibus suis et obscuratur insipiens cor eorum; dicentes se esse sapientes stulti fiunt.	But those who strut on the high boots, as it were, of a loftier teaching do not hear him saying, "Learn from me, for I am gentle and humble of heart, and you will find rest for your souls." Even if they know God, "they do not glorify him as God or give thanks, but become futile in their thoughts, and their senseless heart is darkened; claiming to be wise, they have become fools."[12]
7.9.15 Et ideo legebam ibi etiam inmutatam gloriam incorruptionis tuae in idola et uaria simulacra, in similitudinem imaginis corruptibilis hominis et	And so I also read there of the glory of your incorruption "changed into idols" and various images, "into the likeness of the image of corruptible man,

9 John 1:13–14.
10 Philippians 2:6–11.
11 Romans 5:6; Romans 8:32; Matthew 11:25, 28–29; Psalm 25:9, 18.
12 The high boot (cothurnus) was worn by tragic actors.

LATIN	ENGLISH
uolucrum et quadrupedum et serpentium, uidelicet Aegyptium cibum, quo Esau perdidit primogenita sua, quoniam caput quadrupedis pro te honorauit populus primogenitus, conuersus corde in Aegyptum et curuans imaginem tuam, animam suam, ante imaginem uituli manducantis foenum. inueni haec ibi et non manducaui. placuit enim tibi, domine, auferre opprobrium diminutionis ab Iacob, ut maior seruiret minori, et uocasti gentes in hereditatem tuam. et ego ad te ueneram ex gentibus et intendi in aurum, quod ab Aegypto uoluisti ut auferret populus tuus, quoniam tuum erat, ubicumque erat.	and of birds and four-footed beasts and serpents"—that is, the Egyptian food for which Esau lost his birthright. For your firstborn people honored the head of a four-footed beast instead of you, turning back in their heart to Egypt, and bowing your image, their own soul, before the image of "a calf that eats hay." I found these things there, and I did not eat them. For it pleased you, Lord, to take away from Jacob the disgrace of being the lesser, so that "the elder would serve the younger"; and you called the Gentiles into your inheritance. And I had come to you from the Gentiles, and I set my mind on the gold which you wanted your people to carry away from Egypt, since it was yours wherever it was.[13]
et dixisti Atheniensibus per apostolum tuum, quod in te uiuimus et mouemur et sumus, sicut et quidam secundum eos dixerunt, et utique inde erant illi libri. et non adtendi in idola Aegyptiorum, quibus de auro tuo ministrabant, qui transmutauerunt ueritatem dei in mendacium et coluerunt et seruierunt creaturae potius quam creatori.	And you said to the Athenians through your apostle that "in you we live and move and have our being," as some of their own writers have said —and those books certainly came from there. And I paid no attention to the idols of the Egyptians, which were served with your gold by those who "exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator."[14]

THE UNCHANGEABLE LIGHT

Turning inward, Augustine glimpses an unchangeable light above his mind but cannot remain there.

LATIN	ENGLISH
7.10.16 Et inde admonitus redire ad memet ipsum intraui in intima mea duce te et potui, quoniam factus es adiutor meus. intraui et uidi qualicumque oculo animae meae supra eundem oculum animae meae, supra mentem meam lucem inconmutabilem, non hanc uulgarem et conspicuam omni carni nec quasi ex eodem genere grandior erat, tamquam si ista multo multoque clarius claresceret totumque occuparet magnitudine. non hoc illa erat, sed aliud, aliud ualde ab istis omnibus. nec ita erat supra mentem meam, sicut oleum super aquam nec sicut caelum super terram, sed superior, quia ipsa fecit me, et ego inferior, quia factus ab ea. qui nouit ueritatem, nouit eam, et qui nouit eam, nouit aeternitatem. caritas nouit eam.	Prompted by these books to return to myself, I entered my inmost self with you as my guide; and I was able to, because you had become my helper. I entered, and with the eye of my soul, such as it was, I saw above that same eye of my soul, above my mind, an unchangeable light. It was not this ordinary light visible to all flesh, nor a larger light of the same kind, as if this light were to shine much, much more brightly and fill everything with its greatness. It was not that, but something else, something very different from all these. Nor was it above my mind as oil is above water, or as the sky is above the earth; it was higher because it made me, and I was lower because I was made by it. Whoever knows the truth knows this light, and whoever knows it knows eternity. Love knows it.

13 Genesis 25:29–34 (Esau's lentils, reputedly an Egyptian dish); Psalm 106:20; Romans 9:12. The Israelites' taking the Egyptians' gold (Exodus 3:22) was a traditional image for Christian use of pagan learning.
14 Acts 17:28.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	o aeterna ueritas et uera caritas et cara aeternitas! tu es deus meus, tibi suspiro die ac nocte. et cum te primum cognoui, tu assumsisti me, ut uiderem esse, quod uiderem, et nondum me esse, qui uiderem. et reuerberasti infirmitatem aspectus mei radians in me uehementer, et contremui amore et horrore: et inueni longe me esse a te in regione dissimilitudinis, tamquam audirem uocem tuam de excelso: „cibus sum grandium: cresce et manducabis me.	O eternal truth, and true love, and beloved eternity! You are my God; to you I sigh day and night. When I first knew you, you lifted me up so that I might see that there was something to see, and that I was not yet one who could see it. And you beat back the weakness of my sight, shining on me powerfully, and I trembled with love and dread. And I found that I was far from you, in a region of unlikeness, as if I heard your voice from on high: "I am the food of the full-grown. Grow, and you will feed on me.[15]
	nec tu me in te mutabis sicut cibum carnis tuae, sed tu mutaberis in me." et cognoui, quoniam pro iniquitate erudisti hominem et tabescere fecisti sicut araneam animam meam, et dixi: „numquid nihil est ueritas, quoniam neque per finita neque per infinita locorum spatia diffusa est?" et clamasti de longinquo: ego sum qui sum. et audiui, sicut auditur in corde, et non erat prorsus, unde dubitarem faciliusque dubitarem uiuere me quam non esse ueritatem, quae per ea, quae facta sunt, intellecta conspicitur.	"Nor will you change me into yourself, like the food of your flesh; you will be changed into me." And I knew that "you have disciplined man for his iniquity, and made my soul waste away like a spider's web." And I said, "Is truth then nothing, since it is not spread through space, either finite or infinite?" And you cried from far off, "I am who I am." And I heard it, as one hears in the heart, and there was no room at all for me to doubt. I could more easily doubt that I was alive than that truth exists, truth "which is clearly seen, being understood through the things that are made."[16]
7.11.17	Et inspexi cetera infra te et uidi nec omnino esse nec omnino non esse: esse quidem, quoniam abs te sunt, non esse autem, quoniam id quod es non sunt. id enim uere est, quod inconmutabiliter manet. mihi autem inhaerere deo bonum est, quia, si non manebo in illo, nec in me potero. ille autem in se manens innouat omnia; et dominus meus es, quoniam bonorum meorum non eges.	And I looked at the other things below you, and I saw that they neither wholly are nor wholly are not. They are, since they are from you; they are not, since they are not what you are. For that truly is which remains unchangeably. But for me, "it is good to cling to God," because if I do not remain in him, I cannot remain in myself either. But he, "remaining in himself, makes all things new"; and "you are my Lord, since you have no need of my goods."[17]

WHATEVER EXISTS IS GOOD

Augustine concludes that everything that exists is good and that evil is a turning of the will.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
7.12.18	Et manifestatum est mihi, quoniam bona sunt, quae corrumpuntur, quae neque si summa bona essent, corrumpi possent, neque nisi bona essent, corrumpi possent, quia, si summa bona essent, incorruptibilia essent, si autem nulla bona essent, quid in eis conrumperetur non esset. nocet enim corruptio et, nisi bonum minueret, non noceret. aut igitur nihil nocet	And it was made clear to me that the things that are corrupted are good. They could not be corrupted if they were supremely good, nor if they were not good at all. For if they were supremely good, they would be incorruptible; but if they were not good at all, there would be nothing in them to be

15 "Region of unlikeness": a phrase from the Platonist tradition (Plotinus, Enneads 1.8.13), for the soul's distance from God.
16 Psalm 39:11; Exodus 3:14; Romans 1:20.
17 Psalm 73:28; Wisdom 7:27; Psalm 16:2.

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corruptio, quod fieri non potest, aut, quod certissimum est, omnia, quae corrumpuntur, priuantur bono. si autem omni bono priuabuntur, omnino non erunt. si enim erunt et corrumpi iam non poterunt, meliora erunt, quia incorruptibiliter permanebunt. et quid monstrosius quam ea dicere omni bono amisso facta meliora? ergo si omni bono priuabuntur, omnino nulla erunt: ergo quamdiu sunt, bona sunt.

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corrupted. For corruption does harm, and unless it diminished some good, it would do no harm. So either corruption harms nothing, which cannot be, or—and this is most certain—all things that are corrupted are deprived of some good. But if they are deprived of all good, they will not exist at all. For if they still exist and can no longer be corrupted, they will be better, because they will remain incorruptibly. And what could be more absurd than to say that things become better by losing all their good? So if they are deprived of all good, they will be nothing at all. Therefore, as long as they exist, they are good.

ergo quaecumque sunt, bona sunt, malumque illud, quod quaerebam unde esset, non est substantia, quia, si substantia esset, bonum esset. aut enim esset incorruptibilis substantia, magnum utique bonum, aut substantia corruptibilis esset, quae nisi bona esset, corruptibilis non esset. itaque uidi et manifestatum est mihi, quia omnia bona tu fecisti et prorsus nullae substantiae sunt, quas tu non fecisti. et quoniam non aequalia omnia fecisti, ideo sunt omnia, quia singula bona sunt et simul omnia ualde bona, quoniam fecit deus noster omnia bona ualde.

Therefore whatever exists is good; and that evil whose origin I was seeking is not a substance, because if it were a substance, it would be good. For either it would be an incorruptible substance—certainly a great good—or it would be a corruptible substance, which would not be corruptible unless it were good. So I saw, and it was made clear to me, that you made all things good, and that there are no substances whatever that you did not make. And because you did not make all things equal, that is why all things exist: each one is good, and all of them together are very good, for "our God made all things very good."[18]

7.13.19 Et tibi omnino non est malum, non solum tibi sed nec uniuersae creaturae tuae, quia extra non est aliquid, quod inrumpat et corrumpat ordinem, quem inposuisti ei. in partibus autem eius quaedam quibusdam quia non conueniunt, mala putantur; et eadem ipsa non conueniunt aliis et bona sunt et in semet ipsis bona sunt. et omnia haec, quae sibimet inuicem non conueniunt, conueniunt inferiori parti rerum, quam terram dicimus, habentem caelum suum nubilosum atque uentosum congruum sibi.

For you, evil does not exist at all—and not only for you, but not for your creation as a whole either, since there is nothing outside it that could break in and corrupt the order you have imposed on it. Among its parts, however, some things are thought evil because they do not fit with certain others; and those same things do not fit with others, and yet are good, and are good in themselves. And all these things that do not fit with one another do fit the lower part of the universe, which we call the earth, with its own cloudy and windy sky suited to it.

et absit, ut dicerem iam: „non essent ista", quia etsi sola ista cernerem, desiderarem quidem meliora, sed iam etiam de solis istis laudare te deberem, quoniam laudandum te ostendunt de terra dracones et omnes abyssi, ignis, grando, nix, glacies, spiritus tempestatis, quae faciunt uerbum tuum, montes et omnes colles, ligna fructifera et omnes cedri, bestiae et omnia pecora, reptilia et uolatilia pennata; reges terrae et omnes populi, principes et omnes iudices terrae, iuuenes et uirgines,

Far be it from me now to say, "These things should not exist." For even if I saw only these, I would indeed long for better things, but even for these alone I ought to praise you. For they show that you are to be praised: "from the earth, sea monsters and all the depths, fire, hail, snow, ice, the stormy wind that carries out your word, mountains and all hills, fruit trees and all cedars, wild beasts and

18 Genesis 1:31.

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	seniores cum iunioribus laudent nomen tuum. cum uero etiam de caelis te laudent, laudent te, deus noster, in excelsis omnes angeli tui, omnes uirtutes tuae, sol et luna, omnes stellae et lumen, caeli caelorum et aquae, quae super caelos sunt, laudent nomen tuum:	all cattle, creeping things and winged birds; kings of the earth and all peoples, princes and all judges of the earth, young men and young women, the old together with the young—let them praise your name." And since from the heavens too they praise you, let them praise you, our God: "in the heights, all your angels, all your hosts, sun and moon, all the stars and light, the heaven of heavens and the waters above the heavens—let them praise your name."[19]
	non iam desiderabam meliora, quia omnia cogitabam, et meliora quidem superiora quam inferiora, sed meliora omnia quam sola superiora iudicio saniore pendebam.	I no longer longed for better things, because I was thinking of them all. With sounder judgment I weighed it up: the higher things are indeed better than the lower, but all things together are better than the higher things alone.
7.14.20	Non est sanitas eis, quibus displicet aliquid creaturae tuae, sicut mihi non erat, cum displicerent multa, quae fecisti. et quia non audebat anima mea, ut ei displiceret deus meus, nolebat esse tuum quidquid ei displicebat. et inde ierat in Opinionem duarum substantiarum et non requiescebat et aliena loquebatur. et inde rediens fecerat sibi deum per infinita spatia locorum omnium et eum putauerat esse te et eum collocauerat in corde suo et facta erat rursus templum idoli sui abominandum tibi. sed posteaquam fouisti caput nescientis et clausisti oculos meos, ne uiderent uanitatem, cessaui de me paululum, et consopita est insania mea; et euigilaui in te et uidi te infinitum aliter, et uisus iste non a carne trahebatur.	There is no health in those who are displeased by anything in your creation, just as there was none in me when many of the things you made displeased me. And because my soul did not dare to be displeased with my God, it refused to count as yours whatever displeased it. From there it had wandered into the theory of two substances, and it found no rest, and spoke like a stranger. Coming back from that, it had made itself a god spread through the infinite expanses of all places, and had thought this god was you, and had enshrined it in its heart; and so it had once again become a temple of its own idol, abominable to you. But afterward you cradled my head, though I did not know it, and closed my eyes so that they would not look on vanity. I let go of myself a little, and my madness was lulled to sleep; and I woke up in you, and saw you infinite in another way—and that sight did not come from the flesh.[20]
7.15.21	Et respexi alia et uidi tibi debere quia sunt et in te cuncta finita, sed aliter, non quasi in loco, sed quia tu es omnitenens manu ueritate, et omnia uera sunt, in quantum sunt, nec quicquam est falsitas, nisi cum putatur esse quod non est. et uidi, quia non solum locis sua quaeque suis conueniunt sed etiam temporibus et quia tu, qui solus aeternus es, non post innumerabilia spatia temporum coepisti operari, quia omnia spatia temporum, quae praeterierunt et quae praeteribunt, nec abirent nec uenirent nisi te operante et manente.	Then I looked back at other things, and saw that they owe their existence to you, and that all things are bounded in you—but in another way: not as in a place, but because you hold all things in the hand of your truth. All things are true insofar as they exist, and falsehood is nothing except when something is thought to exist that does not. And I saw that each thing fits not only its own place but also its own time; and that you, who alone are eternal, did not begin to work after countless stretches of time, since no stretches of time,

19 Psalm 148:1–12.
20 The Manichee doctrine of two opposed substances, one good and one evil.

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whether those that have passed or those that will pass, would either go or come unless you were working and abiding.

7.16.22 Et sensi expertus non esse mirum, quod palato non sano poena est et panis, qui sano suauis est, et oculis aegris odiosa lux, quae puris amabilis. et iustitia tua displicet iniquis, nedum uipera et uermiculus, quae bona creasti, apta inferioribus creaturae tuae partibus, quibus et ipsi iniqui apti Sunt, quanto dissimiliores sunt tibi, apti autem superioribus, quanto similiores fiunt tibi. et quaesiui, quid esset iniquitas, et non inueni substantiam, sed a summa substantia, te deo, detortae in infima uoluntatis peruersitatem proicientis intima sua et tumescentis foras.

And I knew from experience that it is no wonder that bread, pleasant to a healthy palate, is torment to an unhealthy one, and that light, lovely to clear eyes, is hateful to sore ones. Your justice displeases the wicked—let alone the viper and the worm, which you created good, suited to the lower parts of your creation. The wicked themselves are suited to those lower parts, the more unlike you they are, but suited to the higher parts the more like you they become. And I asked what wickedness was, and I found that it is not a substance, but a perversity of the will, twisted away from the supreme substance—from you, God—toward the lowest things, throwing away its own inner life and swelling outward.

7.17.23 Et mirabar, quod iam te amabam, non pro te phantasma, et non stabam frui deo meo, sed rapiebar ad te decore tuo moxque diripiebar abs te pondere meo et ruebam in ista cum gemitu; et pondus hoc consuetudo carnalis. sed mecum erat memoria tui, neque ullo modo dubitabam esse cui cohaererem, sed nondum me esse, qui cohaererem, quoniam corpus, quod corrumpitur, adgrauat animam et deprimit terrena inhabitatio sensum multa cogitantem, eramque certissimus, quod inuisibilia tua a constitutione mundi per ea quae facta sunt intellecta conspiciuntur, sempiterna quoque uirtus et diuinitas tua.

And I marveled that I now loved you, and not a phantom in place of you. Yet I did not stand still to enjoy my God: I was swept up to you by your beauty, and soon torn away from you by my own weight, and I crashed back into these lower things with a groan; and this weight was the habit of the flesh. But the memory of you was with me, and I had no doubt at all that there was one to whom I should cling—only that I was not yet one who could cling. For "the body that decays weighs down the soul, and its earthly dwelling presses down the mind that ponders many things." And I was entirely certain that "your invisible things, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood through the things that are made—your eternal power and divinity as well."[21]

quaerens enim, unde adprobarem pulchritudinem corporum siue caelestium siue terrestrium et quid mihi praesto esset integre de mutabilibus iudicanti et dicenti: „hoc ita esse debet, illud non ita", hoc ergo quaerens, unde iudicarem, cum ita iudicarem, inueneram inconmutabilem et ueram ueritatis aeternitatem supra mentem meam conmutabilem. atque ita gradatim a corporibus ad sentientem per corpus animam atque inde ad eius interiorem uim, cui sensus corporis exteriora nuntiaret, et quousque possunt bestiae, atque inde rursus ad ratiocinantem potentiam, ad quam refertur iudicandum quod sumitur a sensibus corporis;

For I was asking on what basis I approved the beauty of bodies, whether heavenly or earthly, and what I had at hand that let me judge soundly about changeable things and say, "This ought to be so, that ought not." Asking this, then—what I was judging by when I judged in this way—I had found the unchangeable and true eternity of truth above my changeable mind. And so, step by step, I rose from bodies to the soul that senses through the body; and from there to its inner power, to which the bodily senses report what is outside, which is as far as beasts can go; and from there again to the

21 Wisdom 9:15.

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	reasoning power, to which whatever is received from the bodily senses is referred for judgment.
quae se quoque in me conperiens mutabilem erexit se ad intellegentiam suam et abduxit cogitationem a consuetudine, subtrahens se contradicentibus turbis phantasmatum, ut inueniret, quo lumine aspargeretur, cum sine ulla dubitatione clamaret inconmutabile praeferendum esse mutabili, unde nosset ipsum inconmutabile — quod nisi aliquo modo nosset, nullo modo illud mutabili certa praeponeret — et peruenit ad id, quod est in ictu trepidantis aspectus. tunc uero inuisibilia tua per ea quae facta sunt intellecta conspexi, sed aciem figere non eualui et repercussa infirmitate redditus solitis non mecum ferebam nisi amantem memoriam et quasi Olefacta desiderantem, quae comedere nondum possem.	This power too, finding itself changeable in me, lifted itself up to its own understanding. It drew its thinking away from habit, withdrawing from the clamoring swarms of phantoms, to discover what light it was bathed in when it cried out without any doubt that the unchangeable is to be preferred to the changeable, and how it knew the unchangeable itself (for unless it somehow knew it, it could never have set it above the changeable with certainty). And in the flash of a trembling glance it arrived at that which is. Then indeed I saw "your invisible things, understood through the things that are made." But I could not hold my gaze fixed. My weakness was beaten back, I was returned to my usual ways, and I carried nothing with me but a loving memory—a longing, as it were, for something whose fragrance I had caught but which I could not yet eat.

CHRIST THE MEDIATOR

Augustine recognizes he lacked the humility to accept Christ as the mediator between God and humanity.

LATIN	ENGLISH
7.18.24 Et quaerebam uiam conparandi roboris, quod esset idoneum ad fruendum te, nec inueniebam, donec amplecterer mediatorem dei et hominum, hominem Christum Iesum, qui est super omnia deus benedictus in saecula, uocantem et dicentem: ego sum uia ueritatis et uita, et cibum, cui capiendo inualidus eram, miscentem carni, quoniam uerbum caro factum est, ut infantiae nostrae lactesceret sapientia tua, per quam creasti omnia. non enim tenebam deum meum Iesum humilis humilem nec cuius rei magistra esset eius infirmitas noueram.	I looked for a way to gain the strength I needed to enjoy you, and I did not find it until I embraced "the mediator between God and humanity, the man Christ Jesus," "who is over all, God blessed forever," who calls and says, "I am the way of truth, and the life," and who mingled with flesh the food I was too weak to take. For "the Word became flesh," so that your wisdom, through which you created all things, might become milk for our infancy. I was not humble, and so I did not hold on to my humble God, Jesus; nor did I know what his weakness was meant to teach.[22]
uerbum enim tuum, aeterna ueritas, superioribus creaturae tuae partibus supereminens subditos erigit ad se ipsam, in inferioribus autem aedificauit sibi humilem domum de limo nostro, per quam subdendos deprimeret a se ipsis et ad se traiceret, sanans tumorem et nutriens amorem, ne fiducia sui progrederentur longius, sed potius infirmarentur uidentes ante pedes suos infirmam diuinitatem ex participatione tunicae pelliciae nostrae et lassi prosternerentur in eam, illa autem surgens leuaret eos.	For your Word, the eternal Truth, towering above the higher parts of your creation, raises to himself those who submit. But in the lower parts he built himself a humble house of our clay, through which to pull down from themselves those who were to be brought to submission and carry them over to himself—healing their swollen pride and nourishing their love—so that they would not go further in self-confidence, but rather become weak, seeing at their feet the Godhead made weak

22 1 Timothy 2:5; Romans 9:5; John 14:6.

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by sharing our garment of skin; so that, worn out, they would throw themselves down upon it, and it would rise and lift them up.[23]

7.19.25 Ego uero aliud putabam tantumque sentiebam de domino Christo meo, quantum de excellentis sapientiae uiro, cui nullus posset aequari, praesertim quia mirabiliter natus ex uirgine ad exemplum contemnendorum temporalium prae adipiscenda immortalitate diuina pro nobis cura tantam auctoritatem magisterii meruisse uidebatur. quid autem sacramenti haberet uerbum caro factum, ne suspicari quidem poteram. tantum cognoueram ex his, quae de illo scripta traderentur, quia manducauit et bibit, dormiuit, ambulauit, exhilaratus est, contristatus est, sermocinatus est, non haesisse carnem illam uerbo tuo nisi cum anima et mente humana. nouit hoc omnis, qui nouit incommutabilitatem uerbi tui, quam ego iam noueram, quantum poteram, nec omnino quicquam inde dubitabam.

But I thought otherwise. I thought of Christ my Lord only as a man of surpassing wisdom whom no one could equal—especially because, wonderfully born of a virgin to set an example of despising temporal things for the sake of gaining immortality, he seemed through God's care for us to have earned such great authority as a teacher. But what mystery lay in "the Word became flesh" I could not even guess. I had only gathered from what has been handed down in writing about him—that he ate and drank, slept, walked, rejoiced, grieved, and conversed—that this flesh had not been joined to your Word except together with a human soul and mind. Everyone knows this who knows the unchangeableness of your Word, which I already knew as far as I could, and about which I had no doubt at all.

etenim nunc mouere membra corporis per uoluntatem, nunc non mouere, nunc aliquo affectu affici, nunc non affici, nunc proferre per signa sapientes sententias, nunc esse in silentio propria sunt mutabilitatis animae et mentis. quae si falsa de illo scripta essent, etiam omnia periclitarentur mendacio neque in illis litteris ulla fidei salus generi humano remaneret. quia itaque uera scripta sunt, totum hominem in Christo agnoscebam, non corpus tantum hominis aut cum corpore sine mente animum, sed ipsum hominem, non persona ueritatis, sed magna quadam naturae humanae excellentia et perfectiore participatione sapientiae praeferri ceteris arbitrabar. Alypius autem deum carne indutum ita putabat credi a catholicis, ut praeter deum et carnem non esset in Christo anima, mentemque hominis non existimabat in eo praedicari.

For now to move the limbs of the body by will, now not to move them; now to be stirred by some feeling, now not; now to utter wise sayings through signs, now to keep silent—these are the marks of a soul and mind that change. If what is written about him in this regard were false, everything else would be endangered by the lie, and no saving faith would remain for the human race in those writings. So, since what is written is true, I recognized a whole human being in Christ: not just a man's body, nor a body with a soul but no mind, but a real man. Yet I thought he surpassed all others not because he was the Truth in person, but because of some great excellence of his human nature and a more perfect share in wisdom. Alypius, on the other hand, thought Catholics believed God was clothed in flesh in such a way that there was nothing in Christ besides God and flesh; he did not think they taught that there was a human soul and mind in him.

et quoniam bene persuasum tenebat ea, quae de illo memoriae mandata sunt, sine uitali et rationali creatura non fieri, ad ipsam christianam fidem pigrius mouebatur. sed postea haereticorum Apollinaristarum hunc errorem esse cognoscens catholicae fidei conlaetatus et contemperatus est. ego autem aliquanto posterius didicisse me fateor, in eo quod uerbum caro factum est

And because he was firmly convinced that the things recorded of him could not have been done without a living and rational creature, he moved rather sluggishly toward the Christian faith itself. But later, learning that this was the error of the Apollinarian heretics, he rejoiced in the Catholic

23 The "garment of skin" recalls the garments God made for Adam and Eve (Genesis 3:21), an image of mortal flesh.

LATIN	ENGLISH
quomodo catholica ueritas a Fotini falsitate dirimatur. inprobatio quippe haereticorum facit eminere, quid ecclesia tua sentiat et quid habeat sana doctrina. oportuit enim et haereses esse, ut probati manifesti fierent inter infirmos.	faith and came into harmony with it. As for me, I confess that it was somewhat later that I learned how, on "the Word became flesh," Catholic truth is distinguished from the falsehood of Photinus. For the refutation of heretics makes what your Church holds, and what sound doctrine contains, stand out clearly. "For there had to be heresies, so that those who are approved might be made manifest" among the weak.[24]
7.20.26 Sed tunc lectis Platonicorum illis libris posteaquam inde admonitus quaerere incorpoream ueritatem inuisibilia tua per ea quae facta sunt intellecta conspexi et repulsus sensi, quid per tenebras animae meae contemplari non sinerer, certus esse te et infinitum esse nec tamen per locos finitos infinitosue diffundi et uere te esse, qui semper idem ipse esses, ex nulla parte nulloque motu alter aut aliter, cetera uero ex te esse omnia, hoc solo firmissimo documento, quia sunt, certus quidem in istis eram, nimis tamen infirmus ad fruendum te. garriebam plane quasi peritus et, nisi in Christo, saluatore nostro, uiam tuam quaererem, non peritus, sed periturus essem. iam enim coeperam uelle uideri sapiens plenus poena mea et non flebam, insuper autem inflabar scientia.	But at that time, having read those books of the Platonists and been prompted by them to seek a truth without body, I saw "your invisible things, understood through the things that are made." Though beaten back, I sensed what the darkness of my soul would not let me contemplate. I was certain that you exist and are infinite, yet are not spread out through finite or infinite places; that you truly are, you who are always the same, not other or otherwise in any part or by any motion; and that all other things are from you, on this single, most solid proof: that they exist. Of these things I was certain, yet far too weak to enjoy you. I chattered away as if I were an expert; but had I not sought your way in Christ our Savior, I would have been not expert but expiring. For I had begun to want to be thought wise, though I was full of my own punishment; and I did not weep—worse, I was "puffed up with knowledge."[25]
ubi enim erat illa aedificans caritas a fundamento humilitatis, quod est Christus Iesus? aut quando illi libri me docerent eam? in quos me propterea, priusquam scripturas tuas considerarem, credo uoluisti incurrere, ut inprimeretur memoriae meae, quomodo ex eis affectus essem et, cum postea in libris tuis mansuefactus essem et curantibus digitis tuis contrectarentur uulnera mea, discernerem atque distinguerem, quid interesset inter praesumptionem et confessionem, inter uidentes, quo eundum sit, nec uidentes qua, et uiam ducentem ad beatificam patriam non tantum cernendam sed et habitandam.	For where was that love which builds on the foundation of humility, which is Christ Jesus? Or when would those books have taught it to me? I believe you wanted me to stumble upon them before I studied your Scriptures precisely so that the way they had affected me would be pressed into my memory. Then later, when I had been tamed by your books and my wounds were being handled by your healing fingers, I would discern and distinguish the difference between presumption and confession—between those who see where they must go but do not see the way, and the way that leads to the blessed homeland, not only to be seen but to be lived in.
nam si primo sanctis tuis litteris informatus essem et in earum familiaritate obdulcuisses mihi et post in illa uolumina incidissem, fortasse aut abripuissent me a	For if I had first been formed by your holy writings, and you had grown sweet to me through close familiarity with them, and I had afterward

24 Apollinaris of Laodicea (4th century AD) denied that Christ had a human mind; Photinus, bishop of Sirmium (4th century AD), taught that Christ was a mere man. The quotation is 1 Corinthians 11:19.
25 1 Corinthians 8:1.

LATIN	ENGLISH
solidamento pietatis, aut si in affectu quem salubrem inbiberam perstitissem, putarem etiam ex illis libris eum posse concipi, si eos solos quisque didicisset.	come across those volumes, perhaps they would have torn me from the solid ground of devotion; or, if I had held firm in the healthy disposition I had absorbed, I might have thought that it could be gained from those books too, if one studied them alone.

READING PAUL

Augustine reads Paul and finds there the Platonists' truths joined with grace and humility.

LATIN	ENGLISH
7.21.27 Itaque auidissime arripui uenerabilem stilum spiritus tui et prae ceteris apostolum Paulum, et perierunt illae quaestiones, in quibus mihi aliquando uisus est aduersari sibi et non congruere testimoniis legis et prophetarum textus sermonis eius, et apparuit mihi una facies eloquiorum castorum, et exultare cum tremore didici. et coepi et inueni quidquid illac uerum legeram, hac cum conmendatione gratiae tuae dici, ut qui uidet non sic glorietur, quasi non acceperit, non solum quod uidet, sed etiam ut uideat — quid enim habet quod non accepit? —	So I seized with the greatest eagerness the venerable pen of your Spirit, and above all the apostle Paul. And those problems vanished in which it had once seemed to me that he contradicted himself, and that the text of his words did not agree with the testimony of the Law and the Prophets. The single face of those pure words appeared to me, and I learned to "rejoice with trembling." I began, and I found that whatever truth I had read there is said here together with the commendation of your grace: so that whoever sees should not boast as if he had not received—not only what he sees, but even the ability to see (for "what does he have that he did not receive?");[26]
et ut te, qui es semper idem, non solum admoneatur ut uideat, sed etiam sanetur ut teneat, et qui de longinquo uidere non potest, uiam tamen ambulet, qua ueniat et uideat et teneat, quia, etsi condelectetur homo legi dei secundum interiorem hominem, quid faciet de alia lege in membris suis repugnante legi mentis suae et se captiuum ducente in lege peccati, quae est in membris eius? quoniam iustus es, domine; nos autem peccauimus, inique fecimus, inpie gessimus, et grauata est super nos manus tua, et iuste traditi sumus antiquo peccatori, praeposito mortis, quia persuasit uoluntati nostrae similitudinem uoluntatis suae, qua in ueritate tua non stetit. quid faciet miser homo?	and so that he may be not only urged to see you, who are always the same, but also healed so as to hold you; and so that whoever cannot see from far off may still walk the road by which to come, and see, and hold. For even if a person "delights in the law of God in the inner self," what will he do about the other law in his members, which wars against the law of his mind and takes him captive under the law of sin that is in his members? For you are just, Lord, but we have sinned, we have done wrong, we have acted wickedly, and your hand has been heavy upon us; and justly have we been handed over to the ancient sinner, the ruler of death, because he persuaded our will to become like his own will, by which he did not stand firm in your truth. What will a wretched man do?[27]
quis eum liberabit de corpore mortis huius nisi gratia tua per Iesum Christum dominum nostrum, quem genuisti coaeternum et creasti in principio uiarum tuarum, in quo princeps huius mundi non inuenit quicquam morte dignum, et occidit eum; et euacuatum est chirografum,	"Who will deliver him from the body of this death," except your grace through Jesus Christ our Lord, whom you begot coeternal with yourself and created "at the beginning of your ways"? In him "the ruler of this world" found nothing worthy of

26 Psalm 2:11; 1 Corinthians 4:7.
27 Romans 7:22–23.

LATIN

quod erat contrarium nobis? hoc illae litterae non habent. non habent illae paginae uultum pietatis illius, lacrimas confessionis, sacrificium tuum, spiritum contribulatum, cor contritum et humiliatum, populi salutem, sponsam ciuitatem, arram spiritus sancti, poculum pretii nostri. nemo ibi cantat: nonne deo subdita erit anima mea? ab ipso enim salutare meum: etenim ipse deus meus et salutaris meus, susceptor meus: non mouebor amplius. nemo ibi audit uocantem: uenite ad me, qui laboratis. dedignantur ab eo discere, quoniam mitis est et humilis corde.

abscondisti enim haec a sapientibus et prudentibus et reuelasti ea paruulis. et aliud est de siluestri cacumine uidere patriam pacis et iter ad eam non inuenire et frustra conari per inuia circum obsidentibus et insidiantibus fugitiuis desertoribus cum principe suo leone et dracone, et aliud tenere uiam illuc ducentem cura caelestis imperatoris munitam, ubi non latrocinantur qui caelestem militiam deseruerunt; uitant enim eam sicut supplicium. haec mihi inuiscerabantur miris modis, cum minimum apostolorum tuorum legerem, et considerareram opera tua et expaueram.

ENGLISH

death, and yet he killed him; and "the record that stood against us was canceled." Those writings do not have this. Those pages do not have the face of this devotion: the tears of confession, your sacrifice, "a troubled spirit, a broken and humbled heart," the salvation of the people, the Bride, the City, the pledge of the Holy Spirit, the cup of our ransom. No one there sings, "Shall not my soul be subject to God? For from him comes my salvation. He is my God and my salvation, my protector; I shall not be moved any more." No one there hears him calling, "Come to me, you who labor." They scorn to learn from him, because he is gentle and humble of heart.[28]

For you have "hidden these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them to little ones." It is one thing to see the homeland of peace from a wooded peak and not find the road to it, struggling in vain through trackless country, beset and ambushed on every side by fugitive deserters under their chief, the lion and the dragon. It is quite another to keep to the road that leads there, guarded by the care of the heavenly Emperor, where those who have deserted the heavenly army do not lie in wait to rob—for they shun that road like torture. These things sank into my very depths in wonderful ways as I read "the least of your apostles"; and I had considered your works, and trembled.[29]

28 Romans 7:24–25; Proverbs 8:22; John 14:30; Colossians 2:14; Psalm 62:1–2.
29 1 Corinthians 15:9; Habakkuk 3:2.

Book VIII

Conversion in the garden
Stories of other conversions lead to Augustine's own conversion in a Milan garden.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.1.1	Deus meus, recorder in gratiarum actione tibi et confitear misericordias tuas super me. perfundantur ossa mea dilectione tua et dicant: domine, quis similis tibi? dirrupisti uincula mea: sacrificem tibi sacrificium laudis. quomodo dirrupisti ea, narrabo, et dicent omnes, qui adorant te, cum audient haec: „benedictus dominus in caelo et in terra; magnum et mirabile nomen eius." inhaeserant praecordiis meis uerba tua, et undique circumuallabar abs te. de uita tua aeterna certus eram, quamuis eam in aenigmate et quasi per speculum uideram; dubitatio tamen omnis de incorruptibili substantia, quod ab illa esset omnis substantia, ablata mihi erat, nec certior de te, sed stabilior in te esse cupiebam. de mea uero temporali uita nutabant omnia et mundandum erat cor a fermento ueteri;	My God, let me remember with thanksgiving and confess your mercies toward me. Let my bones be steeped in your love and say, "Lord, who is like you?" "You have broken my chains; let me offer you a sacrifice of praise." How you broke them I will tell, and all who worship you, when they hear it, will say, "Blessed be the Lord in heaven and on earth; great and wonderful is his name." Your words had stuck fast in my heart, and I was hemmed in by you on every side. Of your eternal life I was certain, though I had seen it "in a riddle, as in a mirror." Every doubt had been taken from me about incorruptible substance, and that all substance comes from it; and I desired not to be more certain of you, but more steadfast in you. But as for my life in time, everything was wavering, and my heart had to be cleansed of "the old leaven."[1]

SIMPLICIANUS

Augustine seeks advice from the aged priest Simplicianus about his inner turmoil.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et placebat uia ipse saluator et ire per eius angustias adhuc pigebat. et inmisisti in mentem meam uisumque est bonum in conspectu meo pergere ad Simplicianum, qui mihi bonus apparebat seruus tuus et lucebat in eo gratia tua. audieram etiam, quod a iuuentute sua deuotissime tibi uiueret; iam uero tunc senuerat et longa aetate in tam bono studio sectandae uiae tuae multa expertus, multa edoctus mihi uidebatur: et uere sic erat. unde mihi ut proferret uolebam conferenti secum aestus meos, quis esset aptus modus sic affecto, ut ego eram, ad ambulandum in uia tua.	The Way, the Savior himself, pleased me, but I was still reluctant to pass through its narrow places. And you put it into my mind, and it seemed good in my sight, to go to Simplicianus, who appeared to me a good servant of yours; your grace shone in him. I had also heard that from his youth he had lived for you most devoutly. By then he had grown old, and after a long life spent with such good zeal in following your way, he seemed to me to have experienced much and learned much—and so indeed he had. So as I talked over my turmoil with him, I wanted him to tell me the right way for someone in my state to walk in your way.[2]

1 Psalm 116:16–17; 1 Corinthians 13:12; 1 Corinthians 5:7.
2 Simplicianus, a priest at Milan who had instructed Ambrose, later succeeded him as bishop (AD 397).

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.1.2	Videbam enim plenam ecclesiam, et alius sic ibat, alius autem sic. mihi autem displicebat, quod agebam in saeculo, et oneri mihi erat ualde non iam inflammantibus cupiditatibus, ut solebant, spe honoris et pecuniae ad tolerandam illam seruitutem tam grauem. iam enim me illa non delectabant prae dulcedine tua et decore domus tuae, quam dilexi, sed adhuc tenaciter alligabar ex femina, nec me prohibebat apostolus coniugari, quamuis exhortaretur ad melius maxime uolens omnes homines sic esse, ut ipse erat. sed ego infirmior eligebam molliorem locum et propter hoc unum uoluebar in ceteris languidus et tabescens curis marcidis, quod et in aliis rebus, quas nolebam pati, congruere cogebar uitae coniugali, cui deditus obstringebar.	For I saw the Church full, and one person went this way, another that. But I was unhappy with what I was doing in the world, and it had become a heavy burden to me, now that my cravings no longer burned as they used to with the hope of honor and money to make me put up with so heavy a slavery. For those things no longer delighted me in comparison with your sweetness and "the beauty of your house, which I have loved." But I was still tightly bound by a woman. The apostle did not forbid me to marry, though he urged something better, wishing above all that everyone were as he himself was. But I, being weaker, chose the softer place, and because of this one thing I was tossed about in everything else, listless and wasting away with withering cares; for in other matters too, which I did not want to endure, I was forced to conform to married life, to which I was given over and bound.[3]
	audieram ex ore ueritatis esse spadones, qui se ipsos absciderunt propter regnum caelorum; sed, qui potest, inquit, capere, capiat. uani sunt certe omnes homines, quibus non inest dei scientia, nec de his, quae uidentur bona, potuerunt inuenire eum qui est. at ego iam non eram in illa uanitate; transcenderam eam et contestante uniuersa creatura inueneram te creatorem nostrum et uerbum tuum apud te deum, tecumque unum deum, per quod creasti omnia. et est aliud genus inpiorum, qui cognoscentes deum non sicut deum glorificauerunt aut gratias egerunt.	I had heard from the mouth of Truth that there are eunuchs who have made themselves so for the sake of the kingdom of heaven; but, he says, "let whoever can accept this accept it." Surely "all people are futile in whom there is no knowledge of God, and who could not, from the good things that are seen, find him who is." But I was no longer in that futility. I had risen above it, and with the whole creation bearing witness I had found you, our Creator, and your Word, God with you and one God with you, through whom you created all things. And there is another kind of ungodly people: those who "knowing God, did not glorify him as God or give thanks."[4]
	in hoc quoque incideram, et dextera tua suscepit me et inde ablatum posuisti, ubi conualescerem, quia dixisti homini: ecce pietas est sapientia et: noli uelle uideri sapiens, quoniam dicentes se esse sapientes stulti facti sunt. et inueneram iam bonam margaritam, et uenditis omnibus, quae haberem, emenda erat, et dubitabam.	Into this too I had fallen, and your right hand took hold of me; you lifted me out and set me where I might recover. For you said to humankind, "See: piety is wisdom," and, "Do not wish to seem wise, for those who called themselves wise became fools." And I had now found the good pearl, and I ought to have sold all I had and bought it—and I hesitated.[5]

3 Psalm 26:8; 1 Corinthians 7:7.
4 Wisdom 13:1.
5 Matthew 13:45–46.

THE CONVERSION OF VICTORINUS

Simplicianus tells how the famous rhetorician Victorinus publicly professed Christianity in Rome.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.2.3	Perrexi ergo ad Simplicianum, patrem in accipienda gratia tunc episcopi Ambrosii et quem uere ut patrem diligebat. narraui ei circuitus erroris mei. ubi autem conmemoraui legisse me quosdam libros Platonicorum, quos Victorinus quondam rhetor urbis Romae, quem christianum defunctum esse audieram, in latinam linguam transtulisset, gratulatus est mihi, quod non in aliorum philosophorum scripta incidissem plena fallaciarum et deceptionum secundum elementa huius mundi, in istis autem omnibus modis insinuari deum et eius uerbum. deinde, ut me exhortaretur ad humilitatem Christi sapientibus absconditam et reuelatam paruulis, Victorinum ipsum recordatus est, quem, Romae cum esset, familiarissime nouerat, deque illo mihi narrauit quod non silebo.	So I went to Simplicianus, who had been a father to Ambrose, then bishop, when he received grace, and whom Ambrose truly loved as a father. I told him the winding course of my wandering. When I mentioned that I had read certain books of the Platonists, translated into Latin by Victorinus, once a professor of rhetoric in the city of Rome, who I had heard had died a Christian, he congratulated me for not having fallen upon the writings of other philosophers, full of fallacies and deceptions "according to the elements of this world," whereas in these books God and his Word are suggested in every way. Then, to urge me toward the humility of Christ, hidden from the wise and revealed to little ones, he recalled Victorinus himself, whom he had known very well when he was in Rome; and what he told me about him I will not pass over in silence.[6]
	habet enim magnam laudem gratiae tuae confitendam tibi, quemadmodum ille doctissimus senex et omnium liberalium doctrinarum peritissimus quique philosophorum tam multa legerat et diiudicauerat, doctor tot nobilium senatorum, qui etiam ob insigne praeclari magisterii, quod ciues huius mundi eximium putant, statuam Romano foro meruerat et acceperat, usque ad illam aetatem uenerator idolorum sacrorumque sacrilegorum particeps, quibus tunc tota fere Romana nobilitas inflata inspirabat populo iam et omnigenum deum monstra et Anubem latratorem, quae aliquando contra Neptunum et Venerem contraque Mineruam tela tenuerant et a se uictis iam Roma supplicabat, quae iste senex Victorinus tot annos ore terricrepo defensitauerat, non erubuerit esse puer Christi tui et infans fontis tui subiecto collo ad humilitatis iugum et edomita fronte ad crucis opprobrium.	It deserves to be confessed to you, for it contains great praise of your grace. Here was a most learned old man, highly skilled in all the liberal arts, who had read and weighed so many works of the philosophers; the teacher of so many noble senators; a man who, for the distinction of his brilliant teaching—which the citizens of this world think the height of achievement—had earned and received a statue in the Roman Forum. Up to that age he had worshiped idols and taken part in the sacrilegious rites with which nearly the whole Roman nobility was then puffed up, breathing out Osiris and "monstrous gods of every kind, and barking Anubis"—gods that had once "borne arms against Neptune and Venus and against Minerva," and to which Rome, their conqueror, now prayed. For so many years old Victorinus had defended them with his thundering voice. And yet he did not blush to become a child of your Christ, an infant at your font, bowing his neck to the yoke of humility and bending his brow to the shame of the cross.[7]
8.2.4	O domine, domine, qui inclinasti caelos et descendisti, tetigisti: montes et fumigauerunt, quibus modis te	O Lord, Lord, who bowed the heavens and came down, who touched the mountains and they

6 Marius Victorinus, an African-born rhetorician in Rome, converted to Christianity around AD 355.

LATIN

insinuasti illi pectori? legebat, sicut ait Simplicianus, sanctam scripturam omnesque christianas litteras inuestigabat studiosissime et perscrutabatur et dicebat Simpliciano non palam, sed secretius et familiarius: „noueris iam me esse christianum“. et respondebat ille: „non credam nec deputabo te inter christianos, nisi in ecclesia Christi uidero“. ille autem inridebat dicens: „ergo parietes faciunt christianos?“ et hoc saepe dicebat, iam se esse christianum, et Simplicianus illud saepe respondebat et saepe ab illo parietum inrisio repetebatur. amicos enim suos reuerebatur offendere, superbos daemonicolas, quorum ex culmine Babylonicae dignitatis quasi ex cedris Libani, quas nondum contriuerat dominus, grauiter ruituras in se inimicitias arbitrabatur.

ENGLISH

smoked, by what ways did you find your way into that heart? He used to read Holy Scripture, Simplicianus said, and studied and searched all the Christian writings with great care. And he would say to Simplicianus—not openly, but privately, as a friend—"You should know that I am already a Christian." Simplicianus would answer, "I will not believe it or count you among the Christians until I see you in the church of Christ." But he would laugh and say, "So do walls make Christians?" He often said this, that he was already a Christian, and Simplicianus often gave that answer, and the joke about the walls was often repeated. For he was afraid of offending his friends, proud worshipers of demons; he thought that from the height of their Babylonian dignity, as from the cedars of Lebanon which the Lord had not yet broken, heavy hostility would come crashing down on him.[8]

sed posteaquam legendo et inhiando hausit firmitatem timuitque negari a Christo coram angelis sanctis, si eum timeret coram hominibus confiteri, reusque sibi magni criminis adparuit erubescendo de sacramentis humilitatis uerbi tui et non erubescendo de sacris sacrilegis superborum daemoniorum, quae imitator superbus acceperat, depuduit uanitati et erubuit ueritati subitoque et inopinatus ait Simpliciano, ut ipse narrabat: „eamus in ecclesiam: christianus uolo fieri“. at ille non se capiens laetitia perrexit cum eo. ubi autem imbutus est primis instructionis sacramentis, non multo post nomen dedit, ut per baptismum regeneraretur mirante Roma, gaudente ecclesia. superbi uidebant et irascebantur, dentibus suis stridebant et tabescebant: seruo autem tuo dominus deus erat spes eius et non respiciebat in uanitates et insanias mendaces.

But after he had drawn strength from reading and eager longing, he feared that Christ would deny him before the holy angels if he were afraid to confess Christ before men. He saw himself guilty of a great crime: he was ashamed of the sacraments of your Word's humility, and not ashamed of the sacrilegious rites of proud demons, which he had taken up as their proud imitator. He lost his shame before vanity and grew ashamed before the truth; and suddenly and unexpectedly he said to Simplicianus, as Simplicianus himself told it, "Let us go to the church: I want to become a Christian." Simplicianus, beside himself with joy, went with him. Once he had been instructed in the first sacraments of instruction, not long afterward he also gave in his name to be reborn through baptism, to the amazement of Rome and the joy of the Church. "The proud saw it and were angry; they gnashed their teeth and wasted away." But for your servant, "the Lord God was his hope, and he did not look to vanities and lying follies."[9]

8.2.5 Denique ut uentum est ad horam profitendae fidei, quae uerbis certis conceptis retentisque memoriter de loco eminentiore in conspectu populi fidelis Romae reddi solet ab eis, qui accessuri sunt ad gratiam tuam, oblatum

At last the hour came for the profession of faith. At Rome this is usually made, in fixed words learned and held in memory, from a raised place in sight of the faithful people, by those who are about to

7 The quoted phrases echo Virgil, Aeneid 8.698–700, on the Egyptian gods at the battle of Actium. The Latin before them is corrupt; "Osiris" follows a common emendation.
8 Psalm 144:5; Psalm 29:5.
9 Psalm 112:10; Psalm 40:4.

LATIN

esse dicebat Victorino a presbyteris, ut secretius redderet, sicut nonnullis, qui uerecundia trepidaturi uidebantur, offerri mos erat; illum autem maluisse salutem suam in conspectu sanctae multitudinis profiteri. non enim erat salus, quam docebat, in rhetorica et tamen eam publice professus erat. quanto minus ergo uereri debuit mansuetum gregem tuum pronuntians uerbum tuum, qui non uerebatur in uerbis suis turbas insanorum? itaque ubi ascendit, ut redderet, omnes sibimet inuicem, quisque ut eum nouerat, instrepuerunt nomen strepitu gratulationis. quis autem ibi non eum nouerat?

et sonuit presso sonitu per ora cunctorum conlaetantium: „Victorinus, Victorinus“. cito sonuerunt exultatione, quia uidebant eum, et cito siluerunt intentione, ut audirent eum. pronuntiauit ille fidem ueracem praeclara fiducia, et uolebant eum omnes rapere intro in cor suum. et rapiebant amando et gaudendo: hae rapientium manus erant.

8.3.6 Deus bone, quid agitur in homine, ut plus gaudeat de salute desperatae animae et de maiore periculo liberatae, quam si spes ei semper affuisset aut periculum minus fuisset? etenim tu quoque, misericors pater, plus gaudes de uno paenitente quam de nonaginta nouem iustis, quibus non opus est paenitentia. et nos cum magna iucunditate audimus, cum audimus quam exsultantibus pastoris umeris reportetur ouis, quae errauerat, et drachma referatur in thesauros tuos conlaetantibus uicinis mulieri, quae inuenit, et lacrimas excutit gaudium sollemnitatis domus tuae, cum legitur in domo tua de minore filio tuo, quoniam mortuus fuerat et reuixit, perierat et inuentus est. gaudes quippe in nobis et in angelis tuis sancta caritate sanctis.

nam tu semper idem, quia ea quae non semper nec eodem modo sunt eodem modo semper nosti omnia.

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approach your grace. Simplicianus said the presbyters offered Victorinus the chance to make it more privately, as was customarily offered to some who seemed likely to be flustered by shyness; but he preferred to profess his salvation in the sight of the holy congregation. For what he taught in rhetoric was not salvation, and yet he had professed it publicly. How much less, then, should he have feared your gentle flock when pronouncing your Word, he who had not feared crowds of madmen when pronouncing his own words? So when he went up to make his profession, all of them, each as he knew him, called out his name to one another in a clamor of congratulation (and who there did not know him?).

And through the mouths of all who were rejoicing together there sounded a hushed sound: “Victorinus! Victorinus!” Quickly they broke into sound with delight, because they saw him; and quickly they fell silent with attention, so that they could hear him. He proclaimed the true faith with splendid confidence, and all of them wanted to snatch him into their hearts. And they did snatch him, by loving and rejoicing: these were the hands that snatched him.

Good God, what happens in a person that makes him rejoice more over the salvation of a soul that had been despaired of, and freed from greater danger, than if there had always been hope for it or the danger had been less? For you too, merciful Father, rejoice more over one who repents than over ninety-nine righteous people who need no repentance. And we listen with great delight when we hear how the sheep that had strayed is carried back on the shoulders of the rejoicing shepherd, and how the coin is returned to your treasury while the neighbors rejoice with the woman who found it; and the joy of the solemn service in your house brings us to tears when it is read in your house about your younger son, that “he was dead and has come back to life; he was lost and has been found.” For you rejoice in us and in your angels, who are holy with a holy love.[10]

For you are always the same, you who always know in the same way all the things that neither always exist nor exist in the same way.

10 Luke 15:7.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.3.7	Quid ergo agitur in anima, cum amplius delectatur inuentis aut redditis rebus, quas diligit, quam si eas semper habuisset? contestantur enim et cetera et plena sunt omnia testimoniis clamantibus: „ita est“. triumphat uictor imperator et non uicisset, nisi pugnauisset, et quanto maius periculum fuit in proelio, tanto est gaudium maius in triumpho. iactat tempestas nauigantes minaturque naufragium; omnes futura morte pallescunt: tranquillatur caelum et mare, et exultant nimis, quoniam timuerunt nimis. aeger est carus et uena eius malum renuntiat; omnes, qui eum saluum cupiunt, aegrotant simul animo: fit ei recte et nondum ambulat pristinis uiribus, et fit iam tale gaudium, quale non fuit, cum antea saluus et fortis ambularet.	What happens in the soul, then, that it delights more in the things it loves when they are found or restored than if it had always had them? Everything else bears witness too, and the world is full of testimony crying out, “It is so.” The victorious general celebrates a triumph; he would not have won unless he had fought, and the greater the danger in battle, the greater the joy in the triumph. A storm tosses sailors and threatens shipwreck; all grow pale at the death awaiting them. Sky and sea grow calm, and they rejoice exceedingly, because they feared exceedingly. Someone dear to us is sick, and his pulse reports bad news; all who want him well are sick at heart along with him. He recovers, though he does not yet walk with his former strength—and already there is such joy as there never was before, when he walked about healthy and strong.
	easque ipsas uoluptates humanae uitae etiam non inopinatis et praeter uoluntatem inruentibus, sed institutis et uoluntariis molestiis homines adquirunt. edendi et bibendi uoluptas nulla est, nisi praecedat esuriendi et sitiendi molestia. et ebriosi quaedam salsiuscula comedunt, quo fiat molestus ardor, quem dum exstinguit potatio, fit delectatio. et institutum est, ut iam pactae sponsae non tradantur statim, ne uile habeat maritus datam, quam non suspirauerit sponsus dilatam.	People gain these very pleasures of human life even through troubles that do not fall on them unexpectedly and against their will, but are planned and chosen. There is no pleasure in eating and drinking unless the discomfort of hunger and thirst comes first. Drinkers eat salty snacks to produce a painful burning, and when drinking quenches it, pleasure results. And it is the custom that brides, once promised, are not handed over at once, so that the husband will not hold cheap a bride given to him whom he did not sigh for, as a bridegroom, during the delay.
8.3.8	Hoc in turpi et exsecranda laetitia, hoc in ea quae concessa et licita est, hoc in ipsa sincerissima honestate amicitiae, hoc in eo qui mortuus erat et reuixit, perierat et inuentus est: ubique maius gaudium molestia maiore praeceditur. quid est hoc, domine deus meus, cum tu aeternum tibi, tu ipse sis gaudium, et quaedam de te circa te semper gaudeant? quid est, quod haec rerum pars alternat defectu et profectu, offensionibus et conciliationibus? an is est modus earum et tantum dedisti eis, cum a summis caelorum usque ad ima terrarum, ab initio usque in finem saeculorum, ab angelo usque ad uermiculum, a motu primo usque ad extremum omnia genera bonorum et omnia iusta opera tua suis quaeque sedibus locares et suis quaeque temporibus ageres?	So it is in shameful and detestable pleasure; so in pleasure that is permitted and lawful; so in the most sincere and honorable friendship; so in the one who “was dead and came back to life, was lost and was found.” Everywhere, greater joy is preceded by greater trouble. What does this mean, Lord my God, when you yourself are eternally your own joy, and some beings around you forever rejoice in you? What does it mean that this part of the world swings between decline and progress, between clashes and reconciliations? Is this their measure, and is this all you gave them, when from the heights of heaven to the depths of the earth, from the beginning of the ages to their end, from the angel to the worm, from the first movement to the last, you set every kind of good thing and all your just works each in its own place, and brought each about in its own time?

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ei mihi, quam excelsus es in excelsis et quam profundus in profundis! et nusquam recedis, et uix redimus ad te.	Ah me, how high you are in the heights, and how deep in the depths! You never go away, and we hardly come back to you.
8.4.9 Age, domine, fac excita et reuoca nos, accende et rape, fragra, dulcesce: amemus, curramus. nonne multi ex profundiore tartaro caecitatis quam Victorinus redeunt ad te et accedunt et inluminantur recipientes lumen, quod si qui recipiunt, accipiunt a te potestatem, ut filii tui fiant? sed si minus noti sunt populis, minus de illis gaudent etiam qui nouerunt eos. quando enim cum multis gaudetur, et in singulis uberius est gaudium, quia feruefaciunt se et inflammantur ex alterutro. deinde, quod multis noti, multis sunt auctoritati ad salutem et multis praeeunt secuturis, ideoque multum de illis et qui eos praecesserunt laetantur, quia non de solis laetantur.	Come, Lord, act: rouse us and call us back, kindle us and seize us, blaze and grow sweet; let us love, let us run. Do not many return to you from a deeper pit of blindness than Victorinus did, and draw near and are enlightened, receiving the light? And those who receive it receive from you power to become your children. But if they are less known to the public, even those who know them rejoice less over them. For when joy is shared with many, each one's joy is richer too, because they warm one another and catch fire from each other. Then, too, those who are known to many carry authority with many toward salvation and lead the way for many who will follow; and so even those who went before them rejoice greatly over them, because they are not rejoicing over them alone.
absit enim, ut in tabernaculo tuo prae pauperibus accipiantur personae diuitum aut prae ignobilibus nobiles, quando potius infirma mundi elegisti, ut confunderes fortia, et ignobilia huius mundi elegisti et contemtibilia et ea quae non sunt, tamquam sint, ut ea quae sunt euacuares. et tamen idem ipse minimus apostolorum tuorum, per cuius linguam tua ista uerba sonuisti, cum Paulus pro consule per eius militiam debellata superbia sub lene iugum Christi tui missus esset regis magni prouincialis effectus, ipse quoque ex priore Saulo Paulus uocari amauit ob tam magnae insigne uictoriae. plus enim hostis uincitur in eo, quem plus tenet et de quo plures tenet. plus autem superbos tenet nomine nobilitatis et de his plures nomine auctoritatis.	Far be it that in your tabernacle the rich should be favored over the poor, or the noble over the lowly, since you have rather "chosen the weak things of the world to put the strong to shame, and chosen the lowly and despised things of this world, and the things that are not as though they were, to bring to nothing the things that are." And yet that same "least of your apostles," through whose tongue you spoke those words of yours—when the proconsul Paulus, his pride defeated by the apostle's campaign, had been sent under the gentle yoke of your Christ and become a subject of the great King—he too, formerly Saul, chose to be called Paul, as a mark of so great a victory. For the enemy is more fully defeated in someone he holds more tightly, and through whom he holds more people. And he holds the proud more tightly through the name of nobility, and through them holds more people through the name of authority.[11]
quanto igitur gratius cogitabatur Victorini pectus, quod tam inexpugnabile receptaculum diabolus obtinuerat, Victorini lingua, quo telo grandi et acuto multos peremerat, abundantius exultare oportuit filios tuos, quia rex noster alligauit fortem, et uidebant uasa eius erepta mundari et aptari in honorem tuum et fieri utilia domino ad omne opus bonum.	So the more gladly they thought of Victorinus's heart, which the devil had held as an impregnable stronghold, and of Victorinus's tongue, the great sharp weapon with which he had slain many, the more abundantly your children had cause to rejoice. For our King had bound the strong man, and they saw his vessels snatched away, cleansed, and

11 1 Corinthians 1:27–28. Sergius Paulus, proconsul of Cyprus, was converted by Paul (Acts 13:7–12).

	LATIN	ENGLISH
		made fit for your honor, becoming "useful to the Lord for every good work."[12]

TWO WILLS

Augustine describes being torn between two wills, the old and the new, bound by habit.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.5.10	Sed ubi mihi homo tuus Simplicianus de Victorino ista narrauit, exarsi ad imitandum: ad hoc enim et ille narrauerat. posteaquam uero et illud addidit, quod imperatoris Iuliani temporibus lege data prohibiti sunt christiani docere litteraturam et oratoriam — quam legem ille amplexus loquacem scholam deserere maluit quam uerbum tuum, quo linguas infantium facis disertas — non mihi fortior quam felicior uisus est, quia inuenit occasionem uacandi tibi. cui rei ego suspirabam ligatus non ferro alieno, sed mea ferrea uoluntate. uelle meum tenebat inimicus et inde mihi catenam fecerat et constrinxerat me. quippe uoluntate peruersa facta est libido, et dum seruitur libidini, facta est consuetudo, et dum consuetudini non resistitur, facta est necessitas. quibus quasi ansulis sibimet innexis — unde catenam appellaui — tenebat me obstrictum dura seruitus.	But when your servant Simplicianus told me this about Victorinus, I burned to imitate him; that, indeed, was why he had told it. And he added that in the time of the emperor Julian a law was passed forbidding Christians to teach literature and oratory; and Victorinus, embracing that law, chose to abandon his school of chatter rather than your Word, by which you "make eloquent the tongues of infants." He seemed to me not so much brave as fortunate, because he found an opportunity to be free for you. For this I was sighing, bound not by another's iron but by my own iron will. The enemy held my will, and from it he had made a chain for me and bound me tight. For out of a perverse will came lust; and when lust is served, habit comes; and when habit is not resisted, necessity comes. By these links, as it were, joined one to another—which is why I called it a chain—a hard slavery held me bound.[13]
	uoluntas autem noua, quae mihi esse coeperat, ut te gratis colere fruique te uellem, deus, sola certa iucunditas, nondum erat idonea ad superandam priorem uetustate roboratam. ita duae uoluntates meae, una uetus, alia noua, illa carnalis, illa spiritalis, confligebant inter se atque discordando dissipabant animam meam.	But the new will that had begun in me—to worship you freely and to want to enjoy you, God, the only sure delight—was not yet strong enough to overcome the earlier will, hardened by long age. So my two wills, one old, the other new, one carnal, the other spiritual, fought with each other, and in their discord they tore my soul apart.
8.5.11	Sic intellegebam me ipso experimento id quod legeram, quomodo caro concupisceret aduersus spiritum et spiritus aduersus carnem, ego quidem in utroque, sed magis ego in eo, quod in me approbabam quam in eo, quod in me improbabam. ibi enim magis iam non ego, quia ex magna parte id patiebar inuitus quam faciebam uolens. sed tamen consuetudo aduersus me pugnacior ex me facta erat, quoniam uolens quo nollem perueneram. et quis iure contradiceret, cum peccantem iusta poena sequeretur? et non erat iam illa excusatio, qua uideri mihi solebam propterea me nondum contemto saeculo seruire tibi, quia incerta mihi esset perceptio ueritatis:	So I understood from my own experience what I had read: how "the flesh desires against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh." I was in both, but more myself in what I approved in myself than in what I disapproved. For in the latter it was now more not I, since to a great extent I suffered it unwillingly rather than did it willingly. And yet habit had grown more combative against me through my own doing, since I had willingly arrived where I did not want to be. And who could rightly object, when just punishment follows the sinner? Nor did I have any longer the excuse by which I used to

12 Matthew 12:29; 2 Timothy 2:21.
13 Julian "the Apostate," emperor AD 361–363, barred Christians from teaching the classics in AD 362. The quotation is Wisdom 10:21.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	iam enim et ipsa certa erat. ego autem adhuc terra obligatus militare tibi recusabam et inpedimentis omnibus sic timebam expediri, quemadmodum inpediri timendum est.	tell myself that I had not yet despised the world to serve you because my grasp of the truth was uncertain; for now that too was certain. But I, still tied down to earth, refused to serve as your soldier, and I was as afraid of being freed from all my baggage as one ought to be afraid of being weighed down by it.[14]
8.5.12	Ita sarcina saeculi, uelut somno assolet, dulciter premebar, et cogitationes, quibus meditabar in te, similes erant conatibus expergisci uolentium, qui tamen superati soporis altitudine remerguntur. et sicut nemo est, qui dormire semper uelit, omniumque sano iudicio uigilare praestat, differt tamen plerumque homo somnum excutere, cum grauis torpor in membris est, eumque iam displicentem carpit libentius, quamuis surgendi tempus aduenerit: ita certum habebam esse melius tuae caritati me dedere quam meae cupiditati cedere; sed illud placebat et uincebat, hoc libebat et uinciebat.	So I was weighed down by the burden of the world, sweetly, as often happens in sleep; and the thoughts in which I meditated on you were like the efforts of people who want to wake up but, overcome by the depth of their slumber, sink back down. No one wants to sleep forever, and everyone of sound judgment agrees it is better to be awake; yet a person often puts off shaking off sleep when a heavy torpor lies in his limbs, and though he already dislikes it he enjoys it all the more willingly, even though the time to get up has come. In the same way I was certain that it was better to give myself up to your love than to give in to my own craving. But the one appealed to me and was winning; the other allured me and was binding.
	non enim erat quod tibi responderem dicenti mihi: surge qui dormis et exsurge a mortuis, et inluminabit te Christus, et undique ostendenti uera te dicere, non erat omnino, quid responderem ueritate conuictus, nisi tantum uerba lenta et somnolenta: „modo“, „ecce modo“, „sine paululum“. sed „modo et modo“ non habebat modum et „sine paululum“ in longum ibat. frustra condelectabatur legi tuae secundum interiorem hominem, cum alia lex in membris meis repugnaret legi mentis meae et captiuum me duceret in lege peccati, quae in membris meis erat. lex enim peccati est uiolentia consuetudinis, qua trahitur et tenetur etiam inuitus animus eo merito, quo in eam uolens inlabitur. miserum ergo me quis liberaret de corpore mortis huius nisi gratia tua per Iesum Christum, dominum nostrum?	For I had no answer to give you when you said to me, “Wake up, sleeper, and rise from the dead, and Christ will give you light.” And though you showed me on every side that what you said was true, I, convicted by the truth, had nothing at all to answer but slow and sleepy words: “Soon,” “Yes, soon,” “Just a little while.” But “soon, soon” never came to an end, and “just a little while” went on for a long while. In vain did I delight in your law in my inner self, when another law in my members was fighting against the law of my mind and taking me captive under the law of sin that was in my members. For the law of sin is the force of habit, by which the mind is dragged along and held even against its will—deservedly, since it slipped into the habit willingly. Wretched as I was, then, who would deliver me from the body of this death, except your grace through Jesus Christ our Lord?[15]
8.6.13	Et de uinculo quidem desiderii concubitus, quo artissimo tenebar, et saecularium negotiorum seruitute quemadmodum exemeris narrabo et confitebor nomini tuo, domine, adiutor meus et redemptor meus. agebam solita crescente anxitudine et cotidie suspirabam tibi,	Now I will tell how you released me from the chain of sexual desire, by which I was bound most tightly, and from the slavery of worldly business; and I will confess to your name, Lord, “my helper and my redeemer.” I went about my usual affairs

14 Galatians 5:17.
15 Ephesians 5:14.

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frequentabam ecclesiam tuam, quantum uacabat ab eis negotiis, sub quorum pondere gemebam. mecum erat Alypius otiosus ab opere iuris peritorum post assessionem tertiam, expectans, quibus iterum consilia uenderet, sicut ego uendebam dicendi facultatem, si qua docendo praestari potest. Nebridius autem amicitiae nostrae cesserat, ut omnium nostrum familiarissimo Verecundo, Mediolanensi et ciui et grammatico, subdoceret, uehementer desideranti et familiaritatis iure flagitanti de numero nostro fidele adiutorium, quo indigebat nimis.	with growing anxiety, and daily I sighed for you. I went often to your church, as far as I had time free from the business under whose weight I groaned. Alypius was with me, idle from his work as a legal expert after a third term as assessor, waiting for clients to whom he could sell his advice again, just as I sold skill in speaking, if that can be supplied by teaching. Nebridius, for his part, had yielded to our friendship and agreed to serve as assistant teacher to Verecundus, a citizen of Milan and a teacher of grammar, the closest friend of us all, who urgently wanted—and by right of friendship demanded—faithful help from among our circle, for he badly needed it.[16]
non itaque Nebridium cupiditas conmodorum eo traxit — maiora enim posset, si uellet, de litteris agere — sed officio beniuolentiae petitionem nostram contemnere noluit amicus dulcissimus et mitissimus. agebat autem illud prudentissime cauens innotescere personis secundum hoc saeculum maioribus, deuitans in eis omnem inquietudinem animi, quem uolebat habere liberum et quam multis posset horis feriatum ad quaerendum aliquid uel legendum uel audiendum de sapientia.	So it was not a craving for gain that drew Nebridius there—he could have made more from his learning, had he wished—but, most sweet and gentle friend that he was, out of the duty of kindness he would not turn down our request. He carried it out very prudently, taking care not to become known to people who were great by this world's standards, and so avoiding all the disturbance of mind they would bring; for he wanted his mind free, and at leisure for as many hours as possible, to seek out, read, or hear something about wisdom.

PONTICIANUS' STORY

Ponticianus tells of Antony and two officials who abandoned their careers, shaming Augustine.

LATIN	ENGLISH
8.6.14 Quodam igitur die — non recolo causam, qua erat absens Nebridius — cum ecce ad nos domum uenit ad me et Alypium Ponticianus quidam, ciuis noster, in quantum Afer, praeclare in palatio militans: nescio quid a nobis uolebat. et consedimus, ut conloqueremur. et forte supra mensam lusoriam, quae ante nos erat, adtendit codicem: tulit, aperuit, inuenit apostolum Paulum, inopinate sane; putauerat enim aliquid de libris, quorum professio me conterebat. tum uero arridens meque intuens gratulatorie miratus est, quod eas et solas prae oculis meis litteras repente conperisset. christianus quippe et fidelis erat et saepe tibi, deo nostro, prosternebatur in ecclesia crebris et diuturnis orationibus.	One day, then—I do not remember why Nebridius was away—a man named Ponticianus came to our house to see Alypius and me. He was a fellow countryman of ours, in that he was an African, and held a distinguished post at the palace. He wanted something from us, I do not know what, and we sat down to talk. By chance he noticed a book on a game table in front of us. He picked it up, opened it, and found the apostle Paul—quite unexpectedly, for he had supposed it was one of the books that I wore myself out teaching. Then he smiled and looked at me with congratulation and surprise at having suddenly found these writings, and these alone, before my eyes. For he was a Christian and a baptized believer, and often pros-

16 Psalm 19:14. Verecundus later lent Augustine his country estate at Cassiciacum.

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trated himself before you, our God, in church, in frequent and lengthy prayers.

cui ego cum indicassem illis me scripturis curam maximam inpendere, ortus est sermo ipso narrante de Antonio Aegyptio monacho, cuius nomen excellenter clarebat apud seruos tuos, nos autem usque in illam horam latebat. quod ille ubi conperit, inmoratus est in eo sermone insinuans tantum uirum ignorantibus et admirans eandem nostram ignorantiam. stupebamus autem audientes tam recenti memoria et prope nostris temporibus testatissima mirabilia tua in fide recta et catholica ecclesia. omnes mirabamur, et nos, quia tam magna erant, et ille, quia inaudita nobis erant.

When I told him that I was devoting the greatest care to those Scriptures, a conversation began, with him doing the telling, about Antony, the Egyptian monk, whose name shone brightly among your servants but had been hidden from us until that hour. When he discovered this, he lingered on the subject, introducing so great a man to us who did not know him and marveling at this ignorance of ours. We, for our part, were astounded to hear of your wonders, so thoroughly attested, within such recent memory and almost in our own times, in the true faith and the Catholic Church. We were all amazed: we, because the things were so great; and he, because we had never heard of them.[17]

8.6.15 Inde sermo eius deuolutus est ad monasteriorum greges et mores suaueolentiae tuae et ubera deserta heremi, quorum nos nihil sciebamus. et erat monasterium Mediolanii plenum bonis fratribus extra urbis moenia sub Ambrosio nutritore, et non noueramus. pertendebat ille et loquebatur adhuc, et nos intenti tacebamus. unde incidit, ut diceret nescio quando se et tres alios contubernales suos, nimirum apud Treueros, cum imperator pomeridiano circensium spectaculo teneretur, exisse deambulatum in hortos muris contiguos atque illic, ut forte combinati spatiabantur, unum secum seorsum et alios duos itidem seorsum pariterque digressos; sed illos uagabundos inruisse in quandam casam, ubi habitabant quidam serui tui spiritu pauperes, qualium est regnum caelorum, et inuenisse ibi codicem, in quo scripta erat uita Antonii,

From there his talk rolled on to the flocks in the monasteries, and their way of life, fragrant with your sweetness, and the fruitful wastes of the desert—of all of which we knew nothing. There was even a monastery at Milan, outside the city walls, full of good brothers under the care of Ambrose, and we had not known it. He went on and kept talking, and we sat silent and intent. Then it happened that he told how once—at Trier, it seems—while the emperor was held by the morning show at the circus, he and three companions went out for a walk in the gardens next to the walls. There, as they happened to stroll in pairs, one went off with him, and the other two likewise went off on their own. But those two, wandering about, came upon a cottage where some of your servants lived, poor in spirit, the kind to whom the kingdom of heaven belongs; and there they found a book in which the life of Antony was written.[18]

quam legere coepit unus eorum et mirari et accendi et inter legendum meditari arripere talem uitam et relicta militia saeculari seruire tibi. erant autem ex eis, quos dicunt agentes in rebus. tum subito repletus amore sancto et sobrio pudore iratus sibi coniecit oculos in amicum et ait illi: „dic, quaeso te, omnibus istis laboribus nostris quo ambimus peruenire? quid quaerimus? cuius rei causa militamus? maiorne esse poterit spes nostra in palatio, quam ut amici imperatoris simus? et ibi quid non

One of them began to read it, and to marvel, and to catch fire; and as he read he began to think of taking up such a life, leaving his worldly service, and serving you. They were among those called "agents in affairs." Then suddenly, filled with holy love and sober shame, angry with himself, he turned his eyes on his friend and said to him: "Tell me, please, with all these labors of ours, where are we trying to get? What are we looking for? What

17 Antony of Egypt (c. AD 251–356), a pioneer of Christian monasticism; the Life of Antony by Athanasius was widely read.
18 Trier, on the Moselle, was then an imperial residence.

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fragile plenumque periculis? et per quot pericula peruenitur ad grandius periculum? et quando istuc erit? amicus autem dei, si uoluero, ecce nunc fio“. dixit hoc et turbidus parturitione nouae uitae reddidit oculos paginis:	are we serving for? Can our hope at the palace rise any higher than to be friends of the emperor? And there, what is not fragile and full of dangers? Through how many dangers do we arrive at a greater danger? And when will that even happen? But a friend of God—if I want it, look, I become one now.” He said this, and, in turmoil with the labor pains of a new life, he turned his eyes back to the pages.[19]
et legebat et mutabatur intus, ubi tu uidebas, et exuebatur mundo mens eius, ut mox apparuit. namque dum legit et uoluit fluctus cordis sui, infremuit aliquando et discreuit decreuitque meliora iamque tuus ait amico suo: „ego iam abrupi me ab illa spe nostra et deo seruire statui et hoc ex hac hora, in hoc loco aggredior. te si piget imitari, noli aduersari“. respondit ille adhaerere se socium tantae mercedis tantaeque militiae. et ambo iam tui aedificabant turrem sumptu idoneo relinquendi omnia sua et sequendi te. tum Ponticianus et qui cum eo per alias horti partes deambulabant, quaerentes eos deuenerunt in eundem locum et inuenientes admonuerunt, ut redirent, quod iam declinasset dies.	And he read, and he was changed within, where you could see, and his mind was stripped of the world, as soon became clear. For while he read and the waves of his heart rolled, at times he groaned aloud; and he discerned and determined on the better course. And now yours, he said to his friend: “I have now broken away from that hope of ours, and I have resolved to serve God, and I am starting from this hour, in this place. If you are reluctant to imitate me, do not oppose me.” The other replied that he would stay with him as a comrade in so great a reward and so great a service. And both, now yours, were building the tower at the proper cost: leaving everything they had and following you. Then Ponticianus and the man who was walking with him through other parts of the garden, looking for them, came to the same place, found them, and reminded them to come back, since the day was already declining.
at illi narrato placito et proposito suo, quoque modo in eis talis uoluntas orta est atque firmata petiuerunt, ne sibi molesti essent, si adiungi recusarent. isti autem nihil mutati a pristinis fleuerunt se tamen, ut dicebat, atque illis pie congratulati sunt et conmendauerunt se orationibus eorum et trahentes cor in terra abierunt in palatium, illi autem affigentes cor caelo manserunt in casa. et habebant ambo sponsas: quae posteaquam hoc audierunt, dicauerunt etiam ipsae uirginitatem tibi.	But they told of their decision and purpose, and how such a will had arisen and been made firm in them, and asked the others not to make trouble for them if they refused to join them. The other two, though in no way changed from what they had been, nevertheless wept for themselves, as he told it, and devoutly congratulated them, and commended themselves to their prayers; and dragging their hearts along the ground, they went off to the palace, while the other two, fixing their hearts on heaven, stayed in the cottage. Both of these men were engaged to be married; and when their fiancées heard of this, they too dedicated their virginity to you.
8.7.16 Narrabat haec Ponticianus. tu autem, domine, inter uerba eius retorquebas me ad me ipsum, auferens me a dorso meo, ubi me posueram, dum nollem me adtendere, et constituebas me ante faciem meam, ut uiderem, quam turpis essem, quam distortus et sordidus, maculosus et	This was what Ponticianus told us. But you, Lord, while he was speaking, were turning me back toward myself, taking me from behind my own back, where I had put myself so as not to look at

19 The agentes in rebus were imperial couriers and inspectors, a branch of the civil service with a reputation as secret police.

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	ulcerosus. et uidebam et horrebam, et quo a me fugerem non erat. et si conabar a me auertere aspectum, narrabat ille quod narrabat, et tu me rursus opponebas mihi et inpingebas me in oculos meos, ut inuenirem iniquitatem et odissem. noueram eam, sed dissimulabam et cohibebam et obliuiscebar.	myself; and you set me before my own face, so that I would see how ugly I was, how twisted and filthy, spotted and covered with sores. I saw, and I was horrified, and there was nowhere to flee from myself. If I tried to turn my gaze away from myself, he went on telling what he was telling, and you again set me opposite myself and thrust me before my own eyes, so that I would discover my wickedness and hate it. I had known it, but I pretended not to, and held it down, and forgot it.
8.7.17	Tunc uero quanto ardentius amabam illos, de quibus audiebam salubres affectus, quod se totos tibi sanandos dederant, tanto exsecrabilius me conparatum eis oderam. quoniam multi mei anni mecum effluxerant — forte duodecim anni — ex quo ab undeuicensimo anno aetatis meae lecto Ciceronis Hortensio excitatus eram studio sapientiae et differebam contemta felicitate terrena ad eam inuestigandam uacare, cuius non inuentio, sed uel sola inquisitio iam praeponenda erat etiam inuentis thesauris regnisque gentium et ad nutum circumfluentibus corporis uoluptatibus. at ego adulescens miser ualde, miserior in exordio ipsius adulescentiae, etiam petieram a te castitatem et dixeram: „da mihi castitatem et continentiam, sed noli modo“. timebam enim, ne me cito exaudires et cito sanares a morbo concupiscentiae, quem malebam expleri quam exstingui.	Then indeed, the more ardently I loved those men whose healthy resolve I was hearing about—that they had given themselves wholly to you to be healed—the more loathsomely I hated myself in comparison with them. For many years of mine had flowed away with me—perhaps twelve—since, in my nineteenth year, on reading Cicero's Hortensius, I had been roused to the pursuit of wisdom; and still I kept putting off scorning earthly happiness and making time to search for that wisdom, whose mere seeking, let alone its finding, should have been preferred even to finding treasures and the kingdoms of the nations and bodily pleasures flowing around me at a nod. But I, a wretched young man, very wretched, and more wretched still at the very threshold of my youth, had even asked you for chastity and said, "Give me chastity and self-control—but not yet." For I was afraid that you would hear me quickly, and quickly heal me of the disease of lust, which I preferred to have satisfied rather than extinguished.
	et ieram per uias prauas superstitione sacrilega, non quidem certus in ea, sed quasi praeponens eam ceteris, quae non pie quaerebam, sed inimice oppugnabam.	And I had gone down crooked roads in a sacrilegious superstition—not indeed sure of it, but as if preferring it to the others, which I did not seek out devoutly but attacked as an enemy.
8.7.18	Et putaueram me propterea differre de die in diem contemta spe saeculi te solum sequi, quia non mihi apparebat certum aliquid, quo dirigerem cursum meum. et uenerat dies, quo nudarer mihi et increparet in me conscientia mea: „ubi est lingua mea? nempe tu dicebas propter incertum uerum nolle te abicere sarcinam uanitatis. ecce iam certum est, et illa te adhuc premit umerisque liberioribus pinnas recipiunt, qui neque ita in quaerendo adtriti sunt nec decennio et amplius ista meditati“. ita rodebar intus et confundebar pudore horribili uehementer, cum Ponticianus talia loqueretur. terminato autem sermone et causa, qua uenerat, abiit	I had thought that the reason I was putting off, from day to day, scorning worldly hope and following you alone was that nothing certain appeared to me by which to steer my course. And now the day had come when I was stripped bare before myself, and my conscience rebuked me: "Where is your tongue now? You used to say, of course, that because the truth was uncertain you would not throw off the baggage of vanity. Look, now it is certain, and still that baggage weighs on you, while others, with freer shoulders, grow wings—men who were not worn out with search-

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	ille, et ego ad me. quae non in me dixi? quibus sententiarum uerberibus non flagellaui animam meam, ut sequeretur me conantem post te ire?	ing as you were, nor spent ten years and more pondering these things." So I was gnawed within and violently confounded with a horrible shame, while Ponticianus spoke of such things. When he had finished his story and the business for which he had come, he went away, and I went back to myself. What did I not say against myself? With what whips of argument did I not flog my soul to make it follow me as I tried to go after you?
	et renitebatur, recusabat et non se excusabat. consumpta erant et conuicta argumenta omnia: remanserat muta trepidatio et quasi mortem formidabat restringi a fluxu consuetudinis, quo tabescebat in mortem.	And it balked; it refused, and it made no excuse. All its arguments were used up and refuted. What remained was a mute trembling: it dreaded, as if it were death, being held back from the flow of habit by which it was wasting away to death.

THE GARDEN IN MILAN

In a Milan garden, Augustine battles his divided will and the pull of his old desires.

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8.8.19	Tum in illa grandi rixa interioris domus meae, quam fortiter excitaueram cum anima mea in cubiculo nostro, corde meo, tam uultu quam mente turbatus inuado Alypium, exclamo: „quid patimur? quid est hoc, quod audisti? surgunt indocti et caelum rapiunt, et nos cum doctrinis nostris ecce ubi uolutamur in carne et sanguine! an quia praecesserunt, pudet sequi et non pudet nec saltem sequi?" dixi nescio qua talia, et abripuit me ab illo aestus meus, cum taceret attonitus me intuens. neque enim solita sonabam. plus loquebantur animum meum frons, genae, oculi, color, modus uocis quam uerba, quae promebam. hortulus quidam erat hospitii nostri, quo nos utebamur sicut tota domo: nam hospes ibi non habitabat, dominus domus.	Then, in that great quarrel of my inner house, which I had stirred up fiercely with my soul in our private chamber, my heart, troubled in face as much as in mind, I burst in on Alypius. I cry out: "What is wrong with us? What is this? What did you hear? The unlearned rise up and seize heaven, and we, with our learning—look where we wallow in flesh and blood! Is it because they have gone ahead that we are ashamed to follow, and not ashamed not even to follow?" I said something like this, and my turmoil tore me away from him, while he stared at me in stunned silence. For I did not sound like myself. My forehead, cheeks, eyes, color and tone of voice spoke my mind more than the words I uttered. There was a small garden at our lodging, which we had the use of, as of the whole house, for our host, the owner of the house, did not live there.
	illuc me abstulerat tumultus pectoris, ubi nemo impediret ardentem litem, quam mecum aggressus eram, donec exiret qua tu sciebas, ego autem non: sed tantum insanibam salubriter et moriebar uitaliter, gnarus, quid mali essem, et ignarus, quid boni post paululum futurus essem. abscessi ergo in hortum et Alypius pedem post pedem. neque enim secretum meum non erat, ubi ille aderat. et quando me sic affectum desereret? sedimus quantum potuimus remoti ab aedibus. ego fremebam spiritu indignans indignatione turbulentissima, quod non irem in placitum et pactum tecum, deus meus, in quod eundum esse omnia ossa mea clamabant et in caelum	The tumult in my breast had carried me off there, where no one would hinder the burning lawsuit I had brought against myself until it came to its end —an end you knew, but I did not. I was only going mad toward health and dying into life, aware of how bad I was and unaware of how good I was soon to be. So I withdrew into the garden, and Alypius followed step by step. For my solitude was no less mine when he was there. And when would he have deserted me in such a state? We sat down as far from the buildings as we could. I was groaning in spirit, raging with the most turbulent indig-

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	tollebant laudibus: et non illuc ibatur nauibus aut quadrigis aut pedibus, quantum saltem de domo in eum locum ieram, ubi sedebamus.	nation that I did not enter into the agreement and covenant with you, my God, into which all my bones cried out that I should go, praising it to the skies. And one did not go there by ship or chariot or on foot—not even as far as I had gone from the house to the place where we were sitting.
	nam non solum ire uerum etiam peruenire illuc nihil erat aliud quam uelle ire, sed uelle fortiter et integre, non semisauciam hac atque hac uersare et iactare uoluntatem parte adsurgente cum alia parte cadente luctantem.	For not only to go there but also to arrive there was nothing other than to will to go—but to will it strongly and wholly, not to twist and toss this way and that a half-wounded will, struggling as one part rises and another falls.
8.8.20	Denique tam multa faciebam corpore in ipsis cunctationis aestibus, quae aliquando uolunt homines et non ualent, si aut ipsa membra non habeant aut ea uel conligata uinculis uel resoluta languore uel quoquo modo impedita sint. si uulsi capillum, si percussi frontem, si consertis digitis amplexatus sum genu, quia uolui, feci. potui autem uelle et non facere, si mobilitas membrorum non obsequeretur. tam multa ergo feci, ubi non hoc erat uelle quod posse: et non faciebam, quod et inconparabili affectu amplius mihi placebat et mox, ut uellem, possem, quia mox, ut uellem, utique uellem.	In short, in the very heat of my hesitation I did many things with my body that people sometimes want to do and cannot—if they lack the limbs themselves, or if these are bound with chains, or weakened by illness, or hindered in some other way. If I tore my hair, if I struck my forehead, if I locked my fingers and clasped my knee, I did it because I willed it. Yet I could have willed and not done it, if my limbs had not been able to move and obey. So I did many things where willing was not the same as being able; and I did not do what pleased me more, with an incomparable longing, and what I could have done as soon as I willed—because as soon as I willed, I would surely will it.
	ibi enim facultas ea, quae uoluntas, et ipsum uelle iam facere erat; et tamen non fiebat, faciliusque obtemperabat corpus tenuissimae uoluntati animae, ut ad nutum membra mouerentur, quam ipsa sibi anima ad uoluntatem suam magnam in sola uoluntate perficiendam.	For there the ability was the same as the will, and the willing itself was already the doing. And yet it was not done; and the body obeyed the slightest will of the soul, moving its limbs at a nod, more easily than the soul obeyed itself in carrying out its own great will, which could be accomplished by the will alone.
8.9.21	Vnde hoc monstrum? et quare istuc? luceat misericordia tua, et interrogem, si forte mihi respondere possint latebrae poenarum hominum et tenebrosissimae contritiones filiorum Adam. unde hoc monstrum? et quare istuc? imperat animus corpori, et paretur statim: imperat animus sibi, et resistitur. imperat animus, ut moueatur manus, et tanta est facilitas, ut uix a seruitio discernatur imperium: et animus animus est, manus autem corpus est. imperat animus, ut uelit animus, nec alter est nec facit tamen. unde hoc monstrum? et quare istuc? imperat, inquam, ut uelit, qui non imperaret, nisi uellet, et non facit quod imperat. sed non ex toto uult: non ergo ex toto imperat.	Where does this monstrous thing come from? And why is it so? Let your mercy shine on me, and let me ask, in case the hidden places of human punishment and the darkest sufferings of the children of Adam can answer me. Where does this monstrous thing come from? And why is it so? The mind commands the body, and it obeys at once; the mind commands itself, and it resists. The mind commands the hand to move, and it is so easy that command can hardly be told apart from obedience; yet the mind is mind, and the hand is body. The mind commands the mind to will; it is not something other, and yet it does not do it. Where does this monstrous thing come from? And why is it so, I ask, that the mind, which would not command unless it willed, commands itself to

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will, and does not do what it commands? But it does not will wholly; so it does not command wholly.

nam in tantum imperat, in quantum uult, et in tantum non fit quod imperat, in quantum non uult, quoniam uoluntas imperat, ut sit uoluntas, nec alia, sed ipsa. non itaque plena imperat; ideo non est quod imperat. nam si plena esset, nec imperaret ut esset, quia iam esset. non igitur monstrum partim uelle, partim nolle, sed aegritudo animi est, quia non totus assurgit ueritate subleuatus, consuetudine praegrauatus. et ideo sunt duae uoluntates, quia una earum tota non est et hoc adest alteri, quod deest alteri.

For it commands just so far as it wills, and what it commands is not done just so far as it does not will. For the will commands that there be a will—not another will, but itself. So it is not the full will that commands; that is why what it commands does not happen. For if it were full, it would not command itself to be, because it would already be. So it is not monstrous partly to will and partly not to will: it is a sickness of the mind, which does not rise up whole, lifted by truth but weighed down by habit. And so there are two wills, because neither of them is whole, and what is present in one is lacking in the other.

8.10.22 Pereant a facie tua, deus, sicuti pereunt, uaniloqui et mentis seductores, qui cum duas uoluntates in deliberando animaduerterint, duas naturas duarum mentium esse asseuerant, unam bonam, alteram malam. ipsi uere mali sunt, cum ista mala sentiunt, et idem ipsi boni erunt, si uera senserint uerisque consenserint, ut dicat eis apostolus tuus: fuistis aliquando tenebrae, nunc autem lux in domino. illi enim dum uolunt esse lux non in domino, sed in se ipsis, putando animae naturam hoc esse, quod deus est, ita facti sunt densiores tenebrae, quoniam longius a te recesserunt horrenda arrogantia, a te, uero lumine inluminante omnem hominem uenientem in hunc mundum. adtendite, quid dicatis, et erubescite et accedite ad eum et inluminamini, et uultus uestri non erubescent.

Let them perish from your presence, God, as they are perishing—the empty talkers and deceivers of the mind who, noticing two wills in the act of deliberating, insist that there are two natures belonging to two minds, one good, the other evil. They themselves are truly evil when they think these evil things; and these same people will be good if they think true things and consent to the truth, so that your apostle may say to them: "Once you were darkness, but now you are light in the Lord." For in wanting to be light, not in the Lord but in themselves, by supposing that the nature of the soul is what God is, they have become thicker darkness, since in their horrible arrogance they have gone farther away from you, the true light that enlightens every person coming into this world. Pay attention to what you are saying, and blush; come to him and be enlightened, and your faces will not blush.[20]

ego cum deliberabam, ut seruirem domino deo meo, sicut diu disposueram, ego eram, qui uolebam, ego, qui nolebam; ego eram. nec plene uolebam nec plene nolebam. ideo mecum contendebam et dissipabar a me ipso, et ipsa dissipatio me inuito quidem fiebat, nec tamen ostendebat naturam mentis alienae, sed poenam meae. et ideo non iam ego operabar illam, sed quod habitat in me peccatum de supplicio liberioris peccati, quia eram filius Adam.

When I was deliberating about serving the Lord my God at last, as I had long intended, it was I who willed and I who did not will: it was I. I neither fully willed nor fully refused. So I was at war with myself and was being torn apart from myself; and this tearing apart did happen against my will, yet it showed not the nature of another mind but the punishment of my own. And so it was no longer I who brought it about, but the sin that lived in me, as punishment for a sin more freely committed, because I was a son of Adam.

20 The Manichees. The quotation is Ephesians 5:8.

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8.10.23 Nam si tot sunt contrariae naturae, quot uoluntates sibi resistunt, non iam duae, sed plures erunt. si deliberet quisquam, utrum ad conuenticulum eorum pergat an ad theatrum, clamant isti: „ecce duae naturae, una bona hac ducit, altera mala illac redducit. nam unde ista cunctatio sibimet aduersantium uoluntatum?“ ego autem dico ambas malas, et quae ad illos ducit et quae ad theatrum redducit. sed non credunt nisi bonam esse, qua itur ad eos. quid? si ergo quisquam noster deliberet et secum altercantibus duabus uoluntatibus fluctuet, utrum ad theatrum pergat an ad ecclesiam nostram, nonne et isti quid respondeant fluctuabunt?	For if there are as many opposing natures as there are wills resisting each other, there will be not two but more. If someone deliberates whether to go to their meeting or to the theater, they cry out: “Look—two natures: a good one leads this way, an evil one leads back that way. Otherwise where does this hesitation between opposing wills come from?” But I say both are evil, the one that leads to them and the one that leads back to the theater. They, however, believe that only the one by which people go to them is good. What, then, if one of us deliberates, and wavers between two wills quarreling within him, whether to go to the theater or to our church? Won’t they waver too about how to answer?
aut enim fatebuntur, quod nolunt, bona uoluntate pergi in ecclesiam nostram, sicut in eam pergunt qui sacramentis eius imbuti sunt atque detinentur, aut duas malas naturas et duas malas mentes in uno homine confligere putabunt, et non erit uerum quod solent dicere, unam bonam, alteram malam, aut conuertentur ad uerum et non negabunt, cum quisque deliberat, animam unam diuersis uoluntatibus aestuare.	For either they will admit what they do not want to—that it is a good will that takes a person to our church, as those go to it who have been steeped in its sacraments and are held by them; or they will suppose that two evil natures and two evil minds clash in one person, and then their usual claim, that one is good and the other evil, will not be true; or they will turn to the truth and not deny that, when someone deliberates, a single soul is tossed about by different wills.
8.10.24 Jam ergo non dicant, cum duas uoluntates in homine uno aduersari sibi sentiunt, duas contrarias mentes de duabus contrariis substantiis et de duobus contrariis principiis contendere, unam bonam, alteram malam. nam tu, deus uerax, inprobas eos et redarguis atque conuincis eos, sicut in utraque mala uoluntate, cum quisque deliberat, utrum hominem ueneno interimat an ferro, utrum fundum alienum illum an illum inuadat, quando utrumque non potest, utrum emat uoluptatem luxuria an pecuniam seruet auaritia, utrum ad circum pergat an ad theatrum, si uno die utrumque exhibeatur; addo etiam tertium, an ad furtum de domo aliena, si subest occasio; addo et quartum, an ad conmittendum adulterium, si et inde simul facultas aperitur, si omnia concurrant in unum articulum temporis pariterque cupiuntur omnia, quae simul agi nequeunt: discerpunt enim animum sibimet aduersantibus quattuor uoluntatibus uel etiam pluribus in tanta copia rerum, quae appetuntur, nec tamen tantam multitudinem diuersarum substantiarum solent dicere.	So let them no longer say, when they perceive two wills opposing each other in one person, that two opposing minds, from two opposing substances and two opposing principles, are fighting, one good and the other evil. For you, truthful God, disprove them, refute them and convict them—as in the case where both wills are evil: when someone deliberates whether to kill a man by poison or by the sword; whether to seize this estate belonging to someone else or that one, when he cannot take both; whether to buy pleasure through extravagance or keep his money through greed; whether to go to the circus or to the theater, if both are showing on the same day. I add a third: or to go and steal from someone’s house, if the chance arises. And I add a fourth: or to go and commit adultery, if the opportunity opens up at the same time. If all of these come together at one moment of time, and all are desired equally, though they cannot be done at once, they tear the mind apart with four wills opposing one another—or even more, given the great abundance of things that people desire.

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	Yet they do not usually speak of so great a multitude of different substances.
ita et in bonis uoluntatibus. nam quaero ab eis, utrum bonum sit delectari lectione apostoli et utrum bonum sit delectari psalmo sobrio et utrum bonum sit euangelium disserere. respondebunt ad singula: „bonum.“ quid? si ergo pariter delectent omnia simulque uno tempore, nonne diuersae uoluntates distendunt cor hominis, dum deliberatur, quid potissimum arripiamus? et omnes bonae sunt et certant secum, donec eligatur unum, quo feriatur tota uoluntas una, quae in plures diuidebatur. ita etiam, cum aeternitas delectat superius et temporalis boni uoluptas retentat inferius, eadem anima est non tota uoluntate illud aut hoc uolens et ideo discerpitur graui molestia, dum illud ueritate praeponit, hoc familiaritate non ponit.	So too with good wills. For I ask them whether it is good to delight in a reading from the apostle, and whether it is good to delight in a sober psalm, and whether it is good to discuss the gospel. To each they will answer, “Good.” What, then, if all of them delight us equally and at one and the same time? Do not different wills pull a person’s heart apart while we deliberate which to take up first? And all of them are good, and they contend with one another until one is chosen, toward which the whole will, now single, is carried, which had been divided into many. So too when eternity delights us from above and the pleasure of a temporal good holds us back from below: it is the same soul, willing this or that, but not with a whole will; and so it is torn apart with heavy distress, as long as it puts the one first because of its truth, yet does not put the other aside because of habit.
8.11.25 Sic aegrotabam et excruciabar accusans memet ipsum solito acerbius nimis ac uoluens et uersans me in uinculo meo, donec abrumperetur totum, quo iam exiguo tenebar. sed tenebar tamen. et instabas tamen in occultis meis, domine, seuera misericordia flagella ingeminans timoris et pudoris, ne rursus cessarem et non abrumperetur id ipsum exiguum et tenue, quod remanserat, et reualesceret iterum et me robustius alligaret. dicebam enim apud me intus: „ecce modo fiat, modo fiat,“ et cum uerbo iam ibam in placitum. iam paene faciebam et non faciebam nec relabebar tamen in pristina, sed de proximo stabam et respirabam. et item conabar et paulo minus ibi eram et paulo minus, iam iamque adtingebam et tenebam:	So I was sick and tormented, accusing myself far more bitterly than usual, turning and twisting in my chain until it would break completely—a chain that now held me only slightly, but held me all the same. And you pressed upon me in my hidden depths, Lord, in your severe mercy, redoubling the whips of fear and shame, so that I would not give up again, leaving that thin, slight remnant unbroken, to grow strong again and bind me more tightly. For I kept saying within myself, “Let it be now, let it be now,” and with the word I was already moving toward the decision. I was almost doing it, and I did not do it; yet I did not slip back into my old ways, but stood close by and caught my breath. And I tried again, and I was very nearly there, and very nearly; now, now I was touching it and holding it.
et non ibi eram nec adtingebam nec tenebam, haesitans mori morti et uitae uiuere, plusque in me ualebat inolitum, quam melius insolitum, punctumque ipsum temporis, quo aliud futurus eram, quanto propius admouebatur, tanto ampliorem incutiebat horrorem; sed non recutiebat retro nec auertebat, sed suspendebat.	And I was not there, and I was not touching it or holding it, hesitating to die to death and to live to life. What was ingrained in me had more power than the better, which was unfamiliar; and the very moment of time at which I was to become something else, the nearer it came, struck me with greater horror. But it did not drive me back or turn me away; it held me in suspense.
8.11.26 Retinebant nugae nugarum et uanitates uanitantium, antiquae amicae meae, et succutiebant uestem meam carneam et submurmurabant: „dimittisne nos?“ et „a	What held me back were trifles of trifles and the vanities of the vain, my old mistresses; they plucked at my garment of flesh and whispered,

LATIN

momento isto non erimus tecum ultra in aeternum“ et „a momento isto non tibi licebit hoc et illud ultra in aeternum“. et quae suggerebant in eo, quod dixi „hoc et illud,“ quae suggerebant, deus meus? auertat ab anima serui tui misericordia tua! quas sordes suggerebant, quae dedecora! et audiebam eas iam longe minus quam dimidius, non tamquam libere contradicentes eundo in obuiam, sed uelut a dorso mussitantes et discedentem quasi furtim uellicantes, ut respicerem. retardabant tamen cunctantem me abripere atque excutere ab eis et transilire quo uocabar, cum diceret mihi consuetudo uiolenta: „putasne sine istis poteris?

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“Are you sending us away?” and “From this moment we will not be with you, ever again,” and “From this moment this and that will not be allowed you, ever again.” And what they suggested by what I have called “this and that”—what they suggested, my God—may your mercy turn it away from the soul of your servant! What filth they suggested, what disgrace! But now far less than half of me was listening to them—not as if they were openly contradicting me, coming out to meet me head-on, but muttering, as it were, behind my back, and furtively plucking at me as I went, to make me look back. Still, they slowed me down as I hesitated to tear myself away and shake myself free of them and leap across to where I was being called, while violent habit said to me, “Do you think you will be able to live without them?”

8.11.27 Sed iam tepidissime hoc dicebat. aperiebatur enim ab ea parte, qua intenderam faciem et quo transire trepidabam, casta dignitas continentiae, serena et non dissolute hilaris, honeste blandiens, ut uenirem neque dubitarem, et extendens ad me suscipiendum et amplectendum pias manus plenas gregibus bonorum exemplorum. ibi tot pueri et puellae, ibi iuuentus multa et omnis aetas et graues uiduae et uirgines anus, et in omnibus ipsa continentia nequaquam sterilis, sed fecunda mater filiorum, gaudiorum de marito te, domine. et inridebat me inrisione hortatoria, quasi diceret: „tu non poteris quod isti, quod istae? an uero isti et istae in se ipsis possunt ac non in domino deo suo? dominus deus eorum me dedit eis. quid in te stas et non in te stas? proice te in eum, noli metuere;

But by now it said this very half-heartedly. For in the direction in which I had turned my face, and where I trembled to cross, there was opening up the chaste dignity of Self-Control, serene and cheerful, but not in a loose way, honorably coaxing me to come and not to hesitate, and stretching out devout hands to receive and embrace me, hands full of flocks of good examples. There were so many boys and girls, there were many young people and people of every age, grave widows and aged virgins, and in all of them Self-Control herself, by no means barren, but a fruitful mother of children, of joys, by you, Lord, her husband. And she smiled at me with a smile of encouragement, as if to say: “Can’t you do what these men and these women can? Or can these men and women do it by themselves, and not in the Lord their God? The Lord their God gave me to them. Why do you stand on yourself, and so cannot stand? Throw yourself on him! Do not be afraid.

non se subtrahet, ut cadas: proice te securus, excipiet et sanabit te.“ et erubescebam nimis, quia illarum nugarum murmura adhuc audiebam, et cunctabundus pendebam. et rursus illa, quasi diceret: „obsurdesce aduersus inmunda illa membra tua, ut mortificentur. narrant tibi delectationes, sed non sicut lex domini dei tui.“ ista controuersia in corde meo non nisi de me ipso aduersus me ipsum. at Alypius affixus lateri meo inusitati motus mei exitum tacitus opperiebatur.

“He will not pull away and let you fall. Throw yourself on him without a care! He will catch you and heal you.” And I blushed deeply, because I could still hear the murmurs of those trifles, and I hung there hesitating. And again she seemed to say: “Turn a deaf ear to those unclean members of yours, so that they may be put to death. They tell you of delights, but not like the law of the Lord your God.” This dispute in my heart was nothing but myself against myself. And Alypius, fixed at my side, silently awaited the outcome of my unusual agitation.

UNDER THE FIG TREE

Weeping under a fig tree, Augustine hears a child's voice say "take and read," reads Paul, and converts.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
8.12.28	Vbi uero a fundo arcano alta consideratio traxit et congessit totam miseriam meam in conspectu cordis mei, oborta est procella ingens ferens ingentem imbrem lacrimarum. et ut totum effunderem cum uocibus suis, surrexi ab Alypio — solitudo mihi ad negotium flendi aptior suggerebatur — et secessi remotius, quam ut posset mihi onerosa esse etiam eius praesentia. sic tunc eram, et ille sensit: nescio quid enim, puto, dixeram, in quo apparebat sonus uocis meae iam fletu grauidus, et sic surrexeram. mansit ergo ille ubi sedebamus nimie stupens. ego sub quadam fici arbore straui me nescio quomodo et dimisi habenas lacrimis, et proruperunt flumina oculorum meorum, acceptabile sacrificium tuum, et non quidem his uerbis, sed in hac sententia multa dixi tibi: et tu, domine, usquequo?	But when deep reflection had dragged up from the secret depths and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, a huge storm arose, bringing a huge downpour of tears. And to pour it all out with its own cries, I got up and left Alypius—solitude seemed to me better suited to the business of weeping—and withdrew farther off, so that even his presence could not be a burden to me. That was how I was then, and he sensed it; for I had said something, I think, in which the sound of my voice was already heavy with weeping, and in that state I had got up. So he stayed where we had been sitting, utterly astonished. I flung myself down, I do not know how, under a fig tree, and gave free rein to my tears, and the rivers of my eyes burst out, a sacrifice acceptable to you. And not in these words, but to this effect, I said many things to you: "And you, Lord—how long?[21]
	usquequo, domine, irasceris in finem? ne memor fueris iniquitatum nostrarum antiquarum. sentiebam enim eis me teneri. iactabam uoces miserabiles: „quamdiu, quamdiu „cras et cras"? quare non modo? quare non hac hora finis turpitudinis meae?	"How long, Lord? Will you be angry forever? Do not remember our old iniquities." For I felt that I was held by them. I kept crying out pitiful words: "How long, how long—'tomorrow, and tomorrow'? Why not now? Why not an end to my disgrace this very hour?"[22]
8.12.29	Dicebam haec et flebam amarissima contritione cordis mei. et ecce audio uocem de diuina domo cum cantu dicentis et crebro repetentis quasi pueri an puellae, nescio: „tolle lege, tolle lege". statimque mutato uultu intentissimus cogitare coepi, utrumnam solerent pueri in aliquo genere ludendi cantitare tale aliquid, nec occurrebat omnino audisse me uspiam repressoque impetu lacrimarum surrexi nihil aliud interpretans diuinitus mihi iuberi, nisi ut aperirem codicem et legerem quod primum caput inuenissem. audieram enim de Antonio, quod ex euangelica lectione, cui forte superuenerat, admonitus fuerit, tamquam sibi diceretur quod legebatur: uade, uende omnia, quae habes, da pauperibus et habebis thesaurum in caelis; et ueni, sequere me, et tali oraculo confestim ad te esse conuersum.	I was saying these things and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my heart. And suddenly I hear a voice from a divine house, chanting and repeating over and over—whether a boy's or a girl's, I do not know: "Tolle lege, tolle lege"—"Take it and read, take it and read." At once my expression changed, and I began to think very intently whether children used to chant anything like this in some kind of game. I could not recall ever having heard it anywhere. So, holding back the rush of my tears, I got up, interpreting it as nothing other than a divine command to open the book and read the first passage I should come upon. For I had heard about Antony that he had been admonished by a reading from the gospel which he happened to come in on, as if what was being read was said to him: "Go, sell everything you have, and give to the poor, and you will have treasure in heaven;

21 Psalm 6:3.
22 Psalm 79:5, 8.

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and come, follow me"; and that by such an oracle he was at once converted to you.[23]

itaque concitus redii in eum locum, ubi sedebat Alypius: ibi enim posueram codicem apostoli, cum inde surrexeram. arripui, aperui et legi in silentio capitulum, quo primum coniecti sunt oculi mei: non in comisationibus et ebrietatibus, non in cubilibus et inpudicitiis, non in contentione et aemulatione, sed induite dominum Iesum Christum et carnis prouidentiam ne feceritis in concupiscentiis. nec ultra uolui legere nec opus erat. statim quippe cum fine huiusce sententiae quasi luce securitatis infusa cordi meo omnes dubitationis tenebrae diffugerunt.

So I hurried back to the place where Alypius was sitting, for I had put down the book of the apostle there when I got up. I snatched it up, opened it, and read in silence the passage on which my eyes first fell: "Not in carousing and drunkenness, not in sexual excess and debauchery, not in quarreling and jealousy; but put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh in its desires." I did not want to read further, nor was there any need. For instantly, as I reached the end of this sentence, it was as if a light of assurance had been poured into my heart, and all the darkness of doubt fled away.[24]

8.12.30 Tum interiecto aut digito aut nescio quo alio signo codicem clausi et tranquillo iam uultu indicaui Alypio. at ille quid in se ageretur — quod ego nesciebam — sic indicauit. petit uidere quid legissem: ostendi, et adtendit etiam ultra quam ego legeram. et ignorabam quid sequeretur. sequebatur autem: infirmum uero in fide recipe. quod ille ad se rettulit mihique aperuit. sed tali admonitione firmatus est placitoque ac proposito bono et congruentissimo suis moribus, quibus a me in melius iam olim ualde longeque distabat, sine ulla turbulenta cunctatione coniunctus est. inde ad matrem ingredimur, indicamus: gaudet.

Then, marking the place with my finger or some other sign, I closed the book, and with a calm face now I told Alypius. And he, in turn, told me in this way what was happening within him, which I did not know. He asked to see what I had read. I showed him, and he looked beyond what I had read. I did not know what followed. What followed was this: "Welcome the one who is weak in faith." He applied this to himself and disclosed it to me. And strengthened by such an admonition, without any turbulent hesitation, he joined me in the good decision and purpose, which suited his character very well, for in character he had long been far, far better than I. Then we go in to my mother and tell her: she rejoices.[25]

narramus quemadmodum gestum sit: exultat et triumphat et benedicebat tibi, qui potens est ultra quam petimus aut intellegimus facere, quia tanto amplius sibi a te concessum de me uidebat, quam petere solebat miserabilibus flebilibusque gemitibus. conuertisti enim me ad te, ut nec uxorem quaererem nec aliquam spem saeculi huius stans in ea regula fidei, in qua me ante tot annos ei reuelaueras, et conuertisti luctum eius in gaudium multo uberius, quam uoluerat, et multo carius atque castius, quam de nepotibus carnis meae requirebat.

We tell her how it happened: she exults and triumphs, and she blessed you, who are able to do more than we ask or understand; for she saw that you had granted her so much more concerning me than she used to ask with her pitiful, tearful groans. For you converted me to yourself, so that I sought neither a wife nor any hope of this world, standing on that rule of faith on which you had shown me to her so many years before. And you turned her mourning into joy, far more abundantly than she had wanted, and far dearer and more chaste than the joy she looked for in grandchildren of my flesh.[26]

23 Matthew 19:21.
24 Romans 13:13–14.
25 Romans 14:1.
26 Monica's dream in Book III, in which she saw her son standing beside her on a wooden rule.

Book IX

Baptism and Monica's death
Augustine resigns his post, is baptized, and shares a vision with Monica before her death.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.1.1	O domine, ego seruus tuus, ego seruus tuus et filius ancillae tuae. disrupisti uincula mea; tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis. laudet te cor meum et lingua mea, et omnia ossa mea dicent: domine, quis similis tibi? dicant, et responde mihi et dic animae meae: salus tua ego sum. quis ego et qualis ego? quid non mali aut facta mea aut, si non facta, dicta mea aut, si non dicta, uoluntas mea fuit? tu autem, domine, bonus et misericors et dextera tua respiciens profunditatem mortis meae et a fundo cordis mei exhauriens abyssum corruptionis. et hoc erat totum nolle quod uolebam, et uelle quod uolebas.	O Lord, I am your servant; I am your servant and the son of your maidservant. You have broken my chains; I will offer you a sacrifice of praise. Let my heart and my tongue praise you, and let all my bones say, "Lord, who is like you?" Let them say it; and answer me, and say to my soul, "I am your salvation." Who am I, and what kind of man am I? What evil has there not been in my deeds—or, if not in my deeds, in my words—or, if not in my words, in my will? But you, Lord, are good and merciful, and your right hand looked into the depth of my death and drained from the bottom of my heart the abyss of corruption. And this was the whole of it: not to will what I willed, and to will what you willed.
	sed ubi erat tam annoso tempore et de quo imo altoque secreto euocatum est in momento liberum arbitrium meum, quo subderem ceruicem leni iugo tuo et umeros leui sarcinae tuae, Christe Iesu, adiutor meus et redemptor meus? quam suaue mihi subito factum est carere suauitatibus nugarum, et quas amittere metus fuerat, iam dimittere gaudium erat. eiciebas enim eas a me, uera tu et summa suauitas, eiciebas et intrabas pro eis omni uoluptate dulcior, Sed non carni et sanguini, omni luce clarior, sed omni secreto interior, omni honore sublimior, sed non sublimibus in se. iam liber erat animus meus a curis mordacibus ambiendi et adquirendi et uolutandi atque scalpendi scabiem libidinum, et garriebam tibi, claritati meae et diuitiis et saluti meae, domino deo meo.	But where was my free will through all those long years, and from what deep and hidden recess was it called out in a moment, so that I bent my neck to your easy yoke and my shoulders to your light burden, Christ Jesus, my helper and my redeemer? How sweet it suddenly became to me to be without the sweetness of trifles! What I had been afraid to lose, it was now a joy to let go. For you drove them out of me, you, the true and highest sweetness; you drove them out and came in instead of them, sweeter than every pleasure, but not to flesh and blood; brighter than every light, but more inward than any secret; higher than every honor, but not to those who are high in their own eyes. Now my mind was free from the gnawing cares of seeking office and making money, of wallowing and scratching the itch of lust; and I chattered to you, my glory and my riches and my salvation, the Lord my God.

LEAVING THE CHAIR OF RHETORIC

Augustine quietly resigns his teaching post at the vintage holidays, and friends Verecundus and Nebridius die believers.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.2.2	Et placuit mihi in conspectu tuo non tumultuose abripere, sed leniter subtrahere ministerium linguae meae nundinis loquacitatis, ne ulterius pueri meditantes non legem tuam, non pacem tuam, sed insanias mendaces et bella forensia mercarentur ex ore meo arma furori suo. et opportune iam paucissimi dies supererant ad uindemiales ferias, et statui tolerare illos, ut sollemniter abscederem et redemtus a te iam non redirem uenalis. consilium ergo nostrum erat coram te, coram hominibus autem nisi nostris non erat. et conuenerat inter nos, ne passim cuiquam effunderetur, quamquam tu nobis in conualle plorationis ascendentibus et cantantibus canticum graduum dederas sagittas acutas et carbones uastatores aduersus linguam subdolam uelut consulendo contradicentem et, sicut cibum assolet, amando consumentem.	And I decided, in your sight, not to snatch the service of my tongue abruptly from the marketplace of talk, but to withdraw it gently, so that boys who were studying not your law, not your peace, but lying follies and the battles of the courts, would no longer buy from my mouth weapons for their madness. And conveniently, only a very few days remained until the vintage holidays, and I decided to put up with them, so as to leave in the ordinary way and, redeemed by you, not come back to put myself up for sale. So our plan was known before you, but not before anyone else except our own people. And we had agreed among ourselves that it should not be spread about to anyone—although, as we climbed up from the valley of weeping and sang the song of ascents, you had given us sharp arrows and devastating coals against the deceitful tongue that opposes under the guise of advice, and devours by loving, as it does with food.[1]
9.2.3	Sagittaueras tu cor nostrum caritate tua, et gestabamus uerba tua transfixa uisceribus et exempla seruorum tuorum, quos de nigris lucidos et de mortuis uiuos feceras, congesta in sinum cogitationis nostrae urebant et absumebant grauem torporem, ne in ima uergeremus, et accendebant nos ualide, ut omnis ex lingua subdola contradictionis flatus inflammare nos acrius posset, non extinguere. uerum tamen quia propter nomen tuum, quod sanctificasti per terras, etiam laudatores utique haberet uotum et propositum nostrum, iactantiae simile uidebatur non opperiri tam proximum feriarum tempus, sed de publica professione atque ante oculos omnium sita ante discedere, ut conuersa in factum meum ora cunctorum intuentium, quam uicinum uindemialium diem praeuenire uoluerim, multa dicerent, quod quasi appetissem magnus uideri.	You had pierced our heart with your love, and we carried your words fixed deep within us. And the examples of your servants, whom you had made shining out of black and living out of dead, gathered into the lap of our thought, burned and consumed our heavy sluggishness, so that we would not sink into the depths; and they set us so strongly on fire that every breath of contradiction from a deceitful tongue could only inflame us more fiercely, not put us out. Yet because, for the sake of your name, which you have made holy throughout the earth, our vow and purpose would surely also find people to praise it, it seemed like boasting not to wait for the holidays, now so close, but to leave a public profession, standing before the eyes of all, ahead of time; so that everyone's faces would turn toward what I had done, observing how I had wanted to get ahead of the vintage holiday so near at hand, and they would say a great deal about me, as though I had sought to seem great.
	et quo mihi erat istuc, ut putaretur et disputaretur de animo meo et blasphemaretur bonum nostrum?	

1 The vintage holidays were the autumn break in the school year. "Song of ascents" is the heading of Psalms 120–134; the arrows and coals echo Psalm 120:2–4.

LATIN

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And what good would that have done me—that people should speculate and argue about my state of mind, and that our good should be spoken ill of?

9.2.4 Quin etiam quod ipsa aestate litterario labori nimio pulmo meus cedere coeperat et difficulter trahere suspiria doloribusque pectoris testari se saucium uocemque clariorem productioremue recusare, primo perturbauerat me, quia magisterii illius sarcinam paene iam necessitate ponere cogebat aut, si curari et conualescere potuissem, certe intermittere. sed ubi plena uoluntas uacandi et uidendi, quoniam tu es dominus, oborta mihi est atque firmata — nosti, deus meus — etiam gaudere coepi, quod haec quoque suberat non mendax excusatio, quae offensionem hominum temperaret, qui propter liberos suos me liberum esse numquam uolebant. plenus igitur tali gaudio tolerabam illud interuallum temporis, donec decurreret — nescio utrum uel uiginti dies erant — sed tamen fortiter tolerabantur, quia recesserat cupiditas, quae mecum solebat ferre graue negotium, et ego premendus remanseram, nisi patientia succederet.

What is more, that very summer my lungs had begun to give way under too much literary labor: I breathed with difficulty, pains in my chest showed they were injured, and they refused to produce a clear or sustained voice. At first this had upset me, because it was forcing me, almost out of necessity, to lay down the burden of that teaching post, or at least, if I could be treated and recover, to take a break from it. But when the full will to be still and see that you are the Lord had arisen in me and become firm—you know it, my God—I even began to be glad that I had this, too, as a truthful excuse, to soften the offense of people who, for the sake of their children, never wanted me to be free. So, full of such joy, I endured that interval of time until it ran out—I do not know whether it was even twenty days—yet they were endured with fortitude, because the craving that used to share the heavy business with me had gone, and I would have been left crushed if patience had not taken its place.

peccasse me in hoc quisquam seruorum tuorum, fratrum meorum, dixerit, quod iam pleno corde militia tua passus me fuerim uel una hora sedere in cathedra mendacii. at ego non contendo. sed tu, domine misericordissime, nonne et hoc peccatum cum ceteris horrendis et funereis in aqua sancta ignouisti et remisisti mihi?

One of your servants, my brothers, may say that I sinned in this: that with my heart already fully in your service, I let myself sit even one hour in the chair of lies. I will not argue. But you, most merciful Lord, did you not pardon and forgive me this sin too, along with the other horrible and deadly ones, in the holy water?

9.3.5 Macerabatur anxitudine Verecundus de isto nostro bono, quod propter uincula sua, quibus tenacissime tenebatur, deseri se nostro consortio uidebat. nondum christianus coniuge fideli ea tamen ipsa artiore prae ceteris conpede ab itinere, quod aggressi eramus, retardabatur nec christianum esse alio modo se uelle dicebat quam illo, quo non poterat. benigne tamen obtulit, ut, quamdiu ibi essemus, in re eius essemus. retribues illi, domine, in retributione iustorum, quia iam ipsam sortem retribuisti ei. quamuis enim absentibus nobis, cum Romae iam essemus, corporali aegritudine correptus et in ea christianus et fidelis factus ex hac uita emigrauit. ita misertus es non solum eius sed etiam nostri, ne cogitantes egregiam erga nos amici humanitatem nec eum in grege tuo numerantes dolore intolerabili cruciaremur. gratias tibi, deus noster, tui sumus.

Verecundus was wasting away with anxiety over this good of ours, because he saw that, owing to the ties that held him so very tightly, he would be left out of our fellowship. He was not yet a Christian, though his wife was a believer; yet she herself, a fetter tighter than all the rest, held him back from the journey we had set out on, and he said he did not want to be a Christian in any other way than the one that was impossible for him. He very kindly offered that, for as long as we stayed there, we should stay on his property. You will repay him, Lord, at the recompense of the just, for you have already repaid him with that very lot. For although we were away, being already in Rome, he was seized by a bodily illness, and during it became a Christian and one of the faithful, and departed this life. So you had mercy not only on him but also on us, so that we would not be tormented

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by unbearable grief, thinking of our friend's outstanding kindness toward us and yet unable to count him in your flock. Thanks be to you, our God! We are yours.

indicant hortationes et consolationes tuae: fidelis promissor reddis Verecundo pro rure illo eius Cassiciaco, ubi ab aestu saeculi requieuimus in te, amoenitatem sempiternae uirtutis paradisi tui, quoniam dimisisti ei peccata super terram in monte incaseato, monte tuo, monte uberi.

Your encouragements and consolations show it: faithful to your promise, you repay Verecundus, in return for that country estate of his at Cassiciacum, where we rested in you from the heat of the world, with the loveliness of your paradise of everlasting virtue; for you forgave him his sins on earth, on the mountain thick as curds, your mountain, the fertile mountain.[2]

9.3.6 Angebatur ergo tunc ipse, Nebridius autem conlaetabatur. quamuis enim et ipse nondum christianus in illam foueam perniciosissimi erroris inciderat, ut ueritatis filii tui carnem phantasma crederet, tamen inde emergens sic sibi erat, nondum imbutus ullis ecclesiae tuae sacramentis, sed inquisitor ardentissimus ueritatis. quem non multo post conuersionem nostram et regenerationem per baptismum tuum ipsum etiam fidelem catholicum castitate perfecta atque continentia tibi seruientem in Africa apud suos, cum tota domus eius per eum christiana facta esset, carne soluisti. et nunc ille uiuit in sinu Abraham. quidquid illud est, quod illo significatur sinu, ibi Nebridius meus uiuit, dulcis amicus meus, tuus autem adoptiuus ex liberto filius: ibi uiuit. nam quis alius tali animae locus? ibi uiuit, unde me multa interrogabat homuncionem inexpertum.

So Verecundus was troubled then, but Nebridius shared our joy. For although he too, not yet a Christian, had fallen into that pit of most pernicious error, believing that the flesh of your Son, the Truth, was a phantom, he was emerging from it and was in this state: not yet steeped in any sacraments of your Church, but a most ardent seeker of the truth. Not long after our conversion and our rebirth through your baptism, when he too had become one of the Catholic faithful, serving you in perfect chastity and self-control in Africa among his own people, and his whole household had become Christian through him, you released him from the flesh. And now he lives in Abraham's bosom. Whatever it is that is meant by that bosom, there my Nebridius lives, my sweet friend, and your son, Lord, adopted from a freedman: there he lives. For what other place is there for such a soul? He lives in that place about which he used to ask me, a poor inexperienced little man, so many questions.

iam non ponit aurem ad os meum, sed spiritale os ad fontem tuum et bibit, quantum potest, sapientiam pro auiditate sua sine fine felix. nec eum sic arbitror inebriari ex ea, ut obliuiscatur mei, cum tu, domine, quem potat ille, nostri sis memor. sic ergo eramus, Verecundum consolantes tristem salua amicitia de tali conuersione nostra et exhortantes ad fidem gradus sui, uitae scilicet coniugalis, Nebridium autem opperientes, quando sequeretur. quod de tam proximo poterat et erat iam iamque facturus, cum ecce euoluti sunt dies illi tandem. nam longi et multi uidebantur prae amore libertatis otiosae ad cantandum de medullis omnibus: tibi dixit cor

Now he no longer puts his ear to my mouth, but his spiritual mouth to your fountain, and he drinks in wisdom as much as he can, as much as he longs for, happy without end. And I do not think he is so intoxicated by it as to forget me, since you, Lord, whom he drinks, are mindful of us. So that was how we were: consoling Verecundus, who was sad about this conversion of ours, though our friendship was unharmed, and encouraging him to the faith suited to his station, that is, married life; and waiting for Nebridius to follow us, which, being so near, he could do. And he was on the point of doing it, when at last those

2 Cassiciacum, an estate near Milan. The "mountain thick as curds" is Psalm 68:15 in Augustine's Latin Bible, punning on the estate's name (caseus, "cheese").

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	meum, quaesiui uultum tuum; uultum tuum, domine, requiram.	days rolled by. For they seemed long and many, because of my love for the freedom of leisure to sing from my very marrow. My heart said to you, "I have sought your face; your face, Lord, I will seek."

CASSICIACUM

At Cassiciacum Augustine writes dialogues, reads the Psalms with joy, and is healed of a toothache.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.4.7	Et uenit dies, quo etiam actu soluerer a professione rhetorica, unde iam cogitatu solutus eram. et factum est, eruisti linguam meam, unde iam erueras cor meum, et benedicebam tibi gaudens profectus in uillam cum meis omnibus. ubi quid egerim in litteris iam quidem seruientibus tibi, sed adhuc superbiae scholam tamquam in pausatione anhelantibus testantur libri disputati cum praesentibus et cum ipso me solo coram te; quae autem cum absente Nebridio, testantur epistulae. et quando mihi sufficiat tempus conmemorandi omnia magna erga nos beneficia tua in illo tempore praesertim ad alia maiora properanti?	And the day came when I was released in fact from the profession of rhetoric, from which I had already been released in thought; and it was done. You rescued my tongue from where you had already rescued my heart; and I blessed you, rejoicing, and set out for the country house with all my people. What I did there in my writing—writing now at your service, yet still breathing of the school of pride, as if pausing for breath—is witnessed by the books of dialogues held with those who were present and with myself alone before you; and what I did with Nebridius in his absence is witnessed by my letters. And when would I have enough time to recall all your great kindnesses toward us in that period, especially as I am hurrying on to other, greater things?[3]
	reuocat enim me recordatio mea, et dulce mihi fit, domine, confiteri tibi, quibus internis me stimulis perdomueris et quemadmodum me conplanaueris humilitatis montibus et collibus cogitationum mearum et tortuosa mea direxeris et aspera lenieris quoque modo ipsum etiam Alypium, fratrem cordis mei, subegeris nomini unigeniti tui, domini et saluatoris nostri Iesu Christi, quod primo dedignabatur inseri litteris nostris. magis enim eas uolebat redolere gymnasiorum cedros, quas iam contriuit dominus, quam salubres herbas ecclesiasticas aduersas serpentibus.	For my memory calls me back, and it becomes sweet to me, Lord, to confess to you by what inner goads you tamed me; how you leveled me, bringing low the mountains and hills of my thoughts, and made my crooked ways straight and my rough ways smooth; and how you brought Alypius himself, the brother of my heart, under the name of your only Son, our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—a name which at first he disdained to have put into our writings. For he wanted them to smell of the cedars of the schools, which the Lord has already broken, rather than of the healing herbs of the Church, which are good against snakes.
9.4.8	Quas tibi, deus meus, uoces dedi, cum legerem psalmos Dauid, cantica fidelia, sonos pietatis excludentes turgidum spiritum, rudis in germano amore tuo, catechumenus in uilla cum catechumeno Alypio feriatus, matre adhaerente nobis muliebri habitu, uirili fide, anili securitate, materna caritate, christiana pietate! quas tibi uoces dabam in psalmis illis et quomodo in te	What cries I raised to you, my God, when I read the Psalms of David, songs of faith, sounds of devotion that shut out a swollen spirit—I, a novice in true love of you, a catechumen on holiday at a country house with Alypius, also a catechumen, and my mother staying close by us: a woman in

3 The dialogues written at Cassiciacum include Against the Academics, On the Happy Life and On Order; the conversation with himself is the Soliloquies.

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inflammabar ex eis et accendebar eos recitare, si possem, toto orbi terrarum aduersum tyfum generis humani! et tamen toto orbe cantantur, et non est qui se abscondat a calore tuo. quam uehementi et acri dolore indignabar manichaeis et miserabar eos rursus, quod illa sacramenta, illa medicamenta nescirent et insani essent aduersus antidotum, quo sani esse potuissent!

uellem, ut alicubi iuxta essent tunc et me nesciente, quod ibi essent, intuerentur faciem meam et audirent uoces meas, quando legi quartum psalmum in illo tunc otio, quid de me fecerit ille psalmus: cum inuocarem te, exaudisti me, deus iustitiae meae; in tribulatione dilatasti mihi. miserere mei, domine, et exaudi orationem meam: audirent ignorante me, utrum audirent, ne me propter se illa dicere putarent, quae inter haec uerba dixerim, quia et re uera nec ea dicerem nec sic ea dicerem, si me ab eis audiri uiderique sentirem, nec, si dicerem, sic acciperent, quomodo mecum et mihi coram te de familiari affectu animi mei.

9.4.9 Inhorrui timendo ibidemque inferbui sperando et exultando in tua misericordia, pater. et haec omnia exibant per oculos et uocem meam, cum conuersus ad nos spiritus tuus bonus ait nobis: filii hominum, quousque graues corde? ut quid diligitis uanitatem et quaeritis mendacium? dilexeram enim uanitatem et quaesieram mendacium. et tu, domine, iam magnificaueras sanctum tuum, suscitans eum a mortuis et collocans ad dexteram tuam, unde mitteret ex alto promissionem suam, paracletum, spiritum ueritatis. et miserat eum iam, sed ego nesciebam. miserat eum, quia iam magnificatus erat resurgens a mortuis et ascendens in caelum. ante autem spiritus nondum erat datus, quia Iesus nondum erat clarificatus. et clamat prophetia: quousque graues corde? ut quid diligitis uanitatem et quaeritis mendacium?

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dress, a man in faith, an old woman in serenity, a mother in love, a Christian in devotion! What cries I raised to you in those psalms, and how they set me on fire toward you, and how I burned to recite them, if I could, to the whole world, against the arrogance of the human race! And yet they are sung throughout the world, and there is no one who can hide from your heat. With what violent and bitter pain I was indignant with the Manichees, and yet pitied them in turn, because they did not know those sacraments, those medicines, and were madly raging against the very antidote that could have made them sane!

I wish they had been somewhere near at that time, and, without my knowing they were there, had watched my face and heard my voice when I read the fourth Psalm in that time of leisure. What that psalm did to me—"When I called on you, you heard me, God of my righteousness; in trouble you gave me room. Have mercy on me, Lord, and hear my prayer"—I wish they could have heard, without my knowing whether they heard, so that they would not think I was saying for their benefit the things I said among these words. For in truth I would not have said those things, nor said them in that way, if I had sensed that they were hearing and seeing me; and even if I had said them, they would not have taken them as I spoke them, with myself and to myself, before you, out of the intimate feeling of my mind.[4]

I shuddered with fear, and at the same moment I burned with hope and with rejoicing in your mercy, Father. And all this poured out through my eyes and my voice when your good Spirit turned toward us and said to us: "Children of men, how long will you be heavy of heart? Why do you love emptiness and seek after lies?" For I had loved emptiness and sought after lies. And you, Lord, had already glorified your Holy One, raising him from the dead and setting him at your right hand, from where he would send from on high his promise, the Paraclete, the Spirit of truth. And he had already sent him, but I did not know it. He had sent him because he had now been glorified, rising from the dead and ascending into heaven. Before that, "the Spirit had not yet been given, because Jesus had not yet been glorified." And the

4 Psalm 4:1.

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et scitote, quoniam dominus magnificauit sanctum suum. clamat quousque, clamat scitote, et ego tamdiu nesciens uanitatem dilexi et mendacium quaesiui et ideo audiui et contremui, quoniam talibus dicitur, qualem me fuisse reminiscebar. in phantasmatis enim, quae pro ueritate tenueram, uanitas erat et mendacium. et insonui multa grauiter et fortiter in dolore recordationis meae. quae utinam audissent qui adhuc usque diligunt uanitatem et quaerunt mendacium: forte conturbarentur et euomuissent illud, et exaudires eos, cum clamarent ad te, quoniam uera morte carnis mortuus est pro nobis, qui te interpellat pro nobis.

9.4.10 Legebam: irascimini et nolite peccare, et quomodo mouebar, deus meus, qui iam didiceram irasci mihi de praeteritis, ut de cetero non peccarem, et merito irasci, quia non alia natura gentis tenebrarum de me peccabat, sicut dicunt qui sibi non irascuntur et thesaurizant sibi iram in die irae et reuelationis iusti iudicii tui. nec iam bona mea foris erant nec oculis carneis in isto sole quaerebantur. uolentes enim gaudere forinsecus facile uanescunt et effunduntur in ea, quae uidentur et temporalia sunt, et imagines eorum famelica cogitatione lambiunt.

et o si fatigentur inedia et dicant: quis ostendet nobis bona? et dicamus, et audiant: signatum est in nobis lumen uultus tui, domine. non enim lumen nos sumus, quod inluminat omnem hominem, sed inluminamur a te, ut, qui fuimus aliquando tenebrae, simus lux in te. o si uiderent internum aeternum, quod ego quia gustaueram, frendebam, quoniam non eis poteram ostendere, si afferrent ad me cor in oculis suis foris a te et dicerent: quis ostendit nobis bona? ibi enim, ubi mihi iratus eram, intus in cubili, ubi conpunctus eram, ubi sacrificaueram mactans uetustatem meam et inchoata meditatione

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prophecy cries out: "How long will you be heavy of heart? Why do you love emptiness and seek after lies?[5]

"And know that the Lord has glorified his Holy One." It cries "How long"; it cries "Know"; and I, for so long not knowing, had loved emptiness and sought after lies. And so I heard and trembled, because these words are spoken to people such as I remembered I had been. For in the phantoms I had held for truth there was emptiness and lies. And I cried out many things, heavily and forcefully, in the pain of my remembering. If only those who even now still love emptiness and seek after lies had heard them! Perhaps they would have been shaken and would have vomited it up; and you would hear them when they cried out to you, because he who intercedes with you for us died for us by a true death of the flesh.[6]

I read: "Be angry, and do not sin." And how I was moved, my God—I who had already learned to be angry with myself over the past, so as not to sin in future; and rightly angry, because it was not some other nature, a race of darkness, that was sinning in me, as those say who are not angry with themselves, and "store up wrath for themselves on the day of wrath and of the revelation of your just judgment." My good things were no longer outside, nor were they sought with eyes of flesh under this sun. For those who want to find their joy outside themselves easily grow empty and spill themselves out on things that are seen and temporal, and with starving thoughts they lick at their images.[7]

Oh, if only they would grow weary with hunger and say, "Who will show us good things?" And let us say, and let them hear: "The light of your face, Lord, is sealed upon us." For we are not the light that enlightens every human being; we are enlightened by you, so that we who were once darkness may be light in you. Oh, if only they could see the eternal within! Because I had tasted it, I gnashed my teeth that I could not show it to them, if they brought me their heart in their eyes, turned outward, away from you, and said, "Who will show us good things?" For there, where I had been

5 Psalm 4:2; John 7:39. The Paraclete ("Advocate") is the Holy Spirit promised by Jesus in John 14–16.
6 Psalm 4:3. The "phantoms" are the imaginary cosmic images of Manichaean doctrine.
7 Psalm 4:4; Romans 2:5.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	renouationis meae sperans in te, ibi mihi dulcescere coeperas et dederas laetitiam in corde meo.	angry with myself, within, in my chamber where I had been pierced with remorse, where I had offered sacrifice, slaying my old self, and, beginning to ponder my renewal, had hoped in you—there you had begun to grow sweet to me, and had "put gladness in my heart."[8]
	et exclamabam legens haec foris et agnoscens intus nec uolebam multiplicari terrenis bonis et deuorans tempora et deuoratus temporibus, cum haberem in aeterna simplicitate aliud frumentum et uinum et oleum.	And I cried out as I read these things outwardly and recognized them inwardly. I did not want to be multiplied by earthly goods, devouring time and devoured by time, when I had, in eternal simplicity, another grain and wine and oil.[9]
9.4.11	Et clamabam in consequenti uersu clamore alto cordis mei: o in pace! o in id ipsum! o quid dixit: obdormiam et somnum capiam? quoniam quis resistet nobis, cum fiet sermo, qui scriptus est: absorpta est mors in uictoria? et tu es id ipsum ualde, qui non mutaris, et in te requies obliuiscens laborum omnium, quoniam nullus alius tecum nec ad alia adipiscenda, quae non sunt quod tu, sed tu, domine, singulariter in spe constituisti me. legebam et ardebam nec inueniebam, quid facerem surdis mortuis, ex quibus fueram, pestis, latrator amarus et caecus aduersus litteras de melle caeli melleas et de lumine tuo luminosas, et super inimicis scripturae huius tabescebam.	And at the next verse I cried out with the deep cry of my heart: "Oh, in peace! Oh, in the Selfsame!" Oh, what did it say? "I will lie down and take my sleep!" For who will stand against us when the saying that is written comes to pass: "Death is swallowed up in victory"? And you are supremely the Selfsame, you who do not change, and in you is the rest that forgets all toils; for there is no other with you, nor are there other things to be gained which are not what you are; but you, Lord, have set me singly in hope. I read and I burned, and I could not find what to do for those deaf dead, of whom I had been one—a plague, a bitter, blind barker against writings honeyed with the honey of heaven and luminous with your light; and I wasted away with grief over the enemies of this Scripture.[10]
9.4.12	Quando recordabor omnia dierum illorum feriatorum? sed nec oblitus sum nec silebo flagelli tui asperitatem et misericordiae tuae mirabilem celeritatem. dolore dentium tunc excruciabas me, et cum in tantum ingrauesceret, ut non ualerem loqui, ascendit in cor meum admonere omnes meos qui aderant, ut deprecarentur te pro me, deum salutis omnimodae. et scripsi hoc in cera et dedi, ut eis legeretur. mox ut genua simplici affectu fiximus, fugit dolor ille. sed quis dolor? aut quomodo fugit? expaui, fateor, domine meus et deus meus: nihil enim tale ab ineunte aetate expertus fueram. et insinuati sunt mihi in profundo nutus tui et gaudens in fide laudaui nomen tuum, et ea fides me securum esse non sinebat de praeteritis peccatis meis, quae mihi per baptismum tuum remissa nondum erant.	When shall I recall everything from those days of holiday? But I have not forgotten, nor will I keep silent about, the harshness of your scourge and the wonderful swiftness of your mercy. You were tormenting me then with toothache, and when it grew so bad that I could not speak, it came into my heart to urge all my friends who were present to pray for me to you, the God of salvation in every sense. I wrote this on a wax tablet and gave it to be read to them. As soon as we had knelt with simple devotion, that pain fled. But what pain? And how did it flee? I was terrified, I confess, my Lord, my God. For I had experienced nothing like it since my earliest years. And your promptings were driven deep into me; and rejoicing in faith, I praised your name. And that faith would not let me be at

8 Psalm 4:6–7.
9 Echoing Psalm 4:7, where the wicked are "multiplied" by their grain, wine and oil.
10 Psalm 4:8–9 (in the Latin, "in peace, in the selfsame"); 1 Corinthians 15:54. "The Selfsame" (idipsum) is Augustine's name for God as unchanging Being.

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	ease about my past sins, which had not yet been forgiven me through your baptism.
9.5.13 Renuntiaui peractis uindemialibus, ut scholasticis suis Mediolanenses uenditorem uerborum alium prouiderent, quod et tibi ego seruire delegissem et illi professioni prae difficultate spirandi ac dolore pectoris non sufficerem. et insinuaui per litteras antistiti tuo, uiro sancto Ambrosio, pristinos errores meos et praesens uotum meum, ut moneret quid mihi potissimum de libris tuis legendum esset, quo percipiendae tantae gratiae paratior aptiorque fierem. at ille iussit Eseiam prophetam, credo, quod prae ceteris euangelii uocationisque gentium sit praenuntiator apertior. uerum tamen ego primam huius lectionem non intellegens totumque talem arbitrans distuli repetendum exercitatior in dominico eloquio.	When the vintage holidays were over, I gave notice that the people of Milan should provide another word-seller for their students, both because I had chosen to serve you and because, with my difficulty in breathing and the pain in my chest, I was no longer equal to that profession. And by letter I made known to your bishop, the holy man Ambrose, my former errors and my present intention, asking him to advise me what I should read above all from your books, to become readier and fitter to receive so great a grace. He told me to read the prophet Isaiah—because, I believe, he foretells the gospel and the calling of the Gentiles more plainly than the others. But I did not understand the first passage I read, and, supposing the whole book to be like that, I put it aside, to return to it when I was better practiced in the Lord's language.

BAPTISM

Augustine is baptized in Milan with Alypius and his gifted son Adeodatus.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.6.14 Inde ubi tempus aduenit, quo me nomen dare oporteret, relicto rure Mediolanium remeauimus. placuit et Alypio renasci in te mecum iam induto humilitate sacramentis tuis congrua et fortissimo dominatori corporis usque ad Italicum solum glaciale nudo pede obterendum insolito ausu. adiunximus etiam nobis puerum Adeodatum ex me natum carnaliter de peccato meo. tu bene feceras eum. annorum erat ferme quindecim et ingenio praeueniebat multos graues et doctos uiros. munera tua tibi confiteor, domine deus meus, creator omnium et multum potens formare nostra deformia: nam ego in illo puero praeter delictum non habebam. quod enim et nutriebatur a nobis in disciplina tua, tu inspiraueras nobis, nullus alius: munera tua tibi confiteor. est liber noster, qui inscribitur „de Magistro": ipse ibi mecum loquitur.	Then, when the time came for me to give in my name, we left the country and went back to Milan. Alypius too resolved to be reborn in you along with me. He had already put on the humility fitting for your sacraments, and was so strong a master of his body that he trod the icy soil of Italy barefoot, with unusual daring. We also took with us the boy Adeodatus, born of me in the flesh from my sin. You had made him well. He was about fifteen years old, and in intelligence he surpassed many serious and learned men. I confess your gifts to you, Lord my God, creator of all things, well able to give form to our deformities; for in that boy I had nothing of mine except the sin. That he was being brought up by us in your discipline—you inspired us to that, no one else. I confess your gifts to you. There is a book of mine entitled *On the Teacher*: he converses with me there.[11]
tu scis illius esse sensa Omnia, quae inseruntur ibi ex persona conlocutoris mei, cum esset in annis sedecim. multa eius alia mirabiliora expertus sum. horrori mihi erat illud ingenium: et quis praeter te talium	You know that all the thoughts put there in the mouth of the one talking with me were his, when he was sixteen. I found many other things in him

11 Candidates for baptism enrolled at the start of Lent; Augustine was baptized by Ambrose at Easter AD 387. Adeodatus ("given by God") was his son by his long-time partner.

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	miraculorum opifex? cito de terra abstulisti uitam eius, et securior eum recordor non timens quicquam pueritiae nec adulescentiae nec omnino homini illi. sociauimus eum coaeuum nobis in gratia tua, educandum in disciplina tua: et baptizati sumus et fugit a nobis sollicitudo uitae praeteritae. nec satiabar in illis diebus dulcitudine mirabili, considerare altitudinem consilii tui super salute generis humani. quantum fleui in hymnis et canticis tuis suaue sonantis ecclesiae tuae uocibus conmotus acriter!	more wonderful still: that intelligence filled me with awe. And who but you is the maker of such wonders? Soon you took his life from the earth, and I remember him with less anxiety, fearing nothing for his boyhood or his youth, or for that person at all. We joined him to ourselves as one of our own age in your grace, to be brought up in your discipline. And we were baptized, and anxiety about our past life fled from us. In those days I could not have enough of the wonderful sweetness of contemplating the depth of your plan for the salvation of the human race. How I wept at your hymns and songs, deeply moved by the voices of your sweetly singing Church![12]
	uoces illae influebant auribus meis et eliquabatur ueritas in cor meum et exaestuabat inde affectus pietatis, et currebant lacrimae, et bene mihi erat cum eis.	Those voices flowed into my ears, and truth was distilled into my heart; from it a feeling of devotion welled up, and the tears ran, and it was good for me to be with them.

HYMNS IN MILAN

Augustine recalls how Ambrose introduced hymn singing during Justina's persecution and the martyrs' relics were found.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.7.15	Non longe coeperat Mediolanensis ecclesia genus hoc consolationis et exhortationis celebrare magno studio fratrum concinentium uocibus et cordibus. nimirum annus erat aut non multo amplius, cum Justina, Valentiniani regis pueri mater, hominem tuum Ambrosium persequeretur haeresis suae causa, qua fuerat seducta ab Arrianis. excubabat pia plebs in ecclesia mori parata cum episcopo suo, seruo tuo. ibi mater mea, ancilla tua, sollicitudinis et uigiliarum primas tenens, orationibus uiuebat. nos adhuc frigidi a calore spiritus tui excitabamur tamen ciuitate adtonita atque turbata. tunc hymni et psalmi ut canerentur secundum morem orientalium partium, ne populus maeroris taedio contabesceret, institutum est: ex illo in hodiernum retentum multis iam ac paene omnibus gregibus tuis et per cetera orbis imitantibus.	Not long before, the church of Milan had begun to practice this kind of consolation and encouragement, the brothers singing together with great fervor, in voice and heart. It was only a year, or not much more, since Justina, mother of the boy emperor Valentinian, had been persecuting your man Ambrose for the sake of her heresy, into which she had been led by the Arians. The devout people kept watch in the church, ready to die with their bishop, your servant. There my mother, your handmaid, taking the lead in anxiety and vigils, lived on prayers. We, still cold, untouched by the heat of your Spirit, were nonetheless stirred by the alarm and turmoil of the city. It was then that the singing of hymns and psalms after the custom of the Eastern regions was instituted, so that the people should not waste away in the weariness of grief; and from then until today it has been kept, with many, indeed nearly all, of your flocks throughout the rest of the world following it.[13]
9.7.16	Tunc memorato antistiti tuo per uisum aperuisti, quo loco laterent martyrum corpora Protasi et Geruasi, quae	Then, in a vision, you revealed to your bishop whom I have mentioned the place where the bod-

12 Adeodatus died about AD 390, still in his teens.
13 Justina, mother of Valentinian II, tried in AD 385–386 to claim a Milan basilica for the Arians, who denied that the Son is equal to the Father.

LATIN	ENGLISH
per tot annos incorrupta in thesauro secreti tui reconderas, unde opportune promeres ad cohercendam rabiem femineam, sed regiam. cum enim prolata et effossa digno cum honore transferrentur ad Ambrosianam basilicam, non solum quos inmundi uexabant Spiritus confessis eisdem daemonibus sanabantur, uerum etiam quidam plures annos caecus ciuis ciuitatique notissimus, cum populi tumultuante laetitia causam quaesisset atque audisset, exiluit eoque se ut duceret suum ducem rogauit. quo perductus inpetrauit admitti, ut sudario tangeret feretrum pretiosae in conspectu tuo mortis sanctorum tuorum. quod ubi fecit atque admouit oculis, confestim aperti sunt.	ies of the martyrs Protasius and Gervasius lay hidden. For so many years you had kept them incorrupt in the treasury of your secret counsel, so that at the right moment you might bring them out to check a woman's fury—but a royal woman's. For when they had been uncovered and dug up and were being carried with fitting honor to Ambrose's basilica, not only were those tormented by unclean spirits healed, the demons themselves confessing it, but also a certain citizen, blind for many years and very well known to the city, asked the cause of the people's tumultuous joy, and when he heard it, leapt up and begged his guide to lead him there. Brought there, he was allowed to touch with his handkerchief the bier of your saints, whose death is precious in your sight. When he had done so and put it to his eyes, at once they were opened.[14]
inde fama discurrens, inde laudes tuae feruentes, lucentes, inde illius inimicae animus etsi ad credendi sanitatem non applicatus, a persequendi tamen furore conpressus est. gratias tibi, deus meus! unde et quo duxisti recordationem meam, ut haec etiam confiterer tibi, quae magna oblitus praeterieram? et tamen tunc, cum ita fragraret odor unguentorum tuorum, non currebamus post te; ideo plus flebam inter cantica hymnorum tuorum, olim suspirans tibi et tandem respirans, quantum patet aura in domo faenea.	From this the news spread; from this your praises rang out, fervent and shining; from this the mind of that hostile woman, though not brought to the health of believing, was at least restrained from the fury of persecuting. Thanks be to you, my God! From where, and to where, have you led my remembrance, that I should confess these things also to you—great things that I had forgotten and passed over? And yet even then, when the fragrance of your ointments was so strong, we did not run after you. That is why I wept all the more among the songs of your hymns: I who had long sighed for you, and at last breathed you in, as far as air is let into a house of grass.[15]

MONICA'S GIRLHOOD

Monica dies at Ostia, and Augustine recounts her strict upbringing and her cure of a secret drinking habit.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.8.17 Qui habitare facis unanimes in domo, consociasti nobis et Euodium iuuenem ex nostro municipio. qui cum agens in rebus militaret, prior nobis ad te conuersus est et baptizatus et relicta militia saeculari accinctus in tua. simul eramus, simul habitaturi placito sancto. quaerebamus, quisnam locus nos utilius haberet seruientes tibi: pariter remeabamus in Africam. et cum apud Ostia Tiberina essemus, mater defuncta est. multa praetereo, quia multum festino. accipe confessiones meas	You who make those of one mind dwell in one house joined to us also Evodius, a young man from our own town. While serving as an imperial agent, he had been converted to you and baptized before us, and, leaving the service of the world, had girded himself for yours. We were together, meaning to live together in holy resolve. We were looking for the place where we could most usefully serve you, and together we were going back to

14 The relics of these two Milanese martyrs were discovered in June AD 386.
15 Echoing Song of Songs 1:3–4. The "house of grass" is the body (compare Isaiah 40:6, "all flesh is grass").

LATIN

et gratiarum actiones, deus meus, de rebus innumerabilibus etiam in silentio. sed non praeteribo quidquid mihi anima parturit de illa famula tua, quae me parturiuit et carne, ut in hanc temporalem, et corde, ut in aeternam lucem nascerer. non eius, sed tua dicam dona in eam. neque enim se ipsa fecerat aut educauerat se ipsam:

tu creasti eam, nec pater nec mater sciebat, qualis ex eis fieret. et erudiuit eam in timore tuo uirga Christi tui, regimen unici tui in domo fideli, bono membro ecclesiae tuae. nec tantam erga suam disciplinam diligentiam matris praedicabat quantam famulae cuiusdam decrepitae, quae patrem eius infantem portauerat, sicut dorso grandiuscularum puellarum paruuli portari solent. cuius rei gratia et propter senectam ac mores optimos in domo christiana satis a dominis honorabatur. unde etiam curam dominicarum filiarum conmissam diligenter gerebat et erat in eis cohercendis, cum opus esset, sancta seueritate uehemens atque in docendis sobria prudentia.

nam eas praeter illas horas, quibus ad mensam parentum moderatissime alebantur, etiamsi exardescerent siti, nec aquam bibere sinebat praecauens consuetudinem malam et addens uerbum sanum: „modo aquam bibitis, quia in potestate uinum non habetis; cum autem ad maritos ueneritis factae dominae apothecarum et cellariorum, aqua sordebit, sed mos potandi praeualebit.“ hac ratione praecipiendi et auctoritate imperandi frenabat auiditatem tenerioris aetatis et ipsam puellarum sitim formabat ad honestum modum, ut iam non liberet quod non deceret.

9.8.18 Et subrepserat tamen, sicut mihi filio famula tua narrabat, subrepserat ei uinulentia. nam cum de more puella sobria iuberetur a parentibus de cupa uinum depromere, submisso poculo qua desuper patet, priusquam in lagunculam funderet merum, primoribus

ENGLISH

Africa. And when we were at Ostia on the Tiber, my mother died. I pass over much, because I am in great haste. Accept my confessions and thanksgivings, my God, for countless things, even in silence. But I will not pass over whatever my soul brings to birth about that servant of yours, who brought me to birth both in the flesh, that I might be born into this temporal light, and in her heart, that I might be born into eternal light. I will speak not of her gifts, but of your gifts in her; for she had not made herself, nor brought herself up.[16]

You created her—neither her father nor her mother knew what sort of person would come from them—and she was trained in fear of you by the rod of your Christ, the rule of your only Son, in a faithful household, a sound member of your Church. Yet she used to praise not so much her mother's care over her upbringing as that of a certain aged servant, who had carried her father as a baby, the way little ones are usually carried on the backs of older girls. For this reason, and because of her age and excellent character, she was much honored by her master and mistress in that Christian household. So she was entrusted with the care of the daughters of the house, and carried it out diligently: in restraining them when necessary she was forceful, with a holy strictness, and in teaching them sober and prudent.

For apart from the hours when they were fed, very moderately, at their parents' table, she would not let them drink even water, however much they burned with thirst, guarding against a bad habit and adding a sound word: "Now you drink water because you have no wine at your disposal; but when you come to husbands and become mistresses of storerooms and cellars, water will seem cheap, but the habit of drinking will prevail." By this method of instruction and this authority in command she curbed the greed of that tender age, and shaped the girls' very thirst to a decent measure, so that they no longer even wanted what was not fitting.

And yet, as your servant told me, her son, a love of wine had crept up on her—crept up on her. For when, as the custom was, her parents told her, as a sober girl, to draw wine from the cask, she would

16 Evodius later became bishop of Uzalis in Africa. Ostia was Rome's port at the mouth of the Tiber.

LATIN

labris sorbebat exiguum, quia non poterat amplius sensu recusante. non enim ulla temulenta cupidine faciebat hoc, sed quibusdam superfluentibus aetatis excessibus, qui ludicris motibus ebulliunt et in puerilibus annis maiorum pondere premi solent. itaque ad illud modicum cotidianum cotidiana modica addendo — quoniam qui modica spernit, paulatim decidit — in eam consuetudinem lapsa erat, ut prope iam plenos mero caliculos inhianter hauriret. ubi tunc sagax anus et uehemens illa prohibitio? numquid ualebat aliquid aduersus latentem morbum, nisi tua medicina, domine, uigilaret super nos?

ENGLISH

dip the cup in through the opening at the top, and before pouring the neat wine into the flask she would sip a little with the tips of her lips—no more, because her taste refused it. She did this not from any craving for drink, but from the overflowing high spirits of youth, which bubble up in playful impulses and are usually held down in the years of childhood by the weight of their elders. So, adding to that little a little more each day—for "whoever despises small things falls little by little"—she had slipped into such a habit that she was eagerly gulping down little cups nearly full of wine. Where then was that shrewd old woman, and her forceful prohibition? Could anything prevail against a hidden disease, unless your medicine, Lord, kept watch over us?[17]

absente patre et matre et nutritoribus tu praesens, qui creasti, qui uocas, qui etiam per praepositos homines boni aliquid agis ad animarum salutem. quid tunc egisti, deus meus? unde curasti? unde sanasti? nonne protulisti durum et acutum ex altera anima conuicium tamquam medicinale ferrum ex occultis prouisionibus tuis et uno ictu putredinem illam praecidisti? ancilla enim, cum qua solebat accedere ad cupam, litigans cum domina minore, ut fit, sola cum sola, obiecit hoc crimen amarissima insultatione uocans meribibulam. quo illa stimulo percussa respexit foeditatem suam confestimque damnauit atque exuit. sicut amici adulantes peruertunt, sic inimici litigantes plerumque corrigunt. nec tu quod per eos agis, sed quod ipsi uoluerunt, retribuis eis.

Father and mother and nurses were absent, but you were present, who created, who call, who work something good even through those set over us, for the salvation of souls. What did you do then, my God? How did you treat her? How did you heal her? Did you not bring out of another soul a hard and sharp insult, like a surgeon's knife from your hidden stores, and with one stroke cut away that rot? For the maid with whom she used to go to the cask, quarrelling with her young mistress, as happens, when the two were alone, threw this fault in her face with the bitterest taunt, calling her a "little wine-swiller." Pierced by that goad, she looked at her own foulness, and at once condemned it and cast it off. Just as flattering friends corrupt, so quarrelling enemies often correct. Yet you repay them not for what you do through them, but for what they themselves intended.

illa enim irata exagitare appetiuit minorem dominam, non sanare, et ideo clanculo, aut quia ita eas inuenerat locus et tempus litis, aut ne forte et ipsa periclitaretur, quod tam sero prodidisset. at tu, domine, rector caelitum et terrenorum, ad usus tuos contorquens profunda torrentis, fluxum saeculorum ordinate turbulentum, etiam de alterius animae insania sanasti alteram, ne quisquam, cum hoc aduertit, potentiae suae tribuat, si uerbo eius alius corrigatur, quem uult corrigi.

For the maid in her anger wanted to provoke her young mistress, not to cure her; and so she did it in secret, either because the time and place of the quarrel had found them that way, or so that she herself might not be endangered for having told so late. But you, Lord, ruler of things in heaven and on earth, who turn to your own uses the depths of the torrent, the ordered turbulence of the flow of the ages, made one soul sane even through the insanity of another—so that no one, noticing this, should credit it to his own power if someone he wants corrected is corrected by his word.

17 Sirach 19:1.

MONICA AS WIFE AND MOTHER

Augustine describes Monica's patience with a hot-tempered husband and her gift as a peacemaker.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.9.19	Educata itaque pudice ac sobrie potiusque a te subdita parentibus quam a parentibus tibi, ubi plenis annis nubilis facta est, tradita uiro seruiuit ueluti domino et sategit eum lucrări tibi loquens te illi moribus suis, quibus eam pulchram faciebas et reuerenter amabilem atque mirabilem uiro. ita autem tolerauit cubilis iniurias, ut nullam de hac re cum marito haberet umquam simultatem. expectabat enim misericordiam tuam super eum, ut in te credens castificaretur. erat uero ille praeterea sicut beniuolentia praecipuus, ita ira feruidus. sed nouerat haec non resistere irato uiro, non tantum facto, sed ne uerbo quidem. iam uero refractum et quietum cum opportunum uiderat, rationem facti sui reddebat, si forte ille inconsideratius conmotus fuerat.	So she was brought up modestly and soberly, made subject by you to her parents rather than by her parents to you. When she reached full marriageable age, she was given to a husband, and served him as her lord, and strove to win him for you, speaking of you to him through her character, by which you made her beautiful, and respectfully lovable and admirable to her husband. She bore his wrongs to their marriage bed in such a way that she never had any quarrel with her husband over it. For she waited for your mercy upon him, that believing in you he might become chaste. Besides this, he was as remarkable for kindness as he was hot in anger. But she knew not to resist an angry husband, not only in deed but not even in word. Once she saw that he had cooled and calmed down, and the moment was right, she would give an account of what she had done, if he had perhaps been roused without due thought.
	denique cum matronae multae, quarum uiri mansuetiores erant, plagarum uestigia etiam dehonestata facie gererent, inter amica conloquia illae arguebant maritorum uitam, haec earum linguam, ueluti per iocum grauiter admonens, ex quo illas tabulas, quae matrimoniales uocantur, recitari audissent, tamquam instrumenta, quibus ancillae factae essent, deputare debuisse; proinde memores conditionis superbire aduersus dominos non oportere. cumque mirarentur illae scientes, quam ferocem coniugem sustineret, numquam fuisse auditum aut aliquo indicio claruisse, quod Patricius ceciderit uxorem aut quod a se inuicem uel unum diem domestica lite dissenserint, et causam familiariter quaererent, docebat illa institutum suum, quod supra memoraui. quae obseruabant, expertae gratulabantur: quae non obseruabant, subiectae uexabantur.	Indeed, many married women whose husbands were gentler bore the marks of blows, even on their disfigured faces. In friendly conversation they would blame their husbands' behavior; she would blame their tongues, warning them seriously, as if in jest, that from the moment they heard the so-called marriage contract read aloud, they ought to have regarded it as the document by which they had been made servants; and so, mindful of their condition, they ought not to be proud toward their masters. And they were amazed, knowing what a fierce husband she had to put up with, that it had never been heard of, nor shown by any sign, that Patricius had beaten his wife, or that they had been at odds with each other in a domestic quarrel even for a single day. When they asked her the reason as friends, she would teach them her rule, which I mentioned above. Those who kept it found it worked and thanked her; those who did not remained under the yoke and were mistreated.
9.9.20	Socrum etiam suam primo susurris malarum ancillarum aduersus se irritatam sic uicit obsequiis perseuerans tolerantia et mansuetudine, ut illa ultro filio suo medias linguas famularum proderet, quibus inter se et nurum	Her mother-in-law too, who at first was set against her by the whispers of malicious maids, she so won over by her attentions, persevering in patience and gentleness, that the older woman of her

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	pax domestica turbabatur, expeteretque uindictam. itaque posteaquam ille et matri obtemperans et curans familiae disciplinam et concordiae suorum consulens proditas ad prodentis arbitrium uerberibus cohercuit, promisit illa talia de se praemia sperare debere, quaecumque de sua nuru sibi, quo placeret, mali aliquid loqueretur, nullaque iam audente memorabili inter se beniuolentiae suauitate uixerunt.	own accord reported to her son the meddling tongues of the maids, by which domestic peace between herself and her daughter-in-law was being disturbed, and asked for them to be punished. So after he, obeying his mother, and concerned for the discipline of the household and the harmony of his family, had punished with the whip those who had been reported, at the discretion of the one who reported them, she promised that anyone who spoke ill of her daughter-in-law to her, thinking to please her, must expect the same reward from her. After that no one dared, and they lived together in a memorable sweetness of goodwill.
9.9.21	Hoc quoque illi bono mancipio tuo, in cuius utero me creasti, deus meus, misericordia mea, munus grande donaueras, quod inter dissidentes atque discordes quaslibet animas, ubi poterat, tam se praebebat pacificam, ut cum ab utraque multa de inuicem audiret amarissima, qualia solet eructuare turgens atque indigesta discordia, quando praesenti amicae de absente inimica per acida conloquia cruditas exhalatur odiorum, nihil tamen alteri de altera proderet, nisi quod ad eas reconciliandas ualeret.	This too was a great gift you had given to that good servant of yours, in whose womb you created me, my God, my mercy: wherever she could, she showed herself such a peacemaker between any souls at odds and in conflict that, although she heard many very bitter things from each about the other—the kind of thing swollen, undigested discord tends to belch out, when the indigestion of hatreds is breathed out in sour talk to a friend who is present about an enemy who is absent—she would nevertheless report nothing of either to the other except what might help to reconcile them.
	paruum hoc bonum mihi uideretur, nisi turbas innumerabiles tristis experirer nescio qua horrenda pestilentia peccatorum latissime peruagante non solum iratorum inimicorum iratis inimicis dicta prodere, sed etiam quae non dicta sunt addere, cum contra homini humano parum esse debeat inimicitias hominum nec excitare nec augere male loquendo, nisi eas etiam extinguere bene loquendo studuerit. qualis illa erat docente te magistro intimo in schola pectoris.	I might think this a small good, if I did not know to my sorrow countless crowds of people (through some dreadful pestilence of sins spreading far and wide) who not only report to angry enemies what their angry enemies have said, but even add what was not said; whereas, on the contrary, for a human being worthy of the name it ought to be too little merely not to stir up or increase people's enmities by speaking ill, unless he also strives to extinguish them by speaking well. Such was she, with you as her teacher, the innermost Teacher, in the school of her heart.
9.9.22	Denique etiam uirum suum iam in extrema uita temporali eius lucrata est tibi nec in eo iam fideli planxit, quod in nondum fideli tolerauerat. erat etiam serua seruorum tuorum. quisquis eorum nouerat eam, multum in ea laudabat et honorabat et diligebat te, quia sentiebat praesentiam tuam in corde eius sanctae conuersationis fructibus testibus. fuerat enim unius uiri uxor, mutuam uicem parentibus reddiderat, doMum suam pie tractauerat, in operibus bonis testimonium habebat. nutrierat filios totiens eos parturiens, quotiens abs te deuiare cernebat. postremo nobis, domine, omnibus, quia	Finally, near the very end of his life in time, she won her husband too for you; and once he was a believer she did not lament in him what she had endured when he was not yet one. She was also the servant of your servants. Whoever of them knew her praised and honored and loved you greatly in her, because they sensed your presence in her heart, the fruits of her holy way of life bearing witness. For she had been "the wife of one husband," had repaid her parents in kind, had managed her household devoutly, and was "well at-

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	ex munere tuo sinis loqui seruis tuis, qui ante dormitionem eius in te iam consociati uiuebamus percepta gratia baptismi tui, ita curam gessit, quasi omnes genuisset, ita seruiuit, quasi ab omnibus genita fuisset.	tested for good works." She had brought up her children, laboring to give birth to them again each time she saw them straying from you. Lastly, Lord, to all of us—for by your gift you allow us, your servants, to speak—who before she fell asleep were already living together in you, having received the grace of your baptism, she gave such care as if she had borne us all, and served us as if she had been born of us all.[18]

THE VISION AT OSTIA

At a window in Ostia, Augustine and Monica together rise in thought toward eternal Wisdom.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.10.23	Impendente autem die, quo ex hac uita erat exitura — quem diem tu noueras ignorantibus nobis — prouenerat, ut credo, procurante te occultis tuis modis, ut ego et ipsa soli staremus incumbentes ad quandam fenestram, unde hortus intra domum, quae nos habebat, prospectabatur, illic apud Ostia Tiberina, ubi remoti a turbis post longi itineris laborem instaurabamus nos nauigationi. conloquebamur ergo soli ualde dulciter et praeterita obliuiscentes in ea quae ante sunt extenti quaerebamus inter nos apud praesentem ueritatem, quod tu es, qualis futura esset uita aeterna sanctorum, quam nec oculus uidit nec auris audiuit nec in cor hominis ascendit. sed inhiabamus ore cordis in superna fluenta fontis tui, fontis uitae, qui est apud te, ut inde pro captu nostro aspersi quoquo modo rem tantam cogitaremus.	As the day approached on which she was to depart this life—a day you knew, though we did not—it came about, as I believe, through your arranging in your hidden ways, that she and I were standing alone, leaning at a window that looked out on the garden inside the house where we were staying, there at Ostia on the Tiber, where, away from the crowds, after the toil of a long journey, we were recovering our strength for the voyage. So we were talking alone together, very sweetly, and, "forgetting what lies behind and straining toward what lies ahead," we were asking each other, in the presence of the Truth, which you are, what the eternal life of the saints would be like, which "no eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the human heart." But with the mouth of our heart we gaped for the streams from above of your fountain, the fountain of life, which is with you, so that, sprinkled from it as far as we could take it in, we might somehow contemplate so great a thing.[19]
9.10.24	Cumque ad eum finem sermo perduceretur, ut carnalium sensuum delectatio quantalibet in quantalibet luce corporea prae illius uitae iucunditate non conparatione, sed ne conmemoratione quidem digna uideretur, erigentes nos ardentiore affectu in id ipsum perambulauimus gradatim cuncta corporalia et ipsum caelum, unde sol et luna et stellae lucent super terram. et adhuc ascendebamus interius cogitando et loquendo et mirando opera tua et uenimus in mentes nostras et transcendimus eas, ut attingeremus regionem ubertatis indeficientis, unde pascis Israel in aeternum ueritate pabulo, et ibi uita sapientia est, per quam fiunt omnia	And when our conversation had reached this point —that the pleasure of the bodily senses, however great, in however great a bodily light, seemed, beside the delight of that life, not worth comparing, nor even mentioning—raising ourselves with a more burning love toward the Selfsame, we passed step by step through all bodily things, and through heaven itself, from which the sun and moon and stars shine upon the earth. And still we climbed, inwardly, thinking and speaking and marveling at your works. And we came to our own minds, and we went beyond them, to reach the re-

18 1 Timothy 5:4, 9–10.
19 Philippians 3:13; 1 Corinthians 2:9; compare Psalm 36:9.

LATIN	ENGLISH
ista, et quae fuerunt et quae futura sunt, et ipsa non fit, sed sic est, ut fuit, et sic erit semper.	gion of unfailing abundance, from which you feed Israel forever on the food of truth. And there life is Wisdom, through whom all these things come to be, both those that have been and those that will be; and Wisdom itself does not come to be, but is as it was, and so will be always.
quin potius fuisse et futurum esse non est in ea, sed esse solum, quoniam aeterna est: nam fuisse et futurum esse non est aeternum. et dum loquimur et inhiamus illi, attingimus eam modice toto ictu cordis; et suspirauimus et reliquimus ibi religatas primitias spiritus et remeauimus ad strepitum oris nostri, ubi uerbum et incipitur et finitur. et quid simile uerbo tuo, domino nostro, in se permanenti sine uetustate atque innouanti omnia?	Or rather, having been and going to be are not in it, but only being, since it is eternal: for having been and going to be are not eternal. And while we were speaking of it and gaping for it, we touched it slightly, with one whole beat of the heart. And we sighed, and left there, bound fast, "the firstfruits of the Spirit," and returned to the noise of our mouths, where a word both begins and ends. And what is like your Word, our Lord, who remains in himself without growing old, and makes all things new?[20]
9.10.25 Dicebamus ergo: „si cui sileat tumultus carnis, sileant phantasiae terrae et aquarum et aeris, sileant et poli et ipsa sibi anima sileat et transeat se non se cogitando, sileant somnia et imaginariae reuelationes, omnis lingua et omne signum et quidquid transeundo fit si cui sileat omnino — quoniam si quis audiat, dicunt haec omnia: non ipsa nos fecimus, sed fecit nos qui manet in aeternum — his dictis si iam taceant, quoniam erexerunt aurem in eum, qui fecit ea, et loquatur ipse solus non per ea, sed per se ipsum, ut audiamus uerbum eius, non per linguam carnis neque per uocem angeli nec per sonitum nubis nec per aenigma similitudinis, sed ipsum, quem in his amamus, ipsum sine his audiamus, sicut nunc extendimus nos et rapida cogitatione attingimus aeternam sapientiam super omnia manentem, si continuetur hoc et subtrahantur aliae uisiones longe inparis generis et haec una rapiat et absorbeat et recondat in interiora gaudia spectatorem suum, ut talis sit sempiterna uita, quale fuit hoc momentum intellegentiae, cui suspirauimus, nonne hoc est:	So we were saying: If for anyone the tumult of the flesh fell silent; if the images of earth and water and air fell silent; if the heavens too fell silent, and the soul itself fell silent to itself and passed beyond itself by not thinking of itself; if dreams fell silent, and imagined revelations, every tongue and every sign, and whatever comes to be by passing away—if for anyone all this fell wholly silent (for if anyone hears them, all these things say, "We did not make ourselves; he made us who abides forever"); if, having said this, they now fell quiet, since they have lifted up the ear to him who made them, and he alone should speak, not through them but through himself, so that we might hear his word, not through a tongue of flesh, nor through the voice of an angel, nor through the sound of thunder, nor through the riddle of a likeness, but might hear him himself, whom we love in these things, him himself without these things (just as now we reached out and in swift thought touched the eternal Wisdom that abides above all things); if this were to continue, and other visions of a far lower kind were withdrawn, and this one alone were to seize and absorb and hide away its beholder in inward joys, so that eternal life should be like that moment of understanding for which we sighed—would not this be:[21]
intra in gaudium domini tui?	"Enter into the joy of your Lord"?

20 Romans 8:23.
21 Compare Psalm 100:3.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et istud quando? an cum omnes resurgimus, sed non omnes inmutabimur?“	And when will that be? When we all rise again, but are not all changed?[22]
9.10.26	Dicebam talia, etsi non isto modo et his uerbis, tamen, domine, tu scis, quod illo die, cum talia loqueremur et mundus iste nobis inter uerba uilesceret cum omnibus delectationibus suis, tunc ait illa: „fili, quantum ad me adtinet, nulla re iam delector in hac uita. quid hic faciam adhuc et cur hic sim, nescio, iam consumpta spe huius saeculi. unum erat, propter quod in hac uita aliquantum inmorari cupiebam, ut te christianum catholicum uiderem, priusquam morerer. cumulatius hoc mihi deus praestitit, ut te etiam contemta felicitate terrena seruum eius uideam. quid hic facio?“	I was saying such things, even if not in this way or in these words; yet, Lord, you know that on that day, as we were talking of such things, and this world with all its delights grew worthless to us as we spoke, she said: “Son, for my part, I no longer find delight in anything in this life. What I am still doing here, and why I am here, I do not know, now that my hope in this world is spent. There was one thing for which I wanted to linger a little in this life: to see you a Catholic Christian before I died. My God has granted me this more abundantly, so that I see you even despising earthly happiness and become his servant. What am I doing here?”

MONICA’S DEATH

Monica falls ill, tells her sons not to worry about her burial place, and dies aged fifty-six.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
9.11.27	Ad haec ei quid responderim, non satis recolo, cum interea uix intra quinque dies aut non multo amplius decubuit febribus. et cum aegrotaret, quodam die defectum animae passa est et paululum subtracta a praesentibus. nos concurrimus, sed cito reddita est sensui et aspexit astantes me et fratrem meum et ait nobis quasi quaerenti similis: „ubi eram?“ deinde nos intuens maerore attonitos: „ponitis hic“ inquit „matrem uestram.“ ego silebam et fletum frenabam. frater autem meus quiddam locutus est, quo eam non in peregre, sed in patria defungi tamquam felicius optaret. quo audito illa uultu anxio reuerberans eum oculis, quod talia saperet, atque inde me intuens: „uide“ ait „quid dicit.“ et mox ambobus: „ponite“ inquit „hoc corpus ubicumque: nihil uos eius cura conturbet;	What I replied to her I do not clearly remember; meanwhile, within five days or not much more, she took to her bed with fever. And while she was ill, one day she fainted and was for a little while withdrawn from what was around her. We ran to her, but she quickly came back to her senses, looked at us standing there, my brother and me, and said to us, like someone asking a question, “Where was I?” Then, seeing us stunned with grief, she said, “You will bury your mother here.” I kept silent and held back my tears; but my brother said something to the effect that he wished for her, as a happier thing, to die not abroad but in her own country. On hearing this, with an anxious face, she rebuked him with her eyes for thinking such things, and then, looking at me, said, “See what he is saying.” And soon she said to both of us: “Lay this body anywhere. Do not let concern for it trouble you at all.[23]
	tantum illud uos rogo, ut ad domini altare memineritis mei, ubiubi fueritis“. cumque hanc sententiam uerbis quibus poterat explicasset, conticuit et ingrauescente morbo exercebatur.	“Only this I ask of you: that you remember me at the altar of the Lord, wherever you may be.” And when she had expressed this wish in such words as she could, she fell silent, and as her illness grew worse she suffered.
9.11.28	Ego uero cogitans dona tua, deus inuisibilis, quae immittis in corda fidelium tuorum, et proueniunt inde	But I, thinking of your gifts, invisible God, which you send into the hearts of your faithful, and from

LATIN	ENGLISH
fruges admirabiles, gaudebam et gratias tibi agebam recolens, quod noueram, quanta cura semper aestuasset de sepulchro, quod sibi prouiderat et praeparauerat iuxta corpus uiri sui. quia enim ualde concorditer uixerant, id etiam uolebat, ut est animus humanus minus capax diuinorum, adiungi ad illam felicitatem et conmemorari ab hominibus, concessum sibi esse post transmarinam peregrinationem, ut coniuncta terra amborum coniugum terra tegeretur. quando autem ista inanitas plenitudine bonitatis tuae coeperat in eius corde non esse, nesciebam et laetabar admirans, quod sic mihi apparuisset, quamquam et in illo sermone nostro ad fenestram, cum dixit: „iam quid hic facio?“ non apparuit desiderare in patria mori.	which wonderful harvests spring, rejoiced and gave thanks to you, recalling what I knew: how anxious she had always been about the tomb she had provided and prepared for herself beside her husband's body. Because they had lived in great harmony, she also wanted—so little is the human mind able to grasp divine things—this to be added to that happiness and remembered among people: that it had been granted to her, after her journey across the sea, that the united dust of husband and wife should be covered by one earth. But when this emptiness had begun, through the fullness of your goodness, to leave her heart, I did not know; and I rejoiced, marveling that she had shown herself so to me (although in that conversation of ours at the window, when she said, "What am I doing here now?", she did not appear to desire to die in her own country).
audiui etiam postea, quod iam, cum Ostiis essemus, cum quibusdam amicis meis materna fiducia conloquebatur quodam die de contemtu uitae huius et bono mortis, ubi ipse non aderam, illisque stupentibus uirtutem feminae — quoniam tu dederas ei — quaerentibusque, utrum non formidaret tam longe a sua ciuitate corpus relinquere: „nihil“ inquit „longe est deo, neque timendum est, ne ille non agnoscat in fine saeculi, unde me resuscitet“. ergo die nono aegritudinis suae, quinquagensimo et sexto anno aetatis suae, tricensimo et tertio aetatis meae, anima illa religiosa et pia corpore soluta est.	I also heard afterward that, when we were already at Ostia, she had been talking one day, with a mother's confidence, to some friends of mine, when I was not present, about contempt for this life and the good of death; and when they were astonished at such strength in a woman (for you had given it to her), and asked whether she did not dread leaving her body so far from her own city, she said, "Nothing is far from God, and there is no fear that at the end of the world he will not know where to raise me up from." So on the ninth day of her illness, in the fifty-sixth year of her life and the thirty-third of mine, that devout and holy soul was released from the body.[24]

GRIEF

Augustine holds back his tears through the funeral, then finally weeps for his mother alone.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.12.29 Premebam oculos eius, et confluebat in praecordia mea maestitudo ingens et transfluebat in lacrimas, ibidemque oculi mei uiolento animi imperio resorbebant fontem suum usque ad siccitatem, et in tali luctamine ualde male mihi erat. tum uero, ubi efflauit extremum, puer Adeodatus exclamauit in planctu atque ab omnibus nobis cohercitus tacuit. hoc modo etiam meum quiddam puerile, quod labebatur in fletus, iuuenali uoce, uoce cordis, cohercebatur et tacebat. neque enim decere	I closed her eyes, and an immense sadness flooded into my heart and was overflowing into tears; and at the same moment my eyes, under the violent command of my mind, drank their spring back until it was dry; and in such a struggle it went very badly with me. Then, when she breathed her last, the boy Adeodatus cried out in lamentation, and, checked by all of us, fell silent. In the same way

23 Augustine's brother was Navigius.
22 1 Corinthians 15:51, in the Latin version Augustine used.
24 Monica died at Ostia in the autumn of AD 387.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	arbitrabamur funus illud questibus lacrimosis gemitibusque celebrare, quia his plerumque solet deplorari quaedam miseria morientium aut quasi omnimoda extinctio. at illa nec misere moriebatur nec omnino moriebatur. hoc et documentis morum eius et fide non ficta rationibusque certis tenebamus.	something childish in me too, which was slipping into tears, was checked by the grown-up voice of my heart and fell silent. For we did not think it fitting to mark that funeral with tearful laments and groans, because these usually bewail some misery of the dying, or their complete extinction, as it were. But she was neither dying miserably nor dying altogether. We held this for certain from the evidence of her character, and from her "unfeigned faith," and on sure grounds.[25]
9.12.30	Quid ergo quod intus mihi grauiter dolebat, nisi ex consuetudine simul uiuendi dulcissima et carissima repente dirrupta uulnus recens? gratulabar quidem testimonio eius, quod in ea ipsa ultima aegritudine obsequiis meis interblandiens appellabat me pium et conmemorabat grandi dilectionis affectu numquam se audisse ex ore meo iaculatum in se durum aut contumeliosum sonum. sed tamen quid tale, deus meus, qui fecisti nos, quid conparabile habebat honor a me delatus illi et seruitus ab illa mihi? quoniam itaque deserebar tam magno eius solacio, sauciabatur anima et quasi dilaniabatur uita, quae una facta erat ex mea et illius.	What was it, then, that grieved me so deeply within, if not the fresh wound from the sudden rupture of our habit of living together, so very sweet and dear? I was glad, indeed, of her testimony: in that very last illness, responding tenderly to my attentions, she called me a dutiful son, and recalled with great affection and love that she had never heard from my mouth a harsh or insulting word hurled at her. But still, my God, who made us, what likeness, what comparison, was there between the honor I paid her and her service to me? And so, because I was losing such great comfort in her, my soul was wounded, and my life was torn apart, as it were, since it had been made one life from hers and mine.
9.12.31	Cohibito ergo a fletu illo puero psalterium arripuit Euodius et cantare coepit psalmum. cui respondebamus omnis domus: misericordiam et iudicium cantabo tibi, domine. audito autem, quid ageretur, conuenerunt multi fratres ac religiosae feminae, et de more illis, quorum officium erat, funus curantibus ego in parte, ubi decenter poteram, cum eis, qui me non deserendum esse censebant, quod erat tempori congruum disputabam eoque fomento ueritatis mitigabam cruciatum tibi notum illis ignorantibus et intente audientibus et sine sensu doloris me esse arbitrantibus. at ego in auribus tuis, ubi eorum nullus audiebat, increpabam mollitiam affectus mei et constringebam fluxum maeroris, cedebatque mihi paululum: rursusque impetu suo ferebatur non usque ad eruptionem lacrimarum nec usque ad uultus mutationem, sed ego sciebam, quid corde premerem.	So when the boy had been checked from weeping, Evodius took up the psalter and began to sing a psalm, to which the whole household responded: "I will sing of mercy and judgment to you, Lord." When people heard what was happening, many brothers and devout women gathered; and while those whose task it was were seeing to the funeral in the customary way, I, in a part of the house where I decently could, with those who thought I should not be left alone, discussed what suited the occasion; and with this balm of truth I soothed a torment known to you, though they did not know it, listening attentively and thinking I was without any feeling of grief. But in your ears, where none of them could hear, I rebuked the softness of my feeling and held back the flood of my sorrow; and it gave way to me a little. Then it was carried along again by its own force—not as far as bursting into tears, nor as far as a change of expression—but I knew what I was crushing down in my heart.[26]

25 1 Timothy 1:5.
26 Psalm 101:1.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	et quia mihi uehementer displicebat tantum in me posse haec humana, quae ordine debito et sorte conditionis nostrae accidere necesse est, alio dolore dolebam dolorem meum et duplici tristitia macerabar.	And because it displeased me intensely that these human things had so much power over me—things which must happen in the due order and the lot of our condition—I grieved at my grief with another grief, and was worn down by a double sadness.
9.12.32	Cum ecce corpus elatum est, imus, redimus sine lacrimis. nam neque in eis precibus, quas tibi fudimus, cum offerretur pro ea sacrificium pretii nostri iam iuxta sepulchrum posito cadauere, priusquam deponeretur, sicut illic fieri solet, nec in eis ergo precibus fleui, sed toto die grauiter in occulto maestus eram et mente turbata rogabam te, ut poteram, quo sanares dolorem meum, nec faciebas, credo, conmendans memoriae meae uel hoc uno documento omnis consuetudinis uinculum etiam aduersus mentem, quae iam non fallaci uerbo pascitur. uisum etiam mihi est, ut irem lauatum, quod audieram inde balneis nomen inditum, quia Graeci βαλανεῖον dixerint, quod anxietatem pellat ex animo.	And see, the body was carried out; we go, we come back, without tears. For not even in those prayers which we poured out to you when the sacrifice of our redemption was offered for her, with the body already placed beside the grave before it was lowered, as is the custom there—not even in those prayers did I weep. But all day long I was deeply sad in secret, and with troubled mind I asked you, as best I could, to heal my pain; and you did not—impressing on my memory, I believe, even by this one lesson, how strong the bond of all habit is, even against a mind that no longer feeds on a deceptive word. It also seemed good to me to go and bathe, because I had heard that baths (*balnea*) got their name from the Greeks' calling them *balanion* ["bath"], because it drives anxiety from the mind.[27]
	ecce et hoc confiteor misericordiae tuae, pater orfanorum, quoniam laui et talis eram, qualis priusquam lauissem. neque enim exudauit de corde meo maeroris amaritudo. deinde dormiui et uigilaui et non parua ex parte mitigatum inueni dolorem meum atque, ut eram in lecto meo solus, recordatus sum ueridicos uersus Ambrosii tui: tu es enim, deus, creator omnium polique rector uestiens diem decoro lumine, noctem sopora gratia, artus solutos ut quies reddat laboris usui mentesque fessas alleuet luctuque soluat anxios.	See, this too I confess to your mercy, father of orphans: I bathed, and I was just as I had been before I bathed; for the bitterness of grief had not sweated out of my heart. Then I slept, and woke, and found my pain eased in no small part; and as I lay alone in my bed, I remembered the true verses of your Ambrose. For you are, God, creator of all things, ruler of the heavens, who clothe the day with lovely light, the night with grace of sleep, so that rest may restore loosened limbs to the use of labor, and lift up weary minds, and release the anxious from grief.
9.12.33	Atque inde paulatim redducebam in pristinum sensum ancillam tuam conuersationemque eius piam in te et sancte in nos blandam atque morigeram, qua subito destitutus sum, et libuit flere in conspectu tuo de illa et pro illa, de me et pro me. et dimisi lacrimas, quas continebam, ut effluerent quantum uellent, substernens eas cordi meo: et requieuit in eis, quoniam ibi erant aures	And from there, little by little, I brought back my former thoughts of your handmaid, of her devout conduct toward you and her holy tenderness and compliance toward us, of which I had suddenly been deprived; and I wanted to weep in your sight about her and for her, about myself and for myself. And I let go the tears I had been holding back, to flow as much as they would, spreading them as

27 A popular etymology, taking the Greek word as "throwing out grief."

LATIN	ENGLISH
tuae, non cuiusquam hominis superbe interpretantis ploratum meum.	a bed beneath my heart. And it rested on them, because your ears were there, not those of some person who would put a proud interpretation on my weeping.
et nunc, domine, confiteor tibi in litteris. legat qui uolet et interpretetur, ut uolet, et si peccatum inuenerit, fleuisse me matrem exigua parte horae, matrem oculis meis interim mortuam, quae me multos annos fleuerat, ut oculis tuis uiuerem, non inrideat, sed potius, si est grandi caritate, pro peccatis meis fleat ipse ad te, patrem omnium fratrum Christi tui.	And now, Lord, I confess to you in writing. Let whoever wants to read it, and interpret it as he wants; and if he finds it a sin that I wept for my mother for a small part of an hour—my mother, dead for a while to my eyes, who had wept for me many years that I might live in your eyes—let him not mock, but rather, if he is a person of great love, let him himself weep for my sins to you, the Father of all the brothers of your Christ.

A PRAYER FOR MONICA

Augustine prays for Monica's sins to be forgiven and asks readers to remember his parents.

LATIN	ENGLISH
9.13.34 Ego autem iam sanato corde ab illo uulnere, in quo postea redargui carnales affectus, fundo tibi, deus noster, pro illa famula tua longe aliud lacrimarum genus, quod manat de concusso spiritu consideratione periculorum omnis animae, quae in Adam moritur. quamquam illa in Christo uiuificata etiam nondum a carne resoluta sic uixerit, ut laudetur nomen tuum in fide moribusque eius, non tamen audeo dicere, ex quo eam per baptismum regenerasti, nullum uerbum exisse ab ore eius contra praeceptum tuum. et dictum est a ueritate, filio tuo: Si quis dixerit fratri suo: fatue, reus erit gehennae ignis; et uae etiam laudabili uitae hominum, si remota misericordia discutiam eam. quia omnino non exquiris delicta uehementer, fiducialiter speramus aliquem apud te locum.	But I, my heart now healed of that wound, for which I afterwards rebuked my fleshly feelings, pour out to you, our God, for that servant of yours a very different kind of tears, flowing from a spirit shaken by considering the dangers of every soul that dies in Adam. Although she, made alive in Christ, even before she was released from the flesh, so lived that your name is praised in her faith and conduct, yet I do not dare to say that from the time you regenerated her through baptism no word came out of her mouth against your commandment. And it was said by the Truth, your Son: "Whoever says to his brother, 'You fool,' will be liable to the fire of hell." And woe even to the praiseworthy life of human beings, if it is examined with mercy set aside! But because you do not search out faults relentlessly, we hope with confidence for some place with you.[28]
quisquis autem tibi enumerat uera merita sua, quid tibi enumerat nisi munera tua? o si cognoscant se homines homines et qui gloriatur, in domino glorietur!	But whoever lists before you his true merits, what does he list before you except your own gifts? Oh, if only human beings would know themselves to be human, and "whoever boasts, let him boast in the Lord"![29]
9.13.35 Ego itaque, laus mea et uita mea, deus cordis mei, sepositis paulisper bonis eius actibus, pro quibus tibi gaudens gratias ago, nunc pro peccatis matris meae deprecor te: exaudi me per medicinam uulnerum	So I, my praise and my life, God of my heart, setting aside for a while her good deeds, for which I give you thanks with joy, now pray to you for my mother's sins. Hear me through the medicine of

28 Matthew 5:22.
29 1 Corinthians 1:31.

LATIN	ENGLISH
nostrorum, quae pependit in ligno et sedens ad dexteram tuam te interpellat pro nobis. scio misericorditer operatam et ex corde dimisisse debita debitoribus suis: dimitte et tu illi debita sua, si qua etiam contraxit per tot annos post aquam salutis. dimitte, domine, dimitte, obsecro, ne intres cum ea in iudicium. superexultet misericordia iudicio, quoniam eloquia tua uera sunt et promisisti misericordiam misericordibus. quod ut essent, tu dedisti eis, qui misereberis, cui misertus eris, et misericordiam praestabis, cui misericors fueris.	our wounds, who hung on the tree and, sitting at your right hand, intercedes with you for us. I know that she acted mercifully and from her heart forgave their debts to her debtors. You too forgive her her debts, if she contracted any in so many years after the water of salvation. Forgive, Lord, forgive, I beg you; do not enter into judgment with her. Let mercy triumph over judgment, because your words are true and you have promised mercy to the merciful. That they might be so, you gave it to them—you who will have mercy on whom you have mercy, and will show mercy to whom you have been merciful.[30]
9.13.36 Et, credo, iam feceris quod te rogo, sed uoluntaria oris mei adproba, domine. namque illa imminente die resolutionis suae non cogitauit suum corpus sumptuose contegi aut condi aromatis aut monumentum electum concupiuit aut curauit sepulchrum patrium: non ista mandauit nobis, sed tantummodo memoriam sui ad altare tuum fieri desiderauit, cui nullius diei praetermissione seruierat, unde sciret dispensari uictimam sanctam, qua deletum est chirografum, quod erat contrarium nobis, qua triumphatus est hostis conputans delicta nostra et quaerens, quod obiciat, et nihil inueniens in illo, in quo uincimus. quis ei refundet innocentem sanguinem? quis ei restituet pretium, quo nos emit, ut nos auferat ei? ad cuius pretii nostri sacramentum ligauit ancilla tua animam suam uinculo fidei.	And I believe you have already done what I ask; but "accept, Lord, the freely offered words of my mouth." For when the day of her release was close at hand, she gave no thought to having her body lavishly wrapped or embalmed with spices; she did not long for a chosen monument or care about a grave in her homeland. These were not the things she charged us with. She desired only to be remembered at your altar, which she had served without missing a single day, for she knew that from it is dispensed the holy victim by whom the record that stood against us was cancelled, by whom the enemy was defeated—the one who tallies up our offenses and looks for something to charge us with, and found nothing in him in whom we conquer. Who will pour back into him that innocent blood? Who will repay him the price with which he bought us, so as to take us away from him? To the sacrament of this price of ours your handmaid bound her soul with the chain of faith.[31]
nemo a protectione tua dirrumpat eam. non se interponat nec ui nec insidiis leo et draco: neque enim respondebit illa nihil se debere, ne conuincatur et obtineatur ab accusatore callido, sed respondebit dimissa debita sua ab eo, cui nemo reddet quod pro nobis non debens reddidit.	Let no one tear her away from your protection. Let neither the lion nor the dragon thrust himself between, by force or by cunning. For she will not answer that she owes nothing, for fear of being convicted and seized by the crafty accuser; she will answer that her debts have been forgiven by him to whom no one can repay what he, who owed nothing, repaid for us.
9.13.37 Sit ergo in pace cum uiro, ante quem nulli et post quem nulli nupta est, cui seruiuit fructum tibi afferens cum tolerantia, ut eum quoque lucraretur tibi. et inspira,	So let her rest in peace with her husband. She was married to no one before him and to no one after him; she served him, bearing fruit for you with pa-

30 Echoing Psalm 143:2, James 2:13, Matthew 5:7 and Romans 9:15.
31 Psalm 119:108.

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domine meus, deus meus, inspira seruis tuis, fratribus meis, filiis tuis, dominis meis, quibus et corde et uoce et litteris seruio, ut quotquot hoc legerint, meminerint ad altare tuum Monnicae, famulae tuae, cum Patricio, quondam eius coniuge, per quorum carnem introduxisti me in hac uita, quemadmodum nescio.

meminerint cum affectu pio parentum meorum in hac luce transitoria et fratrum meorum sub te patre in matre catholica et ciuium meorum in aeterna Hierusalem, cui suspirat peregrinatio populi tui ab exitu usque ad reditum, ut quod a me illa poposcit extremum uberius ei praestetur in multorum orationibus per confessiones quam per orationes meas.

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tience, so as to win him for you as well. And inspire, my Lord, my God, inspire your servants, my brothers, your sons, my masters, whom I serve with heart and voice and pen, so that as many as read these words may remember at your altar Monica, your servant, together with Patricius, once her husband, through whose flesh you brought me into this life—how, I do not know.[32]

May they remember with devout affection my parents in this passing light, and my brothers under you, our Father, in our Catholic mother, and my fellow citizens in the eternal Jerusalem, for which your people sighs throughout its pilgrimage, from its setting out to its return. So may what she asked of me at the last be granted her more abundantly through the prayers of many, by means of these confessions, than through my prayers alone.

32 Monica (c. AD 331–387) and Patricius (d. c. 371), Augustine's parents; this is the only place in the Confessions where he names his mother.

Book X

Memory

Augustine explores memory as the place where he seeks God, and examines his present temptations.

WHY CONFESS WHO I AM NOW

Augustine explains why he now confesses not his past but what he is at present.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.1.1	Cognoscam te, cognitor meus, cognoscam, sicut et cognitus sum. uirtus animae meae, intra in eam et coapta tibi, ut habeas et possideas sine macula et ruga. haec est mea spes, ideo loquor et in ea spe gaudeo, quando sanum gaudeo. cetera uero uitae huius tanto minus flenda, quanto magis fletur, et tanto magis flenda, quanto minus fletur in eis. ecce enim ueritatem dilexisti, quoniam qui facit eam, uenit ad lucem. uolo eam facere in corde meo coram te in confessione, in stilo autem meo coram multis testibus.	Let me know you, you who know me; let me know you "even as I am known." Strength of my soul, enter into it and fit it to yourself, so that you may have and hold it "without spot or wrinkle." This is my hope; that is why I speak, and in this hope I rejoice, whenever my joy is sound. As for the other things of this life, the more we weep over them, the less they deserve our tears; and the less we weep over them, the more they deserve them. For see, "you have loved the truth," since "whoever does the truth comes to the light." I want to do it in my heart, before you, in confession, and in my writing, before many witnesses.[1]
10.2.2	Et tibi quidem, domine, cuius oculis nuda est abyssus humanae conscientiae, quid occultum esset in me, etiamsi nollem confiteri tibi? te enim mihi absconderem, non me tibi. nunc autem quod gemitus meus testis est displicere me mihi, tu refulges et places et amaris et desideraris, ut erubescam de me et abiciam me atque eligam te et nec tibi nec mihi placeam nisi de te. tibi ergo, domine, manifestus sum quicumque sim. et quo fructu tibi confitear, dixi. neque id ago uerbis carnis et uocibus, sed uerbis animae et clamore cogitationis, quem nouit auris tua.	And indeed, Lord, to your eyes the abyss of human conscience lies bare: what in me could be hidden from you, even if I were unwilling to confess to you? I would be hiding you from myself, not myself from you. But now that my groaning bears witness that I am displeasing to myself, you shine out, and please, and are loved and longed for, so that I blush for myself and cast myself away and choose you, and may please neither you nor myself except through you. To you, then, Lord, I lie open, whatever I am. And with what fruit I confess to you, I have said. Nor do I do it with words and sounds of the flesh, but with words of the soul and the cry of thought, which your ear knows.
	cum enim malus sum, nihil est aliud confiteri tibi quam displicere mihi; cum uero pius, nihil est aliud confiteri tibi quam hoc non tribuere mihi, quoniam tu, domine, benedicis iustum, sed prius eum iustificas inpium. confessio itaque mea, deus meus, in conspectu tuo tibi tacite fit et non tacite. tacet enim strepitu, clamat affectu. neque enim dico recti aliquid hominibus, quod	For when I am bad, confessing to you is nothing other than being displeased with myself; when I am devout, confessing to you is nothing other than not crediting this to myself. For you, Lord, bless the righteous, but first you make the ungodly righteous. So my confession, my God, is made to you in your sight both silently and not silently: si-

1 Ephesians 5:27; Psalm 51:6; John 3:21.

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	non a me tu prius audieris, aut etiam tu aliquid tale audis a me, quod non mihi tu prius dixeris.	lent in sound, it cries out in feeling. For I say nothing right to human beings that you have not first heard from me; nor do you hear anything of that kind from me that you have not first said to me.[2]
10.3.3	Quid mihi ergo est cum hominibus, ut audiant confessiones meas, quasi ipsi sanaturi sint omnes languores meos? curiosum genus ad cognoscendam uitam alienam, desidiosum ad corrigendam suam. quid a me quaerunt audire qui sim, qui nolunt a te audire qui sint? et unde sciunt, cum a me ipso de me ipso audiunt, an uerum dicam, quandoquidem nemo scit hominum, quid agatur in homine, nisi spiritus hominis, qui in ipso est? si autem a te audiant de se ipsis, non poterunt dicere: „mentitur dominus“. quid est enim a te audire de se nisi cognoscere se? quis porro cognoscit et dicit: „falsum est“, nisi ipse mentiatur?	What, then, have I to do with human beings, that they should hear my confessions—as if they were going to heal all my diseases? A race curious to learn about other people's lives, lazy about correcting their own! Why do they ask to hear from me what I am, when they do not want to hear from you what they are? And when they hear from me about myself, how do they know whether I am telling the truth, since "no one knows what goes on in a human being except the human spirit that is within him"? But if they hear from you about themselves, they will not be able to say, "The Lord is lying." For what is hearing from you about oneself but knowing oneself? And who, moreover, knows and says, "It is false," unless he himself is lying?[3]
	sed quia caritas omnia credit, inter eos utique, quos conexos sibimet unum facit, ego quoque, domine, etiam sic tibi confiteor, ut audiant homines, quibus demonstrare non possum, an uera confitear; sed credunt mihi, quorum mihi aures caritas aperit.	But because "love believes all things"—at least among those whom it binds together and makes one—I too, Lord, confess to you in such a way that human beings may hear, though I cannot prove to them that what I confess is true. Yet those whose ears love opens to me believe me.[4]
10.3.4	Verum tamen tu, medice meus intime, quo fructu ista faciam, eliqua mihi. nam confessiones praeteritorum malorum meorum, quae remisisti et texisti, ut beares me in te, mutans animam meam fide et sacramento tuo, cum leguntur et audiuntur, excitant cor, ne dormiat in desperatione et dicat: „non possum“, sed euigilet in amore misericordiae tuae et dulcedine gratiae tuae, qua potens est omnis infirmus, qui sibi per ipsam fit conscius infirmitatis suae. et delectat bonos audire praeterita mala eorum, qui iam carent eis, nec ideo delectat, quia mala sunt, sed quia fuerunt et non sunt.	Yet you, my inmost physician, make clear to me with what fruit I do this. For the confessions of my past wrongs—which you have forgiven and covered, to make me happy in you, changing my soul by faith and by your sacrament—when they are read and heard, stir up the heart so that it does not fall asleep in despair and say, "I cannot," but wakes up in the love of your mercy and the sweetness of your grace, through which every weak person is made strong who through it becomes aware of his own weakness. And good people are delighted to hear of the past wrongs of those who are now free of them—delighted not because they are wrongs, but because they were and are no more.
	quo itaque fructu, domine meus, cui cotidie confitetur conscientia mea spe misericordiae tuae securior quam innocentia sua, quo fructu, quaeso, etiam hominibus coram te confiteor per has litteras adhuc, quis ego sim,	With what fruit, then, my Lord—to whom my conscience confesses every day, more secure in the hope of your mercy than in its own innocence—with what fruit, I ask, do I also confess to human

2 Psalm 5:12; Romans 4:5.
3 Psalm 103:3; 1 Corinthians 2:11.
4 1 Corinthians 13:7.

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	non quis fuerim? nam illum fructum uidi et conmemoraui. sed quis adhuc sim ecce in ipso tempore confessionum mearum, et multi hoc nosse cupiunt, qui me nouerunt, et non me nouerunt, qui ex me uel de me aliquid audierunt, sed auris eorum non est ad cor meum, ubi ego sum quicumque sum. uolunt ergo audire confitente me, quid ipse intus sim, quo nec oculum nec aurem nec mentem possunt intendere; crediturі tamen uolunt, numquid cognituri?	beings in your presence, through this writing, what I am now, not what I was? That other fruit I have seen and recorded. But what I am now, at this very time of my confessions, many wish to know, both those who know me and those who do not, who have heard something from me or about me; but their ear is not at my heart, where I am whatever I am. So they want to hear me confess what I am within, where they can direct neither eye nor ear nor mind. They want it as people ready to believe—but will they know?
	dicit enim eis caritas, qua boni sunt, non mentiri me de me confitentem, et ipsa in eis credit mihi.	For love, which makes them good, tells them that I am not lying when I confess about myself; and it is love in them that believes me.
10.4.5	Sed quo fructu id uolunt? an congratulari mihi cupiunt, cum audierint, quantum ad te accedam munere tuo, et orare pro me, cum audierint, quantum retarder pondere meo? indicabo me talibus. non enim paruus est fructus, domine deus meus, ut a multis tibi gratiae agantur de nobis et a multis rogeris pro nobis. amet in me fraternus animus quod amandum doces, et doleat in me quod dolendum doces. animus ille hoc faciat fraternus, non extraneus, non filiorum alienorum, quorum os locutum est uanitatem, et dextera eorum dextera iniquitatis, sed fraternus ille, qui cum approbat me, gaudet de me, cum autem inprobat me, contristatur pro me, quia siue approbet siue improbet me, diligit me. indicabo me talibus: respirent in bonis meis, suspirent in malis meis.	But with what fruit do they want this? Do they wish to rejoice with me when they hear how near I come to you by your gift, and to pray for me when they hear how far I am held back by my own weight? To such people I will reveal myself. For it is no small fruit, Lord my God, that many should give you thanks for us and many should pray to you for us. Let a brotherly mind love in me what you teach is to be loved, and grieve in me over what you teach is to be grieved over. Let it be a brotherly mind that does this, not a stranger's—not that of the "strangers' children, whose mouth has spoken emptiness, and whose right hand is a right hand of wrongdoing"—but that brotherly mind which, when it approves of me, rejoices over me, and when it disapproves of me, is saddened for me, because whether it approves or disapproves, it loves me. To such people I will reveal myself. Let them breathe freely at my good, and sigh over my bad.[5]
	bona mea instituta tua sunt et dona tua, mala mea delicta mea sunt et iudicia tua. respirent in illis et suspirent in his, et hymnus et fletus ascendant in conspectum tuum de fraternis cordibus, turibulis tuis. tu autem, domine, delectatus odore sancti templi tui, miserere mei secundum magnam misericordiam tuam propter nomen tuum et nequaquam deserens coepta tua consumma inperfecta mea.	My good is your ordinance and your gift; my bad is my offense and your judgment. Let them breathe freely at the one and sigh over the other, and let hymns and weeping rise into your sight from brotherly hearts, your censers. And you, Lord, delighted by the fragrance of your holy temple, "have mercy on me according to your great mercy," for your name's sake; and never abandoning what you have begun, complete what is incomplete in me.[6]
10.4.6	Hic est fructus confessionum mearum, non qualis fuerim, sed qualis sim, ut hoc confitear non tantum coram te	This is the fruit of my confessions—not what I was but what I am: to confess this not only before you,

5 Psalm 144:7–8.

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secreta exultatione cum tremore et secreto maerore cum spe, sed etiam in auribus credentium filiorum hominum, sociorum gaudii mei et consortium mortalitatis meae, ciuium meorum et mecum peregrinorum, praecedentium et consequentium et comitum uiae meae. hi sunt serui tui, fratres mei, quos filios tuos esse uoluisti dominos meos, quibus iussisti ut seruiam, si uolo tecum de te uiuere. et hoc mihi uerbum tuum parum erat si loquendo praeciperet, nisi et faciendo praeiret. et ego id ago factis et dictis, id ago sub alis tuis nimis cum ingenti periculo, nisi quia sub alis tuis tibi subdita est anima mea et infirmitas mea tibi nota est.	in a secret exultation that trembles and a secret grief that hopes, but also in the ears of the believing sons of men, companions in my joy and sharers in my mortality, my fellow citizens and fellow pilgrims, those who go before me, those who follow, and those who walk beside me on the way. These are your servants, my brothers, whom you have willed to be your sons, my masters, whom you have commanded me to serve if I want to live with you and from you. And this word of yours would have meant little to me if it had only commanded by speaking and had not also gone ahead by doing. So I do it in deeds and in words; I do it under your wings, in very great danger—except that under your wings my soul is subject to you, and my weakness is known to you.
paruulus sum, sed uiuit semper pater meus et idoneus est mihi tutor meus; idem ipse est enim, qui genuit me et tuetur me, et tu ipse es omnia bona mea, tu omnipotens, qui mecum es et priusquam tecum sim. indicabo ergo talibus, qualibus iubes ut seruiam, non quis fuerim, sed quis iam sim et quis adhuc sim; sed neque me ipsum diiudico. sic itaque audiar.	I am a little child, but my Father lives forever, and my guardian is sufficient for me. For the one who begot me is the same who watches over me; and you yourself are all my good, you the Almighty, who are with me even before I am with you. So to such people as you command me to serve I will reveal, not what I was, but what I now am and what I still am. "But I do not judge myself." So let me be heard in that spirit.
10.5.7 Tu enim, domine, diiudicas me, quia etsi nemo scit hominum, quae sunt hominis, nisi spiritus hominis, qui in ipso est, tamen est aliquid hominis, quod nec ipse scit spiritus hominis, qui in ipso est, tu autem, domine, scis eius omnia, qui fecisti eum. ego uero quamuis prae tuo conspectu me despiciam et aestimem me terram et cinerem, tamen aliquid de te scio, quod de me nescio. et certe uidemus nunc per speculum in aenigmate, nondum facie ad faciem; et ideo, quamdiu peregrinor abs te, mihi sum praesentior quam tibi et tamen te noui nullo modo posse uiolari; ego uero quibus temptationibus resistere ualeam quibusue non ualeam, nescio.	For it is you, Lord, who judge me. Although "no one knows the things of a human being except the human spirit within him," there is yet something in a human being that not even the human spirit within him knows. But you, Lord, know everything about him, for you made him. And I, though in your sight I despise myself and count myself dust and ashes, still know something about you that I do not know about myself. Certainly "we see now through a mirror, in a riddle," not yet "face to face." And so, as long as I am on pilgrimage away from you, I am more present to myself than to you; and yet I know that you cannot be harmed in any way, whereas I do not know which temptations I can resist and which I cannot.[7]
et spes est, quia fidelis es, qui nos non sinis temptari supra quam possumus ferre, sed facis cum temptatione etiam exitum, ut possimus sustinere. confitear ergo quid de me sciam, confitear et quid de me nesciam, quoniam et quod de me scio, te mihi lucente scio, et quod de me	And there is hope, because you are faithful: you do not let us be tempted beyond what we can bear, but with the temptation you also provide a way out, so that we can endure it. Let me confess, then, what I know about myself; let me confess also what I do not know about myself. For what I know

6 Psalm 51:1.
7 1 Corinthians 4:4; Genesis 18:27; 2 Corinthians 5:6.

LATIN	ENGLISH
nescio, tamdiu nescio, donec fiant tenebrae meae sicut meridies in uultu tuo.	about myself I know because you shine on me; and what I do not know about myself I will go on not knowing until my darkness becomes like noonday before your face.[8]

WHAT DO I LOVE WHEN I LOVE MY GOD?

Augustine asks earth, sea and sky what he loves in God, and they point beyond themselves.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.6.8 Non dubia, sed certa conscientia, domine, amo te. percussisti cor meum uerbo tuo, et amaui te. sed et caelum et terra et omnia, quae in eis sunt, ecce undique mihi dicunt, ut te amem, nec cessant dicere omnibus, ut sint inexcusabiles. altius autem tu misereberis, cui misertus eris, et misericordiam praestabis, cui misericors fueris: alioquin caelum et terra surdis locuntur laudes tuas. quid autem amo, cum te amo?	Not with doubtful but with certain awareness, Lord, I love you. You struck my heart with your word, and I loved you. But heaven and earth, too, and everything in them—look, on every side they tell me to love you, and they never stop telling everyone, "so that they are without excuse." But more deeply you "will have mercy on whom you have had mercy, and show mercy to whom you have been merciful"; otherwise heaven and earth speak your praises to the deaf. But what do I love, when I love you?
non speciem corporis nec decus temporis, non candorem lucis ecce istum amicum oculis, non dulces melodias cantilenarum omnimodarum, non florum et ungentorum et aromatum suauiolentiam, non manna et mella, non membra acceptabilia carnis amplexibus: non haec amo, cum amo deum meum. et tamen amo quandam lucem et quandam uocem et quendam odorem et quendam cibum et quendam amplexum, cum amo deum meum, lucem, uocem, odorem, cibum, amplexum interioris hominis mei, ubi fulget animae meae, quod non capit locus, et ubi sonat, quod non rapit tempus, et ubi olet, quod non spargit flatus, et ubi sapit, quod non minuit edacitas, et ubi haeret, quod non diuellit satietas. hoc est quod amo, cum deum meum amo.	Not the beauty of a body, nor the charm of passing time; not the brightness of light—look how friendly it is to these eyes; not sweet melodies of songs of every kind; not the fragrance of flowers and ointments and spices; not manna and honey; not limbs welcome to the embraces of the flesh. It is not these I love when I love my God. And yet I do love a kind of light, and a kind of voice, and a kind of fragrance, and a kind of food, and a kind of embrace, when I love my God—the light, the voice, the fragrance, the food, the embrace of my inner self, where there shines for my soul what no place can contain, where there sounds what time does not snatch away, where there is a fragrance no breeze scatters, where there is a taste no eating diminishes, where there is a clinging no fullness pulls apart. This is what I love when I love my God.
10.6.9 Et quid est hoc? interrogaui terram, et dixit: „non sum"; et quaecumque in eadem sunt, idem confessa sunt. interrogaui mare et abyssos et reptilia animarum uiuarum, et responderunt: „non sumus deus tuus; quaere super nos". interrogaui auras flabiles, et inquit uniuersus aer cum incolis suis: „fallitur Anaximenes; non sum deus". interrogaui caelum, solem, lunam, stellas: „neque nos sumus deus, quem quaeris", inquiunt. et dixi omnibus, quae circumstant fores carnis meae: dicite mihi	And what is this? I asked the earth, and it said, "I am not he"; and everything in it confessed the same. I asked the sea and the depths and the creeping things with living souls, and they answered, "We are not your God; look above us." I asked the breezes that blow, and the whole air with its inhabitants said, "Anaximenes is mistaken; I am not God." I asked the sky, the sun, the

8 1 Corinthians 10:13; Isaiah 58:10.

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de deo meo, quod uos non estis, dicite mihi de illo aliquid. et exclamauerunt uoce magna: ipse fecit nos. interrogatio mea intentio mea et responsio eorum species eorum.

et direxi me ad me et dixi mihi: „tu quis es“? et respondi: „homo“. et ecce corpus et anima in me mihi praesto sunt, unum exterius et alterum interius. quid horum est, unde quaerere debui deum meum, quem iam quaesiueram per corpus a terra usque ad caelum, quousque potui mittere nuntios radios oculorum meorum? sed melius quod interius. ei quippe renuntiabant omnes nuntii corporales praesidenti et iudicanti de responsionibus caeli et terrae et omnium, quae in eis sunt, dicentium: „non sumus deus“ et: ipse fecit nos. homo interior cognouit haec per exterioris ministerium; ego interior cognoui haec, ego, ego animus per sensum corporis mei. interrogaui mundi molem de deo meo, et respondit mihi: non ego sum, sed ipse me fecit.

10.6.10 Nonne omnibus, quibus integer sensus est, apparet haec species? cur non omnibus eadem loquitur? animalia pusilla et magna uident eam, sed interrogare nequeunt. non enim praeposita est in eis nuntiantibus sensibus iudex ratio. homines autem possunt interrogare, ut inuisibilia dei per ea, quae facta sunt, intellecta conspiciant, sed amore subduntur eis et subditi iudicare non possunt. nec respondent ista interrogantibus nisi iudicantibus nec uocem suam mutant, id est speciem suam, si alius tantum uideat, alius autem uidens interroget, ut aliter illi appareat, aliter huic, sed eodem modo utrique apparens illi muta est, huic loquitur: inmo uero omnibus loquitur, sed illi intellegunt, qui eius uocem acceptam foris intus cum ueritate conferunt.

ueritas enim dicit mihi: „non est deus tuus caelum et terra neque omne corpus“. hoc dicit eorum natura.

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moon, the stars: “Nor are we the God you seek,” they say. And I said to all the things that stand around the doors of my flesh, “Tell me about my God, since you are not he; tell me something about him.” And they cried out with a loud voice, “He made us.” My questioning was my attention, and their answer was their beauty.[9]

And I turned toward myself and said to myself, “Who are you?” And I answered, “A human being.” And look, a body and a soul are here at hand in me, the one outer, the other inner. Through which of these should I have sought my God—the God I had already sought through the body, from earth to heaven, as far as I could send the rays of my eyes as messengers? But the inner is the better. For it was to the inner that all the bodily messengers reported back, as to one presiding and judging over the answers of sky and earth and all things in them, which said, “We are not God,” and, “He made us.” The inner self came to know these things through the service of the outer. I, the inner self, knew them—I, I the mind—through the senses of my body. I asked the whole mass of the world about my God, and it answered me, “I am not he; but he made me.”

Is not this beauty apparent to everyone whose senses are sound? Then why does it not say the same thing to all? Animals small and great see it, but they cannot question it, for in them reason is not set as judge over the reports of the senses. Human beings, however, can question it, so that they may clearly see “the invisible things of God, understood through the things that have been made”; but by loving these things they become subject to them, and once subject they cannot judge. Nor do these things answer those who question them unless those who question also judge. Nor do they change their voice—that is, their beauty—if one person merely sees while another sees and questions, so as to appear one way to the first and another way to the second; rather, appearing the same way to both, it is mute to the one and speaks to the other. Or rather, it speaks to all, but only those understand who compare the voice received from outside with the truth within.

For truth says to me, “Your God is not earth and sky, nor any body.” Their own nature says this. Do

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	uident: moles est, minor in parte quam in toto. iam tu melior es, tibi dico, anima, quoniam tu uegetas molem corporis tui praebens ei uitam, quod nullum corpus praestat corpori. deus autem tuus etiam tibi uitae uita est.	you see? It is mass, less in a part than in the whole. You are already better, I tell you, my soul, for you animate the mass of your body by giving it life, which no body gives to a body. But your God is, even for you, the life of your life.
10.7.11	Quid ergo amo, cum deum amo? quis est ille super caput animae meae? per ipsam animam meam ascendam ad illum. transibo uim meam, qua haereo corpori et uitaliter compagem eius repleo. non ea ui reperio deum meum: nam reperiret et equus et mulus, quibus non est intellectus, et est eadem uis, qua uiuunt etiam eorum corpora. est alia uis, non solum qua uiuifico sed etiam qua sensifico carnem meam, quam mihi fabricauit dominus, iubens oculo, ut non audiat, et auri, ut non uideat, sed illi, per quem uideam, huic, per quam audiam, et propria singillatim ceteris sensibus sedibus et officiis suis: quae diuersa per eos ago unus ego animus,	What, then, do I love, when I love my God? Who is he who is above the head of my soul? Through my soul itself I will climb up to him. I will pass beyond that power of mine by which I cling to the body and fill its frame with life. It is not by that power that I find my God; otherwise "the horse and the mule, which have no understanding," would find him too, since it is the same power by which their bodies also live. There is another power, by which I not only give life to my flesh but also give it sensation—the flesh the Lord fashioned for me, commanding the eye not to hear and the ear not to see, but the one to be that through which I see, the other that through which I hear, and assigning to each of the other senses its own seat and its own function. These various things I do through them, I, one single mind.[10]
	transibo et istam uim meam; nam et hanc habet equus et mulus: sentiunt etiam ipsi per corpus.	I will pass beyond this power of mine too, for the horse and the mule have it as well: they too perceive through the body.

THE FIELDS AND PALACES OF MEMORY

Augustine explores the vast storehouse of memory, holding images, skills, ideas and emotions.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
10.8.12	Transibo ergo et istam naturae meae, gradibus ascendens ad eum, qui fecit me, et uenio in campos et lata praetoria memoriae, ubi sunt thesauri innumerabilium imaginum de cuiuscemodi rebus sensis inuectarum. ibi reconditum est, quidquid etiam cogitamus, uel augendo uel minuendo uel utcumque uariando ea quae sensus attigerit, et si quid aliud conmendatum et repositum est, quod nondum absorbuit et sepeliuit Obliuio. ibi quando sum, posco, ut proferatur quidquid uolo, et quaedam statim prodeunt, quaedam requiruntur diutius et tamquam de abstrusioribus quibusdam receptaculis eruuntur, quaedam cateruatim se proruunt et, dum aliud petitur et quaeritur, prosiliunt in medium quasi dicentia: „ne forte nos sumus"? et abigo ea manu cordis a facie recordationis meae, donec enubiletur quod uolo atque in conspectum prodeat ex abditis.	So I will pass beyond this faculty of my nature too, climbing by steps toward him who made me, and I come to the fields and spacious palaces of memory, where lie the treasures of countless images of every kind of thing, brought in by the senses. There is stored whatever we also think, whether by enlarging or diminishing or in any way altering what the senses have touched, and anything else that has been entrusted and laid up there and that forgetfulness has not yet swallowed and buried. When I am there, I ask for whatever I want to be brought out. Some things come forth at once; some are sought for longer and dug out, as it were, from more hidden storerooms; some rush out in crowds, and while something else is being

9 Anaximenes: Greek philosopher of the sixth century BC who held that air is the source of all things.
10 Psalm 32:9.

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asked for and sought, they leap out into the middle as if to say, "Is it perhaps us?" And I brush them away with the hand of my heart from the face of my remembering, until what I want emerges from the cloud and comes forth into view from its hiding places.

alia faciliter atque inperturbata serie sicut poscuntur suggeruntur et cedunt praecedentia consequentibus et cedendo conduntur, iterum cum uoluero processura. quod totum fit, cum aliquid narro memoriter.

Other things present themselves easily and in unbroken order, just as they are called for; those that come first give way to those that follow, and in giving way they are put back, to come forth again when I wish. All this happens when I recount something from memory.

10.8.13 Vbi sunt omnia distincte generatimque seruata, quae suo quaeque aditu ingesta sunt, sicut lux atque omnes colores formaeque corporum per oculos, per aures autem omnia genera sonorum omnesque odores per aditum narium, omnes sapores per oris aditum, a sensu autem totius corporis, quid durum, quid molle, quid calidum frigidumue, lene aut asperum, graue seu leue siue extrinsecus siue intrinsecus corpori. haec omnia recipit recolenda, cum opus est, et retractanda grandis memoriae recessus et nescio qui secreti atque ineffabiles sinus eius: quae omnia suis quaeque foribus intrant ad eam et reponuntur in ea. nec ipsa tamen intrant, sed rerum sensarum imagines illic praesto sunt cogitationi reminiscentis eas. quae quomodo fabricatae sint quis dicit, cum appareat, quibus sensibus raptae sint interiusque reconditae?

There all things are kept distinct and sorted by kind, each brought in by its own entrance: light and all colors and the shapes of bodies through the eyes; every kind of sound through the ears; all smells through the entrance of the nostrils; all tastes through the entrance of the mouth; and from the sense of the whole body, what is hard, what soft, what hot or cold, smooth or rough, heavy or light, whether outside the body or within it. All these are received, to be recalled and reconsidered when needed, by the great recess of memory and by its secret and indescribable folds, whatever they are. All these enter it, each by its own door, and are stored in it. Yet the things themselves do not enter; rather, the images of things perceived are there, ready for the thought that recalls them. How these images were fashioned, who can say? Yet it is plain by which senses they were seized and stored within.

nam et in tenebris atque in silentio dum habito, in memoria mea profero, si uolo, colores, et discerno inter album et nigrum et inter quos alios uolo, nec incurrunt soni atque perturbant quod per oculos haustum considero, cum et ipsi ibi sint et quasi seorsum repositi lateant. nam et ipsos posco, si placet, atque adsunt illico, et quiescente lingua ac silente gutture canto quantum uolo, imaginesque illae colorum, quae nihilo minus ibi sunt, non se interponunt neque interrumpunt, cum thesaurus alius retractatur, qui influxit ab auribus. ita cetera, quae per sensus ceteros ingesta atque congesta sunt, recordor prout libet et auram liliorum discerno a uiolis nihil olfaciens et mel defrito, lene aspero, nihil tum gustando neque contractando, sed reminiscendo antepono.

For even while I remain in darkness and silence, I can bring out colors in my memory if I wish, and distinguish between white and black and between any others I like; nor do sounds rush in and disturb what I am considering, which was drawn in through the eyes, though they too are there, lying hidden as if stored apart. For I call for them too, if I please, and at once they are present; and with my tongue at rest and my throat silent I sing as much as I like; and those images of colors, which are there all the same, do not intrude or interrupt when I handle the other treasure, the one that flowed in through the ears. So too I recall at will the other things brought in and heaped up by the other senses: I tell the scent of lilies from that of violets while smelling nothing, and I prefer honey to boiled-down wine, smooth to rough, not by tast-

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ing or touching anything at the time, but by remembering.

10.8.14 Intus haec ago, in aula ingenti memoriae meae. ibi enim mihi caelum et terra et mare praesto sunt cum omnibus, quae in eis sentire potui, praeter illa, quae oblitus sum. ibi mihi et ipse occurro meque recolo, quid, quando et ubi egerim quoque modo, cum agerem, affectus fuerim. ibi sunt omnia, quae siue experta a me siue credita memini. ex eadem copia etiam similitudines rerum uel expertarum uel ex eis, quas expertus sum, creditarum alias atque alias et ipse contexo praeteritis atque ex his etiam futuras actiones et euenta et spes, et haec omnia rursus quasi praesentia meditor. „faciam hoc et illud“ dico apud me in ipso ingenti sinu animi mei pleno tot et tantarum rerum imaginibus, et hoc aut illud sequitur.

I do these things within, in the vast hall of my memory. For there sky and earth and sea are at hand for me, together with everything I have been able to perceive in them, except what I have forgotten. There I also meet myself and recall myself —what I did, when and where, and how I felt when I did it. There is everything I remember, whether I experienced it myself or believed it on others' word. From the same store I also weave, now one and now another, likenesses of things, whether experienced by me or believed on the basis of what I have experienced, and join them to the past; and from these I also weave future actions and events and hopes, and I consider all these again as if they were present. "I will do this and that," I say to myself in that vast bosom of my mind, full of images of so many and such great things, and this or that follows.

„o si esset hoc aut illud!“ „auertat deus hoc aut illud“: dico apud me ista et, cum dico, praesto sunt imagines omnium quae dico ex eodem thesauro memoriae, nec omnino aliquid eorum dicerem, si defuissent.

"Oh, if only this or that would happen!" "God forbid this or that!" I say these things to myself, and as I say them, the images of all that I say are at hand from that same treasury of memory; nor could I say any of them at all if the images were missing.

10.8.15 Magna ista uis est memoriae, magna nimis, deus, penetrale amplum et infinitum. quis ad fundum eius peruenit? et uis est haec animi mei atque ad meam naturam pertinet, nec ego ipse capio totum, quod sum. ergo animus ad habendum se ipsum angustus est, ut ubi sit quod sui non capit. numquid extra ipsum ac non in ipso? quomodo ergo non capit? multa mihi super hoc oboritur admiratio, stupor adprehendit me.

Great is this power of memory, exceedingly great, my God—a vast and boundless inner chamber. Who has ever reached its bottom? And this is a power of my mind and belongs to my nature, and yet I myself do not grasp all that I am. Is the mind, then, too narrow to hold itself? Then where is that part of itself that it does not hold? Outside itself, and not in itself? Then how does it not hold it? Great wonder rises in me at this; astonishment seizes me.

et eunt homines mirari alta montium et ingentes fluctus maris et latissimos lapsus fluminum et Oceani ambitum et gyros siderum et relinquunt se ipsos nec mirantur, quod haec omnia cum dicerem, non ea uidebam oculis, nec tamen dicerem, nisi montes et fluctus et flumina et sidera, quae uidi, et Oceanum, quem credidi, intus in memoria mea uiderem spatiis tam ingentibus, quasi foris uiderem. nec ea tamen uidendo absorbui, quando uidi oculis, nec ipsa sunt apud me, sed imagines eorum, et noui, quid ex quo sensu corporis inpressum sit mihi.

And people go out to marvel at the heights of mountains, the huge waves of the sea, the broad courses of rivers, the circuit of the ocean, and the orbits of the stars—and they pass themselves by. They do not marvel that when I was speaking of all these things I was not seeing them with my eyes; and yet I could not have spoken of them unless I were seeing inwardly, in my memory, the mountains and waves and rivers and stars that I have seen, and the ocean that I know by report, with spaces as vast as if I were seeing them outside. Yet in seeing them with my eyes I did not

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	swallow them up; the things themselves are not in me, only their images; and I know which image was stamped on me by which bodily sense.
10.9.16 Sed non ea sola gestat immensa ista capacitas memoriae meae. hic sunt et illa omnia, quae de doctrinis liberalibus percepta nondum exciderunt, quasi remota interiore loco, non loco; nec eorum imagines, sed res ipsas gero. nam quid sit litteratura, quid peritia disputandi, quot genera quaestionum, quidquid horum scio, sic est in memoria mea, ut non retenta imagine rem foris reliquerim aut sonuerit aut praeterierit, sicut uox inpressa per aures uestigio, quo recoleretur, quasi sonaret, cum iam non sonaret, aut sicut odor dum transit et uanescit in uentos, olfactum afficit, unde traicit in memoriam imaginem sui, quam reminiscendo repetamus, aut sicut cibus, qui certe in uentre iam non sapit et tamen in memoria quasi sapit, aut sicut aliquid, quod corpore tangendo sentitur, quod etiam separatum a nobis imaginatur memoria.	But these are not the only things that this immense capacity of my memory carries. Here too is everything learned from the liberal arts that has not yet slipped away—set apart, as it were, in an inner place that is no place. And of these I carry not images, but the things themselves. For what grammar is, what skill in debate is, how many kinds of question there are—whatever I know of these is in my memory, not in such a way that I have kept an image and left the thing outside. Nor did it sound and pass away, like a voice that leaves through the ears an impression, a trace by which it can be recalled as if it were sounding when it no longer sounds; nor like a smell which, as it passes and fades into the winds, affects the sense of smell and so conveys into memory an image of itself that we can call up again by remembering; nor like food, which certainly has no taste once in the stomach and yet in memory still has a kind of taste; nor like something perceived by bodily touch, which memory pictures even when it is separated from us.
istae quippe res non intromittuntur ad eam, sed eorum solae imagines mira celeritate capiuntur et miris tamquam cellis reponuntur et mirabiliter recordando proferuntur.	For those things are not let into memory; only their images are caught, with wonderful speed, and stored in wonderful compartments, as it were, and wonderfully brought out again by remembering.
10.10.17 At uero, cum audio tria genera esse quaestionum, an sit, quid sit, quale sit, sonorum quidem, quibus haec uerba confecta sunt, imagines teneo et eos per auras cum strepitu transisse ac iam non esse scio. res uero ipsas, quae illis significantur sonis, neque ullo sensu corporis attigi neque uspiam uidi praeter animum meum et in memoria recondidi non imagines earum, sed ipsas: quae unde ad me intrauerint dicant, si possunt. nam percurro ianuas omnes carnis meae nec inuenio, qua earum ingressae sint.	But when I hear that there are three kinds of question—whether a thing is, what it is, and of what sort it is—I do hold images of the sounds of which these words are made, and I know that they passed through the air with a noise and now no longer exist. But the things themselves that those sounds signify I have neither reached by any bodily sense nor seen anywhere except in my mind; and what I have stored in memory is not their images but the things themselves. Let them say, if they can, where they came into me from. For I run through all the doors of my flesh and cannot find by which of them they entered.
quippe oculi dicunt: „si coloratae sunt, nos eas nuntiauimus“; aures dicunt: „si sonuerunt, a nobis indicatae sunt“; nares dicunt: „si oluerunt, per nos transierunt“ dicit etiam sensus gustandi: „si sapor non est, nihil me interroges“; tactus dicit: „si corpulentum	For the eyes say, “If they have color, we reported them.” The ears say, “If they made a sound, it was we who announced them.” The nostrils say, “If they had a smell, they passed through us.” The sense of taste says too, “If there is no flavor, do not

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non est, non contrectaui, si non contrectaui, non indicaui“. unde et qua haec intrauerunt in memoriam meam? nescio quomodo; nam cum ea didici, non credidi alieno cordi, sed in meo recognoui et uera esse approbaui et conmendaui ei tamquam reponens, unde proferrem, cum uellem. ibi ergo erant et antequam ea didicissem, sed in memoria non erant.	ask me.” Touch says, “If it has no body, I did not handle it; if I did not handle it, I reported nothing.” From where, then, and by what way did these things enter my memory? I do not know how. For when I learned them, I did not take them on trust from another’s heart; I recognized them in my own, and approved them as true, and entrusted them to it, as though putting them away where I could bring them out whenever I wanted. So they were there even before I learned them, but they were not in memory.
ubi ergo aut quare, cum dicerentur, agnoui et dixi: „ita est, uerum est“, nisi quia iam erant in memoria, sed tam remota et retrusa quasi in cauis abditioribus, ut nisi admonente aliquo eruerentur, ea fortasse cogitare non possem?	Where, then, or why, when they were spoken, did I recognize them and say, “That is so, it is true,” unless they were already in my memory, but so far away and pushed so far back, as if in hidden hollows, that unless someone prompted me to dig them out, I might perhaps have been unable to think of them?
10.11.18 Quocirca inuenimus nihil esse aliud discere ista, quorum non per sensus haurimus imagines, sed sine imaginibus, sicuti sunt, per se ipsa intus cernimus, nisi ea, quae passim atque indisposite memoria continebat, cogitando quasi colligere atque animaduertendo curare, ut tamquam ad manum posita in ipsa memoria, ubi sparsa prius et neglecta latitabant, iam familiari intentioni facile occurrant. et quam multa huius modi gestat memoria mea, quae iam inuenta sunt et, sicut dixi, quasi ad manum posita, quae didicisse et nosse dicimur.	So we find that learning these things—things whose images we do not draw in through the senses, but which we perceive within, without images, as they are in themselves—is nothing other than this: by thinking, to gather together, as it were, what memory held scattered and in disorder, and by paying attention to see that they are placed, as it were, close at hand in memory itself, where before they lay hidden, scattered and neglected, so that now they readily come forward to an attention grown familiar with them. And how many things of this kind my memory carries, things already found and, as I said, placed as if close at hand—things we are said to have learned and to know!
quae si modestis temporum interuallis recolere desiuero, ita rursus demerguntur et quasi in remotiora penetralia dilabuntur, ut denuo uelut noua excogitanda sint indidem iterum — neque enim est alia regio eorum — et cogenda rursus, ut sciri possint, id est uelut ex quadam dispersione colligenda, unde dictum est cogitare. nam cogo et cogito sic est, ut ago et agito, facio et factito. uerum tamen sibi animus hoc uerbum proprie uindicauit, ut non quod alibi, sed quod in animo colligitur, id est cogitur, cogitari proprie iam dicatur.	If I stop recalling them for even brief stretches of time, they sink back down and slip away, as it were, into more remote chambers, so that they have to be thought out again, as though new, from the same place (for they have no other home), and gathered again so that they can be known—that is, collected, as it were, out of a kind of scattering. That is where the word *cogitare*, “to think,” comes from. For *cogo* (“I gather”) and *cogito* (“I think”) are related as *ago* and *agito*, *facio* and *factito*. Yet the mind has claimed this word as properly its own, so that what is gathered—that is, “brought together”—not anywhere else but in the mind is now properly said to be “thought.”[11]

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10.12.19 Item continet memoria numerorum dimensionumque rationes et leges innumerabiles, quarum nullam corporis sensus inpressit, quia nec ipsae coloratae sunt aut sonant aut olent aut gustatae aut contrectatae sunt. audiui sonos uerborum, quibus significantur, cum de his disseritur, sed illi alii, istae autem aliae sunt. nam illi aliter graece, aliter latine sonant, istae uero nec graecae nec latinae sunt nec aliud eloquiorum genus. uidi lineas fabrorum uel etiam tenuissimas, sicut filum araneae; sed illae aliae sunt, non sunt imagines earum, quas mihi nuntiauit carnis oculus: nouit eas quisquis sine ulla cogitatione qualiscumque corporis intus agnouit eas. sensi etiam numeros omnibus corporis sensibus, quos numeramus; sed illi alii sunt, quibus numeramus, nec imagines istorum sunt et ideo ualde sunt.	Memory also contains the principles and countless laws of numbers and dimensions, none of which any bodily sense has imprinted on it, since they have no color, make no sound, have no smell, and have been neither tasted nor touched. I have heard the sounds of the words by which they are signified when they are discussed; but the sounds are one thing, the principles another. For the sounds are different in Greek and in Latin, but the principles are neither Greek nor Latin nor any other kind of language. I have seen lines drawn by craftsmen, some of them very fine, like a spider's thread; but the lines I mean are something else: they are not images of the lines the eye of my flesh reported to me. Anyone knows them who has recognized them within, without thinking of any body whatsoever. I have also perceived with all the senses of the body the numbers of the things we count; but the numbers by which we count are different: they are not images of those, and therefore they truly are.
rideat me ista dicentem, qui non eos uidet, et ego doleam ridentem me.	Let anyone who does not see them laugh at me for saying this; and I will grieve for him as he laughs at me.
10.13.20 Haec omnia memoria teneo et quomodo ea didicerim memoria teneo. multa etiam, quae aduersus haec falsissime disputantur, audiui et memoria teneo; quae tamenetsi falsa sunt, tamen ea meminisse me non est falsum; et discreuisse me inter illa uera et haec falsa, quae contradicuntur, et hoc Memini aliterque nunc uideo cernere me ista, aliter autem memini saepe me discreuisse, cum ea saepe cogitarem. ergo et intellexisse me saepius ista memini, et quod nunc discerno et intellego, recondo in memoria, ut postea me nunc intellexisse meminerim. et meminisse me memini, sicut postea, quod haec reminisci nunc potui, si recordabor, utique per uim memoriae recordabor.	All these I hold in memory, and I hold in memory how I learned them. I have also heard many utterly false arguments against them, and I hold them in memory too. Even though these are false, it is not false that I remember them. And I remember too that I distinguished between those truths and these falsehoods that are urged against them; and I see that distinguishing them now is one thing, and remembering that I often distinguished them, when I often thought about them, is another. So I remember that I have often understood these things; and what I now distinguish and understand I store in memory, so that later I may remember that I understood it now. So I remember that I remembered; just as later, if I recall that I was able to remember these things now, it will certainly be by the power of memory that I recall it.
10.14.21 Affectiones quoque animi mei eadem memoria continet non eo modo, quo eas habet ipse animus, cum patitur eas, sed alio multum diuerso, sicut sese habet uis memoriae.	The same memory also contains the feelings of my mind—not in the way the mind itself has them when it undergoes them, but in another, very dif-

11 *Agito* ("I keep driving") and *factito* ("I keep doing") are frequentative forms of *ago* and *facio*; Augustine takes *cogito* likewise as a form of *cogo*.

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nam et laetatum me fuisse reminiscor non laetus et tristitiam meam praeteritam recordor non tristis et me aliquando timuisse recolo sine timore et pristinae cupiditatis sine cupiditate sum memor. aliquando et e contrario tristitiam meam transactam laetus reminiscor et tristis laetitiam. quod mirandum non est de corpore: aliud enim animus, aliud corpus. itaque si praeteritum dolorem corporis gaudens memini, non ita mirum est.

hic uero cum animus sit etiam ipsa memoria — nam et cum mandamus aliquid, ut memoriter habeatur, dicimus: „uide, ut illud in animo habeas“, et cum obliuiscimur, dicimus: „non fuit in animo“ et „elapsum est animo“, ipsam memoriam uocantes animum — cum ergo ita sit, quid est hoc, quod cum tristitiam meam praeteritam laetus memini, animus habet laetitiam et memoria tristitiam laetusque est animus ex eo, quod inest ei laetitia, memoria uero ex eo, quod inest ei tristitia, tristis non est? num forte non pertinet ad animum? quis hoc dixerit? nimirum ergo memoria quasi uenter est animi, laetitia uero atque tristitia quasi cibus dulcis et amarus: cum memoriae conmendantur, quasi traiecta in uentrem recondi illic possunt, sapere non possunt.

ridiculum est haec illis similia putare, nec tamen sunt omni modo dissimilia.

10.14.22 Sed ecce de memoria profero, cum dico quattuor esse perturbationes animi, cupiditatem, laetitiam, metum, tristitiam, et quidquid de his disputare potuero diuidendo singula per species sui cuiusque generis et definiendo, ibi inuenio quid dicam atque inde profero, nec tamen ulla earum perturbatione perturbor, cum eas reminiscendo conmemoro; et antequam recolerentur a me et retractarentur, ibi erant; propterea inde per recordationem potuere depromi. forte ergo sicut de uentre cibus ruminando, sic ista de memoria recordando proferuntur. cur igitur in ore cogitationis non sentitur a disputante, hoc est a reminiscente, laetitiae dulcedo uel amaritudo maestitiae? an in hoc dissimile est, quod non undique simile est? quis enim talia uolens loqueretur, si quotiens tristitiam metumue nominamus, totiens maerere uel timere cogeremur?

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ferent way, as befits the power of memory. For I remember that I was glad without being glad; I recall my past sadness without being sad; I recollect that I was once afraid, without fear; and I am mindful of a former craving without craving. Sometimes, on the contrary, I remember my past sadness with gladness, and my gladness with sadness. This is not surprising in the case of the body, for the mind is one thing and the body another. So if I remember a past bodily pain with joy, that is not so strange.

But here the mind is also memory itself. For when we tell someone to remember something, we say, “See that you keep it in mind”; and when we forget, we say, “It was not in my mind” and “It slipped my mind,” calling memory itself the mind. This being so, what is happening when, as I remember my past sadness with gladness, the mind has gladness and the memory has sadness—and the mind is glad because gladness is in it, while the memory is not sad although sadness is in it? Can it be that memory does not belong to the mind? Who would say that? No doubt, then, memory is like the stomach of the mind, and gladness and sadness like sweet and bitter food: when they are committed to memory, they are as it were passed into the stomach—they can be stored there, but they cannot be tasted.

It is absurd to think these things are like those; and yet they are not altogether unlike.

But look: when I say that there are four disturbances of the mind—craving, gladness, fear, sadness—it is from memory that I bring this out. And whatever I can say in discussing them, by dividing each into the species of its own genus and defining them, it is there that I find what to say and from there that I bring it out; and yet I am not disturbed by any of these disturbances when I call them to mind by remembering. Even before I recollected and reconsidered them, they were there; that is why they could be drawn out from there by recollection. Perhaps, then, just as food is brought up from the stomach by chewing the cud, so these are brought up from memory by recalling. Why, then, does the one who discusses them—that is, who remembers them—not taste in the mouth of thought the sweetness of gladness or the bitterness of grief? Or is the unlikeness just this, that

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	the likeness is not complete? For who would willingly speak of such things if, every time we named sadness or fear, we were forced to grieve or be afraid?[12]
et tamen non ea loqueremur, nisi in memoria nostra non tantum sonos nominum secundum imagines inpressas a sensibus corporis sed etiam rerum ipsarum notiones inueniremus, quas nulla ianua carnis accepimus, sed eas ipse animus per experientiam passionum suarum sentiens memoriae conmendauit aut ipsa sibi haec etiam non conmendata retinuit.	And yet we could not speak of them unless we found in our memory not only the sounds of their names, according to images imprinted by the bodily senses, but also notions of the things themselves. These we did not receive through any door of the flesh; rather, the mind itself, perceiving them through the experience of its own passions, entrusted them to memory, or else memory itself retained them even without their being entrusted to it.
10.15.23 Sed utrum per imagines an non, quis facile dixerit? nomino quippe lapidem, nomino solem, cum res ipsae non adsunt sensibus meis; in memoria sane mea praesto sunt imagines earum. nomino dolorem corporis, nec mihi adest, dum nihil dolet; nisi tamen adesset imago eius in memoria mea, nescirem quid dicerem, nec eum in disputando a uoluptate discernerem. nomino salutem corporis, cum saluus sum corpore; adest mihi res ipsa; uerum tamen nisi et imago eius esset in memoria mea, nullo modo recordarer, quid huius nominis significaret sonus, nec aegrotantes agnoscerent salute nominata, quid esset dictum, nisi eadem imago ui memoriae teneretur, quamuis ipsa res abesset a corpore. nomino numeros, quibus numeramus: en assunt in memoria mea non imagines eorum, sed ipsi.	But whether this happens through images or not, who could easily say? I name a stone, I name the sun, when the things themselves are not present to my senses; but their images are certainly at hand in my memory. I name bodily pain, and it is not present to me when nothing hurts; yet unless its image were present in my memory, I would not know what I was saying, nor could I tell it apart from pleasure when discussing it. I name bodily health when I am healthy in body; the thing itself is indeed present to me. Yet unless its image were also in my memory, I could in no way recall what the sound of this word meant; nor would the sick recognize what had been said when health was named, unless the same image were held by the power of memory, though the thing itself was absent from their bodies. I name the numbers by which we count: see, they are present in my memory—not their images, but the numbers themselves.
nomino imaginem solis, et haec adest in memoria mea; neque enim imaginem imaginis eius, sed ipsam recolo: ipsa mihi reminiscenti praesto est. nomino memoriam et agnosco quod nomino. et ubi agnosco nisi in ipsa memoria? num et ipsa per imaginem suam sibi adest ac non per se ipsam?	I name the image of the sun, and this too is present in my memory; for what I recall is not the image of its image, but the image itself: it is itself at hand for me as I remember. I name memory, and I recognize what I name. And where do I recognize it, if not in memory itself? Is memory, too, present to itself through its image, and not through itself?

12 The four passions of Stoic ethics, familiar to Augustine from Cicero.

REMEMBERING FORGETFULNESS

Augustine puzzles over how he can remember forgetfulness itself, and searches for God beyond memory.

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10.16.24	Quid, cum obliuionem nomino atque itidem agnosco quod nomino, unde agnosco rem, nisi meminissem? non eundem sonum nominis dico, sed rem, quam significat; quam si oblitus essem, quid ille ualeret sonus, agnoscere utique non ualerem. cum memoriam memini, per se ipsam sibi praesto est ipsa memoria; cum uero memini obliuionem, et memoria praesto est et obliuio, memoria, ex qua meminerim, obliuio, quam meminerim. sed quid est obliuio nisi priuatio memoriae? quomodo ergo adest, ut eam meminerim, quando cum adest meminisse non possum? at si quod meminimus memoria retinemus, obliuionem autem nisi meminissemus, nequaquam possimus audito isto nomine rem, quae illo significatur, agnoscere, memoria retinetur obliuio. adest ergo, ne obliuiscamur, quae cum adest, obliuiscimur.	What about when I name forgetfulness and likewise recognize what I name—how could I recognize it unless I remembered it? I do not mean the sound of the word, but the thing it signifies. If I had forgotten that, I would certainly be unable to recognize what the sound meant. So when I remember memory, memory itself is present to itself through itself. But when I remember forgetfulness, both memory and forgetfulness are present: memory, by which I remember, and forgetfulness, which I remember. But what is forgetfulness except the absence of memory? How, then, is it present so that I remember it, when while it is present I cannot remember? And yet if what we remember we retain in memory, and if, unless we remembered forgetfulness, we could never recognize on hearing the word the thing it signifies, then forgetfulness is retained by memory. So it is present so that we do not forget—the very thing whose presence makes us forget.
	an ex hoc intellegitur non se per ipsam inesse Memoriae, cum eam meminimus, sed per imaginem suam, quia, si per se ipsam praesto esset obliuio, non ut meminissemus, sed ut obliuisceremur, efficeret? et hoc quis tandem indagabit? quis conprehendet, quomodo sit?	Or should we understand from this that when we remember forgetfulness, it is in memory not through itself but through its image—since if forgetfulness were present through itself, it would make us not remember but forget? And who, in the end, will track this down? Who will grasp how it is?
10.16.25	Ego certe, domine, laboro hic et laboro in me ipso: factus sum mihi terra difficultatis et sudoris nimii. neque enim nunc scrutamur plagas caeli aut siderum interualla demetimur uel terrae libramenta quaerimus: ego sum, qui memini, ego animus. non ita mirum, si a me longe est quidquid ego non sum: quid autem propinquius me ipso mihi? et ecce memoriae meae uis non conprehenditur a me, cum ipsum me non dicam praeter illam. quid enim dicturus sum, quando mihi certum est meminisse me obliuionem? an dicturus sum non esse in memoria mea quod memini? an dicturus sum ad hoc inesse obliuionem in memoria mea, ut non obliuiscar? utrumque absurdissimum est. quid illud tertium?	I, certainly, Lord, am laboring over this, and laboring over myself. I have become to myself a land of hardship and heavy sweat. For we are not now searching out the regions of the sky, or measuring the distances of the stars, or inquiring into how the earth is balanced. It is I who remember, I, the mind. It is not so surprising if whatever I am not is far from me; but what is nearer to me than myself? And look, the power of my memory is beyond my grasp, though without it I cannot even speak of myself. What, then, am I to say, when I am certain that I remember forgetfulness? Am I to say that what I remember is not in my memory? Or am I to say that forgetfulness is in my memory so that I may not forget? Both are utterly absurd. What about a third possibility?

LATIN

quo pacto dicam imaginem obliuionis teneri Memoria mea, non ipsam obliuionem, cum eam memini? quo pacto et hoc dicam, quandoquidem cum inprimitur rei cuiusque imago in memoria, prius necesse est, ut adsit res ipsa, unde illa imago possit inprimi? sic enim Carthaginis memini, sic omnium locorum, quibus interfui, sic facies hominum, quas uidi, et ceterorum sensuum nuntiata, sic ipsius corporis salutem siue dolorem: cum praesto essent ista, cepit ab eis imagines Memoria, quas intuerer praesentes et retractarem animo, cum illa et absentia reminiscerer. si ergo per imaginem suam, non per se ipsam in memoria tenetur obliuio, ipsa utique aderat, ut eius imago caperetur. cum autem adesset, quomodo imaginem suam in memoria conscribebat, quando id etiam, quod iam notatum inuenit, praesentia sua delet obliuio?

ENGLISH

How can I say that what my memory holds, when I remember forgetfulness, is an image of forgetfulness and not forgetfulness itself? How can I say even that, since when the image of any thing is imprinted on the memory, the thing itself must first be present, so that the image can be imprinted from it? That is how I remember Carthage, and all the places I have been; that is how I remember the faces of the people I have seen, and what the other senses have reported; that is how I remember the health or pain of my own body. When these things were present, memory took images from them, which I could look at as present and go over again in my mind when I recalled those things in their absence. So if forgetfulness is held in memory through its image and not through itself, then it must certainly have been present itself for its image to be taken. But when it was present, how did it write its image in the memory, when forgetfulness by its very presence erases even what it finds already recorded there?

et tamen quocumque modo, licet sit modus iste inconprehensibilis et inexplicabilis, ipsam obliuionem meminisse me certus sum, qua id quod meminerimus obruitur.

And yet, in whatever way it happens—even if that way is beyond grasping and beyond explaining—I am certain that I remember forgetfulness itself, by which what we remember is buried.

10.17.26 Magna uis est memoriae, nescio quid horrendum, deus meus, profunda et infinita multiplicitas; et hoc animus est, et hoc ego ipse sum. quid ergo sum, deus meus? quae natura sum? uaria, multimoda uita et inmensa uehementer. ecce in memoriae meae campis et antris et cauernis innumerabilibus atque innumerabiliter plenis innumerabilium rerum generibus siue per imagines, sicut omnium corporum, siue per praesentiam, sicut artium, siue per nescio quas notiones uel notationes, sicut affectionum animi — quas et cum animus non patitur, memoria tenet, cum in animo sit quidquid est in memoria — per haec omnia discurro et uolito hac illac, penetro etiam quantum possum, et finis nusquam: tanta uis est memoriae, tanta uitae uis est in homine uiuente mortaliter! quid igitur agam, tu uera mea uita, deus meus?

Great is the power of memory, something awe-inspiring, my God: a deep and boundless manifoldness. And this is the mind, and this is I myself. What, then, am I, my God? What is my nature? A life varied, many-sided, and utterly immeasurable. Look at the fields and caves and caverns of my memory, countless and countlessly full of countless kinds of things—some present as images, like all bodies; some present in themselves, like the arts; some present as I know not what notions or notations, like the feelings of the mind (which memory keeps even when the mind is not undergoing them, although whatever is in memory is in the mind). Through all of these I run and fly this way and that; I even go as deep as I can, and there is no end anywhere. So great is the power of memory, so great the power of life in a human being who lives as a mortal! What then shall I do, you my true life, my God?

transibo et hanc uim meam, quae memoria uocatur, transibo eam, ut pertendam ad te, dulce lumen. quid dicis mihi? ego ascendens per animum meum ad te, qui desuper mihi manes, transibo et istam uim meam, quae

I will pass beyond even this power of mine that is called memory; I will pass beyond it to reach you, sweet light. What do you say to me? See, I am climbing up through my mind to you, who abide

LATIN	ENGLISH
memoria uocatur, uolens te attingere, unde attingi potes, et inhaerere tibi, unde inhaereri tibi potest. habent enim memoriam et pecora et aues, alioquin non cubilia, non nidos suos repeterent, non alia multa, quibus assuescunt; neque enim et assuescere ualerent ullis rebus nisi per memoriam. transibo ergo et memoriam, ut attingam eum, qui separauit me a quadrupedibus et uolatilibus caeli sapientiorem me fecit. transibo et memoriam, ut ubi te inueniam, uere bone et secura suauitas, ut ubi te inueniam? si praeter memoriam meam te inuenio, inmemor tui sum.	above me; I will pass beyond even this power of mine that is called memory, wanting to reach you where you can be reached, and to cling to you where one can cling to you. For cattle and birds have memory too; otherwise they would not find their way back to their dens and nests, nor to the many other things they grow used to—for they could not grow used to anything at all except through memory. So I will pass beyond memory as well, to reach him who set me apart from four-footed beasts and made me wiser than the birds of the sky. I will pass beyond memory too—but where shall I find you, truly good one, sweetness that is secure? Where shall I find you? If I find you outside my memory, I am unmindful of you.
et quomodo iam inueniam te, si memor non sum tui?	And how shall I find you, then, if I do not remember you?
10.18.27 Perdiderat enim mulier drachmam et quaesiuit eam cum lucerna et, nisi memor eius esset, non inueniret eam. cum enim esset inuenta, unde sciret, utrum ipsa esset, si memor eius non esset? multa memini me perdita quaesisse atque inuenisse. inde istuc scio, quia, cum quaererem aliquid eorum et diceretur mihi: „num forte hoc est?“ „num forte illud“? tamdiu dicebam: „non est“, donec id offerretur quod quaerebam. cuius nisi memor essem, quidquid illud esset, etiamsi mihi offerretur, non inuenirem, quia non agnoscerem. et semper ita fit, cum aliquid perditum quaerimus et inuenimus. uerum tamen si forte aliquid ab oculis perit, non a memoria, ueluti corpus quodlibet uisibile, tenetur intus imago eius et quaeritur, donec reddatur aspectui. quod cum inuentum fuerit, ex imagine, quae intus est, recognoscitur.	For the woman had lost her coin and searched for it with a lamp; and unless she had remembered it, she would not have found it. For when it was found, how would she know whether it was the one, if she did not remember it? I remember having searched for and found many things I had lost. That is how I know this: when I was looking for one of them and someone said to me, “Is this it, perhaps?” “Is it that?” I kept saying, “No,” until what I was looking for was offered to me. If I had not remembered it, whatever it was, I would not have found it even when it was offered to me, because I would not have recognized it. And it is always like this when we look for something lost and find it. But if some thing is lost to the eyes and not to memory—any visible body, say—its image is kept within, and it is searched for until it is restored to sight. And when it has been found, it is recognized from the image that is within.[13]
nec inuenisse nos dicimus quod perierat, si non agnoscimus, nec agnoscere possumus, si non meminimus: sed hoc perierat quidem oculis, memoria tenebatur.	We do not say we have found what was lost if we do not recognize it, and we cannot recognize it if we do not remember it. This thing was lost to the eyes, then, but it was held in memory.
10.19.28 Quid? cum ipsa memoria perdit aliquid, sicut fit, cum obliuiscimur et quaerimus, ut recordemur, ubi tandem quaerimus nisi in ipsa memoria? et ibi si aliud pro alio forte offeratur, respuimus, donec illud occurrat quod quaerimus. et cum occurrit, dicimus: „hoc est“; quod non diceremus, nisi agnosceremus, nec agnosceremus, nisi	But what about when memory itself loses something, as happens when we forget and try to recall? Where do we look, in the end, except in memory itself? And there, if one thing happens to be offered in place of another, we reject it until the thing we are looking for turns up. And when it

13 Luke 15:8–9, the parable of the lost coin.

LATIN	ENGLISH
meminissemus. certe enim obliti fueramus. an non totum exciderat, sed ex parte, quae tenebatur, pars alia quaerebatur, quia sentiebat se memoria non simul uoluere, quod simul solebat, et quasi detruncata consuetudine claudicans reddi quod deerat flagitabat? tamquam si homo notus siue conspiciatur oculis siue cogitetur et nomen eius obliti requiramus, quidquid aliud occurrerit non conectitur, quia non cum illo cogitari consueuit ideoque respuitur, donec illud adsit, ubi simul adsuefacta notitia non inaequaliter adquiescat.	turns up, we say, "That's it"—which we would not say unless we recognized it, and we would not recognize it unless we remembered it. So we had certainly forgotten it. Or had it not slipped away entirely, and was the part still held being used to seek the other part? Memory sensed that it was not turning over together what it used to turn over together; limping, as it were, with its habit cut short, it demanded the return of what was missing. It is like when we see someone we know, or think of them, and try to recall the name we have forgotten: whatever else occurs to us does not connect, because it is not the name we are used to thinking of together with that person, and so it is rejected until the right one comes, in which our familiar knowledge can rest, evenly matched.
et unde adest nisi ex ipsa memoria? nam et cum ab alio conmoniti recognoscimus, inde adest. non enim quasi nouum credimus, sed recordantes adprobamus hoc esse, quod dictum est. si autem penitus aboleatur ex animo, nec admoniti reminiscimur. neque enim omni modo adhuc obliti sumus quod uel oblitos nos esse meminimus. hoc ergo nec amissum quaerere poterimus, quod omnino obliti fuerimus.	And where does it come from, if not from memory itself? For even when someone else reminds us and we recognize it, that is where it comes from. We do not accept it as something new; we recall it and confirm that what was said is right. But if it were wiped out of the mind entirely, we would not remember it even when reminded. For we have not yet wholly forgotten what we at least remember having forgotten. So we will not even be able to search for something as lost if we have forgotten it altogether.

SEARCHING FOR THE HAPPY LIFE

Augustine asks how everyone can desire a happy life they remember, and finds it is joy in truth.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.20.29 Quomodo ergo te quaero, domine? cum enim te, deum meum, quaero, uitam beatam quaero. quaeram te, ut uiuat anima mea. uiuit enim corpus meum de anima mea et uiuit anima mea de te. quomodo ergo quaero uitam beatam? quia non est mihi, donec dicam: „sat, est illic". ubi oportet ut dicam, quomodo eam quaero, utrum per recordationem, tamquam eam oblitus sim oblitumque me esse adhuc teneam, an per appetitum discendi incognitam, siue quam numquam scierim siue quam sic oblitus fuerim, ut me nec oblitum esse meminerim. nonne ipsa est beata uita, quam omnes uolunt et omnino qui nolit nemo est? ubi nouerunt eam, quod sic uolunt eam? ubi uiderunt, ut amarent eam? nimirum habemus eam nescio quomodo.	How, then, do I seek you, Lord? For when I seek you, my God, I seek the happy life. Let me seek you so that my soul may live. For my body lives by my soul, and my soul lives by you. How, then, do I seek the happy life? For I do not have it until I can say, "Enough—it is there." Here I must say how I seek it: whether through recollection, as though I had forgotten it and still keep hold of the fact that I have forgotten it; or through a desire to learn something unknown, either something I never knew, or something I have so forgotten that I do not even remember having forgotten it. Is not the happy life the very thing that everyone wants, so that there is absolutely no one who does not want it? Where did they come to know it, that they want it so? Where did they see it, that they should love

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it? Certainly we have it, in some way I do not know.

et est alius quidam modus, quo quisque cum habet eam, tunc beatus est, et sunt, qui spe beati sunt. inferiore modo isti habent eam quam illi, qui iam re ipsa beati sunt, sed tamen meliores quam illi, qui nec re nec spe beati sunt. qui tamen etiam ipsi nisi aliquo modo haberent eam, non ita uellent beati esse: quod eos uelle certissimum est. nescio quomodo nouerunt eam ideoque habent eam in nescio qua notitia, de qua satago, utrum in memoria sit, quia, si ibi est, iam beati fuimus aliquando, utrum singillatim omnes, an in illo homine, qui primus peccauit, in quo et omnes mortui sumus et de quo omnes cum miseria nati sumus, non quaero nunc, sed quaero, utrum in memoria sit beata uita.

And there is another way of having it, in which a person, when he has it, is then happy; and there are those who are happy in hope. These have it in a lower way than those who are already happy in reality, but they are still better off than those who are happy neither in reality nor in hope. Yet even these last, unless they had it in some way, would not want so much to be happy—and it is quite certain that they do want it. Somehow or other they have come to know it, and so they have it in some kind of knowledge. About this knowledge I am anxious to find out whether it is in memory. For if it is there, then we were once happy. Whether each of us individually, or all of us in that man who first sinned, in whom we all died and from whom we are all born into misery, I am not asking now. What I am asking is whether the happy life is in memory.[14]

neque enim amaremus eam, nisi nossemus. audiuimus nomen hoc et omnes rem, omnes nos adpetere fatemur; non enim solo sono delectamur. nam hoc cum latine audit Graecus, non delectatur, quia ignorat, quid dictum sit; nos autem delectamur, sicut etiam ille, si graece hoc audierit, quoniam res ipsa nec graeca nec latina est, cui adipiscendae Graeci Latinique inhiant ceterarumque linguarum homines. nota est igitur omnibus, qui una uoce si interrogari possent, utrum beati esse uellent, sine ulla dubitatione uelle responderent. quod non fieret, nisi res ipsa, cuius hoc nomen est, eorum memoria teneretur.

For we would not love it unless we knew it. We hear this name, and all of us confess that it is the thing itself we desire; for it is not the sound that delights us. When a Greek hears it said in Latin, he is not delighted, because he does not know what has been said. But we are delighted, just as he would be if he heard it in Greek, because the thing itself is neither Greek nor Latin—the thing that Greeks and Latins and people of every other language long to attain. So it is known to everyone; and if they could all be asked with one voice whether they want to be happy, they would answer without any hesitation that they do. That could not happen unless the thing itself, of which this is the name, were held in their memory.

10.21.30 Numquid ita, ut memini Carthaginem qui uidi? non; uita enim beata non uidetur oculis, quia non est corpus. numquid sicut meminimus numeros? non; hos enim qui habet in notitia, non adhuc quaerit adipisci, uitam uero beatam habemus in notitia ideoque amamus et tamen adhuc adipisci eam uolumus, ut beati simus. numquid sicut meminimus eloquentiam? non: quamuis et hoc nomine audito recordentur ipsam rem qui etiam nondum sunt eloquentes multique esse cupiant — unde apparet eam esse in eorum notitia — tamen per corporis sensus alios eloquentes animaduerterunt et delectati sunt et hoc esse desiderant — quamquam nisi ex interiore notitia non

Is it the way someone who has seen Carthage remembers it? No. For the happy life is not seen with the eyes, because it is not a body. Is it the way we remember numbers? No. Whoever has numbers in his knowledge does not still seek to attain them; but the happy life we have in our knowledge, and so we love it, and yet we still want to attain it, so that we may be happy. Is it the way we remember eloquence? No. It is true that when they hear this name, people recall the thing itself even if they are not yet eloquent, and many want to be (which

14 Adam, in whom "all die" (1 Corinthians 15:22).

LATIN	ENGLISH
delectarentur neque hoc esse uellent, nisi delectarentur — beatam uero uitam nullo sensu corporis in aliis experimur. numquid sicut meminimus gaudium? fortasse ita.	shows that it is in their knowledge). Yet they have noticed other people being eloquent through the bodily senses, and have been delighted, and long to be so themselves—though they would not be delighted except from an inner knowledge, and they would not want to be so unless they were delighted. But the happy life we do not experience in others through any bodily sense. Is it the way we remember joy? Perhaps so.
nam gaudium meum etiam tristis memini sicut uitam beatam miser, neque umquam corporis sensu gaudium meum uel uidi uel audiui uel odoratus sum uel gustaui uel tetigi, sed expertus sum in animo meo, quando laetatus sum, et adhaesit eius notitia memoriae meae, ut id reminisci ualeam aliquando cum aspernatione, aliquando cum desiderio pro earum rerum diuersitate, de quibus me gauisum esse Memini. nam et de turpibus gaudio quodam perfusus sum, quod nunc recordans detestor atque exsecror, aliquando de bonis et honestis, quod desiderans recolo, tametsi forte non assunt, et ideo tristis gaudium pristinum recolo.	For I remember my joy even when I am sad, just as I remember the happy life when I am miserable; and I have never seen or heard or smelled or tasted or touched my joy with any bodily sense. I experienced it in my mind when I rejoiced, and the knowledge of it stuck to my memory, so that I can recall it—sometimes with disgust, sometimes with longing, depending on the different things I remember having rejoiced in. For I have been flooded with a kind of joy over shameful things, which I now recall with loathing and abhorrence; and sometimes over things good and honorable, which I recall with longing, even though perhaps they are no longer present—and so I recall my former joy with sadness.
10.21.31 Vbi ergo et quando expertus sum uitam meam beatam, ut recorder eam et amem et desiderem? nec ego tantum aut cum paucis, sed beati prorsus omnes esse uolumus. quod nisi certa notitia nossemus, non tam certa uoluntate uellemus. sed quid est hoc? quid? si quaeratur a duobus, utrum militare uelint, fieri possit, ut alter eorum uelle se, alter nolle respondeat: si autem ab eis quaeratur, utrum esse beati uelint, uterque se statim sine dubitatione dicat optare, nec ob aliud ille uelit militare, non ob aliud iste nolit, nisi ut beati sint. num forte quoniam alius hinc, alius inde gaudet? ita se omnes beatos esse uelle consonant, quemadmodum consonarent, si hoc interrogarentur, se uelle gaudere atque ipsum gaudium uitam beatam uocant.	Where, then, and when did I experience my happy life, so that I remember it and love it and long for it? And not only I, or I and a few others: we all without exception want to be happy. If we did not know it with a sure knowledge, we would not want it with so sure a will. But what is this? If two people are asked whether they want to serve in the army, it may be that one of them answers that he does and the other that he does not. But if they are asked whether they want to be happy, both would at once say, without any hesitation, that they wish it; and the one wants to serve and the other does not for no other reason than to be happy. Is it, perhaps, that one finds joy in this and another in that? So all agree that they want to be happy, just as they would agree if they were asked whether they want to rejoice—and it is joy itself that they call the happy life.
quod etsi alius hinc, alius illinc assequitur, unum est tamen, quo peruenire omnes nituntur, ut gaudeant. quae quoniam res est, quam se expertum non esse nemo potest dicere, propterea reperta in memoria recognoscitur, quando beatae uitae nomen auditur.	Even if one pursues it here and another there, still there is one thing that all are striving to reach: to rejoice. And since this is something no one can say he has never experienced, it is found in memory and recognized when the name “happy life” is heard.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.22.32 Absit, domine, absit a corde serui tui, qui confitetur tibi, absit, ut quocumque gaudio gaudeam beatum me putem. est enim gaudium, quod non datur inpiis, sed eis, qui te gratis colunt, quorum gaudium tu ipse es. et ipsa est beata uita, gaudere de te, ad te, propter te: ipsa est et non est altera. qui autem aliam putant esse, aliud sectantur gaudium neque ipsum uerum. ab aliqua tamen imagine gaudii uoluntas eorum non auertitur.	Far be it, Lord, far be it from the heart of your servant who confesses to you—far be it from me to think myself happy in any joy whatever. For there is a joy that is not given to the ungodly, but to those who worship you for your own sake, whose joy you yourself are. And this is the happy life: to rejoice toward you, in you, because of you. This is it, and there is no other. Those who think there is another pursue another joy, and not the true one. Yet their will is not turned away from some image of joy.
10.23.33 Non ergo certum est, quod omnes esse beati uolunt, quoniam qui non de te gaudere uolunt, quae sola uita beata est, non utique uitam beatam uolunt. an omnes hoc uolunt, sed quoniam caro concupiscit aduersus spiritum et spiritus aduersus carnem, ut non faciant quod uolunt, cadunt in id quod ualent eoque contenti sunt, quia illud, quod non ualent, non tantum uolunt, quantum sat est, ut ualeant? nam quaero ab omnibus, utrum malint de ueritate quam de falsitate gaudere: tam non dubitant dicere de ueritate se malle, quam non dubitant dicere beatos esse se uelle. beata quippe uita est gaudium de ueritate. hoc est enim gaudium de te, qui ueritas es, deus, inluminatio mea, salus faciei meae, deus meus.	So it is not certain that all want to be happy, since those who do not want to rejoice in you—which alone is the happy life—do not really want the happy life. Or do all want it, but because "the flesh desires against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh," so that they do not do what they want, they fall back on what they are able to do and are content with that—because what they are not able to do, they do not want enough to be able to do it? For I ask everyone whether they would rather rejoice in truth or in falsehood. They are as quick to say they would rather rejoice in truth as they are to say they want to be happy. For the happy life is joy in the truth. That is, it is joy in you, who are the truth, O God, my light, the health of my face, my God.[15]
hanc uitam beatam omnes uolunt, hanc uitam, quae sola beata est, omnes uolunt, gaudium de ueritate omnes uolunt. multos expertus sum, qui uellent fallere, qui autem falli, neminem. ubi ergo nouerunt hanc uitam beatam, nisi ubi nouerunt etiam ueritatem? amant enim et ipsam, quia falli nolunt, et cum amant beatam uitam, quod non est aliud quam de ueritate gaudium, utique amant etiam ueritatem nec amarent, nisi esset aliqua notitia eius in memoria eorum. cur ergo non de illa gaudent? cur non beati sunt? quia fortius occupantur in aliis, quae potius eos faciunt miseros quam illud beatos, quod tenuiter meminerunt. adhuc enim modicum lumen est in hominibus; ambulent, ambulent, ne tenebrae conprehendant.	This happy life everyone wants; this life, which alone is happy, everyone wants; joy in the truth everyone wants. I have known many who wanted to deceive, but no one who wanted to be deceived. Where, then, did they come to know this happy life, if not where they also came to know the truth? For they love truth too, since they do not want to be deceived; and when they love the happy life, which is nothing other than joy in the truth, they certainly love the truth as well—and they would not love it unless there were some knowledge of it in their memory. Why, then, do they not rejoice in it? Why are they not happy? Because they are more strongly taken up with other things, which have more power to make them miserable than that which they remember so faintly has to make them happy. For there is still a little light in human beings. Let them walk, let them walk, so that the darkness does not overtake them.[16]

15 "My light" and "the health of my face" echo Psalms 27:1 and 42:11.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.23.34 Cur autem ueritas parit odium et inimicus eis factus est homo tuus uerum praedicans, cum ametur beata uita, quae non est nisi gaudium de ueritate, nisi quia sic amatur ueritas, ut quicumque aliud amant, hoc quod amant uelint esse ueritatem, et quia falli nollent, nolunt conuinci, quod falsi sint? itaque propter eam rem oderunt ueritatem, quam pro ueritate amant. amant eam lucentem, oderunt eam redarguentem. quia enim falli nolunt et fallere uolunt, amant eam, cum se ipsa indicat, et oderunt eam, cum eos ipsos indicat. inde retribuet eis, ut, qui se ab ea manifestari nolunt, et eos nolentes manifestet et eis ipsa non sit manifesta.	But why does truth give birth to hatred? Why did your servant, who preached the truth, become their enemy, when the happy life is loved, and it is nothing but joy in the truth? Surely it is because truth is loved in such a way that those who love something else want what they love to be the truth; and since they would not want to be deceived, they do not want to be shown that they are wrong. So they hate the truth for the sake of the very thing they love in place of the truth. They love truth when it shines, and hate it when it rebukes. Because they do not want to be deceived and do want to deceive, they love it when it reveals itself, and hate it when it reveals them. So it will pay them back: those who do not want to be revealed by it, it will reveal against their will, and it will not reveal itself to them.[17]
sic, sic, etiam sic animus humanus, etiam sic caecus et languidus, turpis atque indecens latere uult, se autem ut lateat aliquid non uult. contra illi redditur, ut ipse non lateat ueritatem, ipsum autem ueritas lateat. tamen etiam sic, dum miser est, ueris mauult gaudere quam falsis. beatus ergo erit, si nulla interpellante molestia de ipsa, per quam uera sunt omnia, sola ueritate gaudebit.	So, so, even so is the human mind: even so blind and sick, foul and unseemly, it wants to lie hidden, yet it does not want anything to lie hidden from it. It is repaid in the opposite way: it does not lie hidden from the truth, but the truth lies hidden from it. Yet even so, while it is miserable, it would rather rejoice in what is true than in what is false. So it will be happy when, with no trouble interfering, it rejoices in truth alone—the very truth by which all things are true.

FINDING GOD IN MEMORY

Augustine realizes God has dwelt in his memory ever since he first learned of him.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.24.35 Ecce quantum spatiatus sum in memoria mea quaerens te, domine, et non te inueni extra eam. neque enim aliquid de te inuenio, quod non meminissem ex quo didici te. nam ex quo didici te, non sum oblitus tui. ubi enim inueni ueritatem, ibi inueni deum meum, ipsam ueritatem, quam ex quo didici, non sum oblitus. itaque ex quo te didici, manes in memoria mea, et illic te inuenio, cum reminiscor tui et delector in te. hae sunt sanctae deliciae meae, quas donasti mihi misericordia tua respiciens paupertatem meam.	See how far I have ranged through my memory looking for you, Lord, and I have not found you outside it. Nor have I found anything about you that I did not remember from the time I first learned of you; for since I learned of you I have not forgotten you. Where I found truth, there I found my God, truth itself, which I have not forgotten since I learned it. So since I learned of you, you abide in my memory, and there I find you when I call you to mind and delight in you. These are my holy delights, which you gave me in your mercy, looking upon my poverty.
10.25.36 Sed ubi manes in memoria mea, domine, ubi illic manes? quale cubile fabricasti tibi? quale sanctuarium aedificasti	But where in my memory do you abide, Lord—where do you abide there? What resting place have

16 John 12:35: "Walk while you have the light, so that the darkness does not overtake you."

LATIN	ENGLISH
tibi? tu dedisti hanc dignationem memoriae meae, ut maneas in ea, sed in qua eius parte maneas, hoc considero. transcendi enim partes eius, quas habent et bestiae, cum te recordarer, quia non ibi te inueniebam inter imagines rerum corporalium, et ueni ad partes eius, ubi conmendaui affectiones animi mei, nec illic inueni te.	you fashioned for yourself? What sanctuary have you built for yourself? You have granted my memory the honor of your abiding in it; but in what part of it you abide—that is what I am considering. When I called you to mind, I passed beyond the parts of it that beasts also have, because I did not find you there among the images of bodily things. And I came to the parts where I have stored the feelings of my mind, and I did not find you there either.
et intraui ad ipsius animi mei sedem, quae illi est in memoria mea, quoniam sui quoque meminit animus, nec ibi tu eras, quia sicut non es imago corporalis nec affectio uiuentis, qualis est, cum laetamur, contristamur, cupimus, metuimus, meminimus, obliuiscimur et quidquid huius modi est, ita nec ipse animus es, quia dominus deus animi tu es, et conmutantur haec omnia, tu autem inconmutabilis manes super omnia et dignatus es habitare in memoria mea ex quo te didici. et quid quaero, quo loco eius habites, quasi uero loca ibi sint? habitas certe in ea, quoniam tui memini ex quo te didici, et in ea inuenio, cum recordor te.	And I entered the seat of my mind itself, which it has in my memory, since the mind remembers itself too—and you were not there. For just as you are not a bodily image, nor a feeling of a living being, such as when we are glad, grieve, desire, fear, remember, forget, and so on, so neither are you the mind itself, because you are the Lord God of the mind. All these things change, but you abide unchangeable above all things; and yet you have deigned to dwell in my memory since I learned of you. And why do I ask in what place in it you dwell, as if there really were places there? Certainly you dwell in it, because I remember you since I learned of you, and I find you in it when I call you to mind.
10.26.37 Vbi ergo te inueni, ut discerem te? neque enim iam eras in memoria mea, priusquam te discerem. ubi ergo te inueni, ut discerem te, nisi in te supra me? et nusquam locus, et recedimus et accedimus, et nusquam locus. ueritas, ubique praesides omnibus consulentibus te simulque respondes omnibus diuersa consulentibus. liquide tu respondes, sed non liquide omnes audiunt. omnes unde uolunt consulunt, sed non semper quod uolunt audiunt. optimus minister tuus est, qui non magis intuetur hoc a te audire quod ipse uoluerit, sed potius hoc uelle quod a te audierit.	Where, then, did I find you, so as to learn of you? For you were not in my memory before I learned of you. Where, then, did I find you, so as to learn of you, if not in you, above me? And there is no place anywhere; we go back and we come forward, and there is no place anywhere. O Truth, everywhere you preside over all who consult you, and you answer all at once, even those who consult you about different things. You answer clearly, but not all hear clearly. All consult you about what they want, but they do not always hear what they want. Your best servant is the one who is less intent on hearing from you what he himself wanted than on wanting what he has heard from you.

LATE HAVE I LOVED YOU

Augustine laments loving God so late, since God was within him while he searched outside.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.27.38 Sero te amaui, pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam noua, sero te amaui! et ecce intus eras et ego foris et ibi te	Late have I loved you, beauty so ancient and so new, late have I loved you! And look: you were

17 Echoing Galatians 4:16, "Have I become your enemy by telling you the truth?"

LATIN	ENGLISH
quaerebam et in ista formosa, quae fecisti, deformis inruebam. mecum eras, et tecum non eram. ea me tenebant longe a te, quae si in te non essent, non essent. uocasti et clamasti et rupisti surditatem meam, coruscasti, splenduisti et fugasti caecitatem meam, fragrasti, et duxi spiritum et anhelo tibi, gustaui et esurio et sitio, tetigisti me, et exarsi in pacem tuam.	within, and I was outside, and there I looked for you, and, misshapen as I was, I rushed headlong into those shapely things that you have made. You were with me, and I was not with you. Those things kept me far from you which, if they were not in you, would not be at all. You called and cried out and broke through my deafness; you flashed, you shone, and you put my blindness to flight; you breathed your fragrance, and I drew breath and now pant for you; I tasted, and now I hunger and thirst; you touched me, and I burned for your peace.
10.28.39 Cum inhaesero tibi ex omni me, nusquam erit mihi dolor et labor, et uiua erit uita mea tota plena te. nunc autem quoniam quem tu imples, subleuas eum, quoniam tui plenus nondum sum, oneri mihi sum. contendunt laetitiae meae flendae cum laetandis maeroribus, et ex qua parte stet uictoria nescio. ei mihi, domine, miserere mei! contendunt maerores mei mali cum gaudiis bonis, et ex qua parte stet uictoria nescio. ei mihi! domine, miserere mei! ei mihi! ecce uulnera mea non abscondo: medicus es, aeger sum; misericors es, miser sum. numquid non temptatio est uita humana super terram? quis uelit molestias et difficultates? tolerari iubes ea, non amari. nemo quod tolerat amat, etsi tolerare amat. quamuis enim gaudeat se tolerare, mauult tamen non esse quod toleret.	When I cling to you with all of myself, there will be no more pain or toil for me anywhere, and my life will be alive, wholly full of you. But now—since the one you fill you lift up, and I am not full of you—I am a burden to myself. My joys, which ought to be wept over, contend with my sorrows, which ought to be rejoiced in, and I do not know which side will win. My evil sorrows contend with my good joys, and I do not know which side will win. Ah, me! Lord, have mercy on me! Ah, me! See, I do not hide my wounds. You are the physician, I am sick; you are merciful, I am miserable. Is not human life on earth a trial? Who would want troubles and hardships? You command that they be endured, not loved. No one loves what he endures, even if he loves enduring it. For though he may be glad that he endures, he would still rather there were nothing to endure.[18]
prospera in aduersis desidero, aduersa in prospera timeo. quis inter haec medius locus, ubi non sit humana uita temtatio? uae prosperitatibus saeculi semel et iterum a timore aduersitatis et a corruptione laetitiae! uae aduersitatibus saeculi semel et iterum et tertio a desiderio prosperitatis, et quia ipsa aduersitas dura est, et ne frangat tolerantiam. numquid non temtatio est uita humana super terram sine ullo interstitio?	In adversity I long for prosperity; in prosperity I fear adversity. What middle ground is there between these, where human life is not a trial? Woe to the prosperities of this world, once and again—from the fear of adversity and from the corruption of joy! Woe to the adversities of this world, once, again, and a third time—from the longing for prosperity, and because adversity itself is hard, and for fear it may break our endurance! Is not human life on earth a trial, without any break at all?
10.29.40 Et tota spes mea non nisi in magna misericordia tua. da quod iubes et iube quod uis. imperas nobis continentiam. et cum scirem, ait quidam, quia nemo potest esse continens nisi deus det, et hoc ipsum erat sapientiae, scire cuius esset hoc donum. per continentiam quippe colligimur et redigimur in unum, a quo in multa	And all my hope is nowhere but in your very great mercy. Give what you command, and command what you will. You enjoin self-control on us. "And when I knew," someone says, "that no one can be self-controlled unless God grants it, this too was a mark of wisdom: to know whose gift this was." For

18 Job 7:1.

LATIN	ENGLISH
defluximus. minus enim te amat qui tecum aliquid amat, quod non propter te amat. o amor, qui semper ardes et numquam extingueris, caritas, deus meus, accende me! continentiam iubes: da quod iubes et iube quod uis.	by self-control we are gathered up and brought back into the one from whom we had flowed away into the many. For he loves you too little who loves something together with you that he does not love for your sake. O love, you who are always burning and are never quenched, love, my God, set me on fire! You command self-control: give what you command, and command what you will.[19]

TEMPTATIONS OF THE FLESH

Augustine examines lingering temptations of sex in dreams, food and drink, smells and music.

LATIN	ENGLISH
10.30.41 Iubes certe, ut contineam a concupiscentia carnis et concupiscentia oculorum et ambitione saeculi. iussisti a concubitu et de ipso coniugio melius aliquid, quam concessisti, monuisti. et quoniam dedisti, factum est et antequam dispensator sacramenti tui fierem. sed adhuc uiuunt in memoria mea, de qua multa locutus sum, talium rerum imagines, quas ibi consuetudo mea fixit, et occursantur mihi uigilanti quidem carentes uiribus, in somnis autem non solum usque ad delectationem sed etiam usque ad consensionem factumque simillimum. et tantum ualet imaginis illius inlusio in anima mea in carne mea, ut dormienti falsa uisa persuadeant quod uigilanti uera non possunt. numquid tunc ego non sum, domine deus meus?	Certainly you command me to refrain from the desire of the flesh, the desire of the eyes, and the ambition of the world. You commanded me to refrain from sleeping with a woman, and in the matter of marriage itself you advised something better than what you allowed. And since you gave me the power, it was done, even before I became a minister of your sacrament. But there still live in my memory, of which I have said so much, the images of such things, which my habit fixed there. They come at me while I am awake, but then they lack strength; in sleep, however, they bring me not only to pleasure but even to consent and to something very like the act. And the illusion of the image has so much power in my soul and in my flesh that false visions persuade me when asleep to what true ones cannot when I am awake. Am I not myself then, Lord my God?[20]
et tamen tantum interest inter me ipsum et me ipsum intra momentum, quo hinc ad soporem transeo uel huc inde transeo! ubi est tunc ratio, qua talibus suggestionibus resistit uigilans et, si res ipsae ingerantur, inconcussus manet? numquid clauditur cum oculis? numquid sopitur cum sensibus corporis? et unde saepe etiam in somnis resistimus nostrique propositi memores atque in eo castissime permanentes nullum talibus inlecebris adhibemus adsensum? et tamen tantum interest, ut, cum aliter accidit, euigilantes ad conscientiae requiem redeamus ipsaque distantia reperiamus nos non fecisse, quod tamen in nobis quoquo modo factum esse doleamus.	And yet what a great difference there is between myself and myself, within the moment when I pass from here into sleep or pass back from there to here! Where then is the reason by which, when awake, the mind resists such suggestions and remains unshaken even if the things themselves are thrust upon it? Does it close with the eyes? Does it fall asleep with the bodily senses? And how is it that often even in sleep we resist, and, mindful of our resolve and holding to it most chastely, give no consent to such enticements? And yet the difference is so great that when it goes otherwise, we wake and return to peace of conscience, and by that very distance we discover that we did not do

19 The quotation is Wisdom 8:21. Augustine's prayer "Give what you command" later provoked the objections of Pelagius, who held that human beings can obey God's commands by their own powers.
20 1 John 2:16. The "sacrament" here is the priesthood: Augustine was ordained in 391 and became bishop of Hippo in 395 or 396.

LATIN	ENGLISH
	what we nevertheless grieve was somehow done in us.
10.30.42 Numquid non potens est manus tua, deus omnipotens, sanare omnes languores animae meae atque abundantiore gratia tua lasciuos motus etiam mei soporis extinguere? augebis, domine, magis magisque in me munera tua, ut anima mea sequatur me ad te concupiscentiae uisco expedita, ut non sit rebellis sibi atque ut in somnis etiam non solum non perpetret istas corruptelarum turpitudines per imagines animales usque ad carnis fluxum, sed ne consentiat quidem. nam ut nihil tale uel tantulum libeat, quantulum possit nutu cohiberi etiam in casto dormientis affectu non tantum in hac uita, sed etiam in hac aetate, non magnum est omnipotenti, qui uales facere supra quam petimus et intellegimus.	Is your hand not able, almighty God, to heal all the sicknesses of my soul, and by your more abundant grace to quench even the lustful stirrings of my sleep? You will increase your gifts in me more and more, Lord, so that my soul may follow me to you, freed from the birdlime of lust, so that it may not be in rebellion against itself, and so that even in sleep it may not only not commit these shameful corruptions through sensual images to the point of the flesh's discharge, but not even consent to them. For that nothing of the sort should please it —not even so little as could be checked with a nod, even in the chaste feeling of one asleep—and not only in this life but even at this age: this is no great thing for the Almighty, for you who are able to do more than we ask or understand.[21]
nunc tamen quid adhuc sim in hoc genere mali mei, dixi bono domino meo exultans cum tremore in eo, quod donasti mihi, et lugens in eo, quod inconsummatus sum, sperans perfecturum te in me misericordias tuas usque ad pacem plenariam, quam tecum habebunt interiora et exteriora mea, cum absorpta fuerit mors in uictoriam.	But now I have told my good Lord what I still am in this kind of evil of mine, rejoicing with trembling in what you have given me, and mourning over what is still unfinished in me, hoping that you will bring your mercies to completion in me until I have full peace, which my inner and outer self will have with you when death is swallowed up in victory.
10.31.43 Est alia malitia diei, quae utinam sufficiat ei. reficimus enim cotidianas ruinas corporis edendo et bibendo, priusquam escas et uentrem destruas, cum occideris indigentiam satietate mirifica et corruptibile hoc indueris incorruptione sempiterna. nunc autem suauis est mihi necessitas, et aduersus istam suauitatem pugno, ne capiar, et cotidianum bellum gero in ieiuniis, saepius in seruitutem redigens corpus meum, et dolores mei uoluptate pelluntur. nam fames et sitis quidam dolores sunt, urunt et sicut febris necant, nisi alimentorum medicina succurrat. quae quoniam praesto est ex consolatione munerum tuorum, in quibus nostrae infirmitati terra et aqua et caelum seruiunt, calamitas deliciae uocantur.	There is another evil of the day—would that it were enough for the day! For we repair the daily wear and tear of the body by eating and drinking, until you destroy both food and stomach, when you will kill need with a wonderful fullness and clothe this corruptible body with everlasting incorruption. But now this necessity is sweet to me, and I fight against that sweetness so as not to be captured. I wage a daily war by fasting, often bringing my body into subjection, and my pains are driven out by pleasure. For hunger and thirst are pains of a sort: they burn, and like a fever they kill, unless the medicine of food comes to the rescue. And since this is at hand, thanks to the comfort of your gifts, in which earth and water and sky serve our weakness, our affliction is called a delight.[22]
10.31.44 Hoc me docuisti, ut quemadmodum medicamenta sic alimenta sumpturus accedam. sed dum ad quietem	You have taught me this: to come to taking food as I would to taking medicine. But while I pass from

21 Echoing Ephesians 3:20.
22 Matthew 6:34 ("each day has enough trouble of its own"); 1 Corinthians 6:13, 15:53, and 9:27.

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satietatis ex indigentiae molestia transeo, in ipso transitu mihi insidiatur laqueus concupiscentiae. ipse enim transitus uoluptas est, et non est alius, qua transeatur quo transire cogit necessitas. et cum salus sit causa edendi ac bibendi, adiungit se tamquam pedisequa periculosa iucunditas et plerumque praeire conatur, ut eius causa fiat, quod salutis causa me facere uel dico uel uolo. nec idem modus utriusque est: nam quod saluti satis est, delectationi parum est, et saepe incertum fit, utrum adhuc necessaria corporis cura subsidium petat an uoluptaria cupiditatis fallacia ministerium suppetat.

ENGLISH

the discomfort of need to the rest of fullness, in that very passage the snare of desire lies in wait for me. For the passage itself is a pleasure, and there is no other way to pass over to where necessity compels us to go. And though health is the reason for eating and drinking, a dangerous delight attaches itself like a servant following behind, and often tries to go on ahead, so that what I say or intend to do for health's sake is done for its sake. Nor is the measure the same for both: what is enough for health is too little for pleasure. And it often becomes unclear whether it is the necessary care of the body still asking for support, or a deceptive, pleasure-seeking craving offering its services.

ad hoc incertum hilarescit infelix anima et in eo praeparat excusationis patrocinium gaudens non adparere, quod satis sit moderationi ualetudinis, ut obtentu salutis obumbret negotium uoluptatis. his temptationibus cotidie conor resistere et inuoco dexteram tuam et ad te refero aestus meos, quia consilium mihi de hac re nondum stat.

At this uncertainty the unhappy soul cheers up and uses it to prepare a defense and an excuse, glad that it is not clear what is enough for the moderate care of health, so that under the pretext of health it may cloak the business of pleasure. I try every day to resist these temptations, and I call upon your right hand, and I bring my turmoil to you, because I have not yet settled on a course in this matter.

10.31.45 Audio uocem iubentis dei mei: non grauentur corda uestra in crapula et ebrietate. ebrietas longe est a me: misereberis, ne adpropinquet mihi. crapula autem nonnumquam subrepsit seruo tuo: misereberis, ut longe fiat a me. nemo enim potens esse continens, nisi tu des. multa nobis orantibus tribuis, et quidquid boni antequam oraremus accepimus, a te accepimus; et ut hoc postea cognosceremus, a te accepimus. ebriosus numquam fui, sed ebriosos a te factos sobrios ego noui. ergo a te factum est, ut hoc non essent qui numquam fuerunt, a quo factum est, ut hoc non semper essent qui fuerunt, a quo etiam factum est, ut scirent utrique, a quo factum est.

I hear the voice of my God commanding: "Do not let your hearts be weighed down with overindulgence and drunkenness." Drunkenness is far from me; you will have mercy, so that it does not come near me. But overindulgence sometimes creeps up on your servant; you will have mercy, so that it is put far from me. For no one can be self-controlled unless you grant it. You give us many things when we pray, and whatever good we received before we prayed, we received from you; and that we should later recognize this, we also received from you. I have never been a drunkard, but I have known drunkards made sober by you. So it was your doing that those who never were drunkards are not, and your doing that those who were are not so forever, and your doing too that both know whose doing it was.[23]

audiui aliam uocem tuam: post concupiscentias tuas non eas et a uoluptate tua uetare. audiui et illam ex munere tuo, quam multum amaui: neque si manducauerimus, abundabimus, neque si non manducauerimus, deerit nobis; hoc est dicere: nec illa res me copiosum faciet nec illa aerumnosum. audiui et alteram: ego enim didici, in

I heard another word of yours: "Do not go after your desires, and turn away from your pleasure." By your gift I also heard this one, which I have loved very much: "If we eat, we shall not have more; and if we do not eat, we shall not lack"—that

23 Luke 21:34.

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quibus sum, sufficiens esse et abundare noui et penuriam pati noui. omnia possum in eo, qui me confortat. ecce milex castrorum caelestium, non puluis, quod sumus. sed memento, domine, quoniam puluis sumus, et de puluere fecisti hominem, et perierat et inuentus est. nec ille in se potuit, quia idem puluis fuit, quem talia dicentem adflatu tuae inspirationis adamaui: omnia possum, inquit, in eo, qui me confortat. conforta me, ut possim,	is to say, "Neither will the one make me rich, nor the other wretched." I heard yet another: "For I have learned to be content in whatever state I am; I know how to have plenty and I know how to go without. I can do all things in him who strengthens me." Here is a soldier of the heavenly army, not the dust that we are. But remember, Lord, that we are dust, and that from dust you made man, and he was lost and has been found. Nor could that man do this in his own strength, for he was the same dust—the man I have come to love for saying such things under the breath of your inspiration: "I can do all things," he says, "in him who strengthens me." Strengthen me, so that I can.[24]
da quod iubes et iube quod uis. iste se accepisse confitetur et quod gloriatur in domino gloriatur. audiui alium rogantem, ut accipiat: aufer, inquit, a me concupiscentias uentris. unde adparet, sancte deus, te dare, cum fit quod imperas fieri.	Give what you command, and command what you will. He confesses that he has received, and when he boasts, he boasts in the Lord. I have heard another asking to receive: "Take away from me," he says, "the desires of the belly." From which it is clear, my holy God, that it is you who give, when what you command to be done is done.[25]
10.31.46 Docuisti me, pater bone: omnia munda mundis, sed malum esse homini qui per offensionem manducat; et omnem creaturam tuam bonam esse nihilque abiciendum, quod cum gratiarum actione percipitur; et quia esca nos non conmendat deo, et ut nemo nos iudicet in cibo aut potu; et ut qui manducat non manducantem non spernat, et qui non manducat, manducantem non iudicet. didici haec, gratias tibi, laudes tibi, deo meo, magistro meo, pulsatori aurium mearum, inlustratori cordis mei: eripe me ab omni temptatione. non ego inmunditiam obsonii timeo, sed inmunditiam cupiditatis. scio Noe omne carnis genus, quod cibo esset usui, manducare permissum, Elian cibo carnis refectum, Iohannem mirabili abstinentia praeditum animalibus, hoc est lucustis in escam cedentibus, non fuisse pollutum:	You have taught me, good Father, that "to the pure all things are pure," but that "it is wrong for anyone to eat what causes offense"; that "everything you have created is good, and nothing is to be rejected that is received with thanksgiving"; that "food does not commend us to God"; that "no one should judge us in matters of food or drink"; and that "the one who eats should not despise the one who does not, and the one who does not eat should not judge the one who does." I have learned these things. Thanks to you, praise to you, my God, my teacher, who knock at my ears and shed light on my heart. Rescue me from every temptation. It is not the uncleanness of food that I fear, but the uncleanness of craving. I know that Noah was permitted to eat every kind of meat that was fit for food; that Elijah was restored by eating meat; and that John, endowed with wonderful abstinence, was not defiled by the living creatures—that is, the locusts—that he took for food.[26]
et scio Esau lenticulae concupiscentia deceptum et Dauid propter aquae desiderium a se ipso reprehensum et	And I know that Esau was deceived by his desire for lentils, and that David blamed himself for his

24 Sirach 18:30; 1 Corinthians 8:8; Philippians 4:11–13 (Paul); Psalm 103:14; Luke 15:24.
25 Sirach 23:6.
26 Titus 1:15; Romans 14:20; 1 Timothy 4:4; Colossians 2:16; Romans 14:3. For Noah, Elijah, and John the Baptist, see Genesis 9:3, 1 Kings 17:6, and Matthew 3:4.

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regem nostrum non carne, sed pane temptatum. ideoque et populus in heremo non quia carnes desiderauit, sed quia escae desiderio aduersus dominum murmurauit, meruit inprobari.	longing for water, and that our King was tempted not with meat but with bread. And so the people in the wilderness deserved to be condemned, not because they desired meat, but because in their desire for food they grumbled against the Lord.[27]
10.31.47 In his ergo temptationibus positus certo cotidie aduersus concupiscentiam manducandi et bibendi: non enim est quod semel praecidere et ulterius non attingere decernam, sicut de concubitu potui. itaque freni gutturis temperata relaxatione et constrictione tenendi sunt. et quis est, domine, qui non rapiatur aliquantum extra metas necessitatis? quisquis est, magnus est, magnificet nomen tuum. ego autem non sum, quia peccator homo sum. sed et ego magnifico nomen tuum, et interpellat te pro peccatis meis qui uicit saeculum, numerans me inter infirma membra corporis sui, quia et inperfectum eius uiderunt oculi tui, et in libro tuo omnes scribentur.	Set among these temptations, then, I struggle every day against the desire to eat and drink. For this is not something I can resolve to cut off once and for all and never touch again, as I was able to do with sleeping with a woman. So the reins of the throat must be held with a moderate slackening and tightening. And who is there, Lord, who is not carried a little beyond the limits of necessity? Whoever he is, he is great; let him magnify your name. But I am not he, for I am a sinful man. Yet I too magnify your name, and he who has overcome the world intercedes with you for my sins, counting me among the weak members of his body; for your eyes have seen what is imperfect in him, and in your book all will be written.[28]
10.32.48 De inlecebra odorum non satago nimis: cum absunt, non requiro, cum assunt, non respuo, paratus eis etiam semper carere. ita mihi uideor; forsitan fallar. sunt enim et istae plangendae tenebrae, in quibus me latet facultas mea, quae in me est, ut animus meus de uiribus suis ipse se interrogans non facile sibi credendum existimet, quia et quod inest plerumque occultum est, nisi experientia manifestetur et nemo securus esse debet in ista uita, quae tota temptatio nominatur, utrum qui fieri potuit ex deteriore melior, non fiat etiam ex meliore deterior. una spes, una fiducia, una firma promissio misericordia tua.	About the allure of scents I am not much troubled. When they are absent I do not look for them; when they are present I do not refuse them; and I am ready to do without them always. So it seems to me; perhaps I am deceived. For this too is a darkness to be lamented, in which the capacity that is in me is hidden from me, so that my mind, questioning itself about its own strength, does not think it can easily trust itself. For what is in it is usually hidden unless experience brings it to light. And no one ought to feel sure, in this life, which is called one long trial, that someone who could change from worse to better may not also change from better to worse. My one hope, my one confidence, my one firm promise is your mercy.
10.33.49 Voluptates aurium tenacius me inplicauerant et subiugauerant, sed resoluisti et liberasti me. nunc in sonis, quos animant eloquia tua, cum suaui et artificiosa uoce cantantur, fateor, aliquantulum adquiesco, non quidem ut haeream, sed ut surgam, cum uolo. attamen cum ipsis sententiis quibus uiuunt ut admittantur ad me, quaerunt in corde meo nonnullius dignitatis locum, et uix eis praebeo congruentem. aliquando enim plus mihi uideor honoris eis tribuere, quam decet, dum ipsis sanctis dictis religiosius et ardentius sentio moueri	The pleasures of the ear had entangled and subdued me more tightly, but you set me loose and freed me. Now, I confess, when your words give life to sounds sung with a sweet and skilled voice, I do rest in them a little—not so as to cling to them, but so that I can rise up when I wish. Yet together with the words by which they live and gain admission to me, they seek a place of some dignity in my heart, and I can hardly offer them a fitting one. For sometimes I seem to myself to give them more

27 2 Samuel 23:15–17; Matthew 4:3 (Christ tempted to turn stones into bread); Numbers 11.
28 John 16:33; Romans 8:34; Psalm 139:16.

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animos nostros in flammam pietatis, cum ita cantantur, quam si non ita cantarentur, et omnes affectus spiritus nostri pro sui diuersitate habere proprios modos in uoce atque cantu, quorum nescio qua occulta familiaritate excitentur.	honor than is proper, when I feel that our minds are moved to the flame of devotion more religiously and more ardently by the holy words themselves when they are sung this way than if they were not; and that all the feelings of our spirit, in their variety, have their own proper modes in voice and song, by some hidden kinship with which they are stirred.
sed delectatio carnis meae, cui mentem eneruandam non oportet dari, saepe me fallit, dum rationi sensus non ita comitatur, ut patienter sit posterior, sed tantum, quia propter illam meruit admitti, etiam praecurrere ac ducere conatur. ita in his pecco non sentiens et postea sentio.	But the delight of my flesh, to which the mind ought not to be handed over to be weakened, often deceives me, when the senses do not accompany reason in such a way as to follow patiently behind, but, just because they were let in for reason's sake, try even to run ahead and take the lead. So in these things I sin without noticing, and notice afterward.
10.33.50 Aliquando autem hanc ipsam fallaciam inmoderatius cauens erro nimia seueritate, sed ualde interdum, ut melos omnes cantilenarum suauium, quibus Dauiticum psalterium frequentatur, ab auribus meis remoueri uelim atque ipsius ecclesiae, tutiusque mihi uidetur, quod de Alexandrino episcopo Athanasio saepe dictum mihi conmemini, qui tam modico flexu uocis faciebat sonare lectorem psalmi, ut pronuntianti uicinior esset quam canenti. uerum tamen cum reminiscor lacrimas meas, quas fudi ad cantus ecclesiae in primordiis recuperatae fidei meae, et nunc ipsum quod moneor non cantu, sed rebus quae cantantur, cum liquida uoce et conuenientissima modulatione cantantur, magnam instituti huius utilitatem rursus agnosco.	But sometimes, guarding too anxiously against this very deception, I err by too much severity—at times so much that I would want every melody of the sweet chants to which David's Psalter is set banished from my ears and from those of the church itself. And the safer course seems to me the one I remember often being told about Athanasius, bishop of Alexandria, who had the reader of the psalm use so slight an inflection of the voice that it was closer to speaking than to singing. And yet when I remember the tears I shed at the church's songs in the early days of my recovered faith, and how even now I am admonished not by the singing but by the things that are sung, when they are sung with a clear voice and the most fitting melody, I acknowledge once more the great usefulness of this practice.[29]
ita fluctuo inter periculum uoluptatis et experimentum salubritatis magisque adducor non quidem inretractabilem sententiam proferens cantandi consuetudinem approbare in ecclesia, ut per oblectamenta aurium infirmior animus in affectum pietatis adsurgat. tamen cum mihi accidit, ut me amplius cantus quam res, quae canitur, moueat, poenaliter me peccare confiteor et tunc mallem non audire cantantem. ecce ubi sum! flete mecum et pro me flete qui aliquid boni uobiscum intus agitis, unde facta procedunt. nam qui non agitis, non uos haec mouent. tu autem, domine deus meus, exaudi et respice et uide et miserere et sana me, in cuius oculis mihi quaestio factus sum, et ipse est languor meus.	So I waver between the danger of pleasure and the experience of benefit, and I am inclined more—though I offer no irrevocable opinion—to approve the custom of singing in church, so that through the delights of the ears the weaker mind may rise up to the feeling of devotion. Yet when it happens that the singing moves me more than what is sung, I confess that I sin and deserve punishment, and then I would rather not hear the singer. See where I stand! Weep with me and weep for me, you who inwardly do some good with yourselves, from which deeds proceed. As for you who do not, these things do not move you. But you, Lord my

29 Athanasius (c. 296–373), bishop of Alexandria and champion of the Nicene faith.

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	God, hear me: look and see, have mercy and heal me—you in whose eyes I have become a question to myself, and that is my sickness.
10.34.51 Restat uoluptas oculorum istorum carnis meae, de qua loquor confessiones, quas audiant aures templi tui, aures fraternae ac piae, ut concludamus temptationes concupiscentiae carnis, quae me adhuc pulsant ingemescentem et habitaculum meum, quod de caelo est, superindui cupientem. pulchras formas et uarias, nitidos et amoenos colores amant oculi. non teneant haec animam meam; teneat eam deus, qui fecit haec bona quidem ualde, sed ipse est bonum meum, non haec. tangunt me uigilantem totis diebus, nec requies ab eis datur mihi, sicut datur a uocibus canoris, aliquando ab omnibus, in silentio. ipsa enim regina colorum lux ista perfundens cuncta, quae cernimus, ubiubi per diem fuero, multimodo adlapsu blanditur mihi aliud agenti et ad eam non aduertenti.	There remains the pleasure of these eyes of my flesh, about which I will make my confessions for the ears of your temple to hear, brotherly and devout ears, so that we may bring to an end the temptations of the desire of the flesh that still assail me as I groan and long to be clothed with my dwelling that is from heaven. The eyes love beautiful and varied shapes, bright and pleasant colors. Let these not hold my soul; let God hold it, who made these things very good indeed—but he is my good, not they. And they touch me while I am awake all day long, and no rest from them is given me, as rest is given from sounds of singing, and sometimes from all sounds, in silence. For light itself, the queen of colors, bathing everything we see, wherever I may be during the day, caresses me as it glides in upon me in countless ways, while I am doing something else and not paying attention to it.[30]
insinuat autem se ita uehementer, ut si repente subtrahatur, cum desiderio requiratur; et si diu absit, contristat animum.	And it works its way in so forcefully that if it is suddenly withdrawn, it is sought with longing; and if it is absent for long, it saddens the mind.
10.34.52 O lux, quam uidebat Tobis, cum clausis istis oculis filium docebat uitae uiam et ei praeibat pede caritatis nusquam errans; aut quam uidebat Isaac praegrauatis et opertis senectute carneis luminibus, cum filios non agnoscendo benedicere, sed benedicendo agnoscere meruit; aut quam uidebat Iacob, cum et ipse prae grandi aetate captus oculis in filiis praesignata futuri populi genera luminoso corde radiauit et nepotibus suis ex Ioseph diuexas mystice manus, non sicut pater eorum foris corrigebat, sed sicut ipse intus discernebat, imposuit. ipsa est lux, una est et unum omnes, qui uident et amant eam. at ista corporalis, de qua loquebar, inlecebrosa ac periculosa dulcedine condit uitam saeculi caecis amatoribus.	O light that Tobit saw when, with these eyes of his closed, he taught his son the way of life and went ahead of him on the feet of love, never straying; or that Isaac saw, when his fleshly eyes were heavy and veiled with old age, and it was granted him to bless his sons not by recognizing them, but to recognize them by blessing them; or that Jacob saw, when he too, blinded by great age, with a luminous heart shed light on the tribes of the people to come, prefigured in his sons, and laid his hands, mystically crossed, on his grandsons by Joseph—not as their father corrected him from outside, but as he himself discerned within. This is the light: it is one, and all who see it and love it are one. But this bodily light I was speaking of seasons the life of this world for its blind lovers with an enticing and dangerous sweetness.[31]
cum autem et de ipsa laudare te norunt, deus creator omnium, assumunt eam in hymno tuo, non assumuntur	But those who know how to praise you even for this light, "God, creator of all things," take it up

30 2 Corinthians 5:2.
31 Blind Tobit instructs his son Tobias (Tobit 4); blind Isaac blesses Jacob and Esau (Genesis 27); Jacob crosses his hands over Joseph's sons despite Joseph's protest (Genesis 48).

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ab ea in somno suo: sic esse cupio. resisto seductionibus oculorum, ne inplicentur pedes mei, quibus ingredior uiam tuam, et erigo ad te inuisibiles oculos, ut tu euellas de laqueo pedes meos. tu subinde euelles eos, nam inlaqueantur. tu non cessas euellere, ego autem crebro haereo in ubique sparsis insidiis, quoniam non dormies neque dormitabis, qui custodis Israel.	into your hymn instead of being taken up by it in their sleep. That is how I long to be. I resist the seductions of the eyes, so that my feet, with which I walk your way, may not be entangled; and I lift my invisible eyes to you, that you may pluck my feet out of the snare. Again and again you pluck them out, for they keep getting snared. You never stop plucking them out, though I am often caught in traps scattered everywhere, because you who keep Israel "will neither slumber nor sleep."[32]
10.34.53 Quam innumerabilia uariis artibus et opificiis in uestibus, calciamentis, uasis et cuiuscemodi fabricationibus, picturis etiam diuersisque figmentis atque his usum necessarium atque moderatum et piam significationem longe transgredientibus addiderunt homines ad inlecebras oculorum, foras sequentes quod faciunt, intus relinquentes a quo facti sunt et exterminantes quod facti sunt. at ego, deus meus et decus meum, etiam hinc tibi dico hymnum et sacrifico laudem sacrificatori meo, quoniam pulchra traiecta per animas in manus artificiosas ab illa pulchritudine ueniunt, quae supra animas est, cui suspirat anima mea die ac nocte. sed pulchritudinum exteriorum operatores et sectatores inde trahunt adprobandi modum, non autem inde trahunt utendi modum.	How countless are the things people have added, by all kinds of arts and crafts, to entice the eyes—in clothes, shoes, vessels and artifacts of every sort, in pictures too and images of every kind—things that go far beyond necessary and moderate use and any devout meaning. Outwardly they pursue what they make; inwardly they abandon the one who made them and destroy what they were made to be. But I, my God and my glory, even from this sing you a hymn and offer praise as a sacrifice to the one who sacrifices for me. For the beautiful designs that pass through people's souls into skilled hands come from that Beauty which is above souls, for which my soul sighs day and night. But those who make and pursue outward beauties draw from it their standard for approving them, not their standard for using them.
et ibi est et non uident eum, ut non eant longius et fortitudinem suam ad te custodiant nec eam spargant in deliciosas lassitudines. ego autem haec loquens atque discernens etiam istis pulchris gressum innecto, sed tu euelles, domine, euelles tu, quoniam misericordia tua ante oculos meos est. nam ego capior miserabiliter, et tu euelles misericorditer aliquando non sentientem, quia suspensus incideram, aliquando cum dolore, quia iam inhaeseram.	That standard is there, and they do not see it: that they should go no further, and keep their strength for you instead of squandering it on luxurious exhaustion. And I, even as I say and discern these things, still catch my step in these beauties; but you pluck me out, Lord, you pluck me out, because "your mercy is before my eyes." For I am caught wretchedly, and you pluck me out mercifully—sometimes without my feeling it, because I had only lightly fallen in; sometimes painfully, because I had already stuck fast.[33]

CURIOSITY, THE DESIRE OF THE EYES

Augustine examines curiosity, the craving to see and know for its own sake.

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10.35.54 Huc accedit alia forma temptationis multiplicius periculosa. praeter enim concupiscentiam carnis, quae inest in delectatione omnium sensuum et uoluptatum,	To this is added another form of temptation, dangerous in more ways. For besides the desire of the

32 The last words quote Psalm 121:4.
33 Psalm 26:3.

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cui seruientes depereunt qui longe se faciunt a te, inest animae per eosdem sensus corporis quaedam non se oblectandi in carne, sed experiendi per carnem uana et curiosa cupiditas nomine cognitionis et scientiae palliata. quae quoniam in appetitu noscendi est, oculi autem sunt ad noscendum in sensibus principes, concupiscentia oculorum eloquio diuino adpellata est. ad oculos enim uidere proprie pertinet. utimur autem hoc uerbo etiam in ceteris sensibus, cum eos ad cognoscendum intendimus. neque enim dicimus: audi quid rutilet, aut: olefac quam niteat, aut: gusta quam splendeat, aut: palpa quam fulgeat: uideri enim dicuntur haec omnia.

dicimus autem non solum: uide quid lucet, quod soli oculi sentire possunt, sed etiam: uide quid sonet, uide quid oleat, uide quid sapiat, uide quam durum sit. ideoque generalis experientia sensuum concupiscentia, sicut dictum est, oculorum uocatur, quia uidendi officium, in quo primatum oculi tenent, etiam ceteri sensus sibi de similitudine usurpant, cum aliquid cognitionis explorant.

10.35.55 Ex hoc autem euidentius discernitur, quid uoluptatis, quid curiositatis agatur per sensus, quod uoluptas pulchra, canora, suauia, sapida, lenia sectatur, curiositas autem etiam his contraria temptandi causa non ad subeundam molestiam, sed experiendi noscendique libidine. quid autem uoluptatis habet uidere in laniato cadauere quod exhorreas? et tamen sicubi iaceat, concurrunt, ut contristentur, ut palleant. timent etiam, ne in somnis hoc uideant, quasi quisquam eos uigilantes uidere coegerit aut pulchritudinis ulla fama persuaserit. ita et in ceteris sensibus, quae persequi longum est. ex hoc morbo cupiditatis in spectaculis exhibentur quaeque miracula. hinc ad perscrutanda naturae, quae praeter nos non est, operata proceditur, quae scire nihil prodest et nihil aliud quam scire homines cupiunt. hinc etiam, si quid eodem peruersae scientiae fine per artes magicas quaeritur.

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flesh, which lies in the delight of all the senses and pleasures, and whose slaves perish as they go far from you, there is in the soul, through these same bodily senses, a certain empty and curious craving—not to take pleasure in the flesh, but to gain experience through the flesh—cloaked under the name of knowledge and learning. Because it lies in the appetite for knowing, and the eyes are chief among the senses for knowing, it is called in the divine word "the desire of the eyes." Seeing belongs properly to the eyes; yet we use this word for the other senses too, when we apply them to knowing. We do not say, "Hear how it glows," or "Smell how it shines," or "Taste how it gleams," or "Feel how it glitters": all these are said to be seen.

Yet we say not only, "See how it shines," which only the eyes can perceive, but also, "See how it sounds," "See how it smells," "See how it tastes," "See how hard it is." So the general experience of the senses is called, as has been said, the desire of the eyes, because the other senses, when they explore anything for knowledge, borrow by analogy the function of seeing, in which the eyes hold first place.

From this one can see more clearly what, in the work of the senses, belongs to pleasure and what to curiosity. Pleasure pursues what is beautiful, melodious, fragrant, tasty and soft; but curiosity pursues even their opposites, for the sake of trying them—not to undergo discomfort, but out of a lust for experiencing and knowing. What pleasure is there in looking at a mangled corpse that makes you shudder? And yet if one is lying somewhere, people flock to it, to be saddened, to turn pale. They are even afraid of seeing it in their dreams—as if anyone had forced them to look at it while awake, or some report of its beauty had persuaded them. So too with the other senses, which it would take long to go through. From this disease of craving, all sorts of marvels are put on display in the shows. From this, people go on to probe the workings of nature, which is not apart from us,, which it does no good to know and which people want to know for nothing but the knowing. From this, too, comes any inquiry by magic arts undertaken with the same aim of perverted knowledge.

From this, even in religion itself, God is put to the test, when signs and wonders are demanded, de-

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hinc etiam in ipsa religione deus temptatur, cum signa et prodigia flagitantur non ad aliquam salutem, sed ad solam experientiam desiderata.

10.35.56 In hac tam immensa silua plena insidiarum et periculorum ecce multa praeciderim et a meo corde dispulerim, sicuti donasti me facere, deus salutis meae; attamen quando audeo dicere, cum circumquaque cotidianam uitam nostram tam multa huius generis rerum circumstrepant, quando audeo dicere nulla re tali me intentum fieri ad spectandum et uana cura capiendum? sane me iam theatra non rapiunt, nec curo nosse transitus siderum, nec anima mea umquam responsa quaesiuit umbrarum: omnia sacrilega sacramenta detestor. a te, domine deus meus, cui humilem famulatum ac simplicem debeo, quantis mecum suggestionum machinationibus agit inimicus ut signum aliquod petam! sed obsecro te per regem nostrum et patriam Hierusalem simplicem, castam, ut quemadmodum a me longe est ad ista consensio, ita sit semper longe atque longius.

pro salute autem cuiusquam cum te rogo, alius multum differens finis est intentionis meae, et te faciente quod uis das mihi et dabis libenter sequi.

10.35.57 Verum tamen in quam multis minutissimis et contemtibilibus rebus curiositas cotidie nostra temtetur et quam saepe labamur, quis enumerat? quotiens narrantes inania primo quasi toleramus, ne offendamus infirmos, deinde paulatim libenter aduertimus. canem currentem post leporem iam non specto, cum in circo fit; at uero in agro, si casu transeam, auertit me fortassis et ab aliqua magna cogitatione atque ad se conuertit illa uenatio, non deuiare cogens corpore iumenti, sed cordis inclinatione, et nisi iam mihi demonstrata infirmitate mea cito admoneas aut ex ipsa uisione per aliquam considerationem in te adsurgere aut totum contemnere atque transire, uanus hebesco. quid cum me domi sedentem stelio muscas captans uel aranea retibus suis inruentes inplicans saepe intentum me facit? num quia parua sunt animalia, ideo non res eadem geritur?

pergo inde ad laudandum te, creatorem mirificum atque ordinatorem rerum omnium, sed non inde intentus esse incipio. aliud est cito surgere, aliud est non cadere. et

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sired not for any salvation but only for the experience.

In this immense forest, so full of traps and dangers, see how much I have cut away and driven from my heart, as you have granted me to do, God of my salvation. And yet when do I dare to say—since so many things of this kind clamor all around our daily life—when do I dare to say that nothing of the sort draws me to watch it and catches me with idle interest? True, the theaters no longer carry me away, nor do I care to know the courses of the stars, nor has my soul ever sought answers from the shades of the dead; I detest all sacrilegious rites. Yet, Lord my God, to whom I owe humble and simple service, with what scheming suggestions the enemy works on me to ask you for some sign! But I beg you, by our King and by our homeland, Jerusalem, simple and chaste, that just as consent to such things is far from me, so it may always be far, and ever farther.

But when I ask you for someone's salvation, the aim of my intention is far different; and as you do what you will, you grant me, and will grant me, to follow you gladly.

Yet in how many tiny and contemptible things our curiosity is tempted every day, and how often we slip—who can count? How often, when people tell idle stories, we at first put up with them, as it were, so as not to offend the weak, and then little by little we listen gladly. I no longer watch a dog chasing a hare when it happens at the circus; but out in the country, if I happen to pass by, that chase may well distract me even from some important thought and turn me toward it—not forcing me to turn my mount aside, but turning the inclination of my heart. And unless you quickly warn me, having already shown me my weakness, either to rise to you from the sight itself by some reflection, or to despise the whole thing and pass on, I grow empty and dull. What about when I am sitting at home and a lizard catching flies, or a spider entangling them as they rush into its webs, often holds my attention? Just because the animals are small, is it not the same thing going on?

I go on from there to praise you, the wonderful creator and orderer of all things, but that is not why I began to pay attention. It is one thing to get

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talibus uita mea plena est et una spes mea magna ualde misericordia tua. cum enim huiuscemodi rerum conceptaculum fit cor nostrum et portat copiosae uanitatis cateruas, hinc et orationes nostrae saepe interrumpuntur atque turbantur, et ante conspectum tuum, dum ad aures tuas uocem cordis intendimus, nescio unde inruentibus nugatoriis cogitationibus res tanta praeciditur.	up quickly, another not to fall. My life is full of such things, and my one hope is your exceedingly great mercy. For when our heart becomes a receptacle for things of this kind and carries crowds of abundant vanity, our prayers too are often interrupted and disturbed by them; and in your presence, while we direct the voice of our heart to your ears, so great a business is cut short by trifling thoughts rushing in from who knows where.

PRIDE AND THE LOVE OF PRAISE

Augustine examines pride and the temptation to love human praise.

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10.36.58 Numquid etiam hoc inter contemnenda deputabimus aut aliquid nos redducet in spem nisi nota misericordia tua, quoniam coepisti mutare nos? et tu scis, quanta ex parte mutaueris, qui me primitus sanas a libidine uindicandi me, ut propitius fias etiam ceteris omnibus iniquitatibus meis et sanes omnes languores meos et redimas de corruptione uitam meam et corones me in miseratione et misericordia et saties in bonis desiderium meum, qui conpressisti a timore tuo superbiam meam et mansuefecisti iugo tuo ceruicem meam. et nunc porto illud, et lene est mihi, quoniam sic promisisti et fecisti; et uere sic erat et nesciebam, quando id subire metuebam.	Shall we count this too among things to be despised? Or will anything bring us back to hope except your mercy, which we know, since you have begun to change us? And you know how far you have changed me: you who first heal me of the lust to vindicate myself, so that you may be gracious to all my other iniquities too, and heal all my diseases, and redeem my life from corruption, and crown me with compassion and mercy, and satisfy my desire with good things; you who crushed my pride by fear of you and tamed my neck to your yoke. And now I carry it, and it is light to me, because so you promised and so you have done; and truly it was so, and I did not know it, when I was afraid to take it on.[34]
10.36.59 Sed numquid, domine, qui solus sine tyfo dominaris, quia solus uerus dominus es, qui non habes dominum, numquid hoc quoque tertium temtationis genus cessauit a me aut cessare in hac tota uita potest, timeri et amari uelle ab hominibus, non propter aliud, sed ut inde sit gaudium, quod non est gaudium? misera uita est et foeda iactantia. hinc fit uel maxime non amare te nec caste timere te, ideoque tu superbis resistis, humilibus autem das gratiam et intonas super ambitiones saeculi, et contremunt fundamenta montium. itaque nobis, quoniam propter quaedam humanae societatis officia necessarium est amari et timeri ab hominibus, instat aduersarius uerae beatitudinis nostrae ubique spargens in laqueis „euge,	But, Lord—you who alone rule without pride, because you alone are the true Lord, who have no lord over you—has this third kind of temptation also left me, or can it ever leave me in this whole life: the wish to be feared and loved by people, for no other reason than to get from it a joy that is no joy? It is a wretched life and an ugly boastfulness. From this, above all, comes failing to love you and to fear you chastely; and so you "resist the proud but give grace to the humble," and you thunder over the ambitions of the world, and the foundations of the mountains tremble. So, because certain duties of human society make it necessary for us to be loved and feared by people, the adversary of our true happiness presses on us, scattering everywhere among his snares his "Well done![35]
euge", ut dum auide colligimus, incaute capiamur et a ueritate gaudium nostrum deponamus atque in hominum	Well done!"—so that while we greedily gather them up we are caught off guard, and withdraw

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fallacia ponamus, libeatque nos amari et timeri non propter te, sed pro te, atque isto modo sui similes factos secum habeat non ad concordiam caritatis, sed ad consortium supplicii qui statuit sedem suam ponere in aquilone, ut te peruersa et distorta uia imitanti tenebrosi frigidique seruirent. nos autem, domine, pusillus grex tuus ecce sumus, tu nos posside. praetende alas tuas, et fugiamus sub eas. gloria nostra tu esto; propter te amemur et timeamur in nobis. qui laudari uult ab hominibus uituperante te, non defenditur ab hominibus iudicante te nec eripietur damnante te.

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our joy from the truth and place it in human deceit, and come to like being loved and feared not for your sake but in your place. In this way he would have us made like himself and with himself —not in the harmony of love but in the fellowship of punishment: he who resolved to set his throne in the north, so that dark and cold beings might serve him as he imitated you in a perverse and twisted way. But we, Lord, look—we are your little flock; take possession of us. Stretch out your wings, and let us flee under them. Be our glory; let us be loved for your sake, and be feared for your sake. Whoever wants to be praised by people when you blame him will not be defended by people when you judge, nor rescued when you condemn.[36]

cum autem non peccator laudatur in desideriis animae suae, nec qui iniqua gerit benedicitur, sed laudatur homo propter aliquod donum, quod dedisti ei, at ille plus gaudet sibi laudari se quam ipsum donum habere, unde laudatur, etiam iste te uituperante laudatur, et melior iam ille, qui laudauit, quam iste, qui laudatus est. illi enim placuit in homine donum dei, huic amplius placuit donum hominis quam dei.

But when it is not the sinner who is praised in the desires of his soul, nor the one who does wrong who is blessed, but a person is praised for some gift you have given him, and he rejoices more at being praised himself than at having the gift for which he is praised, then he too is praised while you blame him; and the one who praised is now better than the one who was praised. For the one was pleased by God's gift in a human being; the other was more pleased by the gift of a human being than by the gift of God.[37]

10.37.60 Temtamur his temtationibus cotidie, domine, sine cessatione temtamur. cotidiana fornax nostra est humana lingua. imperas nobis et in hoc genere continentiam: da quod iubes et iube quod uis. tu nosti de hac re ad te gemitum cordis mei et flumina oculorum meorum. neque enim facile colligo, quam sim ab ista peste mundatior, et multum timeo occulta mea, quae norunt oculi tui, mei autem non. est enim qualiscumque in aliis generibus temtationum mihi facultas explorandi me, in hoc paene nulla est. nam et a uoluptatibus carnis et a curiositate superuacuanea cognoscendi uideo quantum assecutus sim posse refrenare animum meum, cum eis rebus careo uel uoluntate uel cum absunt. tunc enim me interrogo, quam magis minusue mihi molestum sit non habere.

We are tempted by these temptations every day, Lord; we are tempted without ceasing. Our daily furnace is the human tongue. In this area too you command self-control of us. Give what you command, and command what you will. You know the groaning of my heart to you over this, and the rivers of my eyes. For I do not easily work out how far I am cleansed of this plague, and I greatly fear my hidden faults, which your eyes know but mine do not. In the other kinds of temptation I have at least some means of examining myself; in this one, almost none. For with the pleasures of the flesh and with the superfluous curiosity for knowing, I can see how far I have gained the power to restrain my mind when I do without those things, whether by choice or because they are absent.

34 Echoes Psalm 103:3–5 and Matthew 11:30.
35 The third of the three cravings, the ambition of the world.
36 The throne in the north echoes Isaiah 14:13; the little flock, Luke 12:32.
37 Echoes Psalm 10:3.

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Then I ask myself how much more or less it bothers me not to have them.[38]

diuitiae uero, quae ob hoc expetuntur, ut alicui trium istarum cupiditatium uel duabus earum uel omnibus seruiant, Si persentiscere non potest animus, utrum eas habens contemnat, possunt et dimitti, ut se probet. laude uero ut careamus atque in eo experiamur, quid possumus, numquid male uiuendum est et tam perdite atque immaniter, ut nemo nos nouerit, qui non detestetur? quae maior dementia dici aut cogitari potest? at si bonae uitae bonorumque operum comes et solet et debet esse laudatio, tam comitatum eius quam ipsam bonam uitam deseri non oportet. non autem sentio, sine quo esse aut aequo animo aut aegre possim, nisi cum afuerit.

As for riches, which are sought in order to serve one of these three cravings, or two of them, or all three: if the mind cannot tell whether it despises them while it has them, they can be let go, so that it may test itself. But to do without praise and test in this what we are capable of, must we live badly —so depraved and monstrous a life that no one knows us without detesting us? What greater madness could be spoken or thought? But if praise both usually is and ought to be the companion of a good life and good works, we should no more abandon its companionship than the good life itself. And yet I cannot tell whether I can do without something calmly or only with distress, except when it is absent.

10.37.61 Quid igitur tibi in hoc genere temptationis, domine, confiteor? quid, nisi delectari me laudibus? sed amplius ipsa ueritate quam laudibus. nam si mihi proponatur, utrum malim furens aut in omnibus rebus errans ab omnibus hominibus laudari an constans et in ueritate certissimus ab omnibus uituperari, uideo quid eligam. uerum tamen nollem, ut uel augeret mihi gaudium cuiuslibet boni mei suffragatio oris alieni. sed auget, fateor, non solum, sed et uituperatio minuit. et cum ista miseria mea perturbor, subintrat mihi excusatio, quae qualis sit, tu scis, deus; nam me incertum facit.

What, then, do I confess to you, Lord, in this kind of temptation? What but that I am delighted by praise? Yet more by the truth itself than by praise. For if I were offered the choice whether I would rather be praised by everyone while mad or mistaken about everything, or be blamed by everyone while steadfast and utterly certain in the truth, I see which I would choose. Yet I would wish that the approval of another's mouth did not even increase my joy in any good of mine. But it does increase it, I admit—and not only that: blame diminishes it. And when I am troubled by this misery of mine, an excuse slips in on me; what sort it is, you know, God, for it leaves me uncertain.

quia enim nobis imperasti non tantum continentiam, id est a quibus rebus amorem cohibeamus, uerum etiam iustitiam, id est quo eum conferamus, nec te tantum uoluisti a nobis uerum etiam proximum diligi, saepe mihi uideor de prouectu aut spe proximi delectari, cum bene intellegentis laude delector, et rursus eius malo contristari, cum eum audio uituperare quod aut ignorat aut bonum est. nam et contristor aliquando laudibus meis, cum uel ea laudantur in me, in quibus mihi ipse displiceo, uel etiam bona minora et leuia pluris aestimantur, quam aestimanda sunt.

For since you have commanded of us not only self-control—that is, from what things to hold back our love—but also justice—that is, where to direct it—and have willed that not only you but also our neighbor be loved by us, I often seem to myself to take delight in my neighbor's progress or promise when I delight in the praise of someone who understands well; and again, to be saddened by his fault when I hear him criticize what he does not understand or what is good. For I am sometimes saddened even by my own praises, when things are praised in me that I myself dislike, or when even lesser and slight goods are valued more than they deserve.

sed rursus unde scio, an propterea sic afficior, quia nolo de me ipso a me dissentire laudatorem meum, non quia

But again, how do I know whether I am affected this way because I do not want the one who

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illius utilitate moueor, sed quia eadem bona, quae mihi in me placent, iucundiora mihi sunt, cum et alteri placent? quodam modo enim non ego laudor, cum de me sententia mea non laudatur, quandoquidem aut illa laudantur, quae mihi displicent, aut illa amplius, quae mihi minus placent. ergone de hoc incertus sum mei?	praises me to disagree with me about myself—not because I am moved by concern for his good, but because the same goods that please me in myself are more delightful to me when they please someone else too? In a way, it is not I who am praised when my own judgment of myself is not praised, since either things that displease me are praised, or things that please me less are praised more. Am I, then, uncertain of myself on this point?
10.37.62 Ecce in te, ueritas, uideo non me laudibus meis propter me, sed propter proximi utilitatem moueri oportere. et utrum ita sim, nescio. minus mihi de hac re notus sum ipse quam tu. obsecro te, deus meus, et me ipsum mihi indica, ut confitear oraturis pro me fratribus meis, quod in me saucium conperero. iterum me diligentius interrogem. si utilitate proximi moueor in laudibus meis, cur minus moueor, si quisquam alius iniuste uituperetur quam si ego? cur ea contumelia magis mordeor, quae in me quam quae in alium eadem iniquitate coram me iacitur? an et hoc nescio? etiamne id restat, ut ipse me seducam et uerum non faciam coram te in corde et lingua mea?	Look: in you, Truth, I see that I ought to be moved by my praises not for my own sake but for my neighbor's good. Whether I am so, I do not know. In this matter I know myself less than I know you. I beg you, my God, show me to myself as well, so that I may confess to my brothers, who will pray for me, whatever wound I find in myself. Let me question myself again, more carefully. If it is my neighbor's good that moves me when I am praised, why am I less moved when someone else is unjustly blamed than when I am? Why am I stung more by an insult hurled at me than by one hurled with the same injustice at someone else in my presence? Do I not know this either? Or does it remain that I deceive myself and do not practice the truth before you in my heart and on my tongue?
insaniam istam, domine, longe fac a me, ne oleum peccatoris mihi sit os meum ad inpinguandum caput meum.	Put this madness far from me, Lord, so that my own mouth may not be "the sinner's oil to anoint my head."[39]
10.38.63 Egenus et pauper ego sum et melior in occulto gemitu displicens mihi et quaerens misericordiam tuam, donec reficiatur defectus meus et perficiatur usque in pacem, quam nescit arrogantis oculus. sermo autem ore procedens et facta, quae innotescunt hominibus, habent temptationem periculosissimam ab amore laudis, qui ad priuatam quandam excellentiam contrahit emendicata suffragia: temtat et cum a me in me arguitur, eo ipso, quo arguitur, et saepe de ipso uanae gloriae contemptu uanius gloriatur ideoque non iam de ipso contemptu gloriae gloriatur: non enim eam contemnit, cum gloriatur.	I am needy and poor, and I am better when, in secret groaning, I am displeased with myself and seek your mercy, until what is lacking in me is restored and made complete, into the peace the eye of the arrogant does not know. But words coming from the mouth, and deeds that become known to people, carry a most dangerous temptation from the love of praise, which collects begged votes of approval for a kind of private eminence. It tempts me even when I rebuke it in myself, by the very fact that I rebuke it; and often a person glories more vainly in his very contempt of vainglory—and so he no longer glories in contempt of glory, for he does not despise it while he glories.
10.39.64 Intus etiam, intus est aliud in eodem genere temtationis malum, quo inanescunt qui placent sibi de se, quamuis	Within, too, within there is another evil in the same kind of temptation, by which those who are

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aliis uel non placeant uel displiceant nec placere affectent ceteris. sed sibi placentes multum tibi displicent non tantum de non bonis quasi bonis uerum etiam de bonis tuis quasi suis, aut etiam sicut de tuis, sed tamquam de meritis suis, aut etiam sicut ex tua gratia, non tamen socialiter gaudentes, sed aliis inuidentes eam. in his omnibus atque in huius modi periculis et laboribus uides tremorem cordis mei, et uulnera mea magis subinde a te sanari quam mihi non infligi sentio.

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pleased with themselves become empty, even though they do not please others, or even displease them, and do not try to please them. But those who please themselves greatly displease you—not only when they are pleased with things that are not good as if they were good, but also with your good things as if they were their own; or even as yours, but as if earned by their own merits; or even as coming from your grace, yet not rejoicing in it together with others but begrudging it to them. In all these and similar dangers and toils you see the trembling of my heart; and I feel that my wounds are healed by you again and again, rather than that they are not inflicted on me.

10.40.65 Vbi non mecum ambulasti, ueritas, docens quid caueam et quid appetam, cum ad te referrem inferiora uisa mea, quae potui, teque consulerem? lustraui mundum foris sensu, quo potui, et adtendi uitam corporis mei de me sensusque ipsos meos. inde ingressus sum in recessus memoriae meae, multiplices amplitudines plenas miris modis copiarum innumerabilium, et consideraui et expaui et nihil eorum discernere potui sine te et nihil eorum te esse inueni. nec ego ipse inuentor, qui peragraui omnia et distinguere et pro suis quaeque dignitatibus aestimare conatus sum, excipiens alia nutantibus sensibus et interrogans, alia mecum conmixta sentiens ipsosque nuntios dinoscens atque dinumerans iamque in memoriae latis opibus alia pertractans, alia recondens, alia eruens:

Where have you not walked with me, Truth, teaching me what to beware of and what to seek, when I brought to you what I could see here below and consulted you? I surveyed the world outside with my senses as best I could, and I observed the life my body has from me, and my senses themselves. From there I entered the recesses of my memory, those manifold and spacious chambers, wonderfully full of countless riches; and I considered and was awestruck, and I could discern none of these things without you, and I found that none of them was you. Nor was I myself you, I the discoverer, who went through them all and tried to distinguish them and to value each according to its worth—receiving some things from the wavering senses and questioning them, feeling other things mingled with myself, distinguishing and counting the messengers themselves, and in the broad wealth of memory handling some things, storing some away, digging some out.

nec ego ipse, cum haec agerem, id est uis mea, qua id agebam, nec ipsa eras tu, quia lux es tu permanens, quam de omnibus consulebam, an essent, quid essent, quanti pendenda essent: et audiebam docentem ac iubentem. et saepe istuc facio; hoc me delectat, et ab actionibus necessitatis quantum relaxari possum, ad istam uoluptatem refugio. neque in his omnibus, quae percurro consulens te, inuenio tutum locum animae meae nisi in te, quo colligantur sparsa mea nec a te quicquam recedat ex me. et aliquando intromittis me in affectum multum inusitatum introrsus ad nescio quam dulcedinem, quae si perficiatur in me, nescio quid erit, quod uita ista non erit.

Not I myself, as I did these things—that is, the power by which I did them—not even that was you. For you are the abiding light that I consulted about all these things—whether they existed, what they were, what they were worth—and I heard you teaching and commanding. And I often do this. It delights me, and whenever I can get release from necessary business, I take refuge in this pleasure. Yet in all these things that I run through as I consult you, I find no safe place for my soul except in you, where my scattered pieces may be gathered and nothing of me may depart from you. And

38 "Give what you command..." repeats Augustine's prayer from 10.29.40.
39 Psalm 141:5 (in the Old Latin version).

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	sometimes you admit me inwardly into a feeling quite unusual, into a sweetness I cannot describe; if it were brought to completion in me, it would be something—I do not know what—that this life will not be.
sed reccido in haec aerumnosis ponderibus et resorbeor solitis et teneor et multum fleo, sed multum teneor. tantum consuetudinis sarcina digna est! hic esse ualeo nec uolo, illic uolo nec ualeo, miser utrubique.	But I fall back into these things under wretched weights, and I am swallowed up again by the usual things and held fast; and I weep much, but I am held fast much. That is the price the burden of habit exacts! Here I am able to be, but do not want to; there I want to be, but am not able—wretched either way.
10.41.66 Ideoque consideraui languores peccatorum meorum in cupiditate triplici et dexteram tuam inuocaui ad salutem meam. uidi enim splendorem tuum corde saucio et repercussus dixi: quis illuc potest? proiectus sum a facie oculorum tuorum. tu es ueritas super omnia praesidens. at ego per auaritiam meam non amittere te uolui, sed uolui tecum possidere mendacium, sicut nemo uult ita falsum dicere, ut nesciat ipse, quid uerum sit. itaque amisi te, quia non dignaris cum mendacio possideri.	And so I have considered the sicknesses of my sins under the threefold craving, and I have called on your right hand to save me. For I saw your splendor with a wounded heart, and, beaten back, I said, "Who can reach that?" I am cast away from the sight of your eyes. You are the Truth presiding over all things; but I, in my greed, did not want to lose you, yet wanted to possess a lie along with you—just as no one wants to speak falsely in such a way that he himself does not know what is true. So I lost you, because you do not consent to be possessed together with a lie.

THE TRUE MEDIATOR

Augustine rejects false mediators and finds reconciliation with God only in Christ.

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10.42.67 Quem inuenirem, qui me reconciliaret tibi? ambiendum mihi fuit ad angelos? qua prece? quibus sacramentis? multi conantes ad te redire neque per se ipsos ualentes, sicut audio, temtauerunt haec et inciderunt in desiderium curiosarum uisionum et digni habiti sunt inlusionibus. elati enim te quaerebant doctrinae fastu exserentes potius quam tundentes pectora et adduxerunt sibi per similitudinem cordis sui conspirantes et socias superbiae suae potestates aeris huius, a quibus per potentias magicas deciperentur, quaerentes mediatorem, per quem purgarentur, et non erat. diabolus enim erat transfigurans se in angelum lucis. et multum inlexit superbam carnem, quod carneo corpore ipse non esset. erant enim illi mortales et peccatores, tu autem, domine, cui reconciliari uolebant, immortalis et sine peccato.	Whom could I find to reconcile me to you? Was I to go canvassing the angels? With what prayer? With what rites? Many who tried to return to you and could not do it by themselves have, I hear, attempted this, and fell into a desire for curious visions, and were thought fit to be deluded. For in their exaltation they sought you, puffing out their chests with the arrogance of learning rather than beating them; and through the likeness of their hearts they drew to themselves the powers of this air, conspirators and partners in their pride, by whom they were deceived through magical powers. They were seeking a mediator through whom they might be purified, and there was none. For it was the devil, transforming himself into an angel of light; and he greatly enticed proud flesh, because he himself had no fleshly body. For they were mortal and sinners, while you, Lord, to whom they

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	wanted to be reconciled, are immortal and without sin.[40]
mediator autem inter deum et homines oportebat ut haberet aliquid simile deo, aliquid simile hominibus, ne in utroque hominibus similis longe esset a deo aut in utroque deo similis longe esset ab hominibus atque ita mediator non esset. fallax itaque ille mediator, quo per secreta iudicia tua superbia meretur indui, unum cum hominibus habet, id est peccatum, aliud uideri uult habere cum deo, ut, quia carnis mortalitate non tegitur, pro inmortali se ostentet. sed quia stipendium peccati mors est, hoc habet conmune cum hominibus, unde simul damnetur in mortem.	A mediator between God and human beings had to have something like God and something like human beings; otherwise, being like humans in both respects, he would be far from God, or being like God in both respects, he would be far from humans, and so would not be a mediator. So that deceitful mediator, by whom, through your secret judgments, pride deserves to be entangled, has one thing in common with humans—namely sin—and wants to seem to have the other in common with God: since he is not clothed in the mortality of the flesh, he parades himself as immortal. But since "the wages of sin is death," he has this in common with humans, for which he is condemned to death along with them.[41]
10.43.68 Verax autem mediator, quem secreta tua misericordia demonstrasti hominibus et misisti, ut eius exemplo etiam ipsam discerent humilitatem, mediator ille dei et hominum, homo Christus Iesus, inter mortales peccatores et inmortalem iustum apparuit, mortalis cum hominibus, iustus cum deo, ut, quoniam stipendium iustitiae uita et pax est, per iustitiam coniunctam deo euacuaret mortem iustificatorum inpiorum, quam cum illis uoluit habere conmunem. hic demonstratus est antiquis sanctis, ut ita ipsi per fidem futurae passionis eius, sicut nos per fidem praeteritae, salui fierent. in quantum enim homo, in tantum mediator, in quantum autem uerbum, non medius, quia aequalis deo et deus apud deum et simul unus deus.	But the true Mediator, whom in your secret mercy you showed to humankind and sent, so that by his example they might learn humility itself—that "mediator between God and humans, the man Christ Jesus"—appeared between mortal sinners and the immortal Righteous One: mortal with humans, righteous with God. He appeared so that, since the wages of righteousness are life and peace, through a righteousness joined to God he might make void the death of the ungodly whom he makes righteous, a death he chose to share with them. He was shown to the saints of old, so that they might be saved through faith in his passion to come, as we are through faith in his passion past. For insofar as he is man, he is mediator; but insofar as he is the Word, he is not in the middle, because he is equal to God, and God with God, and together one God.
10.43.69 In quantum nos amasti, pater bone, qui filio tuo unico non pepercisti, sed pro nobis inpiis tradidisti eum! quomodo nos amasti, pro quibus ille non rapinam arbitratus esse aequalis tibi factus est subditus usque ad mortem crucis, unus ille in mortuis liber, potestatem habens ponendi animam suam et potestatem habens iterum sumendi eam, pro nobis tibi uictor et uictima, et ideo uictor, quia uictima, pro nobis tibi sacerdos et sacrificium, et ideo sacerdos, quia sacrificium, faciens tibi nos de seruis filios de te nascendo, tibi seruiendo. merito	How you have loved us, good Father, who "did not spare your only Son but handed him over" for us, the ungodly! How you have loved us, for whom he, "not thinking it robbery to be equal" to you, "became subject even to death on a cross"—he alone free among the dead, having power to lay down his life and power to take it up again; for us, before you, both victor and victim, and victor because victim; for us, before you, both priest and sacri-

40 Augustine has in mind the theurgy of the Neoplatonists, rites meant to purify the soul through spiritual powers. The angel of light echoes 2 Corinthians 11:14.
41 Romans 6:23.

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	mihi spes ualida in illo est, quod sanabis omnes languores meos per eum, qui sedet ad dexteram tuam et te interpellat pro nobis: alioquin desperarem.	fice, and priest because sacrifice; making us your children instead of slaves, by being born of you and serving you. Rightly is my hope strong in him, that you will heal all my diseases through him who sits at your right hand and intercedes with you for us; otherwise I would despair.[42]
	multi enim et magni sunt idem languores, multi sunt et magni; sed amplior est medicina tua. potuimus putare uerbum tuum remotum esse a coniunctione hominis et desperare de nobis, nisi caro fieret et habitaret in nobis.	For those diseases are many and great—many and great indeed—but your medicine is greater. We might have thought that your Word was far removed from any union with humanity, and despaired of ourselves, had he not "become flesh and dwelt among us."
10.43.70	Conterritus peccatis meis et mole miseriae meae agitaueram corde meditatusque fueram fugam in solitudinem, sed prohibuisti me et confortasti me dicens: ideo Christus pro omnibus mortuus est, ut et qui uiuunt iam non sibi uiuant, sed ei qui pro omnibus mortuus est. ecce, domine, iacto in te curam meam, ut uiuam, et considerabo mirabilia de lege tua. tu scis inperitiam meam et infirmitatem meam: doce me et sana me. ille tuus unicus, in quo sunt omnes thesauri sapientiae et scientiae absconditi, redemit me sanguine suo. non calumnientur mihi superbi, quoniam cogito pretium meum et manduco et bibo et erogo et pauper cupio saturari ex eo inter illos, qui edunt et saturantur: et laudabunt dominum qui requirunt eum.	Terrified by my sins and by the weight of my misery, I had turned it over in my heart and considered fleeing into solitude; but you forbade me and strengthened me, saying: "Christ died for all, so that those who live might no longer live for themselves, but for him who died for all." See, Lord, I cast my care on you, that I may live, and "I will consider the wonders of your law." You know my ignorance and my weakness: teach me and heal me. That only Son of yours, "in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," has redeemed me with his blood. Let the proud not slander me, for I think on the price paid for me; I eat and drink it and give it out to others; and, poor as I am, I long to be filled with it among those who "eat and are filled. And those who seek him will praise the Lord."[43]

42 Philippians 2:6–8; the rest echoes John 10:18.
43 2 Corinthians 5:15; Psalm 119:18; Colossians 2:3.

Book XI

Time

Reading the first words of Genesis, Augustine asks what time is and how we measure it.

OPENING THE SCRIPTURES

Augustine asks God to help him understand Scripture, beginning with "In the beginning God created."

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11.1.1	Numquid, domine, cum tua sit aeternitas, ignoras, quae tibi dico, aut ad tempus uides quod fit in tempore? cur ergo tibi tot rerum narrationes digero? non utique per me noueris ea, sed affectum meum excito in te et eorum, qui haec legunt, ut dicamus omnes: magnus dominus et laudabilis ualde. iam dixi et dicam: amore amoris tui facio istuc. nam et oramus, et tamen ueritas ait: nouit pater uester quid uobis opus sit, priusquam petatis ab eo. affectum ergo nostrum patefacimus in te confitendo tibi miserias nostras et misericordias tuas super nos, ut liberes nos omnino, quoniam coepisti, ut desinamus esse miseri in nobis et beatificemur in te, quoniam uocasti nos, ut simus pauperes spiritu et mites et lugentes et esurientes ac sitientes iustitiam et misericordes et mundicordes et pacifici.	Lord, since eternity is yours, can you be unaware of what I am telling you, or see in time what happens in time? Why, then, do I set before you such a string of stories? Certainly not so that you may learn them from me; rather, I am stirring up my affection toward you, and that of those who read these things, so that we may all say, "Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised." I have said it already and I will say it again: "I do this for love of your love." For we pray too, and yet the Truth says, "Your Father knows what you need before you ask him." So we lay bare our affection to you by confessing to you our miseries and your mercies upon us, so that you may free us completely, since you have begun, and we may cease to be miserable in ourselves and be made happy in you. For you have called us to be poor in spirit, and meek, and mourning, and hungry and thirsty for righteousness, and merciful, and pure in heart, and peacemakers.[1]
	ecce narraui tibi multa, quae potui et quae uolui, quoniam tu prior uoluisti, ut confiterer tibi, domino deo meo, quoniam bonus es, quoniam in saeculum misericordia tua.	See, I have told you many things, as many as I could and wanted to, because you first willed that I should confess to you, the Lord my God, "for you are good, for your mercy endures forever."
11.2.2	Quando autem sufficio lingua calami enuntiare omnia hortamenta tua et omnes terrores tuos et consolationes et gubernationes, quibus me perduxisti praedicare uerbum et sacramentum tuum dispensare populo tuo? et si sufficio haec enuntiare ex ordine, caro mihi ualent stillae temporum. et olim inardesco meditari in lege tua et in ea tibi confiteri scientiam et inperitiam meam, primordia inluminationis tuae et reliquias tenebrarum mearum, quousque deuoretur a fortitudine infirmitas. et nolo in aliud horae diffluant, quas inuenio liberas a necessitatibus reficiendi corporis et intentionis animi et	But when am I equal to telling, with the tongue of my pen, all your encouragements and all your terrors, your consolations and your guidance, by which you led me to preach your word and dispense your sacrament to your people? And even if I am equal to telling these things in order, the drops of time are precious to me. For a long time I have been burning to meditate on your law, and in it to confess to you my knowledge and my ignorance, the first glimmers of your illumination and

1 Psalm 96:4 (also the opening words of 1.1.1); Matthew 6:8; the list is the Beatitudes, Matthew 5:3–9.

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	seruitutis, quam debemus hominibus et quam non debemus et tamen reddimus.	the remnants of my darkness, until weakness is swallowed up by strength. And I do not want the hours I find free from the need to restore the body and the mind's attention, and from the service we owe to others—and the service we do not owe and yet render—to trickle away into anything else.
11.2.3	Domine deus meus, intende orationi meae, et misericordia tua exaudiat desiderium meum, quoniam non mihi soli aestuat sed usui uult esse fraternae caritati: et uides in corde meo quia sic est. sacrificem tibi famulatum cogitationis et linguae meae, et da quod offeram tibi. inops enim et pauper sum, tu diues in omnes inuocantes te, qui securus curam nostri geris. circumcide ab omni temeritate omnique mendacio interiora et exteriora mea, labia mea. sint castae deliciae meae scripturae tuae, nec fallar in eis nec fallam ex eis. domine, adtende et miserere, domine deus meus, lux caecorum et uirtus infirmorum statimque lux uidentium et uirtus fortium, adtende animam meam et audi clamantem de profundo. nam nisi assint et in profundo aures tuae, quo ibimus? quo clamabimus?	Lord my God, attend to my prayer, and let your mercy hear my desire, for it does not burn for me alone but wants to be of use to brotherly love; and you see in my heart that this is so. Let me offer you in sacrifice the service of my thought and my tongue, and give me what I may offer you. For I am needy and poor; you are rich to all who call on you, you who, free of care, take care of us. Circumcise my lips, inner and outer, from all rashness and all falsehood. Let your Scriptures be my chaste delight; let me not be deceived in them, nor deceive others from them. Lord, attend and have mercy, Lord my God, light of the blind and strength of the weak, and at once light of those who see and strength of the strong: attend to my soul, and hear it crying out of the deep. For unless your ears are present even in the deep, where shall we go? To whom shall we cry?
	tuus est dies et tua est nox: ad nutum tuum momenta transuolant. largire inde spatium meditationibus nostris in abdita legis tuae neque aduersus pulsantes claudas eam. neque enim frustra scribi uoluisti tot paginarum opaca secreta, aut non habent illae siluae ceruos suos recipientes se in eas et resumentes, ambulantes et pascentes, recumbentes et ruminantes. o domine, perfice me et reuela mihi eas. ecce uox tua gaudium meum, uox tua super affluentiam uoluptatum. da quod amo: amo enim. et hoc tu dedisti. ne dona tua deseras nec herbam tuam spernas sitientem.	Yours is the day and yours the night; at your nod the moments fly past. Grant from them some room for our meditations on the hidden things of your law, and do not close it to those who knock. For not in vain did you will so many pages of dark secrets to be written; nor are those forests without their deer, which retreat into them and recover, roam and graze, lie down and chew the cud. O Lord, perfect me and reveal them to me. See, your voice is my joy, your voice above an abundance of pleasures. Give what I love: for I do love, and this too you have given. Do not forsake your gifts, nor scorn your grass that thirsts.
	confitear tibi quidquid inuenero in libris tuis et audiam uocem laudis et te bibam et considerem mirabilia de lege tua ab usque principio, in quo fecisti caelum et terram, usque ad regnum tecum perpetuum sanctae ciuitatis tuae.	Let me confess to you whatever I find in your books, and "hear the voice of praise," and drink you in, and consider the wonders of your law, from the very beginning in which you made heaven and earth, to the everlasting kingdom of your holy city with you.[2]
11.2.4	Domine, miserere mei et exaudi desiderium meum. puto enim, quod non sit de terra, non de auro et argento et lapidibus aut decoris uestibus aut honoribus et	Lord, have mercy on me and hear my desire. For I think it does not spring from the earth—not from gold and silver and precious stones, or fine

2 Psalm 26:7.

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potestatibus aut uoluptatibus carnis neque de necessariis corpori et huic uitae peregrinationis nostrae, quae omnia nobis adponuntur quaerentibus regnum et iustitiam tuam. uide, deus meus, unde sit desiderium meum. narrauerunt mihi iniusti delectationes, sed non sicut lex tua, domine. ecce unde est desiderium meum. uide, pater, aspice et uide et adproba, et placeat in conspectu misericordiae tuae inuenire me gratiam ante te, ut aperiantur pulsanti mihi interiora sermonum tuorum.

obsecro per dominum nostrum Iesum Christum filium tuum, uirum dexterae tuae, filium hominis, quem confirmasti tibi mediatorem tuum et nostrum, per quem nos quaesisti non quaerentes te, quaesisti autem, ut quaereremus te, uerbum tuum, per quod fecisti omnia, in quibus et me, unicum tuum, per quem uocasti in adoptionem populum credentium, in quo et me: per eum te obsecro, qui sedet ad dexteram tuam et te interpellat pro nobis, in quo sunt omnes thesauri sapientiae et scientiae absconditi. ipsos quaero in libris tuis. Moyses de illo scripsit: hoc ipse ait, hoc ueritas ait.

11.3.5 Audiam et intellegam, quomodo in principio fecisti caelum et terram. scripsit hoc Moyses, scripsit et abiit, transiit hinc a te ad te neque nunc ante me est. nam si esset, tenerem eum et rogarem eum et per te obsecrarem, ut mihi ista panderet, et praeberem aures corporis mei sonis erumpentibus ex ore eius, et si hebraea uoce loqueretur, frustra pulsaret sensum meum nec inde mentem meam quicquam tangeret; si autem latine, scirem quid diceret. sed unde scirem, an uerum diceret? quod si et hoc scirem, num ab illo scirem?

intus utique mihi, intus in domicilio cogitationis nec hebraea nec graeca nec latina nec barbara ueritas sine oris et linguae organis, sine strepitu syllabarum diceret: „uerum dicit“ et ego statim certus confidenter illi homini tuo dicerem: „uerum dicis.“ quum ergo illum interrogare non possim, te, quo plenus uera dixit, ueritas, rogo, te, deus meus, rogo, parce peccatis meis, et qui illi seruo tuo dedisti haec dicere, da et mihi haec intellegere.

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clothes, or honors and powers, or pleasures of the flesh, nor from the necessities of the body and of this life of our pilgrimage—all of which are added to us as we seek your kingdom and your righteousness. See, my God, where my desire comes from. The unjust have told me of delights, but not like your law, Lord: see, that is where my desire comes from. See, Father—look and see and approve; and may it please you, in the sight of your mercy, that I find grace before you, so that the inner meaning of your words may be opened to me when I knock.[3]

I beg you through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son, the man of your right hand, the son of man whom you have made strong for yourself as your mediator and ours; through whom you sought us when we were not seeking you, and sought us so that we would seek you; your Word, through whom you made all things (and me among them); your only Son, through whom you called to adoption a people of believers (and me among them)—through him, who sits at your right hand and intercedes with you for us, I beg you. In him are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; it is these I seek in your books. Moses wrote of him; he himself says this; the Truth says this.[4]

Let me hear and understand how “in the beginning you made heaven and earth.” Moses wrote this; he wrote it and went away; he passed from here, from you to you, and he is not before me now. If he were, I would take hold of him and ask him and beg him, through you, to open these things to me; and I would lend the ears of my body to the sounds bursting from his mouth. If he spoke in Hebrew, it would strike my senses in vain, and none of it would touch my mind; but if in Latin, I would know what he was saying. But how would I know whether he was telling the truth? And even if I knew this, would I know it from him?

Surely within me, within, in the dwelling place of my thought, the Truth—neither Hebrew nor Greek nor Latin nor barbarian—would say, without the organs of mouth and tongue, without the clatter of syllables, “He speaks the truth”; and at once, made certain, I would say confidently to that man of yours, “You speak the truth.” Since, then, I cannot question him, I ask you, Truth, by whom he was

3 Echoes Matthew 6:33 and Psalm 119:85 (in the Old Latin version).
4 Echoes Psalm 80:17 and John 5:46.

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filled when he spoke true things—I ask you, my God: forgive my sins, and as you granted that servant of yours to say these things, grant me also to understand them.

11.4.6 Ecce sunt caelum et terra, clamant, quod facta sint; mutantur enim atque uariantur. quidquid autem factum non est et tamen est, non est in eo quicquam, quod ante non erat: quod est mutari atque uariari. clamant etiam, quod se ipsa non fecerint: „ideo sumus, quia facta sumus; non ergo eramus, antequam essemus, ut fieri possemus a nobis.“ et uox dicentium est ipsa euidentia. tu ergo, domine, fecisti ea, qui pulcher es: pulchra sunt enim; qui bonus es: bona sunt enim; qui es: sunt enim. nec ita pulchra sunt nec ita bona sunt nec ita sunt, sicut tu conditor eorum, quo conparato nec pulchra sunt nec bona sunt nec sunt. scimus haec, gratias tibi, et scientia nostra scientiae tuae conparata ignorantia est.

Look—heaven and earth exist! They cry out that they were made, for they change and vary. But whatever was not made and yet exists has nothing in it that was not there before; and that is what changing and varying is. They also cry out that they did not make themselves: “We exist because we were made. So we did not exist before we existed, so as to be able to make ourselves.” And the voice in which they speak is their very self-evidence. You, then, Lord, made them: you who are beautiful, for they are beautiful; you who are good, for they are good; you who are, for they are. Yet they are not beautiful, nor good, nor do they exist, in the way that you, their maker, are; compared with you they are neither beautiful nor good, nor do they exist. We know this—thanks be to you—and our knowledge, compared with your knowledge, is ignorance.

11.5.7 Quomodo autem fecisti caelum et terram et quae machina tam grandis operationis tuae? non enim sicut homo artifex formans corpus de corpore arbitratu animae ualentis imponere utcumque speciem, quam cernit in semet ipsa interno oculo — et unde hoc ualeret, nisi quia tu fecisti eam? — et imponit speciem iam exsistenti et habenti, ut esset, ueluti terrae aut lapidi aut ligno aut auro aut id genus rerum cuilibet. et unde ista essent, nisi tu instituisses ea?

But how did you make heaven and earth? What was the machinery of so vast a work of yours? For you did not work like a human craftsman, who forms one body out of another at the discretion of a mind able to impose, in one way or another, a form it sees within itself with an inner eye (and where would it get that ability, if you had not made it?). And it imposes that form on something that already exists and has being, such as earth or stone or wood or gold or anything of that kind. And where would these come from, if you had not established them?

tu fabro corpus, tu animam membris imperitantem fecisti, tu materiam, unde facit aliquid, tu ingenium, quo artem capiat et uideat intus quid faciat foris, tu sensum corporis, quo interprete traiciat ab animo ad materiam id quod facit, et renuntiet animo quid factum sit, ut ille intus consulat praesidentem sibi ueritatem, an bene factum sit. te laudant haec omnia creatorem omnium. sed tu quomodo facis ea? quomodo fecisti, deus, caelum et terram? non utique in caelo neque in terra fecisti caelum et terram neque in aere aut in aquis, quoniam et haec pertinent ad caelum et terram, neque in uniuerso mundo fecisti uniuersum mundum, quia non erat, ubi fieret, antequam fieret ut esset.

You made the craftsman’s body; you made the soul that commands his limbs; you made the material from which he makes something; you made the talent by which he grasps his art and sees within what he is to make without; you made the bodily sense through which, as through an interpreter, he transfers from mind to material what he is making, and reports back to the mind what has been made, so that the mind within may consult the truth that presides over it as to whether it has been made well. All these things praise you, the creator of all. But how do you make them? How, God, did you make heaven and earth? Certainly it was not in heaven or on earth that you made heav-

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	en and earth, nor in the air or in the waters, since these too belong to heaven and earth; nor did you make the whole world in the whole world, because there was nowhere for it to be made before it was made, so as to exist.
nec manu tenebas aliquid, unde faceres caelum et terram: nam unde tibi hoc, quod tu non feceras, unde aliquid faceres? quid enim est, nisi quia tu es? ergo dixisti et facta sunt atque in uerbo tuo fecisti ea.	Nor did you hold anything in your hand from which to make heaven and earth: for where would you have gotten something you had not made, from which to make something? For what exists, except because you exist? So you spoke, and they were made, and in your Word you made them.[5]
11.6.8 Sed quomodo dixisti? numquid illo modo, quo facta est uox de nube dicens: hic est filius meus dilectus? illa enim uox acta atque transacta est, coepta et finita. sonuerunt syllabae atque transierunt, secunda post primam, tertia post secundam atque inde ex ordine, donec ultima post ceteras silentiumque post ultimam. unde claret atque eminet, quod creaturae motus expressit eam seruiens aeternae uoluntati tuae ipse temporalis. et haec ad tempus facta uerba tua nuntiauit auris exterior menti prudenti, cuius auris interior posita est ad aeternum uerbum tuum. at illa conparauit haec uerba temporaliter sonantia cum aeterno in silentio uerbo tuo et dixit: aliud est longe, longe aliud est.	But how did you speak? Was it in the way the voice came from the cloud, saying, "This is my beloved Son"? That voice was uttered and passed away; it began and it ended. The syllables sounded and passed, the second after the first, the third after the second, and so on in order, until the last came after the rest, and silence after the last. From this it is clear and plain that the motion of some created thing produced it, itself temporal, serving your eternal will. And these words of yours, made for a moment, the outer ear reported to the understanding mind, whose inner ear is attuned to your eternal Word. But the mind compared these words, sounding in time, with your Word, eternal in its silence, and said, "It is different, far different; far different it is.[6]
haec longe infra me sunt nec sunt, quia fugiunt et praetereunt: uerbum autem dei mei supra me manet in aeternum. si ergo uerbis sonantibus et praetereuntibus dixisti, ut fieret caelum et terra, atque ita fecisti caelum et terram, erat iam creatura corporalis ante caelum et terram, cuius motibus temporalibus temporaliter uox illa percurreret. nullum autem corpus ante caelum et terram, aut si erat, id certe sine transitoria uoce feceras, unde transitoriam uocem faceres, qua diceres ut fieret caelum et terra. quidquid enim illud esset, unde talis uox fieret, nisi abs te factum esset, omnino non esset. ut ergo fieret corpus, unde ista uerba fierent, quo uerbo a te dictum est?	These are far beneath me, and they do not exist, because they flee and pass away; but the Word of my God abides above me forever." If, then, it was with sounding and passing words that you said that heaven and earth should be made, and so made heaven and earth, there was already a bodily creature before heaven and earth, through whose temporal motions that voice could run its course in time. But there was no body before heaven and earth; or if there was, you had certainly made it without a passing voice, so that from it you could make the passing voice with which to say that heaven and earth should be made. For whatever that thing was from which such a voice could be made, unless it had been made by you, it would not exist at all. So, for a body to be made from which those words could come, by what word was it spoken by you?[7]

5 Echoes Psalm 33:9.
6 Matthew 17:5.
7 Echoes Isaiah 40:8.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.7.9	Vocas itaque nos ad intellegendum uerbum, deum apud te deum, quod sempiterne dicitur et eo sempiterne dicuntur omnia. neque enim finitur, quod dicebatur, et dicitur aliud, ut possint dici omnia, sed simul ac sempiterne omnia: alioquin iam tempus et mutatio et non uera aeternitas nec uera inmortalitas. hoc noui, deus meus, et gratias ago. noui, confiteor tibi, domine deus, mecumque nouit et benedicit te quisquis ingratus non est certae ueritati. nouimus enim, domine, nouimus, quoniam in quantum quidque non est quod erat et est quod non erat, in tantum moritur et oritur. non ergo quicquam uerbi tui cedit atque succedit, quoniam uere inmortale atque aeternum est. et ideo uerbo tibi coaeterno simul et sempiterne dicis omnia, quae dicis, et fit, quidquid dicis ut fiat;	And so you call us to understand the Word, God with you who are God, which is spoken eternally, and in which all things are spoken eternally. For it is not that what was being said comes to an end and something else is said, so that everything may be said in turn; rather, all things are said at once and eternally. Otherwise there would already be time and change, and not true eternity or true immortality. This I know, my God, and I give you thanks. I know it, I confess to you, Lord, and whoever is not ungrateful to sure truth knows it with me and blesses you. We know, Lord, we know that insofar as anything is not what it was and is what it was not, to that extent it dies and comes to birth. So nothing of your Word gives way or takes another's place, since it is truly immortal and eternal. And therefore by the Word, coeternal with you, you say at once and eternally all that you say, and whatever you say shall come to be comes to be.
	nec aliter quam dicendo facis: nec tamen simul et sempiterna fiunt omnia, quae dicendo facis.	You make things in no other way than by saying them; and yet not all the things you make by saying them come to be at once and eternally.
11.8.10	Cur, quaeso, domine deus meus? utcumque uideo, sed quomodo id eloquar nescio, nisi quia omne, quod esse incipit et esse desinit, tunc esse incipit et tunc desinit, quando debuisse incipere uel desinere in aeterna ratione cognoscitur, ubi nec incipit aliquid nec desinit. ipsum est uerbum tuum, quod et principium est, quia et loquitur nobis. sic in euangelio per carnem ait, et hoc insonuit foris auribus hominum, ut crederetur et intus quaereretur et inueniretur in aeterna ueritate, ubi omnes discipulos bonus et solus magister docet. ibi audio uocem tuam, domine, dicentis mihi, quoniam ille loquitur nobis, qui docet nos, qui autem non docet nos, etiam si loquitur, non nobis loquitur. quis porro nos docet nisi stabilis ueritas?	Why is this, I ask, Lord my God? I see it in some fashion, but how to put it into words I do not know —except that everything that begins to be and ceases to be begins and ceases at the moment when, in the eternal reason, it is known that it ought to begin or cease; and in that reason nothing begins and nothing ceases. That reason is your Word, which is also the Beginning, because it also speaks to us. So it says in the gospel, speaking through the flesh; and this sounded outwardly in human ears, so that it might be believed, and sought inwardly, and found in the eternal truth, where the good and only Teacher teaches all his disciples. There I hear your voice, Lord, telling me that the one who speaks to us is the one who teaches us, while one who does not teach us, even if he speaks, does not speak to us. And what teaches us, if not unchanging truth?[8]
	quia et per creaturam mutabilem cum admonemur, ad ueritatem stabilem ducimur, ubi uere discimus, cum stamus et audimus eum et gaudio gaudemus propter uocem sponsi, reddentes nos, unde sumus. et ideo principium, quia nisi maneret, cum erraremus, non esset quo rediremus. cum autem redimus ab errore,	For even when we are prompted by a changeable creature, we are led to unchanging truth, where we truly learn, as we stand and hear him and rejoice with joy at the bridegroom's voice, giving ourselves back to the one from whom we are. And so he is the Beginning: for if he did not remain

8 Augustine reads John 8:25 in his Latin Bible, where Jesus, asked who he is, answers: "The Beginning, who also speak to you."

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	cognoscendo utique redimus; ut autem cognoscamus, docet nos, quia principium est et loquitur nobis.	while we wandered, there would be nowhere for us to return to. And when we return from error, we return, surely, by knowing; and so that we may know, he teaches us, because he is the Beginning and speaks to us.
11.9.11	In hoc principio fecisti, deus, caelum et terram in uerbo tuo, in filio tuo, in uirtute tua, in sapientia tua, in ueritate tua miro modo dicens et miro modo faciens. quis conprehendet? quis enarrabit? quid est illud, quod interlucet mihi et percutit cor meum sine laesione? et inhorresco et inardesco: inhorresco, in quantum dissimilis ei sum, inardesco, in quantum similis ei sum.	In this Beginning, God, you made heaven and earth—in your Word, in your Son, in your power, in your wisdom, in your truth—speaking in a wonderful way and making in a wonderful way. Who will grasp it? Who will tell it? What is that which gleams through to me and strikes my heart without wounding it? I shudder and I burn: I shudder insofar as I am unlike it; I burn insofar as I am like it.
	sapientia, sapientia ipsa est, quae interlucet mihi, discindens nubilum meum, quod me rursus cooperit deficientem ab ea caligine atque aggere poenarum mearum, quoniam sic infirmatus est in egestate uigor meus, ut non sufferam bonum meum, donec tu, domine, qui propitius factus es omnibus iniquitatibus meis, etiam sanes omnes languores meos, quia et redimes de corruptione uitam meam et coronabis me in miseratione et misericordia et satiabis in bonis desiderium meum, quoniam renouabitur iuuentus mea sicut aquilae. spe enim salui facti sumus et promissa tua per patientiam expectamus. audiat te intus sermocinantem qui potest; ego fidenter ex oraculo tuo clamabo: quam magnificata sunt opera tua, domine, omnia in sapientia fecisti! et illa principium, et in eo principio fecisti caelum et terram.	It is Wisdom, Wisdom itself, that gleams through to me, parting my clouds; and they cover me again as I fall away from it under the fog and heaped-up load of my punishments. For my strength has been so weakened by want that I cannot bear my own good, until you, Lord, who have been merciful to all my iniquities, also heal all my diseases. For you will also redeem my life from corruption, and crown me with compassion and mercy, and satisfy my desire with good things, since my youth will be renewed like the eagle's. For in hope we have been saved, and we wait patiently for your promises. Let whoever can, hear you speaking within; I will cry out confidently, from your own oracle: "How magnificent are your works, Lord! In wisdom you have made them all." And that Wisdom is the Beginning, and in that Beginning you made heaven and earth.[9]

WHAT WAS GOD DOING BEFORE CREATION?

Augustine answers the question of what God did before creation: there was no before without time.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
11.10.12	Nonne ecce pleni sunt uetustatis suae qui nobis dicunt: quid faciebat deus, antequam faceret caelum et terram? si enim uacabat, inquiunt, et non operabatur aliquid, cur non sic semper et deinceps, quemadmodum retro semper cessauit ab opere? si enim ullus motus in deo nouus extitit et uoluntas noua, ut creaturam conderet, quam numquam ante condiderat, quomodo iam uera aeternitas, ubi oritur uoluntas, quae non erat? neque enim uoluntas dei creatura est, sed ante creaturam, quia non crearetur aliquid, nisi creatoris uoluntas	Look—are they not full of their old selves, those who say to us, "What was God doing before he made heaven and earth? If he was idle," they say, "and was not working at anything, why did he not stay that way forever after, just as he had always refrained from work before? For if some new movement arose in God, and a new will, to establish a creation he had never established before, how is that true eternity, where a will arises that

9 Psalm 104:24; the lines before also echo Romans 8:24–25.

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praecederet. ad ipsam ergo dei substantiam pertinet uoluntas eius. quod si exortum est aliquid in dei substantia, quod prius non erat, non ueraciter dicitur aeterna illa substantia; si autem dei uoluntas sempiterna erat, ut esset creatura, cur non sempiterna et creatura?	was not there before? For God's will is not a creature; it comes before creation, since nothing would be created unless the Creator's will came first. So his will belongs to God's very substance. And if something arose in God's substance that was not there before, that substance is not truly called eternal. But if God's will that creation should exist was eternal, why is creation not eternal too?"
11.11.13 Qui haec dicunt, nondum te intellegunt, o sapientia dei, lux mentium, nondum intellegunt, quomodo fiant, quae per te atque in te fiunt, et conantur aeterna sapere, sed adhuc in praeteritis et futuris rerum motibus cor eorum uolitat et adhuc uanum est.	Those who say these things do not yet understand you, O Wisdom of God, light of minds; they do not yet understand how the things that come to be through you and in you come to be. They try to grasp eternal things, but their heart still flutters among the past and future movements of things, and is still empty.
quis tenebit illud et figet illud, ut paululum stet et paululum rapiat splendorem semper stantis aeternitatis et conparet cum temporibus numquam stantibus et uideat esse inconparabilem et uideat longum tempus nisi ex multis praetereuntibus motibus, qui simul extendi non possunt, longum „non fieri; non autem praeterire quicquam in aeterno, sed totum esse praesens; nullum uero tempus totum esse praesens: et uideat omne praeteritum propelli ex futuro et omne futurum ex praeterito consequi et omne praeteritum ac futurum ab eo, quod semper est praesens, creari et excurrere? quis tenebit cor hominis, ut stet et uideat, quomodo stans dictet futura et praeterita tempora nec futura nec praeterita aeternitas? numquid manus mea ualet hoc aut manus oris mei per loquellas agit tam grandem rem?	Who will hold that heart and fix it, so that it may stand still for a little while, and for a little while catch the splendor of eternity, which always stands still, and compare it with times that never stand still, and see that there is no comparison? Who will make it see that a long time is made long only out of many movements passing by, which cannot be extended all at once; that in the eternal nothing passes away, but the whole is present, whereas no time is wholly present; that all the past is pushed away by the future, and all the future follows on from the past, and all past and future are created by, and flow out from, that which is always present? Who will hold the human heart, so that it may stand still and see how eternity, standing still, neither future nor past, dictates times future and past? Is my hand strong enough for this, or can the hand of my mouth accomplish so great a thing with words?
11.12.14 Ecce respondeo dicenti: „quid faciebat deus, antequam faceret caelum et terram?" respondeo non illud, quod quidam respondisse perhibetur ioculariter eludens quaestionis uiolentiam: „alta", inquit, „scrutantibus gehennas parabat". aliud est uidere, aliud ridere. haec non respondeo. libentius enim responderim: „nescio, quod nescio" quam illud, unde irridetur qui alta interrogauit et laudatur qui falsa respondit. sed dico te, deus noster, omnis creaturae creatorem et, si caeli et terrae nomine omnis creatura intellegitur, audenter dico: antequam faceret deus caelum et terram, non faciebat aliquid. si enim faciebat, quid nisi creaturam faciebat? et utinam sic sciam, quidquid utiliter scire cupio,	See, I answer the one who asks, "What was God doing before he made heaven and earth?" I do not give the answer someone is said to have given, dodging the force of the question with a joke: "He was preparing hells," he said, "for people who pry into deep matters." Seeing is one thing, sneering another. That is not my answer. I would more gladly answer "I do not know" about what I do not know than give an answer that mocks the one who asked about deep things and wins praise for the one who answered falsely. Instead I say that you, our God, are the creator of every creature; and if every creature is understood by the words "heav-

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quemadmodum scio, quod nulla fiebat creatura, antequam fieret ulla creatura.	en and earth," I say boldly: "Before God made heaven and earth, he was not making anything." For if he was making something, what was he making but a creature? And I wish I knew everything it would profit me to know as surely as I know that no creature was being made before any creature was made.
11.13.15 At si cuiusquam uolatilis sensus uagatur per imagines — retro temporum et te, deum omnipotentem et omnicreantem et omnitenentem, caeli et terrae artificem, ab opere tanto, antequam id faceres, per innumerabilia saecula cessasse miratur, euigilet atque adtendat, quia falsa miratur. nam unde poterant innumerabilia saecula praeterire, quae ipse non feceras, cum sis omnium saeculorum auctor et conditor? aut quae tempora fuissent, quae abs te condita non essent? aut quomodo praeterirent, si numquam fuissent? cum ergo sis operator omnium temporum, si fuit aliquod tempus, antequam faceres caelum et terram, cur dicitur, quod ab opere cessabas? id ipsum enim tempus tu feceras, nec praeterire potuerunt tempora, antequam faceres tempora. si autem ante caelum et terram nullum erat tempus, cur quaeritur, quid tunc faciebas ?	But if someone's flighty mind wanders among images of times gone by, and marvels that you, God almighty, all-creating and all-sustaining, maker of heaven and earth, refrained from so great a work through countless ages before you made it, let him wake up and pay attention, for what he marvels at is false. For how could countless ages have passed that you had not made, since you are the author and founder of all ages? Or what times could there have been that were not founded by you? Or how could they have passed, if they had never been? Since, then, you are the maker of all times, if there was any time before you made heaven and earth, why is it said that you were refraining from work? For you had made that very time, and times could not pass before you made times. But if there was no time before heaven and earth, why do people ask what you were doing then?
non enim erat tunc, ubi non erat tempus.	For there was no "then" where there was no time.
11.13.16 Nec tu tempore tempora praecedis: alioquin non omnia tempora praecederes. sed praecedis omnia praeterita celsitudine semper praesentis aeternitatis et superas omnia futura, quia illa futura sunt, et cum uenerint, praeterita erunt; tu autem idem ipse es, et anni tui non deficient. anni tui nec eunt nec ueniunt: isti autem nostri eunt et ueniunt, ut omnes ueniant. anni tui omnes simul stant, quoniam stant, nec euntes a uenientibus excluduntur, quia non transeunt: isti autem nostri omnes erunt, cum omnes non erunt. anni tui dies unus, et dies tuus non cotidie, sed hodie, quia hodiernus tuus non cedit crastino; neque enim succedit hesterno.	Nor do you precede times in time; otherwise you would not precede all times. You precede all past times in the loftiness of an eternity that is always present, and you surpass all future times, because they are future, and when they have come, they will be past. But you are the same, and your years will not fail. Your years neither go nor come; ours go and come, so that all of them may come. Your years all stand at once, because they stand still; those that go are not pushed out by those that come, because they do not pass away. But these years of ours will all be only when all of them are no more. Your years are one day, and your day is not "every day" but "today," because your today does not give way to tomorrow; nor does it follow yesterday.
hodiernus tuus aeternitas: ideo coaeternum genuisti, cui dixisti: ego hodie genui te. omnia tempora tu fecisti et ante omnia tempora tu es, nec aliquo tempore non erat tempus.	Your today is eternity. That is why you begot one coeternal with you, to whom you said, "Today I have begotten you." You made all times and you are before all times, and there was no time at which there was no time.[10]

WHAT IS TIME?

Augustine asks what time is and how past and future can exist or be long.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.14.17 Nullo ergo tempore non feceras aliquid, quia ipsum tempus tu feceras. et nulla tempora tibi coaeterna sunt, quia tu permanes; at illa si permanerent, non essent tempora. quid est enim tempus? quis hoc facile breuiterque explicauerit? quis hoc ad uerbum de illo proferendum uel cogitatione conprehenderit? quid autem familiarius et notius in loquendo conmemoramus quam tempus? et intellegimus utique, cum id loquimur, intellegimus etiam, cum alio loquente id audimus. quid est ergo tempus? si nemo ex me quaerat, scio; si quaerenti explicare uelim, nescio: fidenter tamen dico scire me, quod, si nihil praeteriret, non esset praeteritum tempus, et si nihil adueniret, non esset futurum tempus, et si nihil esset, non esset praesens tempus.	So there was no time at which you had not made anything, because you had made time itself. And no times are coeternal with you, because you remain; if they remained, they would not be times. What, after all, is time? Who could explain it easily and briefly? Who could grasp it even in thought, so as to put it into words? Yet what do we mention in conversation more familiarly and knowingly than time? And we certainly understand when we speak of it; we understand, too, when we hear someone else speak of it. What then is time? If no one asks me, I know; if I want to explain it to someone who asks, I do not know. Yet I say with confidence that I know this: if nothing passed away, there would be no past time; if nothing were coming, there would be no future time; and if nothing existed, there would be no present time.
duo ergo illa tempora, praeteritum et futurum, quomodo sunt, quando et praeteritum iam non est et futurum nondum est? praesens autem si semper esset praesens nec in praeteritum transiret, non iam esset tempus, sed aeternitas. si ergo praesens, ut tempus sit, ideo fit, quia in praeteritum transit, quomodo et hoc esse dicimus, cui causa, ut sit, illa est, quia non erit, ut scilicet non uere dicamus tempus esse, nisi quia tendit non esse.	Those two times, then, past and future—how do they exist, when the past no longer exists and the future does not yet exist? And if the present were always present and never passed into the past, it would no longer be time but eternity. If, then, the present, in order to be time, comes to be only because it passes into the past, how can we say that even the present exists, when the reason it exists is that it will not exist? So that, in fact, we cannot truly say that time exists, except in that it tends toward not existing.
11.15.18 Et tamen dicimus longum tempus et breue tempus neque hoc nisi de praeterito aut futuro dicimus. praeteritum tempus longum uerbi gratia uocamus ante centum annos, futurum itidem longum post centum annos, breue autem praeteritum sic, ut puta dicamus ante decem dies, et breue futurum post decem dies. sed quo pacto longum est aut breue, quod non est? praeteritum enim iam non est et futurum nondum est. non itaque dicamus: longum est, sed dicamus de praeterito: longum fuit, et de futuro: longum erit. domine meus, lux mea, nonne et hic ueritas tua deridebit hominem? quod enim longum fuit praeteritum tempus, cum iam esset praeteritum, longum fuit, an ante, cum adhuc praesens esset?	And yet we speak of a long time and a short time, and we say this only of the past or the future. For example, we call a hundred years ago a long time past, and likewise a hundred years from now a long time to come; a short past, say, when we speak of ten days ago, and a short future when we speak of ten days from now. But how can something be long or short that does not exist? For the past no longer exists and the future does not yet exist. So let us not say "It is long," but say of the past "It was long," and of the future "It will be long." My Lord, my light, will your truth not laugh at human beings here too? For the past time that

10 Psalm 2:7.

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was long—was it long when it was already past, or while it was still present?

tunc enim poterat esse longum, quando erat, quod esset longum: praeteritum uero iam non erat; unde nec longum esse poterat, quod omnino non erat. non ergo dicamus: longum fuit praeteritum tempus; neque enim inueniemus, quid fuerit longum, quando ex quo praeteritum est non est, sed dicamus: „longum fuit illud praesens tempus“, quia cum praesens esset, longum erat. nondum enim praeterierat, ut non esset, et ideo erat, quod longum esse posset; postea uero quam praeteriit, simul et longum esse destitit, quod esse destitit.

It could be long only when it existed, so as to be something long; but once past it no longer existed, and so it could not be long, since it did not exist at all. So let us not say, “The past time was long”; for we will find nothing that was long, since from the moment it became past it does not exist. Let us say instead, “That present time was long,” because when it was present it was long. It had not yet passed away so as not to exist, and so it was something that could be long; but after it passed, it ceased to be long at the same moment that it ceased to be.

11.15.19 Videamus ergo, anima humana, utrum praesens tempus possit esse longum: datum enim tibi est sentire moras atque metiri. quid respondebis mihi? an centum anni praesentes longum tempus est? uide prius, utrum possint praesentes esse centum anni. si enim primus eorum annus agitur, ipse praesens est, nonaginta uero et nouem futuri sunt, et ideo nondum sunt: si autem secundus annus agitur, iam unus est praeteritus, alter praesens, ceteri futuri. atque ita mediorum quemlibet centenarii huius numeri annum praesentem posuerimus: ante illum praeteriti erunt, post illum futuri. quocirca centum anni praesentes esse non poterunt. uide saltem, utrum qui agitur unus ipse sit praesens. et eius enim si primus agitur mensis, futuri sunt ceteri, si secundus, iam et primus praeteriit et reliqui nondum sunt.

Let us see, then, human soul, whether present time can be long; for it has been given to you to perceive and measure spans of time. What will you answer me? Is a hundred present years a long time? First see whether a hundred years can be present. If the first of them is going on, that year is present, but the other ninety-nine are future and so do not yet exist. If the second year is going on, one is already past, another present, the rest future. And so with any year in the middle of this hundred that we take as present: before it will be past years, after it future ones. So a hundred years cannot be present. See at least whether the one year that is going on is itself present. If its first month is going on, the rest are future; if the second, the first has already passed and the rest do not yet exist.

ergo nec annus, qui agitur, totus est praesens, et si non totus est praesens, non annus est praesens. duodecim enim menses annus est, quorum quilibet unus mensis, qui agitur, ipse praesens est, ceteri aut praeteriti aut futuri. quamquam neque mensis, qui agitur, praesens est, sed unus dies: si primus, futuris ceteris, si nouissimus, praeteritis ceteris, si mediorum quilibet, inter praeteritos et futuros.

So not even the year that is going on is wholly present; and if it is not wholly present, it is not a year that is present. For a year is twelve months, of which whichever one is going on is present, and the others are past or future. And yet not even the month that is going on is present, but only one day. If it is the first, the rest are future; if the last, the rest are past; if any of those in between, it stands between past and future days.

11.15.20 Ecce praesens tempus, quod solum inueniebamus longum appellandum, uix ad unius diei spatium contractum est. sed discutiamus etiam ipsum, quia nec unus dies totus est praesens. nocturnis enim et diurnis horis omnibus uiginti quattuor expletur, quarum prima ceteras futuras habet, nouissima praeteritas, aliqua uero interiectarum ante se praeteritas, post se futuras. et ipsa una hora fugitiuis particulis agitur: quidquid eius auolauit, praeteritum est,

See: present time, which alone we found might be called long, has shrunk to the span of barely a single day. But let us examine that too, for not even one day is wholly present. It is made up of twenty-four hours of night and day; the first of these has the rest in the future, the last has them in the past, and any of those in between has past hours before it and future ones after it. And that

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quidquid ei restat, futurum. si quid intellegitur temporis, quod in nullas iam uel minutissimas momentorum partes diuidi possit, id solum est, quod praesens dicatur; quod tamen ita raptim a futuro in praeteritum transuolat, ut nulla morula extendatur. nam si extenditur, diuiditur in praeteritum et futurum: praesens autem nullum habet spatium. ubi est ergo tempus, quod longum dicamus? an futurum?

non quidem dicimus: longum est, quia nondum est quod longum sit, sed dicimus: longum erit. quando igitur erit? si enim et tunc adhuc futurum erit, non erit longum, quia quid sit longum nondum erit: si autem tunc erit longum, cum ex futuro quod nondum est esse iam coeperit et praesens factum erit, ut possit esse quod longum sit, iam superioribus uocibus Clamat praesens tempus longum se esse non posse.

11.16.21 Et tamen, domine, sentimus interualla temporum et conparamus sibimet et dicimus alia longiora et alia breuiora. metimur etiam, quanto sit longius aut breuius illud tempus quam illud et respondemus duplum esse hoc uel triplum, illud autem simplum aut tantum hoc esse quantum illud. sed praetereuntia metimur tempora, cum sentiendo metimur; praeterita uero, quae iam non sunt, aut futura, quae nondum sunt, quis metiri potest, nisi forte audebit quis dicere metiri posse quod non est? cum ergo praeterit tempus, sentiri et metiri potest, cum autem praeterierit, quoniam non est, non potest.

11.17.22 Quaero, pater, non adfirmo: deus meus, praeside mihi et rege me. quisnam est, qui dicat mihi non esse tria tempora, sicut pueri didicimus puerosque docuimus, praeteritum, praesens et futurum, sed tantum praesens, quoniam illa duo non sunt? an et ipsa sunt, sed ex aliquo procedit occulto, cum ex futuro fit praesens, et in aliquod recedit occultum, cum ex praesenti fit praeteritum? nam ubi ea uiderunt qui futura cecinerunt, si nondum sunt? neque enim potest uideri id quod non est. et qui narrant praeterita, non utique uera narrarent, Si animo illa non cernerent: quae si nulla essent, cerni omnino non possent. sunt ergo et futura et praeterita.

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one hour itself goes by in fleeting particles: whatever of it has flown away is past, whatever remains of it is future. If we can conceive of any bit of time that cannot be divided into even the tiniest parts of moments, that alone is what may be called present; and yet it flies so swiftly from future into past that it is not extended by the slightest delay. For if it is extended, it is divided into past and future; but the present has no extent. Where, then, is the time that we may call long? Is it the future?

We do not say of it, "It is long," since what might be long does not yet exist; we say, "It will be long." So when will it be long? If even then it is still future, it will not be long, because what might be long will not yet exist. But if it is to be long at the point when, out of the future that does not yet exist, it has begun to exist and has become present, so that there can be something that is long—then present time cries out, in the words we used above, that it cannot be long.

And yet, Lord, we perceive intervals of time, and compare them with one another, and call some longer and others shorter. We even measure how much longer or shorter one time is than another, and we answer that this one is double or triple, and that one single, or that this one is just as long as that. But it is times as they pass that we measure, when we measure them by perceiving them. As for past times, which no longer exist, or future ones, which do not yet exist—who can measure them? Unless perhaps someone will dare to say that what does not exist can be measured. So while time is passing, it can be perceived and measured; but once it has passed, since it does not exist, it cannot.

I am inquiring, Father, not asserting. My God, guard me and guide me. Who is there to tell me that there are not three times—past, present, and future—as we learned as children and have taught children, but only the present, since those other two do not exist? Or do they exist too, but time comes out of some hidden place when it turns from future into present, and withdraws into some hidden place when it turns from present into past? For where did those who sang of the future see it, if it does not yet exist? What does not exist cannot be seen. And those who tell of the

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past would surely not be telling the truth if they did not see it with the mind; and if the past were nothing, it could not be seen at all. So both future and past things exist.

11.18.23 Sine me, domine, amplius quaerere, spes mea; non conturbetur intentio mea. si enim sunt futura et praeterita, uolo scire, ubi sint. quod si nondum ualeo, scio tamen, ubicumque sunt, non ibi ea futura esse aut praeterita, sed praesentia. nam et si ibi futura sunt, nondum ibi sunt, si et ibi praeterita sunt, iam non ibi sunt. ubicumque ergo sunt, quaecumque sunt, non sunt nisi praesentia. quamquam praeterita cum uera narrantur, ex memoria proferuntur non res ipsae, quae praeterierunt, sed uerba concepta ex imaginibus earum, quae in animo uelut uestigia per sensus praetereundo fixerunt.

Let me search further, Lord, my hope; let my attention not be thrown into confusion. For if future and past things exist, I want to know where they are. And if I cannot yet manage that, I do know this: wherever they are, they are not there as future or past, but as present. For if they are future there too, they are not there yet; if they are past there too, they are no longer there. So wherever they are, whatever they are, they exist only as present. Yet when past events are truly told, what is brought out of memory is not the things themselves, which have passed away, but words formed from their images, which those things, as they passed through the senses, fixed in the mind like footprints.

pueritia quippe mea, quae iam non est, in tempore praeterito est, quod iam non est; imaginem uero eius, cum eam recolo et narro, in praesenti tempore intueor, quia est adhuc in memoria mea. utrum similis sit causa etiam praedicendorum futurorum, ut rerum, quae nondum sunt, iam exsistentes praesentiantur imagines, confiteor, deus meus, nescio. illud sane scio, nos plerumque praemeditari futuras actiones nostras eamque praemeditationem esse praesentem, actionem autem, quam praemeditamur, nondum esse, quia futura est; quam cum aggressi fuerimus et quod praemeditabamur agere coeperimus, tunc erit illa actio, quia tunc non futura, sed praesens erit.

My childhood, for instance, which no longer exists, lies in past time, which no longer exists; but when I recall it and tell of it, I look upon its image in present time, because it is still in my memory. Whether there is a similar explanation for the foretelling of future things—whether images of things that do not yet exist are sensed beforehand as already existing—I confess, my God, I do not know. This much I certainly know: we often plan our future actions in advance, and that planning is present, while the action we are planning does not yet exist, because it is future. When we have set about it and begun to do what we were planning, then that action will exist, because then it will be not future but present.

11.18.24 Quoquo modo se itaque habeat arcana praesensio futurorum, uideri nisi quod est non potest. quod autem iam est, non futurum sed praesens est. cum ergo uideri dicuntur futura, non ipsa, quae nondum sunt, id est quae futura sunt, sed eorum causae uel signa forsitan uidentur, quae iam sunt: ideo non futura, sed praesentia sunt iam uidentibus, ex quibus futura praedicantur animo concepta. quae rursus conceptiones iam sunt, et eas praesentes apud se intuentur qui illa praedicunt. loquatur mihi aliquod exemplum tanta rerum numerositas. intueor auroram: oriturum solem praenuntio. quod intueor, praesens est, quod praenuntio, futurum: non sol futurus, qui iam est, sed ortus eius, qui nondum est: tamen etiam ortum ipsum nisi animo

However this mysterious foreknowledge of the future may work, nothing can be seen except what exists. And what already exists is not future but present. So when future things are said to be seen, it is not the things themselves that are seen, which do not yet exist—that is, which are future—but perhaps their causes or signs, which already exist. So these are not future but present to those who see them, and from them future things are predicted, as conceived in the mind. These conceptions in turn already exist, and those who predict the future look at them as present within themselves. Let the vast multitude of things offer me an example. I look at the dawn; I announce that the sun

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imaginarer, sicut modo cum id loquor, non eum possem praedicere.	will rise. What I look at is present; what I announce is future—not the sun, which already exists, but its rising, which does not yet exist. And yet unless I pictured that rising in my mind, as I do now while I speak of it, I could not predict it.
sed nec illa aurora, quam in caelo uideo, solis ortus est, quamuis eum praecedat, nec illa imaginatio in animo meo: quae duo praesentia cernuntur, ut futurus ille ante dicatur. futura ergo nondum sunt, et si nondum sunt, non sunt, et si non sunt, uideri omnino non possunt; sed praedici possunt ex praesentibus, quae iam sunt et uidentur.	But neither the dawn I see in the sky is the sunrise, though it comes before it, nor is the picture in my mind. These two are seen as present, so that the future sunrise may be foretold. So future things do not yet exist; and if they do not yet exist, they do not exist; and if they do not exist, they cannot be seen at all. But they can be predicted from present things, which already exist and are seen.
11.19.25 Tu itaque, regnator creaturae tuae, quis est modus, quo doces animas ea quae futura sunt? docuisti enim prophetas tuos. quisnam ille modus est, quo doces futura, cui futurorum quicquam non est? uel potius de futuris doces praesentia? nam quod non est, nec doceri utique potest. nimis longe est modus iste ab acie mea; inualuit ex me, nec potero ad illum; potero autem ex te, cum dederis tu, dulce lumen occultorum oculorum meorum.	You, then, ruler of your creation—what is the way in which you teach souls what is to come? For you taught your prophets. What is that way in which you teach the future, you to whom nothing is future? Or rather, do you teach present things about the future? For what does not exist certainly cannot be taught. That way is far beyond my sight: it is too strong for me. By myself I cannot reach it; but by you I can, when you grant it, sweet light of my hidden eyes.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

Augustine proposes that past, present and future exist in the mind as memory, attention and expectation.

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11.20.26 Quod autem nunc liquet et claret, nec futura sunt nec praeterita, nec proprie dicitur: tempora sunt tria, praeteritum, praesens et futurum, sed fortasse proprie diceretur: tempora sunt tria, praesens de praeteritis, praesens de praesentibus, praesens de futuris. sunt enim haec in anima tria quaedam et alibi ea non uideo, praesens de praeteritis memoria, praesens de praesentibus contuitus, praesens de futuris expectatio. si haec permittimur dicere, tria tempora uideo fateorque, tria sunt. dicatur etiam: tempora sunt tria, praeteritum, praesens et futurum, sicut abutitur consuetudo; dicatur. ecce non curo nec resisto nec reprehendo, dum tamen intellegatur quod dicitur, neque id, quod futurum est, esse iam, neque id, quod praeteritum est. pauca sunt enim, quae proprie loquimur, plura non proprie, sed agnoscitur quid uelimus.	What is now plain and clear is that neither future nor past things exist, and it is not properly said, "There are three times, past, present, and future." Perhaps it would be properly said, "There are three times: a present of past things, a present of present things, a present of future things." For these three are somehow in the soul, and I do not see them anywhere else: the present of past things is memory; the present of present things is direct sight; the present of future things is expectation. If we are allowed to speak this way, I see three times, and I admit that there are three. Let people even say, "There are three times, past, present, and future," as custom misuses the words—let them say it. See, I do not mind, I do not object, I do not find fault, so long as what is said is understood: that neither what is future exists now, nor what is past. For few are the things we say properly, and many we say improperly; but what we mean is recognized.

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11.21.27 Dixi ergo paulo ante, quod praetereuntia tempora metimur, ut possimus dicere duplum esse hoc temporis ad illud simplum aut tantum hoc quantum illud et si quid aliud de partibus temporum possumus renuntiare metiendo. quocirca, ut dicebam, praetereuntia metimur tempora, et si quis mihi dicat: „unde scis?“ respondeam: scio, quia metimur, nec metiri quae non sunt possumus, et non sunt praeterita uel futura. praesens uero tempus quomodo metimur, quando non habet spatium? metitur ergo cum praeterit, cum autem praeterierit, non metitur; quid enim metiatur, non erit. sed unde et qua et quo praeterit, cum metitur? unde nisi ex futuro? qua nisi per praesens? quo nisi in praeteritum? ex illo ergo, quod nondum est, per illud, quod spatio caret, in illud, quod iam non est.

I said a little earlier, then, that we measure times as they pass, so that we can say that this span of time is double that single one, or that this is as much as that, and whatever else we can report about the parts of time by measuring. So, as I was saying, we measure times as they pass; and if someone asks me, “How do you know?” I would answer: I know because we measure them, and we cannot measure what does not exist, and past and future do not exist. But how do we measure present time, when it has no extent? It is measured, then, while it passes; once it has passed, it is not measured, for there will be nothing to measure. But from where, by what way, and to where does it pass while it is being measured? From where, if not from the future? By what way, if not through the present? To where, if not into the past? So: out of what does not yet exist, through what has no extent, into what no longer exists.

quid autem metimur nisi tempus in aliquo spatio? neque enim dicimus simpla et dupla et tripla et aequalia et si quid hoc modo in tempore dicimus nisi spatia temporum. in quo ergo spatio metimur tempus praeteriens? utrum in futuro, unde praeterit? sed quod nondum est, non metimur. an in praesenti, qua praeterit? sed nullum spatium non metimur. an in praeterito, quo praeterit? sed quod iam non est, non metimur.

But what do we measure, if not time in some extent? For when we speak of single and double and triple and equal, or anything else of this kind in time, we are speaking only of extents of time. In what extent, then, do we measure time as it passes? In the future, out of which it passes? But we do not measure what does not yet exist. In the present, through which it passes? But we do not measure what has no extent. In the past, into which it passes? But we do not measure what no longer exists.

11.22.28 Exarsit animus meus nosse istuc inplicatissimum aenigma. noli claudere, domine deus meus, bone pater, per Christum obsecro, noli claudere desiderio meo ista et usitata et abdita, quominus in ea penetret et dilucescant allucente misericordia tua, domine. quem percontabor de his? et cui fructuosius confitebor inperitiam meam nisi tibi, cui non sunt molesta studia mea flammantia uehementer in scripturas tuas? da quod amo: amo enim, et hoc tu dedisti. da, pater, qui uere nosti data bona dare filiis tuis, da, quoniam suscepi cognoscere et labor est ante me, donec aperias. per Christum obsecro, in nomine eius sancti sanctorum nemo mihi obstrepat. et ego credidi, propter quod et loquor. haec est spes mea; ad hanc uiuo, ut contempler delectationem domini.

My mind is on fire to understand this most tangled riddle. Do not shut them away, Lord my God, good Father—I beg you through Christ—do not shut away from my longing these things, so familiar and so hidden; let it get inside them, and let them grow clear in the light of your mercy, Lord. Whom shall I ask about them? And to whom could I more fruitfully confess my ignorance than to you, who do not find tiresome my studies, burning so fiercely for your Scriptures? Give what I love; for I do love, and this too you have given. Give, Father, you who truly know how to give good gifts to your children; give, since I have undertaken to understand, and there is toil before me until you open it. I beg you through Christ, in the name of him, the Holy of Holies: let no one shout me down. I too have believed, and therefore I speak. This is my

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	hope, for this I live: to contemplate the delight of the Lord.[11]
ecce ueteres posuisti dies meos et transeunt, et quomodo, nescio. et dicimus tempus et tempus, tempora et tempora: „quamdiu dixit hoc ille“, „quamdiu fecit hoc ille“ et: „quam longo tempore illud non uidi“ et: „duplum temporis habet haec syllaba ad illam simplam breuem.“ dicimus haec et audiuimus haec et intellegimur et intellegimus. manifestissima et usitatissima sunt, et eadem rursus nimis latent et noua est inuentio eorum.	See, you have made my days old, and they pass away, and how, I do not know. And we speak of time and time, times and times: "How long did he take to say this?" "How long did he take to do this?" and "What a long time it is since I saw that!" and "This syllable has double the time of that single short one." We say these things and hear them, and we are understood and we understand. They are perfectly plain and utterly ordinary, and yet they are also deeply hidden, and finding them out is something new.[12]

TIME AND THE MOTION OF THE HEAVENS

Augustine denies that time is simply the motion of the sun, moon and stars.

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11.23.29 Audiui a quodam homine docto, quod solis et lunae ac siderum motus ipsa sint tempora, et non adnui. cur enim non potius omnium corporum motus sint tempora? an uero, si cessarent caeli lumina et moueretur rota figuli, non esset tempus, quo metiremur eos gyros et diceremus aut aequalibus morulis agi, aut si alias tardius, alias uelocius moueretur, alios magis diuturnos esse, alios minus? aut cum haec diceremus, non et nos in tempore loqueremur aut essent in uerbis nostris aliae longae syllabae, aliae breues, nisi quia illae longiore tempore sonuissent, istae breuiore? deus, dona hominibus uidere in paruo communes notitias rerum paruarum atque magnarum. sunt sidera et luminaria caeli in signis et in temporibus et in diebus et in annis.	I heard a learned man say that the movements of the sun, moon, and stars are themselves time, and I did not agree. For why should not the movements of all bodies be time instead? If the lights of heaven stopped and a potter's wheel kept turning, would there be no time by which we could measure its turns and say either that they took equal intervals, or, if it moved sometimes more slowly and sometimes faster, that some turns lasted longer and others less? And while we said this, would we not also be speaking in time? Would there be long syllables in our words and short ones, unless the long had sounded for a longer time and the short for a shorter? God, grant human beings to see in a small thing the notions common to things both small and great. The stars and lights of heaven are there "for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years."[13]
sunt uero; sed nec ego dixerim circuitum illius ligneolae rotae diem esse, nec tamen ideo tempus non esse ille dixerit.	So they are; but I would not say that the turning of that little wooden wheel is a day—nor, for that matter, would that learned man say that it is not time.
11.23.30 Ego scire cupio uim naturamque temporis, quo metimur corporum motus et dicimus illum motum uerbi gratia tempore duplo esse diuturniorem quam istum. nam quaero, quoniam dies dicitur non tantum mora solis super terram, secundum quod aliud est dies, aliud nox,	I want to know the power and nature of time, by which we measure the movements of bodies and say, for example, that this movement lasts twice as long as that one. For here is my question. "Day"

11 Echoes Matthew 7:11, Psalm 73:16 and Psalm 27:4.
12 Psalm 39:5, in Augustine's Latin version.
13 Genesis 1:14; the Latin word for "seasons" is the same as the word for "times."

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sed etiam totius eius circuitus ab oriente usque orientem, secundum quod dicimus: „tot dies transierunt“. cum suis enim noctibus dicuntur tot dies, nec extra reputantur spatia noctium. quoniam ergo dies expletur motu solis atque circuitu ab oriente usque ad orientem, quaero, utrum motus ipse sit dies an mora ipsa, quanta peragitur, an utrumque. si enim primum dies esset, dies ergo esset, etiamsi tanto spatio temporis sol cursum illum peregisset, quantum est horae unius.

si secundum, non ergo esset dies, si ab ortu solis usque in ortum alterum tam breuis mora esset, quam est horae unius, sed uiciens et quater circuiret sol, ut expleret diem. si utrumque, nec ille appellaretur dies, si horae spatio sol totum suum gyrum circumiret, nec ille, si sole cessante tantum temporis praeteriret, quanto peragere sol totum ambitum de mane in mane adsolet. non itaque nunc quaeram, quid sit illud, quod uocatur dies, sed quid sit tempus, quo metientes solis circuitum diceremus eum dimidio spatio temporis peractum minus quam solet, si tanto spatio temporis peractus esset, quanto peraguntur horae duodecim, et utrumque tempus conparantes diceremus illud simplum, hoc duplum, etiamsi aliquando illo simplo, aliquando isto duplo sol ab oriente usque orientem circuiret.

nemo ergo mihi dicat caelestium corporum motus esse tempora, quia et cuiusdam uoto cum sol stetisset, ut uictoriosum proelium perageret, sol stabat, sed tempus ibat. per suum quippe spatium temporis, quod ei sufficeret, illa pugna gesta atque finita est. uideo igitur quandam esse distentionem. sed uideo? an uidere mihi uideor? tu demonstrabis, lux, ueritas.

11.24.31 Iubes ut adprobem, si quis dicat tempus esse motum corporis? non iubes. nam corpus nullum nisi in tempore moueri audio: tu dicis. ipsum autem corporis motum tempus esse non audio: non tu dicis. cum enim mouetur corpus, tempore metior, quamdiu moueatur, ex quo moueri incipit, donec desinat. et si non uidi, ex quo coepit, et perseuerat moueri, ut non uideam cum desinit,

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refers not only to the sun's stay above the earth, in the sense in which day is one thing and night another, but also to its whole circuit from east back to east, in the sense in which we say, "So many days have passed" (for "so many days" includes their nights, and the stretches of night are not counted separately). Since, then, a day is completed by the movement of the sun and its circuit from east to east, I ask whether the day is the movement itself, or the duration in which it is completed, or both. If it were the first, then it would be a day even if the sun completed that course in a span of time as short as one hour.

If the second, then it would not be a day if the time from one sunrise to the next were as short as one hour; the sun would have to go round twenty-four times to complete a day. If both, then it could not be called a day if the sun went round its whole circuit in the span of an hour, nor if the sun stood still while as much time went by as the sun usually takes to complete its whole round from morning to morning. So I will not ask now what it is that is called a day, but what time is—time by which, in measuring the sun's circuit, we would say that it had been completed in half the usual span of time, if it had been completed in as much time as twelve hours take; and comparing the two times, we would call the one single and the other double, even if the sun went round from east to east sometimes in the single time and sometimes in the double.

So let no one tell me that the movements of the heavenly bodies are time. For when, at a certain man's prayer, the sun stood still so that he could carry a battle through to victory, the sun stood still, but time went on. That battle was fought and finished in its own span of time, as much as it needed. I see, then, that it is a kind of stretching. But do I see it? Or do I only seem to myself to see it? You will show me, Light, Truth.[14]

Do you command me to agree if someone says that time is the movement of a body? You do not. For I hear that no body moves except in time: you say so. But I do not hear that the movement of a body is itself time: you do not say so. For when a body moves, I measure by time how long it moves, from

14 Joshua, at the battle of Gibeon (Joshua 10:12–14).

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non ualeo metiri, nisi forte ex quo uidere incipio, donec desinam. quod si diu uideo, tantummodo longum tempus esse renuntio, non autem quantum sit, quia et quantum cum dicimus, conlatione dicimus, uelut: „tantum hoc, quantum illud“ aut: „duplum hoc ad illud“ et si quid aliud isto modo.

si autem notare potuerimus locorum spatia, unde et quo ueniat corpus, quod mouetur, uel partes eius, si tamquam in torno mouetur, possumus dicere, quantum sit temporis, ex quo ab illo loco usque ad illum locum motus corporis uel partis eius effectus est. cum itaque aliud sit motus corporis, aliud, quo metimur quamdiu sit, quis non sentiat, quid horum potius tempus dicendum sit? nam si et uarie corpus aliquando mouetur, aliquando stat, non solum motum eius, sed etiam statum tempore metimur et dicimus: „tantum stetit, quantum motum est“ aut: „duplo uel triplo stetit ad id quod motum est“ et si quid aliud nostra dimensio siue conprehenderit siue existimauerit, ut dici solet plus minus. non ergo tempus corporis motus.

11.25.32 Et confiteor tibi, domine, ignorare me adhuc, quid sit tempus, et rursus confiteor tibi, domine, scire me in tempore ista dicere et diu me iam loqui de tempore atque ipsum diu non esse diu nisi mora temporis. quomodo igitur hoc scio, quando quid sit tempus nescio? an forte nescio, quemadmodum dicam quod scio? ei mihi, qui nescio saltem quid nesciam! ecce, deus meus, coram te, quia non mentior: sicut loquor, ita est cor meum. tu inluminabis lucernam meam, domine, deus meus, inluminabis tenebras meas.

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when it starts to move until it stops. And if I did not see when it began, and it keeps moving so that I do not see when it stops, I cannot measure it, except perhaps from when I begin to watch until I stop. If I watch for a long time, I can only report that it is a long time, not how long, because when we say “how long,” we say it by comparison, as in “this is as long as that,” or “this is double that,” and anything else of that kind.

But if we can mark the places from which and to which the moving body goes—or its parts, if it is turning as on a lathe—we can say how much time the movement of the body, or of its part, took from this place to that. Since, then, the movement of a body is one thing and that by which we measure how long it lasts is another, who does not sense which of these should rather be called time? For if a body moves unevenly, sometimes moving and sometimes standing still, we measure by time not only its movement but also its standing still, and we say, “It stood still as long as it moved,” or “It stood still twice or three times as long as it moved,” and whatever else our measurement either determines or estimates—“more or less,” as people say. So time is not the movement of a body.

And I confess to you, Lord, that I still do not know what time is; and again I confess to you, Lord, that I know I am saying these things in time, and that I have been speaking about time for a long while now, and that this very “long while” is long only by a duration of time. How then do I know this, when I do not know what time is? Or perhaps I do not know how to say what I know? How wretched I am, who do not even know what I do not know! Look, my God: before you, I do not lie. As I speak, so is my heart. You will light my lamp, Lord my God; you will light up my darkness.

THE STRETCHING OF THE MIND

Augustine concludes that we measure time in the mind, which stretches itself out in memory and expectation.

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11.26.33 Nonne tibi confitetur anima mea confessione ueridica metiri me tempora? ita, domine deus meus, metior et quid metiar nescio. metior motum corporis tempore. item ipsum tempus nonne metior? an uero corporis motum metirer, quamdiu sit et quamdiu hinc illuc perueniat, nisi tempus, in quo mouetur, metirer? ipsum

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Does my soul not confess to you, in a truthful confession, that I measure times? So it is, Lord my God: I measure, and I do not know what I measure. I measure the movement of a body by time. Do I not likewise measure time itself? Could I measure a body’s movement—how long it lasts and how

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ergo tempus unde metior? an tempore breuiore metimur longius sicut spatio cubiti spatium transtri? sic enim uidemus spatio breuis syllabae metiri spatium longae syllabae atque id duplum dicere.	long it takes to get from here to there—unless I measured the time in which it moves? With what, then, do I measure time itself? Do we measure a longer time by a shorter, as we measure the length of a beam by the length of a cubit? That is how we seem to measure the length of a long syllable by the length of a short one, and to say that it is double.
ita metimur spatia carminum spatiis uersuum et spatia uersuum spatiis pedum et spatia pedum spatiis syllabarum et spatia longarum spatiis breuium, non in paginis — nam eo modo loca metimur, non tempora — sed cum uoces pronuntiando transeunt et dicimus: „longum carmen est, nam tot uersibus contexitur; longi uersus, nam tot pedibus constant; longi pedes, nam tot syllabis tenduntur; longa syllaba est, nam dupla est ad breuem“. sed neque ita conprehenditur certa mensura temporis, quandoquidem fieri potest, ut ampliore spatio temporis personet uersus breuior, si productius pronuntietur, quam longior, si correptius. ita carmen, ita pes, ita syllaba. inde mihi uisum est nihil esse aliud tempus quam distentionem: sed cuius rei, nescio, et mirum, si non ipsius animi. quid enim metior, obsecro, deus meus,	In the same way we measure the length of poems by the length of lines, the length of lines by the length of feet, the length of feet by the length of syllables, and the length of long syllables by that of short ones—not on the page (for that way we measure spaces, not times), but as the words pass by in being spoken. And we say, “It is a long poem, for it is made up of so many lines; the lines are long, for they consist of so many feet; the feet are long, for they stretch over so many syllables; the syllable is long, for it is double a short one.” But not even so do we arrive at a fixed measure of time, since a shorter line, if drawn out in speaking, may sound for a longer span of time than a longer one spoken quickly. So with a poem, so with a foot, so with a syllable. From this it seemed to me that time is nothing other than a stretching —but of what, I do not know; and it would be surprising if it were not a stretching of the mind itself. For what, I beg you, my God, do I measure?[15]
et dico aut indefinite: „longius est hoc tempus quam illud“ aut etiam definite: „duplum est hoc ad illud?“ tempus metior, scio; sed non metior futurum, quia nondum est, non metior praesens, quia nullo spatio tenditur, non metior praeteritum, quia iam non est. quid ergo metior? an praetereuntia tempora, non praeterita? sic enim dixeram.	And I say either indefinitely, “This time is longer than that,” or even definitely, “This is double that.” That I measure time, I know. But I do not measure the future, because it does not yet exist; I do not measure the present, because it is not stretched over any extent; I do not measure the past, because it no longer exists. What, then, do I measure? Times as they pass, not times that have passed? That is what I had said.
11.27.34 Insiste, anime meus, et adtende fortiter: deus adiutor noster; ipse fecit nos, et non nos. adtende, ubi albescet ueritas. ecce puta uox corporis incipit sonare et sonat et adhuc sonat et ecce desinit, iamque silentium est, et uox illa praeterita est et non est iam uox. futura erat, antequam sonaret, et non poterat metiri, quia nondum erat, et nunc non potest, quia iam non est. tunc ergo poterat, cum sonabat, quia tunc erat, quae metiri posset. sed et tunc non stabat; ibat enim et praeteriebat. an ideo magis poterat? praeteriens enim tendebatur in aliquod	Press on, my mind, and attend with all your strength. God is our helper: he made us, and not we ourselves. Attend where truth begins to dawn. Suppose, for instance, a bodily voice begins to sound, and sounds, and keeps sounding, and then it stops; now there is silence, and that voice is past, and is a voice no longer. It was future before it sounded, and could not be measured, because it did not yet exist; and now it cannot, because it no

15 Latin distentio, an extending or pulling apart; hence “a stretching of the mind” (distentio animi).

LATIN	ENGLISH
spatium temporis, quo metiri posset, quoniam praesens nullum habet spatium. si ergo tunc poterat, ecce puta altera coepit sonare et adhuc sonat continuato tenore sine ulla distinctione: metiamur eam, dum sonat;	longer exists. So it could be measured then, while it was sounding, because then it existed to be measured. But even then it was not standing still: it was going, passing away. Or was that exactly why it could be measured? For in passing, it stretched over some span of time in which it could be measured, since the present has no span. If, then, it could be measured then—suppose another voice has begun to sound and is still sounding, in one continuous tone without any break. Let us measure it while it is sounding.[16]
cum enim sonare cessauerit, iam praeterita erit et non erit, quae possit metiri. metiamur plane et dicamus, quanta sit. sed adhuc sonat nec metiri potest nisi ab initio sui, quo sonare coepit, usque ad finem, quo desinit. ipsum quippe interuallum metimur ab aliquo initio usque ad aliquem finem. quapropter uox, quae numquam finita est, metiri non potest, ut dicatur, quam longa uel breuis sit, nec dici aut aequalis alicui aut ad aliquam simpla uel dupla uel quid aliud. cum autem finita fuerit, iam non erit. quo pacto igitur metiri poterit? et metimur tamen tempora, nec ea, quae nondum sunt, nec ea, quae iam non sunt, nec ea, quae nulla mora extenduntur, nec ea, quae terminos non habent.	For once it has stopped sounding, it will already be past, and there will be nothing that can be measured. Let us measure it, then, and say how long it is. But it is still sounding, and it cannot be measured except from its beginning, when it started to sound, up to its end, when it stops. For what we measure is precisely the interval from some beginning to some end. So a voice that never ends cannot be measured, so as to say how long or short it is, nor can it be called equal to another, or single or double in relation to another, or anything else. But when it has ended, it will no longer exist. How then will it be possible to measure it? And yet we measure times—not those that do not yet exist, nor those that no longer exist, nor those that are extended by no duration, nor those that have no boundaries.
nec futura ergo nec praeterita nec praesentia nec praetereuntia tempora metimur et metimur tamen tempora.	So we measure neither future nor past nor present nor passing times—and yet we measure times.
11.27.35 Deus creator omnium: uersus iste octo syllabarum breuibus et longis alternat syllabis: quattuor itaque breues, prima, tertia, quinta, septima, simplae sunt ad quattuor longas, secundam, quartam, sextam, octauam. hae singulae ad illas singulas duplum habent temporis; pronuntio et renuntio, et ita est, quantum sentitur sensu manifesto. quantum sensus manifestus est, breui syllaba longam metior eamque sentio habere bis tantum. sed cum altera post alteram sonat, si prior breuis, longa posterior, quomodo tenebo breuem et quomodo eam longae metiens applicabo, ut inueniam, quod bis tantum habeat, quandoquidem longa sonare non incipit, nisi breuis sonare destiterit? ipsamque longam num praesentem metior, quando nisi finitam non metior? eius enim finitio praeteritio est. quid ergo est, quod metior? ubi est qua metior breuis? ubi est longa quam metior?	"Deus creator omnium" [God, creator of all things]: this line of eight syllables alternates short and long syllables. So the four short ones—the first, third, fifth, and seventh—are single in relation to the four long ones—the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth. Each long one has double the time of each short one. I say the line aloud and I report that it is so, as far as it is perceived by plain sense. As far as sense is plain, I measure the long syllable by the short one and perceive that it has twice as much. But when one sounds after the other—if the first is short and the second long—how shall I hold on to the short one, and how shall I lay it against the long one to measure it, so as to find that the long one has twice as much, since the long one does not begin to sound until the short

16 Psalm 62:8.

LATIN

ENGLISH

one has stopped sounding? And do I measure the long one itself while it is present, when I do not measure it until it has ended? Yet its ending is its passing away. What is it, then, that I measure? Where is the short syllable I measure with? Where is the long one I measure?

ambae sonuerunt, auolauerunt, praeterierunt, iam non sunt: et ego metior fidenterque respondeo, quantum exercitato sensu fiditur, illam simplam esse, illam duplam, in spatio scilicet temporis. neque hoc possum, nisi quia praeterierunt et finitae sunt. non ergo ipsas, quae iam non sunt, sed aliquid in memoria mea metior, quod infixum manet.

Both have sounded, flown off, passed away; they no longer exist. And yet I measure them, and I answer confidently—as far as a practiced sense can be trusted—that one is single and the other double, in extent of time, that is. And I cannot do this except because they have passed and are finished. So it is not the syllables themselves, which no longer exist, that I measure, but something in my memory that remains fixed there.

11.27.36 In te, anime meus, tempora mea metior. noli mihi obstrepere, quod est: noli tibi obstrepere turbis affectionum tuarum. in te, inquam, tempora metior. affectionem, quam res praetereuntes in te faciunt et, cum illae praeterierint, manet, ipsam metior praesentem, non ea quae praeterierunt, ut fieret; ipsam metior, cum tempora metior. ergo aut ipsa sunt tempora, aut non tempora metior. quid cum metimur silentia et dicimus illud silentium tantum tenuisse temporis, quantum illa uox tenuit, nonne cogitationem tendimus ad mensuram uocis, quasi sonaret, ut aliquid de interuallis silentiorum in spatio temporis renuntiare possimus? nam et uoce atque ore cessante peragimus cogitando carmina et uersus et quemque sermonem motionumque dimensiones quaslibet et de spatiis temporum, quantum illud ad illud sit, renuntiamus non aliter, ac si ea sonando diceremus.

It is in you, my mind, that I measure times. Do not interrupt me—that is, do not interrupt yourself with the jostling crowd of your impressions. In you, I say, I measure times. The impression that things make on you as they pass, and that remains when they have passed—that is what I measure, as something present, not the things that passed by to produce it. It is this I measure when I measure times. So either this is what times are, or it is not times that I measure. What about when we measure silences, and say that this silence lasted as long as that sound did? Do we not stretch our thought out to the measure of the sound, as if it were sounding, so that we can report something about the intervals of silence in a span of time? For even when voice and mouth are still, we run through poems and verses and any kind of speech in our thoughts, and any measured movements whatever, and we report on the spans of time—how long this is compared with that—exactly as if we were saying them aloud.

si uoluerit aliquis edere longiusculam uocem et constituerit praemeditando, quam longa futura sit, egit utique iste spatium temporis in silentio memoriaeque conmendans coepit edere illam uocem, quae sonat, donec ad propositum terminum perducatur: immo sonuit et sonabit; nam quod eius iam peractum est, utique sonuit, quod autem restat, sonabit atque ita peragitur, dum praesens intentio futurum in praeteritum traicit deminutione futuri crescente praeterito, donec consumptione futuri sit totum praeteritum.

Suppose someone wants to utter a rather long sound and has decided beforehand how long it is going to be. He has certainly already gone through that span of time in silence; and, committing it to memory, he begins to utter the sound, which goes on sounding until it is brought to the end he set for it. Or rather, it has sounded and it will sound: for the part of it already completed has sounded, and what remains will sound. And so it is carried through, while present attention pushes the future over into the past—the past growing as the future

LATIN	ENGLISH
	shrinks—until, the future used up, the whole is past.
11.28.37 Sed quomodo minuitur aut consumitur futurum, quod nondum est, aut quomodo crescit praeteritum, quod iam non est, nisi quia in animo, qui illud agit, tria sunt? nam et expectat et adtendit et meminit, ut id quod expectat per id quod adtendit transeat in id quod meminerit. quis igitur negat futura nondum esse? sed tamen iam est in animo expectatio futurorum. et quis negat praeterita iam non esse? sed tamen est adhuc in animo memoria praeteritorum. et quis negat praesens tempus carere spatio, quia in puncto praeterit? sed tamen perdurat attentio, per quam pergat abesse quod aderit. non igitur longum tempus futurum, quod non est, sed longum futurum longa expectatio futuri est, neque longum praeteritum tempus, quod non est, sed longum praeteritum longa memoria praeteriti est.	But how is the future, which does not yet exist, diminished or used up? Or how does the past, which no longer exists, grow—unless because in the mind that does this there are three things? For the mind expects, attends, and remembers, so that what it expects passes through what it attends to into what it remembers. Who, then, denies that future things do not yet exist? Yet there is already in the mind an expectation of future things. And who denies that past things no longer exist? Yet there is still in the mind a memory of past things. And who denies that present time has no extension, since it passes in an instant? Yet attention endures, and through it what is about to be present passes on into being absent. So it is not future time that is long, since it does not exist; a long future is a long expectation of the future. Nor is past time long, since it does not exist; a long past is a long memory of the past.
11.28.38 Dicturus sum canticum, quod noui: antequam incipiam, in totum expectatio mea tenditur, cum autem coepero, quantum ex illa in praeteritum decerpsero, tenditur et memoria mea, atque distenditur uita huius actionis meae in memoriam propter quod dixi et in expectationem propter quod dicturus sum: praesens tamen adest attentio mea, per quam traicitur quod erat futurum, ut fiat praeteritum. quod quanto magis agitur et agitur, tanto breuiata expectatione prolongatur memoria, donec tota expectatio consumatur, quum tota illa actio finita transierit in memoriam.	I am about to recite a song I know. Before I begin, my expectation stretches over the whole of it. But once I have begun, as much of it as I pluck off into the past, my memory stretches over that too; and the life of this action of mine is stretched out two ways—into memory, because of what I have said, and into expectation, because of what I am about to say. Yet my attention is present, and through it what was future is carried across to become past. The more this goes on and on, the shorter expectation becomes and the longer memory, until all expectation is used up, when the whole action is finished and has passed into memory.
et quod in toto cantico, hoc in singulis particulis eius fit atque in singulis syllabis eius, hoc in actione longiore, cuius forte particula est illud canticum, hoc in tota uita hominis, cuius partes sunt omnes actiones hominis, hoc in toto saeculo filiorum hominum, cuius partes sunt omnes uitae hominum.	And what happens with the whole song happens also with each of its parts and each of its syllables. The same happens in a longer action, of which that song may be a small part; the same in a person's whole life, whose parts are all that person's actions; the same in the whole age of the children of men, whose parts are all human lives.

GATHERED INTO THE ONE

Augustine contrasts his scattered life in time with God's eternity and asks to be gathered into the One.

LATIN	ENGLISH
11.29.39 Sed quoniam melior est misericordia tua super uitas, ecce distentio est uita mea, et me suscepit dextera tua in	But since your mercy is better than lives, see: my life is a stretching. And your right hand has taken

LATIN	ENGLISH
domino meo, mediatore filio hominis inter te unum et nos multos, in multis per multa, ut per eum adprehendam, in quo et adprehensus sum, et a ueteribus diebus colligar sequens unum, praeterita oblitus, non in ea quae futura et transitura sunt, sed in ea quae ante sunt non distentus, sed extentus, non secundum distentionem, sed secundum intentionem sequor ad palmam supernae uocationis, ubi audiam uocem laudis et contempler delectationem tuam nec uenientem nec praetereuntem. nunc uero anni mei in gemitibus, et tu solacium meum, domine, pater meus aeternus es;	me up in my Lord, the Son of Man, the mediator between you, the One, and us, the many—many in many ways and through many things—so that through him I may lay hold of the one by whom I have been laid hold of, and may be gathered up from my old days to follow the One. Forgetting what lies behind, not stretched apart toward things that will come and pass away but stretched forward to what lies ahead, not by stretching apart but by concentration, I press on toward the prize of the call from above, where I may hear the voice of praise and contemplate your delight, which neither comes nor passes away. But now my years are spent in groaning; and you, Lord, my Father, are my comfort; you are eternal.[17]
at ego in tempora dissilui, quorum ordinem nescio, et tumultuosis uarietatibus dilaniantur cogitationes meae, intima uiscera animae meae, donec in te confluam purgatus et liquidus igne amoris tui.	But I have been scattered into times whose order I do not know, and my thoughts, the innermost entrails of my soul, are torn apart by tumultuous changes, until I flow together into you, purified and melted by the fire of your love.
11.30.40 Et stabo atque solidabor in te, in forma mea, ueritate tua, nec patiar quaestiones hominum, qui poenali morbo plus sitiunt, quam capiunt, et dicunt: „quid faciebat deus, antequam faceret caelum et terram?“ aut „quid ei uenit in mentem, ut aliquid faceret, cum antea numquam aliquid fecerit?“ da illis, domine, bene cogitare, quid dicant, et inuenire, quia non dicitur numquam, ubi non est tempus. qui ergo dicitur numquam fecisse, quid aliud dicitur nisi nullo tempore fecisse? uideant itaque nullum tempus esse posse sine creatura et deSinant istam uanitatem loqui. extendantur etiam in ea, quae ante sunt, et intellegant te ante omnia tempora aeternum creatorem omnium temporum neque ulla tempora tibi esse coaeterna nec ullam creaturam, etiamsi est aliqua supra tempora.	And I will stand and be made firm in you, in my mold, your truth. I will not put up with the questions of people who, from a disease that is its own punishment, thirst for more than they can hold, and ask, “What was God doing before he made heaven and earth?” or “What came into his mind to make something, when he had never made anything before?” Grant them, Lord, to think carefully about what they are saying, and to discover that “never” cannot be said where there is no time. So when he is said never to have made anything, what else is being said but that he made nothing at any time? Let them see, then, that there can be no time without a creature, and let them stop this empty talk. Let them also stretch forward to what lies ahead, and understand that you are before all times, the eternal creator of all times, and that no times are coeternal with you, nor is any creature, even if there is one above times.
11.31.41 Domine deus meus, quis ille sinus est alti secreti tui et quam longe inde me proiecerunt consequentia delictorum meorum? sana oculos meos, et congaudeam luci tuae. certe si est tam grandi scientia et praescientia pollens animus, cui cuncta praeterita et futura ita nota sint, sicut mihi unum canticum notissimum, nimium	Lord my God, what is that deep recess of your high secret, and how far from it have the consequences of my offenses cast me? Heal my eyes, and let me rejoice together in your light. Certainly, if there were a mind so powerful in knowledge and foreknowledge that all things past and future were

17 Augustine plays on distentio (“stretching”), extentus (“stretched forward”) and intentio (“concentration”), echoing Philippians 3:12–14.

LATIN

mirabilis est animus iste atque ad horrorem stupendus, quippe quem ita non lateat quidquid peractum et quidquid relicum saeculorum est, quemadmodum me non latet cantantem illud canticum, quid et quantum eius abierit ab exordio, quid et quantum restet ad finem. sed absit, ut tu, conditor uniuersitatis, conditor animarum et corporum, absit, ut ita noueris omnia futura et praeterita. longe tu, longe mirabilius longeque secretius.

neque enim sicut nota cantantis notumue canticum audientis expectatione uocum futurarum et memoria praeteritarum uariatur affectus sensusque distenditur, ita tibi aliquid accidit inconmutabiliter aeterno, hoc est uere aeterno creatori mentium. sicut ergo nosti in principio caelum et terram sine uarietate notitiae tuae, ita fecisti in principio caelum et terram sine distinctione actionis tuae. qui intellegit, confiteatur tibi, et qui non intellegit, confiteatur tibi. o quam excelsus es, et humiles corde sunt domus tua! tu enim erigis elisos, et non cadunt quorum celsitudo tu es.

ENGLISH

known to it as well as one very familiar song is known to me, that mind would be exceedingly wonderful, astonishing to the point of awe. For nothing done and nothing still to come in all the ages would be hidden from it—just as, when I sing that song, it is not hidden from me what and how much of it has gone by since the beginning, and what and how much remains until the end. But far be it from you, maker of the universe, maker of souls and bodies—far be it from you to know all things future and past in that way. Far, far more wonderfully do you know them, and far more mysteriously.

For it is not with you as it is with someone singing a familiar song or hearing one: his feelings vary and his perception is stretched out by expectation of the sounds to come and memory of those gone by. Nothing like that happens to you, who are unchangeably eternal—that is, the truly eternal creator of minds. So, just as you knew heaven and earth in the beginning without any variation in your knowledge, so you made heaven and earth in the beginning without any distinction in your action. Let whoever understands this confess to you; and let whoever does not understand confess to you. Oh, how high you are—and the humble of heart are your house! For you raise up those who are crushed, and those whose height you are do not fall.

Book XII

Creation: heaven and earth
Augustine interprets "heaven and earth" and defends many true readings of Genesis.

HEAVEN AND EARTH

Augustine begins to ask what "heaven and earth" mean in the first verse of Genesis.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.1.1	Multa satagit cor meum, domine, in hac inopia uitae meae pulsatum uerbis sanctae scripturae tuae, et ideo plerumque in sermone copiosa est egestas humanae intellegentiae, quia plus loquitur inquisitio quam inuentio et longior est petitio quam inpetratio et operosior est manus pulsans quam sumens. tenemus promissum: quis corrumpet illud? si deus pro nobis, quis contra nos? petite, et accipietis; quaerite, et inuenietis; pulsate, et aperietur uobis. omnis enim, qui petit, accipit et quaerens inueniet et pulsanti aperietur. promissa tua sunt, et quis falli timeat, cum promittit ueritas?	My heart, Lord, is busy with much in this poverty of my life, stirred by the words of your holy Scripture. And so, most of the time, the neediness of human understanding is lavish with words, because seeking talks more than finding, asking takes longer than obtaining, and the hand that knocks works harder than the hand that receives. We hold the promise: who will break it? "If God is for us, who can be against us?" "Ask and you will receive; seek and you will find; knock and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, and the one who seeks will find, and to the one who knocks it will be opened." These are your promises; and who need fear being deceived when Truth makes the promise?[1]
12.2.2	Confitetur altitudini tuae humilitas linguae meae, quoniam tu fecisti caelum et terram, hoc caelum, quod uideo, terramque, quam calco, unde est haec terra, quam porto. tu fecisti. sed ubi est caelum caeli, domine, de quo audiuimus in uoce psalmi: caelum caeli domino: terram autem dedit filiis hominum? ubi es, caelum, quod non cernimus, cui terra est hoc omne, quod cernimus? hoc enim totum corporeum non ubique totum ita cepit speciem pulchram in nouissimis, cuius fundus est terra nostra, sed ad illud caelum caeli etiam terrae nostrae caelum terra est. et hoc utrumque magnum corpus non absurde terra est ad illud nescio quale caelum, quod domino est, non filiis hominum.	The lowliness of my tongue confesses to your loftiness that you made heaven and earth: this heaven that I see, and this earth I tread on, from which comes this earth that I carry—you made them. But where is the heaven of heaven, Lord, of which we have heard in the words of the psalm, "The heaven of heaven is the Lord's, but the earth he has given to the children of men"? Where is the heaven we do not see, compared with which all that we see is earth? For this whole bodily universe, which is not whole in every part, has received a beautiful form even in its lowest parts, and our earth is at its bottom. But compared with that heaven of heaven, even the heaven of our earth is earth. And it is not absurd to call both these great bodies earth, compared with that heaven—whatever it is—which belongs to the Lord and not to the children of men.[2]

1 Romans 8:31; Matthew 7:7–8.
2 Psalm 115:16.

FORMLESS MATTER

Augustine interprets the invisible, unformed earth as formless matter created from nothing.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
12.3.3	Et nimirum haec terra erat inuisibilis et inconposita et nescio qua profunditas abyssi, super quam non erat lux, quia nulla species erat illi: unde iussisti, ut scriberetur, quod tenebrae erant super abyssum; quid aliud quam lucis absentia? ubi enim lux esset, si esset, nisi super esset eminendo et inlustrando? ubi ergo lux nondum erat, quid erat adesse tenebras nisi abesse lucem? super itaque erant tenebrae, quia super lux aberat, sicut sonus ubi non est, silentium est. et quid est esse ibi silentium nisi sonum ibi non esse? nonne tu, domine, docuisti hanc animam, quae tibi confitetur? nonne tu, domine, docuisti me, quod priusquam istam informem materiam formares atque distingueres, non erat aliquid, non color, non figura, non corpus, non spiritus?	And surely this earth was invisible and unformed, and there was an abyss of some unfathomable depth, over which there was no light, because it had no appearance at all. That is why you commanded it to be written that "darkness was over the abyss." What is that but the absence of light? For where would light have been, if there had been any, except over it, rising above it and lighting it up? So where there was not yet light, what was the presence of darkness but the absence of light? Darkness, then, was over it, because light was absent above it—just as where there is no sound, there is silence. And what is it for silence to be there but for sound not to be there? Did you not, Lord, teach this soul that confesses to you? Did you not, Lord, teach me that before you formed that formless matter and shaped it into distinct things, there was nothing—no color, no shape, no body, no spirit?[3]
	non tamen omnino nihil: erat quaedam informitas sine ulla specie.	And yet not absolutely nothing: there was a kind of formlessness without any appearance.
12.4.4	Quid ergo uocaretur, quo etiam sensu tardioribus utcumque insinuaretur, nisi usitato aliquo uocabulo? quid autem in omnibus mundi partibus reperiri potest propinquius informitati omnimodae quam terra et abyssus? minus enim speciosa sunt pro suo gradu infimo quam cetera superiora perlucida et luculenta omnia. cur ergo non accipiam informitatem materiae, quam sine specie feceras, unde speciosum mundum faceres, ita conmode hominibus intimatam, ut appellaretur terra inuisibilis et inconposita,	What, then, was it to be called, so that it might somehow be conveyed even to slower minds, if not by some ordinary word? And what can be found in all the parts of the world closer to complete formlessness than earth and abyss? For, in keeping with their lowest rank, they have less beauty than the higher things, which are all shining and full of light. Why, then, should I not take it that the formlessness of matter—which you had made without beauty of form so that from it you might make a beautifully formed world—was conveyed to human beings so aptly that it was called "invisible and unformed earth"?
12.5.5	ut, cum in ea quaerit cogitatio, quid sensus attingat, et dicit sibi: „non est intellegibilis forma sicut uita, sicut iustitia, quia materies est corporum, neque sensibilis, quoniam quid uideatur et quid sentiatur in inuisibili et inconposita non est", dum sibi haec dicit humana cogitatio, conetur eam uel nosse ignorando uel ignorare noscendo?	When thought looks here for something the senses can grasp, it says to itself: "It is not an intelligible form, like life or justice, since it is the matter of bodies; nor is it perceptible to the senses, since in what is invisible and unformed there is nothing to be seen or perceived." While human thought says this to itself, should it try either to know it by not knowing it, or not to know it by knowing it?

3 Genesis 1:2, in the Old Latin version Augustine used.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.6.6 Ego uero, domine, si totum confitear tibi ore meo et calamo meo, quidquid de ista materia docuisti me, cuius antea nomen audiens et non intellegens narrantibus mihi eis, qui non intellegerent, eam cum speciebus innumeris et uariis cogitabam et ideo non eam cogitabam; foedas et horribiles formas perturbatis ordinibus uoluebat animus, sed formas tamen, et informe appellabam non quod careret forma, sed quod talem haberet, ut, si appareret, insolitum et incongruum auersaretur sensus meus et conturbaretur infirmitas hominis; uerum autem illud quod cogitabam non priuatione omnis formae, sed conparatione formosiorum erat informe, et suadebat uera ratio, ut omnis formae qualescumque reliquias omnino detraherem, si uellem prorsus informe cogitare et non poteram;	As for me, Lord, if I am to confess to you with my mouth and my pen all that you have taught me about this matter: once I heard its name without understanding it, from people who told me about it without understanding it themselves, and I pictured it with countless varied forms—and so I was not picturing it at all. My mind turned over foul and horrible forms in jumbled order, but forms nonetheless; and I called it formless not because it lacked form, but because it had such a form that, if it appeared, my senses would turn away from it as strange and unfitting, and human weakness would be thrown into confusion. But what I was picturing was formless not by the lack of all form but by comparison with more beautiful things. And true reason urged me to strip away completely every last remnant of any form whatsoever, if I wanted to conceive of something wholly formless; and I could not.
citius enim non esse censebam, quod omni forma priuaretur, quam cogitabam quiddam inter formam et nihil nec formatum nec nihil, informe prope nihil; et cessauit mens mea interrogare hinc spiritum meum plenum imaginibus formatorum corporum et eas pro arbitrio mutantem atque uariantem, et intendi in ipsa corpora eorumque mutabilitatem altius inspexi, qua desinunt esse quod fuerant et incipiunt esse quod non erant, eundemque transitum de forma in formam per informe quiddam fieri suspicatus sum, non per omnino nihil: sed nosse cupiebam, non suspicari et si totum tibi confiteatur uox et stilus meus, quidquid de ista quaestione enodasti mihi, quis legentium capere durabit? nec ideo tamen cessabit cor meum tibi dare honorem et canticum laudis de his, quae dictare non sufficit.	For I found it easier to suppose that what was deprived of all form did not exist than to conceive of something between form and nothing—neither formed nor nothing, formless and next to nothing. So my mind stopped questioning my spirit on this point, full as it was of images of formed bodies, changing and varying them at will; and I turned my attention to bodies themselves and looked more deeply into their changeableness, by which they cease to be what they had been and begin to be what they were not. And I suspected that this same passage from form to form took place through something formless, not through absolutely nothing. But I wanted to know, not to suspect. And if my voice and pen were to confess to you everything you have untangled for me on this question, which of my readers would have the patience to take it in? Yet my heart will not on that account cease to give you honor and a song of praise for the things it cannot put into words.
mutabilitas enim rerum mutabilium ipsa capax est formarum omnium, in quas mutantur res mutabiles. et haec quid est? numquid animus? numquid corpus? numquid species animi uel corporis? si dici posset: nihil aliquid et: est non est, hoc eam dicerem; et tamen iam utcumque erat, ut species caperet istas uisibiles et conpositas.	For the changeableness of changeable things is itself capable of receiving all the forms into which changeable things are changed. And what is this? Is it mind? Is it body? Is it some form of mind or body? If one could say "a nothing-something" and "an is-that-is-not," that is what I would call it. And yet it already existed in some way, so as to receive these visible and ordered forms.
12.7.7	

LATIN	ENGLISH
Et unde utcumque erat, ut species caperet istas uisibiles et conpositas, et unde utcumque erat, nisi esset abs te, a quo sunt omnia, in quantumcumque sunt? sed tanto a te longius, quanto dissimilius: neque enim locis. itaque tu, domine, qui non es alias aliud et alias aliter, sed id ipsum et id ipsum, sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, dominus deus omnipotens, in principio, quod est de te, in sapientia tua, quae nata est de substantia tua, fecisti aliquid et de nihilo. fecisti enim caelum et terram non de te: nam esset aequale unigenito tuo ac per hoc et tibi, et nullo modo iustum esset, ut aequale tibi esset, quod de te non esset.	And where would it have got whatever being it had so as to receive these visible and ordered forms—where would it have got whatever being it had, if not from you, from whom all things are, to whatever extent they are? But the more unlike you a thing is, the further it is from you—not in place. So you, Lord, who are not one thing at one time and another at another, nor one way now and another way then, but the Selfsame, the Selfsame, the Selfsame—"holy, holy, holy, Lord God almighty"—in the Beginning, which is from you, in your Wisdom, which was born of your substance, made something, and made it out of nothing. For you made heaven and earth not out of yourself; otherwise it would be equal to your only-begotten Son, and through that equal to you as well. And it would in no way be right for something that was not from you to be equal to you.[4]
et aliud praeter te non erat, unde faceres ea, deus, una trinitas et trina unitas: et ideo de nihilo fecisti caelum et terram, magnum quiddam et paruum quiddam, quoniam omnipotens et bonus es ad facienda omnia bona, magnum caelum et paruam terram. tu eras et aliud nihil, unde fecisti caelum et terram, duo quaedam, unum prope te, alterum prope nihil, unum, quo superior tu esses, alterum, quo inferius nihil esset.	And there was nothing besides you from which you could make them, God, one Trinity and threefold Unity. And so you made heaven and earth out of nothing—a great thing and a small thing—because you are almighty and good, to make all things good: a great heaven and a small earth. You were, and there was nothing else out of which you made heaven and earth: two things, one close to you, the other close to nothing; one to which you alone would be superior, the other to which nothing would be inferior.

THE HEAVEN OF HEAVEN

Augustine identifies the "heaven of heaven" as a created intellectual realm beyond time, and defends his reading.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.8.8 Sed illud caelum caeli tibi, domine; terra autem, quam dedisti filiis hominum cernendam atque tangendam, non erat talis, qualem nunc cernimus et tangimus. inuisibilis enim erat et inconposita et abyssus erat, super quam non erat lux, aut tenebrae erant super abyssum, id est magis quam in abysso. ista quippe abyssus aquarum iam uisibilium etiam in profundis suis habet speciei suae lucem utcumque sensibilem piscibus et repentibus in suo fundo animantibus: illud autem totum prope nihil erat, quoniam adhuc omnino informe erat; iam tamen erat, quod formari poterat. tu enim, domine, fecisti mundum de materia informi, quam fecisti de nulla re paene nullam rem, unde faceres magna, quae miramur filii hominum.	But that heaven of heaven is yours, Lord; whereas the earth, which you gave to the children of men to see and touch, was not such as we now see and touch. For it was invisible and unformed, and it was an abyss over which there was no light; or, darkness was over the abyss—that is, more than in the abyss. For this abyss of waters, now visible, has even in its depths a light proper to its appearance, somehow perceptible to the fish and to the creatures that crawl along its bottom. But that whole thing was close to nothing, because it was still entirely formless; yet it was already something that could be formed. For you, Lord, made

4 Isaiah 6:3; Revelation 4:8. "The Beginning" and "Wisdom" here refer to the Son, the Word through whom God creates.

LATIN

ENGLISH

the world from formless matter, which you made out of no thing as an almost-nothing, so that from it you might make the great things that we, the children of men, marvel at.

ualde hoc mirabile caelum corporeum, quod firmamentum inter aquam et aquam secundo die post conditionem lucis dixisti: fiat, et sic est factum. quod firmamentum uocasti caelum, sed caelum terrae huius et maris, quae fecisti tertio die dando speciem uisibilem informi materiae, quam fecisti ante omnem diem. iam enim feceras et caelum ante omnem diem, sed caelum caeli huius, quia in principio feceras caelum et terram. terra autem ipsa, quam feceras, informis materies erat, quia inuisibilis erat et inconposita et tenebrae super abyssum:

For this bodily heaven is truly wonderful—the firmament between water and water—of which, on the second day, after the creation of light, you said, "Let it be," and so it was made. That firmament you called heaven—but the heaven of this earth and sea, which you made on the third day by giving visible appearance to the formless matter you had made before any day. For you had already made a heaven too before any day, but that was the heaven of this heaven, since in the beginning you had made heaven and earth. But the earth itself that you had made was formless matter, because it was invisible and unformed, and darkness was over the abyss.[5]

de qua terra inuisibili et inconposita, de qua informitate, de quo paene nihilo faceres haec omnia, quibus iste mutabilis mundus constat et non constat, in quo ipsa mutabilitas apparet, in qua sentiri et dinumerari possunt tempora, quia rerum mutationibus fiunt tempora, dum uariantur et uertuntur species, quarum materies praedicta est terra inuisibilis.

From this invisible and unformed earth, from this formlessness, from this almost-nothing, you were to make all the things of which this changeable world consists—and yet does not stand firm. In it changeableness itself appears, and in changeableness times can be perceived and counted; for times come about through the changes of things, as their forms vary and turn. And the matter of those forms is the invisible earth spoken of above.

12.9.9 Ideoque spiritus, doctor famuli tui, cum te conmemorat fecisse in principio caelum et terram, tacet de temporibus, silet de diebus. nimirum enim caelum caeli, quod in principio fecisti, creatura est aliqua intellectualis, quamquam nequaquam tibi, trinitati, coaeterna, particeps tamen aeternitatis tuae, ualde mutabilitatem suam prae dulcedine felicissimae contemplationis tuae cohibet et sine ullo lapsu ex quo facta est inhaerendo tibi excedit omnem uolubilem uicissitudinem temporum. ista uero informitas, terra inuisibilis et inconposita, nec ipsa in diebus numerata est. ubi enim nulla species, nullus ordo, nec uenit quicquam et praeterit, et ubi hoc non fit, non sunt utique dies nec uicissitudo spatiorum temporalium.

And so the Spirit, the teacher of your servant, when he records that you made heaven and earth in the beginning, is silent about times and says nothing about days. For surely the heaven of heaven, which you made in the beginning, is some intellectual creature. Although it is in no way coeternal with you, the Trinity, it nevertheless shares in your eternity. It firmly restrains its own changeableness through the sweetness of its most blessed contemplation of you, and, clinging to you without any lapse from the moment it was made, it rises above all the whirling succession of times. But this formlessness, the invisible and unformed earth, is not itself counted among the days either. For where there is no form and no order, nothing comes and nothing passes away; and where this does not happen, there are certainly no days, and no succession of spans of time.[6]

5 Genesis 1:6–10.
6 The servant is Moses, traditionally regarded as the author of Genesis.

LATIN	ENGLISH
12.10.10 O ueritas, lumen cordis mei, non tenebrae meae loquantur mihi. defluxi ad ista et obscuratus sum, sed hinc, etiam hinc adamaui te. erraui et recordatus sum tui. audiui uocem tuam post me, ut redirem, et uix audiui propter tumultus inpacatorum. et nunc ecce redeo aestuans et anhelans ad fontem tuum. nemo me prohibeat: hunc bibam et hunc uiuam. non ego uita mea sim: male uixi ex me, mors mihi fui: in te reuiuesco. tu me alloquere, tu mihi sermocinare. credidi libris tuis, et uerba eorum arcana ualde.	O Truth, light of my heart, do not let my darkness speak to me! I slid down into these things and was darkened; but even from here, even from here, I loved you dearly. I went astray, and I remembered you. I heard your voice behind me, calling me to come back, and I scarcely heard it for the noise of the restless. And now, look, I am coming back, burning and panting, to your fountain. Let no one stop me: I will drink it, and live it. Let me not be my own life: I lived badly from myself; I was death to myself. In you I come back to life. You speak to me; you converse with me. I have believed your books, and their words are deeply mysterious.
12.11.11 Iam dixisti mihi, domine, uoce forti in aurem interiorem, quia tu aeternus es, solus habens inmortalitatem, quoniam ex nulla specie motuue mutaris nec temporibus uariatur uoluntas tua, quia non est immortalis uoluntas, quae alia et alia est. hoc in conspectu tuo claret mihi et magis magisque clarescat, oro te, atque in ea manifestatione persistam sobrius sub alis tuis.	You have already told me, Lord, in a loud voice in my inner ear, that you are eternal, "who alone have immortality," since you are not changed by any form or motion, and your will does not vary with the times; for a will that is now one thing and now another is not immortal. This is clear to me in your sight; let it grow clearer and clearer, I pray, and in that revelation let me remain, sober, under your wings.[7]
item dixisti mihi, domine, uoce forti in aurem interiorem, quod omnes naturas atque substantias, quae non sunt quod tu es et tamen sunt, tu fecisti: hoc solum a te non est, quod non est; motusque uoluntatis a te, qui es, ad id quod minus est, quia talis motus delictum atque peccatum est, et quod nullius peccatum aut tibi nocet aut perturbat ordinem imperii tui uel in primo uel in imo. hoc in conspectu tuo claret mihi et magis magisque clarescat, oro te, atque in ea manifestatione persistam sobrius sub alis tuis.	Again you have told me, Lord, in a loud voice in my inner ear, that all natures and substances which are not what you are, and yet exist, were made by you. (Only this is not from you: what does not exist, and the movement of the will away from you, who are, toward what is less—for such a movement is wrongdoing and sin.) And you told me that no one's sin either harms you or disturbs the order of your rule, whether in the highest or in the lowest. This is clear to me in your sight; let it grow clearer and clearer, I pray, and in that revelation let me remain, sober, under your wings.
12.11.12 Item dixisti mihi uoce forti in aurem interiorem, quod nec illa creatura tibi coaeterna est, cuius uoluptas tu solus es teque perseuerantissima castitate hauriens mutabilitatem suam nusquam et numquam exerit et te sibi semper praesente, ad quem toto affectu se tenet, non habens futurum quod expectet nec in praeteritum traiciens quod meminerit, nulla uice uariatur nec in tempora ulla distenditur. o beata, si qua ista est, inhaerendo beatitudini tuae, beata sempiterno inhabitatore te atque inlustratore suo! nec inuenio, quid libentius appellandum existimem caelum caeli domino quam domum tuam contemplantem delectationem tuam	Again you have told me in a loud voice in my inner ear that not even that creature is coeternal with you whose delight you alone are. Drinking you in with unwavering chastity, it never and nowhere shows its changeableness; with you always present to it, to whom it holds fast with all its affection, it has no future to wait for and carries nothing over into the past to remember, and so it is altered by no change and stretched out into no times. O blessed creature—if such there is—in clinging to your blessedness, blessed in you, its

7 1 Timothy 6:16.

LATIN	ENGLISH
sine ullo defectu egrediendi in aliud, mentem puram concordissime unam stabilimento pacis sanctorum spirituum, ciuium ciuitatis tuae in caelestibus super ista caelestia.	eternal indweller and illuminator! Nor do I find anything that I would more gladly call "the heaven of heaven, which is the Lord's" than your house, which contemplates your delight without any failing that would make it go out to something else: a pure mind, most harmoniously one in the settled peace of holy spirits, citizens of your city in the heavens above these heavens.
12.11.13 Vnde intellegat anima, cuius peregrinatio longinqua facta est, si iam sitit tibi, si iam factae sunt ei lacrimae suae panis, dum dicitur ei per singulos dies: ubi est deus tuus? si iam petit a te unam et hanc requirit, ut inhabitet in domo tua per omnes dies uitae suae? et quae uita eius nisi tu? et qui dies tui nisi aeternitas tua, sicut anni tui, qui non deficiunt, quia idem ipse es? hinc ergo intellegat anima, quae potest, quam longe super omnia tempora sis aeternus, quando tua domus, quae peregrinata non est, quamuis non sit tibi coaeterna, tamen indesinenter et indeficienter tibi cohaerendo nullam patitur uicissitudinem temporum.	Let the soul whose wandering has taken it far away understand this—if it now thirsts for you, if its tears have now become its bread while every day it is asked, "Where is your God?", if it now asks one thing of you and seeks it: to dwell in your house all the days of its life. And what is its life but you? And what are your days but your eternity, like your years, which do not fail, because you are always the same? From this, then, let the soul that is able understand how far above all times you are eternal, since your house, which has never wandered away, though it is not coeternal with you, yet by clinging to you unceasingly and unfailingly undergoes no succession of times.[8]
hoc in conspectu tuo claret mihi et magis magisque clarescat, oro te, atque in hac manifestatione persistam sobrius sub alis tuis.	This is clear to me in your sight; let it grow clearer and clearer, I pray, and in this revelation let me remain, sober, under your wings.
12.11.14 Ecce nescio quid informe in istis mutationibus rerum extremarum atque infirmarum, et quis dicet mihi, nisi quisquis per inania cordis sui cum suis phantasmatis uagatur et uoluitur, quis nisi talis dicet mihi, quod deminuta atque consumpta omni specie, si sola remaneat informitas, per quam de specie in speciem res mutabatur et uertebatur, possit exhibere uices temporum? omnino enim non potest, quia sine uarietate motionum non sunt tempora: et nulla uarietas, ubi nulla species.	Look: there is something formless in these changes of the last and weakest things. And who will tell me—unless it is someone who wanders and tumbles about in the emptiness of his own heart with his fantasies—who but such a person will tell me that, if all form were diminished and used up, and only the formlessness remained through which a thing was changed and turned from form to form, it could display the succession of times? That is utterly impossible, because without variety of motions there are no times, and there is no variety where there is no form.
12.12.15 Quibus consideratis, deus meus, quantum donas, quantum me ad pulsandum excitas quantumque pulsanti aperis, duo reperio, quae fecisti carentia temporibus, cum tibi neutrum coaeternum sit: unum, quod ita formatum est, ut sine ullo defectu contemplationis, sine ullo interuallo mutationis, quamuis mutabile, tamen non mutatum aeternitate atque inconmutabilitate perfruatur; alterum, quod ita informe erat, ut ex qua forma in quam formam uel motionis uel stationis mutaretur, quo	Having considered these things—as far as you grant it, my God, as far as you rouse me to knock and open to me when I knock—I find two things you made that are without times, though neither is coeternal with you. One is so formed that, without any break in contemplation, without any interval of change, changeable yet unchanged, it enjoys your eternity and unchangeableness to the

8 Psalm 42:3.

LATIN	ENGLISH
tempori subderetur, non haberet. sed hoc ut informe esset, non reliquisti, quoniam fecisti ante omnem diem in principio caelum et terram, haec duo quae dicebam.	full. The other was so formless that it had no form from which it could change into another form, whether of motion or of rest, so as to be subject to time. But you did not leave this formless; for before any day, in the beginning, you made heaven and earth—these two things I have been speaking of.
terra autem inuisibilis erat et inconposita et tenebrae super abyssum. quibus uerbis insinuatur informitas, ut gradatim excipiantur, qui omnimodam speciei priuationem nec tamen ad nihil peruentionem cogitare non possent, unde fieret alterum caelum et terra uisibilis atque conposita et aqua speciosa et quidquid deinceps in constitutione huius mundi non sine diebus factum conmemoratur, quia talia sunt, ut in eis agantur uicissitudines temporum propter ordinatas conmutationes motionum atque formarum.	"But the earth was invisible and unformed, and darkness was over the abyss." By these words formlessness is suggested, so that people who cannot conceive of a complete absence of form that nonetheless does not amount to nothing might be led along step by step. From it were to be made a second heaven, and an earth visible and formed, and beautiful water, and whatever else is recorded as made thereafter in the establishing of this world—not without days, because these things are such that the successions of times take place in them through the ordered changes of motions and forms.
12.13.16 Hoc interim sentio, deus meus, cum audio loquentem scripturam tuam: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram: terra autem erat inuisibilis et inconposita et tenebrae erant super abyssum, neque conmemorantem, quoto die feceris haec, sic interim sentio propter illud caelum caeli, caelum intellectuale, ubi est intellectus nosse simul, non ex parte, non in aenigmate, non per speculum, sed ex toto, in manifestatione, facie ad faciem; non modo hoc, modo illud, sed, quod dictum est, nosse simul sine ulla uicissitudine temporum, et propter inuisibilem atque inconpositam terram sine ulla uicissitudine temporum, quae solet habere modo hoc et modo illud, quia ubi nulla species, nusquam est hoc et illud:	This is my sense for now, my God, when I hear your Scripture saying, "In the beginning God made heaven and earth; but the earth was invisible and unformed, and darkness was over the abyss," without mentioning on which day you made these things. This is my sense for now, because of that heaven of heaven, the intellectual heaven, where understanding means knowing all at once—not in part, not in a riddle, not through a mirror, but wholly, openly, face to face; not now this and now that, but, as I said, knowing all at once, without any succession of times. And it is because of the invisible and unformed earth, which is also without any succession of times—the succession that usually brings now this and now that; for where there is no form, there is no this and that anywhere.[9]
propter duo haec, primitus formatum et penitus informe, illud caelum, sed caelum caeli, hoc uero terram, sed terram inuisibilem et inconpositam, propter duo haec interim sentio sine commemoratione dierum dicere scripturam tuam: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram. statim quippe subiecit, quam terram dixerit. et quod secundo die commemoratur factum firmamentum et uocatum, caelum insinuat, de quo caelo prius sine diebus sermo locutus sit.	Because of these two—the one formed from the very start, the other utterly formless; the first a heaven, but the heaven of heaven, the second an earth, but an earth invisible and unformed—because of these two, I sense for now, your Scripture says without mentioning days, "In the beginning God made heaven and earth." For it immediately added which earth it meant; and by recording that on the second day the firmament was made and

9 Genesis 1:1–2.

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called heaven, it suggests which heaven it had spoken of earlier, without mentioning days.

12.14.17 Mira profunditas eloquiorum tuorum, quorum ecce ante nos superficies blandiens paruulis: sed mira profunditas, deus meus, mira profunditas! horror est intendere in eam, horror honoris et tremor amoris. odi hostes eius uehementer: o si occidas eos de gladio bis acuto, et non sint hostes eius! sic enim amo eos occidi sibi, ut uiuant tibi. ecce autem alii non reprehensores, sed laudatores libri Geneseos: „non“ inquiunt „hoc uoluit in his uerbis intellegi spiritus dei, qui per Moysen famulum eius ista conscripsit, non hoc uoluit intellegi, quod tu dicis, sed aliud, quod nos dicimus.“ quibus ego te arbitro, deus omnium nostrum, ita respondeo.

Wonderful is the depth of your words! See, their surface lies before us, coaxing the little ones; but wonderful is their depth, my God, wonderful their depth! To gaze into it brings a shudder—the shudder of reverence and the trembling of love. I hate its enemies fiercely. Oh, that you would slay them with a two-edged sword, so that they would no longer be its enemies! For this is how I love them: I want them slain to themselves, so that they may live to you. But look, there are others, not critics but admirers of the book of Genesis, who say: “That is not what the Spirit of God, who wrote these things through his servant Moses, meant these words to convey. He did not mean what you say, but something else—what we say.” To them, with you as judge, God of us all, I answer as follows.

12.15.18 Num dicetis falsa esse, quae mihi ueritas uoce forti in aurem interiorem dicit de uera aeternitate creatoris, quod nequaquam eius substantia per tempora uarietur nec eius uoluntas extra eius substantiam sit? unde non eum modo uelle hoc modo uelle illud, sed semel et simul et semper uelle omnia quae uult, non iterum et iterum neque nunc ista nunc illa nec uelle postea quod nolebat aut nolle quod uolebat prius, quia talis uoluntas mutabilis est et omne mutabile aeternum non est; deus autem noster aeternus est. item, quod mihi dicit in aurem interiorem, expectatio rerum uenturarum fit contuitus, cum uenerint, idemque contuitus fit memoria, cum praeterierint: omnis porro intentio, quae ita uariatur, mutabilis est, et omne mutabile aeternum non est: deus autem noster aeternus est.

Will you say that what Truth tells me in a loud voice in my inner ear is false—about the true eternity of the Creator: that his substance in no way varies with times, and that his will is not outside his substance? From this it follows that he does not will now this and now that, but wills once, all at once and always, everything that he wills—not again and again, nor now these things and now those; nor does he will later what he did not will before, or cease to will what he willed before. For such a will is changeable, and nothing changeable is eternal; but our God is eternal. Again, it tells me in my inner ear that the expectation of things to come becomes direct sight when they have come, and that same sight becomes memory when they have passed. Now every act of attention that varies in this way is changeable, and nothing changeable is eternal; but our God is eternal.

haec colligo atque coniungo et inuenio deum meum, deum aeternum non aliqua noua uoluntate condidisse creaturam nec scientiam eius transitorium aliquid pati.

I gather these truths together and join them, and I find that my God, the eternal God, did not establish creation by some new act of will, and that his knowledge undergoes nothing transitory.

12.15.19 Quid ergo dicetis, contradictores? an falsa sunt ista? „non“ inquiunt. quid illud? num falsum est omnem naturam formatam materiamue formabilem non esse nisi ab illo, qui summe bonus est, quia summe est? „neque hoc negamus“ inquiunt. quid igitur? an illud negatis, sublimem quandam esse creaturam tam casto amore

What, then, will you say, you who contradict me? Are these things false? “No,” they say. What then? Is it false that every formed nature, or matter capable of form, exists only from him who is supremely good because he supremely is? “We do

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cohaerentem deo uero et uere aeterno, ut, quamuis ei coaeterna non sit, in nullam tamen temporum uarietatem et uicissitudinem ab illo se resoluat et defluat, sed in eius solius ueracissima contemplatione requiescat, quoniam tu, deus, diligenti te, quantum praecipis, ostendis ei te et sufficis ei, et ideo non declinat a te nec a se? haec est domus dei non terrena neque ulla caelesti mole corporea, sed spiritalis et particeps aeternitatis tuae, quia sine labe in aeternum.	not deny that either," they say. Then what? Do you deny that there is a certain sublime creature, clinging with such chaste love to the true and truly eternal God that, although it is not coeternal with him, it does not come loose from him or slip away into any variation and succession of times, but rests in the truest contemplation of him alone? For you, God, show yourself to one who loves you as much as you command, and you are enough for it; and so it does not turn away from you, nor toward itself. This is the house of God—not earthly, nor made of any heavenly bodily mass, but spiritual and sharing in your eternity, because it is without stain forever.
statuisti enim eam in saeculum et in saeculum saeculi; praeceptum posuisti et non praeteribit. nec tamen tibi coaeterna, quoniam non sine initio: facta est enim.	For you have established it forever and ever; you have laid down a decree, and it will not pass away. Yet it is not coeternal with you, since it is not without beginning: it was made.
12.15.20 Nam etsi non inuenimus tempus ante illam — prior quippe omnium creata est sapientia — nec utique illa sapientia tibi, deus noster, patri suo, plane coaeterna et coaequalis et per quam creata sunt omnia et in quo principio fecisti caelum et terram, sed profecto sapientia, quae creata est, intellectualis natura scilicet, quae contemplatione luminis lumen est — dicitur enim et ipsa, quamuis creata, sapientia; sed quantum interest inter lumen, quod inluminat et quod inluminatur, tantum inter sapientiam, quae creat, et istam, quae creata est, sicut inter iustitiam iustificantem et iustitiam, quae iustificatione facta est; nam et nos dicti sumus iustitia tua; ait enim quidam seruus tuus: ut nos simus iustitia dei in ipso —	For we find no time before it, since "wisdom was created before all things." Yet this is certainly not that Wisdom which is fully coeternal and equal to you, our God, its Father, through which all things were created, and which is the Beginning in which you made heaven and earth. Rather, it is the wisdom that was created: namely, the intellectual nature, which is light by contemplating light. For it too, although created, is called wisdom. But as great as the difference between the light that illuminates and the light that is illuminated, so great is the difference between the Wisdom that creates and this wisdom that was created—just as between the righteousness that makes righteous and the righteousness that has come about by being made righteous. (For we too are called your righteousness; one of your servants says, "so that we might become the righteousness of God in him.")[10]
ergo quia prior Omnium creata est quaedam sapientia, quae creata est, mens rationalis et intellectualis castae ciuitatis tuae, matris nostrae, quae sursum est et libera est et aeterna in caelis — quibus caelis, nisi qui te laudant caeli caelorum, quia hoc est et caelum caeli domino? — etsi non inuenimus tempus ante illam, quia et creaturam temporis antecedit quae prior omnium creata est, ante illam tamen est ipsius creatoris aeternitas, a quo facta sumpsit exordium, quamuis non temporis, quia nondum erat tempus, ipsius tamen conditionis suae.	So a certain wisdom that was created was created before all things: the rational and intellectual mind of your chaste city, our mother, which is above, and is free, and eternal in the heavens. (In which heavens, if not the heavens of heavens that praise you? For this too is "the heaven of heaven is the Lord's.") And even though we find no time before it—since what was created first of all precedes even the creation of time—still, before it is the eternity of the Creator himself, by whom it was

10 Sirach 1:4; 2 Corinthians 5:21 (the servant is Paul).

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	made and from whom it took its beginning: not a beginning in time, since time did not yet exist, but the beginning of its own existence.
12.15.21 Vnde ita est abs te, deo nostro, ut aliud sit plane quam tu et non id ipsum, et non solum ante illam, sed nec in illa inuenimus tempus, quia est idonea faciem tuam semper uidere nec uspiam deflectitur ab ea; quo fit, ut nulla mutatione uarietur. inest ei tamen ipsa mutabilitas, unde tenebresceret et frigesceret, nisi amore grandi tibi cohaerens tamquam semper meridies luceret et ferueret ex te. o domus luminosa et speciosa, dilexi decorem tuum et locum habitationis gloriae domini mei, fabricatoris et possessoris tui! tibi suspiret peregrinatio mea, et dico ei qui fecit te, ut possideat et me in te, quia fecit et me. erraui sicut ouis perdita, sed in umeris pastoris mei, structoris tui, spero me reportari tibi.	Hence it is from you, our God, in such a way that it is plainly something other than you, and not the Selfsame. Although we find time not only not before it but not even in it—since it is fit always to see your face and never turns aside from it (which is why it is not altered by any change)—yet changeableness itself is in it, by which it would grow dark and cold, if it did not cling to you with great love and shine and burn from you like a perpetual noon. O house full of light and beauty, I have loved your beauty and the dwelling place of the glory of my Lord, your builder and owner! Let my wandering sigh for you; and I ask the one who made you to possess me too in you, since he made me too. I have gone astray like a lost sheep; but on the shoulders of my shepherd, your builder, I hope to be carried back to you.
12.15.22 Quid dicitis mihi quos alloquebar contradictores, qui tamen et Moysen pium famulum dei et libros eius oracula sancti spiritus creditis? estne ista domus dei, non quidem deo coaeterna, sed tamen secundum modum suum aeterna in caelis, ubi uices temporum frustra quaeritis, quia non inuenitis? supergreditur enim omnem distentionem et omne spatium aetatis uolubile, cui semper inhaerere deo bonum est. „est“ inquiunt. quid igitur ex his, quae clamauit cor meum ad deum meum, cum audiret interius uocem laudis eius, quid tandem falsum esse contenditis? an quia erat informis materies, ubi propter nullam formam nullus ordo erat?	What do you say to me, you contradictors whom I was addressing, who nevertheless believe that Moses was a devout servant of God and that his books are oracles of the Holy Spirit? Is not this the house of God—not coeternal with God, yet in its own way eternal in the heavens—where you look in vain for the successions of times, because you do not find them? For it transcends every stretching and every whirling span of time, since its good is to cling to God always. “It is,” they say. Then which of the things my heart cried out to my God, when it heard within the voice of his praise—which of them, tell me, do you claim is false? Is it that there was formless matter, where, since there was no form, there was no order?
ubi autem nullus ordo erat, nulla esse uicissitudo temporum poterat; et tamen hoc paene nihil in quantum non omnino nihil erat, ab illo utique erat, a quo est quidquid est, quod utcumque aliquid est. „hoc quoque“ aiunt „non negamus“.	But where there was no order, there could be no succession of times; and yet this almost-nothing, insofar as it was not absolutely nothing, certainly came from him from whom comes whatever is, in whatever way it is something. “This too,” they say, “we do not deny.”

THOSE WHO DISAGREE

Augustine lays out the various interpretations of Genesis held by those who accept its truth.

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12.16.23 Cum his enim uolo coram te aliquid conloqui, deus meus, qui haec omnia, quae intus in mente mea non tacet	For it is with these people that I want to talk a little in your presence, my God—those who grant that

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ueritas tua, uera esse concedunt. nam qui haec negant, latrent quantum uolunt et obstrepant sibi: persuadere conabor, ut quiescant et uiam praebeant ad se uerbo tuo. quod si noluerint et reppulerint me, obsecro, deus meus, ne tu sileas a me. tu loquere in corde meo ueraciter; solus enim sic loqueris;

et dimittam eos foris sufflantes in puluerem et excitantes terram in oculos suos et intrem in cubile meum et cantem tibi amatoria gemens inenarrabiles gemitus in peregrinatione mea et recordans Hierusalem extento in eam sursum corde, Hierusalem patriam meam, Hierusalem matrem meam, teque super eam regnatorem, inlustratorem, patrem, tutorem, maritum, castas et fortes delicias et solidum gaudium et omnia bona ineffabilia, simul omnia, quia unum summum et uerum bonum: et non auertar, donec in eius pacem, matris carissimae, ubi sunt primitiae spiritus mei, unde ista mihi certa sunt, colligas totum quod sum a dispersione et deformitate hac et conformes atque confirmes in aeternum, deus meus, misericordia mea.

cum his autem, qui cuncta illa, quae uera sunt, falsa esse non dicunt honorantes et in culmine sequendae auctoritatis nobiscum constituentes illam per sanctum Moysen editam sanctam scripturam tuam, et tamen nobis aliquid contradicunt, ita loquor. tu esto, deus noster, arbiter inter confessiones meas et contradictiones eorum.

12.17.24 Dicunt enim: „quamuis uera sint haec, non ea tamen duo Moyses intuebatur, cum reuelante spiritu diceret: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram. non caeli nomine spiritalem uel intellectualem illam creaturam semper faciem dei contemplantem significauit nec terrae nomine informem materiam.“ quid igitur? „quod nos dicimus“ inquiunt „hoc ille uir sensit, hoc uerbis istis elocutus est“. quid illud est? „nomine“ aiunt „caeli et terrae totum istum uisibilem mundum prius uniuersaliter et breuiter significare uoluit, ut postea digereret dierum enumeratione quasi articulatim uniuersa, quae sancto spiritui placuit sic enuntiare.

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all these things are true, which your truth does not keep silent within my mind. As for those who deny them, let them bark as much as they like and deafen themselves; I will try to persuade them to be quiet and to open a way for your word to reach them. But if they refuse and push me away, I beg you, my God, do not be silent to me. Speak truly in my heart; for you alone speak so.

And I will leave them outside, blowing into the dust and kicking earth up into their own eyes, and I will enter my chamber and sing you love songs, groaning with groans that cannot be spoken in my wandering, and remembering Jerusalem with my heart stretched up toward it—Jerusalem my homeland, Jerusalem my mother—and you who reign over it: its illuminator, father, guardian, husband, its chaste and strong delights and solid joy and all good things beyond words, all at once, because you are the one supreme and true good. And I will not turn away until you gather all that I am from this scattering and deformity into the peace of that dearest mother, where the first fruits of my spirit are, and from which these things are certain to me; and until you conform and confirm me forever, my God, my mercy.

But with those who do not call false all these things that are true, who honor your holy Scripture, published by holy Moses, and set it with us at the summit of authority to be followed, and who yet contradict us on some point, I speak as follows. Be judge, our God, between my confessions and their contradictions.

For they say: “Even if these things are true, Moses was not thinking of these two things when, by the Spirit’s revelation, he said, ‘In the beginning God made heaven and earth.’ By the name ‘heaven’ he did not mean that spiritual or intellectual creature that always contemplates the face of God, nor by the name ‘earth’ formless matter.” What then? “What we say,” they reply, “is what that man meant; that is what he expressed in those words.” What is that? “By the name ‘heaven and earth,’” they say, “he wanted first to signify this whole visible world, universally and briefly, so as afterward, by counting out the days, to set out one by one, as it were, everything that it pleased the Holy Spirit to declare in this way.

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tales quippe homines erant rudis ille atque carnalis populus, cui loquebatur, ut eis opera dei non nisi sola uisibilia commendanda iudicaret.“ terram uero inuisibilem et incompositam tenebrosamque abyssum, unde consequenter ostenditur per illos dies facta atque disposita esse cuncta ista uisibilia, quae nota sunt omnibus, non incongruenter informem istam materiem intellegendam esse consentiunt.

12.17.25 Quid? si dicat alius eandem informitatem confusionemque materiae caeli et terrae nomine prius insinuatam, quod ex ea mundus iste uisibilis cum omnibus naturis, quae in eo manifestissime apparent, qui caeli et terrae nomine saepe appellari solet, conditus atque perfectus est?

quid? si dicat et alius caelum et terram quidem inuisibilem uisibilemque naturam non indecenter appellatam ac per hoc uniuersam creaturam, quam fecit in sapientia, id est in principio, deus, huiuscemodi duobus uocabulis esse conprehensam; uerum tamen quia non de ipsa substantia dei, sed ex nihilo cuncta facta sunt, quia non sunt id ipsum, quod deus, et inest quaedam mutabilitas omnibus, siue maneant, sicut aeterna domus dei, siue mutentur, sicut anima hominis et corpus, communem omnium rerum inuisibilium uisibiliumque materiem adhuc informem, sed certe formabilem, unde fieret caelum et terra, id est inuisibilis atque uisibilis iam utraque formata creatura, his nominibus enuntiatam, quibus appellaretur terra inuisibilis et inconposita et tenebrae super abyssum, ea distinctione, ut terra inuisibilis et inconposita intellegatur materies corporalis ante qualitatem formae, tenebrae autem super abyssum spiritalis materies ante cohibitionem quasi fluentis inmoderationis et ante inluminationem sapientiae?

12.17.26 Est adhuc quod dicat, si quis alius uelit, non scilicet iam perfectas atque formatas inuisibiles uisibilesque naturas caeli et terrae nomine significari, cum legitur: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram, sed ipsam adhuc informem inchoationem rerum formabilem creabilemque materiam his nominibus appellatam, quod in ea iam essent ista confusa, nondum qualitatibus formisque distincta, quae nunc iam digesta suis ordinibus uocantur caelum et terra, illa spiritalis, haec corporalis creatura.

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For the people he was speaking to were so rough and carnal that he judged only the visible works of God should be commended to them.” But they agree that the invisible and unformed earth and the dark abyss—from which, as is then shown, all these visible things known to everyone were made and set in order during those days—may, not unfittingly, be understood as this formless matter.

What if someone else were to say that this same formlessness and confusion of matter was first suggested by the name “heaven and earth,” because from it this visible world, with all the natures that plainly appear in it—a world often called “heaven and earth”—was established and completed?

What if yet another were to say that invisible and visible nature is not unfittingly called “heaven and earth,” and that therefore the whole creation which God made in Wisdom—that is, in the Beginning—is comprised in these two words? But since all things were made not from the very substance of God but out of nothing—because they are not the Selfsame that God is, and there is a certain changeableness in all of them, whether they remain, like the eternal house of God, or change, like the human soul and body—he might say that the common matter of all things invisible and visible, still formless but certainly capable of form, from which heaven and earth were to be made (that is, invisible and visible creation, both now formed), was expressed by the words that call it “the invisible and unformed earth” and “darkness over the abyss.” And he might draw this distinction: that “the invisible and unformed earth” is to be understood as bodily matter before it had the quality of form, and “darkness over the abyss” as spiritual matter before its almost fluid excess was restrained, and before it was illuminated by wisdom.

There is still another view that someone else might put forward, if he wished: that when we read, “In the beginning God made heaven and earth,” the words heaven and earth do not mean natures, invisible and visible, already complete and formed. Rather, these names designate the still formless beginning of things, matter capable of being formed and created. For in it, jumbled together and not yet distinguished by qualities and

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	forms, were already the things that now, set out in their proper order, are called heaven and earth—the one a spiritual, the other a bodily creation.

MANY TRUE MEANINGS

Augustine argues that Scripture may hold many true meanings, and disputes over them should yield to love.

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12.18.27 Quibus omnibus auditis et consideratis nolo uerbis contendere; ad nihil enim utile est nisi ad subuersionem audientium. ad aedificationem autem bona est lex, si quis ea legitime utatur, quia finis eius est caritas de corde puro et conscientia bona et fide non ficta; et nouit magister noster, in quibus duobus praeceptis totam legem prophetasque suspenderit. quae mihi ardenter confitenti, deus meus, lumen oculorum meorum in occulto, quid mihi obest, cum diuersa in his uerbis intellegi possint, quae tamen uera sint? quid, inquam, mihi obest, si aliud ego sensero quam sensit alius eum sensisse, qui scripsit?	Having heard and weighed all these views, I do not want to fight about words; that is of no use except to ruin those who listen. But the law is good for building up, if one uses it lawfully, because its goal is love from a pure heart, a good conscience and sincere faith. And our Master knows on which two commandments he hung the whole law and the prophets. Since I confess these things so ardently, my God, light of my eyes in secret, what harm is it to me if these words can be understood in different ways, so long as the meanings are true? What harm is it to me, I say, if I take the writer to have meant something other than what someone else takes him to have meant?[11]
omnes quidem, qui legimus, nitimur hoc indagare atque conprehendere, quod uoluit ille quem legimus, et cum eum ueridicum credimus, nihil, quod falsum esse uel nouimus uel putamus, audemus eum existimare dixisse. dum ergo quisque conatur id sentire in scripturis sanctis, quod in eis sensit ille qui scripsit, quid mali est, si hoc sentiat, quod tu, lux omnium ueridicarum mentium, ostendis uerum esse, etiamsi non hoc sensit ille, quem legit, cum et ille uerum nec tamen hoc senserit?	All of us who read are straining to track down and grasp what the author we are reading meant; and since we believe him truthful, we do not dare suppose he said anything we know or think to be false. So while each of us tries to find in the holy Scriptures what the writer meant there, what harm is there if someone takes a meaning that you, light of all truthful minds, show to be true—even if the author he is reading did not mean it, since that author too meant something true, though not this?
12.19.28 Verum est enim, domine, fecisse te caelum et terram. uerum est esse principium sapientiam tuam, in qua fecisti omnia. item uerum est, quod mundus iste uisibilis habet magnas partes suas caelum et terram breui conplexione factarum omnium conditarumque naturarum. et uerum est, quod omne mutabile insinuat notitiae nostrae quandam informitatem, qua formam capit uel qua mutatur et uertitur. uerum est nulla tempora perpeti quod ita cohaeret formae incommutabili, ut, quamuis sit mutabile, non mutetur. uerum est informitatem, quae prope nihil est, uices temporum habere non posse. uerum est, quod, unde fit aliquid, potest quodam genere locutionis habere iam nomen eius rei, quae inde fit: unde potuit uocari caelum	For it is true, Lord, that you made heaven and earth. And it is true that the Beginning is your wisdom, in which you made all things. It is true, too, that this visible world has heaven and earth as its great parts—a brief summing-up of all the natures that have been made and established. And it is true that everything changeable suggests to our understanding a certain formlessness, by which it takes on form or by which it is changed and turned. It is true that what clings so closely to the unchangeable form that, though changeable, it does not change, is subject to no passage of time. It is true that formlessness, which is next to nothing,

11 Echoing 2 Timothy 2:14, 1 Timothy 1:5–8 and Matthew 22:40.

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et terra quaelibet informitas, unde factum est caelum et terra.	cannot undergo the successions of time. It is true that the thing from which something is made can, by a certain manner of speaking, already bear the name of what is made from it; so whatever formlessness heaven and earth were made from could be called heaven and earth.
uerum est omnium formatorum nihil esse informi uicinius quam terram et abyssum. uerum est, quod non solum creatum atque formatum sed etiam quidquid creabile atque formabile est tu fecisti, ex quo sunt omnia. uerum est omne, quod ex informi formatur, prius esse informe, deinde formatum.	It is true that of all formed things none is nearer to the formless than earth and the abyss. It is true that you, from whom all things are, made not only what is created and formed but also whatever is capable of being created and formed. It is true that everything formed out of the formless is first formless and then formed.
12.20.29 Ex his omnibus ueris, de quibus non dubitant, quorum interiori oculo talia uidere donasti et qui Moysen, famulum tuum, in spiritu ueritatis locutum esse immobiliter credunt, ex his ergo omnibus aliud sibi tollit qui dicit: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram, id est in uerbo suo sibi coaeterno fecit deus intellegibilem atque sensibilem uel spiritalem corporalemque creaturam; aliud qui dicit: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram, id est in uerbo suo sibi coaeterno fecit deus uniuersam istam molem corporei mundi huius cum omnibus quas continet manifestis notisque naturis;	From all these truths—which are not doubted by those to whom you have granted an inner eye to see such things, and who firmly believe that Moses your servant spoke in the spirit of truth—from all these, then, one person takes one meaning, saying: "In the beginning God made heaven and earth" means that in his Word, coeternal with himself, God made the intelligible and the sensible creation, or the spiritual and the bodily. Another takes another, saying: "In the beginning God made heaven and earth" means that in his Word, coeternal with himself, God made this whole mass of the bodily world, with all the evident and familiar natures it contains.
aliud qui dicit: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram, id est in uerbo suo sibi coaeterno fecit informem materiam creaturae spiritalis et corporalis; aliud qui dicit: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram, id est in uerbo suo sibi coaeterno fecit deus informem materiam creaturae corporalis, ubi confusum adhuc erat caelum et terra, quae nunc iam distincta atque formata in istius mundi mole sentimus; aliud qui dicit: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram, id est in ipso exordio faciendi atque operandi fecit deus informem materiam confuse habentem caelum et terram, unde formata nunc eminent et apparent cum omnibus, quae in eis sunt.	Another takes another, saying: "In the beginning God made heaven and earth" means that in his Word, coeternal with himself, he made the formless matter of the spiritual and the bodily creation. Another takes another, saying: "In the beginning God made heaven and earth" means that in his Word, coeternal with himself, God made the formless matter of the bodily creation, in which heaven and earth still lay jumbled together—the heaven and earth we now perceive, distinct and formed, in the mass of this world. Another takes another, saying: "In the beginning God made heaven and earth" means that at the very outset of his making and working God made formless matter holding heaven and earth in confusion, from which they have now been formed and stand out plainly, with all that is in them.
12.21.30 Item quod adtinet ad intellectum uerborum sequentium, ex illis omnibus ueris aliud sibi tollit, qui dicit: terra autem erat inuisibilis et inconposita, et tenebrae erant super abyssum, id est corporale illud, quod fecit deus,	Likewise, as regards the understanding of the words that follow, out of all those truths one person takes one meaning, saying: "But the earth was invisible and unformed, and darkness was over

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adhuc materies erat corporearum rerum informis, sine ordine, sine luce; aliud qui dicit: terra autem erat inuisibilis et inconposita et tenebrae erant super abyssum, id est hoc totum, quod caelum et terra appellatum est, adhuc informis et tenebrosa materies erat, unde fieret caelum corporeum et terra corporea cum omnibus quae in eis sunt corporeis sensibus nota; aliud qui dicit: terra autem erat inuisibilis et inconposita, et tenebrae erant super abyssum, id est hoc totum, quod caelum et terra appellatum est, adhuc informis et tenebrosa materies erat, unde fieret caelum intellegibile — quod alibi dicitur caelum caeli — et terra, scilicet omnis natura corporea, sub quo nomine intellegatur etiam hoc caelum corporeum, id est unde fieret omnis inuisibilis uisibilisque creatura;

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the abyss" means that the bodily thing God made was still formless matter of bodily things, without order, without light. Another takes another, saying: "But the earth was invisible and unformed, and darkness was over the abyss" means that this whole, which was called heaven and earth, was still formless and dark matter, from which the bodily heaven and the bodily earth were to be made, with everything in them that is known to the bodily senses. Another takes another, saying: "But the earth was invisible and unformed, and darkness was over the abyss" means that this whole, which was called heaven and earth, was still formless and dark matter, from which were to be made the intelligible heaven (called elsewhere "the heaven of heaven") and the earth—that is, all bodily nature, a name under which this bodily heaven too is understood; in other words, the matter from which every creature, invisible and visible, was to be made.

aliud qui dicit: terra autem erat inuisibilis et inconposita, et tenebrae erant super abyssum, non illam informitatem nomine caeli et terrae scriptura appellauit, sed iam erat, inquit, ipsa informitas, quam terram inuisibilem et inconpositam tenebrosamque abyssum nominauit, de qua caelum et terram deum fecisse praedixerat, spiritalem scilicet corporalemque creaturam; aliud qui dicit: terra autem erat inuisibilis et inconposita, et tenebrae erant super abyssum, id est informitas quaedam iam materies erat, unde caelum et terram deum fecisse scriptura praedixit, totam scilicet corpoream mundi molem in duas maximas partes superiorem atque inferiorem distributam cum omnibus quae in eis sunt usitatis notisque creaturis.

Another takes another, saying: "But the earth was invisible and unformed, and darkness was over the abyss"—Scripture did not call that formlessness by the name heaven and earth; rather, he says, the formlessness itself already existed, which Scripture named the invisible and unformed earth and the dark abyss, and from which, as it had said just before, God made heaven and earth, that is, the spiritual and the bodily creation. Another takes another, saying: "But the earth was invisible and unformed, and darkness was over the abyss" means that there was already a certain formlessness, a matter from which, as Scripture said before, God made heaven and earth—namely the whole bodily mass of the world, divided into two very great parts, upper and lower, with all the ordinary and familiar creatures that are in them.

12.22.31 Cum enim duabus istis extremis sententiis resistere quisquam ita temptauerit: „si non uultis hanc informitatem materiae caeli et terrae nomine appellatam uideri, erat ergo aliquid, quod non fecerat deus, unde caelum et terram faceret; neque enim scriptura narrauit, quod istam materiem deus fecerit, nisi intellegamus eam caeli et terrae aut solius terrae uocabulo significatam, cum diceretur: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram, ut id, quod sequitur: terra autem erat inuisibilis et inconposita, quamuis informem materiam sic placuerit appellare, non tamen intellegamus nisi eam, quam fecit deus in eo, quod perscriptum est:

Now suppose someone tries to resist these last two opinions in this way: "If you will not allow that this formlessness of matter is what is meant by the name heaven and earth, then there was something God had not made, out of which he was to make heaven and earth. For Scripture does not tell us that God made this matter—unless we understand it to be signified by the words heaven and earth, or by the word earth alone, when it says, 'In the beginning God made heaven and earth.' Then what follows, 'But the earth was invisible and unformed,' even if it chose to call formless matter by

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fecit caelum et terram,“ respondebunt assertores duarum istarum sententiarum, quas extremas posuimus, aut illius aut illius, cum haec audierint, et dicent: „informem quidem istam materiam non negamus a deo factam, deo, a quo sunt omnia bona ualde, quia, sicut dicimus amplius bonum esse quod creatum atque formatum est, ita fatemur minus bonum esse quod factum est creabile atque formabile, sed tamen bonum: non autem conmemorasse scripturam, quod hanc informitatem fecerit deus, sicut alia multa non commemorauit, ut Cherubim et Seraphim, et quae apostolus distincte ait, sedes, dominationes, principatus, potestates, quae tamen omnia deum fecisse manifestum est.

aut si in eo, quod dictum est: fecit caelum et terram, conprehensa sunt omnia, quid de aquis dicimus, super quas ferebatur spiritus dei? si enim terra nominata simul intelleguntur, quomodo iam terrae nomine materies informis accipitur, quando tam speciosas aquas uidemus? aut si ita accipitur, cur ex eadem informitate scriptum est factum firmamentum et uocatum caelum neque scriptum est factas esse aquas? non enim adhuc informes sunt et inuisae, quas ita decora specie fluere cernimus. aut si tunc acceperunt istam speciem, cum dixit deus: congregetur aqua, quae est sub firmamento, ut congregatio sit ipsa formatio, quid respondebitur de aquis, quae super firmamentum sunt, quia neque informes tam honorabilem sedem accipere meruissent nec scriptum est, qua uoce formatae sint?

unde si aliquid Genesis tacuit deum fecisse, quod tamen deum fecisse nec sana fides nec certus ambigit intellectus, nec ideo ulla sobria doctrina dicere audebit istas aquas coaeternas deo, quia in libro Geneseos commemoratas quidem audimus, ubi autem factae sint, non inuenimus, cur non informem quoque illam materiem, quam scriptura haec terram inuisibilem et inconpositam tenebrosamque abyssum appellat, docente ueritate intellegamus ex deo factam esse de nihilo

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that name, we would still understand to mean nothing but the matter God made in what was written just before:

‘He made heaven and earth.’” When they hear this, the defenders of the two opinions we placed last, whichever of them it is, will reply: “We do not deny that this formless matter was made by God—by God, from whom all things are very good. For just as we say that what is created and formed is a greater good, so we admit that what was made capable of being created and formed is a lesser good, but still a good. But Scripture did not record that God made this formlessness, just as it did not record many other things—the cherubim and seraphim, for instance, and those the apostle names one by one, ‘thrones, dominions, principalities, powers’—all of which, nevertheless, God plainly made.[12]

“Or if everything is included in the words ‘He made heaven and earth,’ what are we to say about the waters over which the Spirit of God was borne? If they are understood as included when earth is named, how can the name earth already be taken to mean formless matter, when we see how beautiful the waters are? Or if it is taken that way, why is it written that the firmament was made from that same formlessness and called heaven, yet not written that the waters were made? For the waters we see flowing in such lovely form are no longer formless and unseen. Or if they received that form when God said, ‘Let the water that is under the firmament be gathered together,’ so that the gathering is itself the forming, what answer will be given about the waters above the firmament? Formless, they would not have deserved so honored a place, and it is not written by what word they were formed.[13]

“So if Genesis is silent about God having made something which sound faith and sure understanding do not doubt that God made—and no sober teaching will dare to say that these waters are coeternal with God merely because we hear them mentioned in the book of Genesis but do not find where they were made—why should we not also understand, as the truth teaches, that the formless matter which this Scripture calls the in-

12 Colossians 1:16.
13 Genesis 1:9.

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ideoque illi non esse coaeternam, quamuis ubi facta sit omiserit enuntiare ista narratio?“	visible and unformed earth and the dark abyss was made by God out of nothing, and so is not coeternal with him, even though this narrative has left out saying where it was made?”
12.23.32 His ergo auditis atque perspectis pro captu infirmitatis meae, quam tibi confiteor scienti deo meo, duo uideo dissensionum genera oboriri posse, cum aliquid a nuntiis ueracibus per signa enuntiatur, unum, si de ueritate rerum, alterum, si de ipsius qui enuntiat uoluntate dissensio est. aliter enim quaerimus de creaturae conditione, quid uerum sit, aliter autem quid in his uerbis Moyses, egregius domesticus fidei tuae, intellegere lectorem auditoremque uoluerit. in illo primo genere discedant a me omnes, qui ea, quae falsa sunt, se scire arbitrantur. in hoc item altero discedant a me omnes, qui ea quae falsa sunt Moysen dixisse arbitrantur.	Having heard and examined all this, as far as my weakness can grasp it—and I confess that weakness to you, my God, who know it—I see that two kinds of disagreement can arise when something is reported in signs by truthful messengers: one, if the disagreement concerns the truth of the matter; the other, if it concerns the intention of the one reporting it. For it is one thing to ask what is true about the making of creation, another to ask what Moses, that outstanding servant in the household of your faith, wanted his reader and hearer to understand by these words. As for the first kind, let all who think they know what is false depart from me. As for the second, let all who think that Moses said what is false likewise depart from me.
coniungar autem illis, domine, in te et delecter cum eis in te, qui ueritate tua pascuntur in latitudine caritatis, et accedamus simul ad uerba libri tui et quaeramus in eis uoluntatem tuam per uoluntatem famuli tui, cuius calamo dispensasti ea.	But let me be joined in you, Lord, with those who feed on your truth in the breadth of love, and delight in you with them; and let us approach the words of your book together, and seek in them your will through the will of your servant, by whose pen you gave them out.
12.24.33 Sed quis nostrum sic inuenit eam inter tam multa uera, quae in illis uerbis aliter atque aliter intellectis occurrunt quaerentibus, ut tam fidenter dicat hoc sensisse Moysen atque hoc in illa narratione uoluisse intellegi, quam fidenter dicit hoc uerum esse, siue ille hoc senserit siue aliud? ecce enim, deus meus, ego seruus tuus, qui uoui tibi sacrificium confessionis in his litteris et oro, ut ex misericordia tua reddam tibi uota mea, ecce ego quam fidenter dico in tuo uerbo incommutabili omnia te fecisse, inuisibilia et uisibilia, numquid tam fidenter dico non aliud quam hoc adtendisse Moysen, cum scriberet: in principio fecit deus caelum et terram, quia non, sicut in tua ueritate hoc certum uideo, ita in eius mente uideo id eum cogitasse, cum haec scriberet?	But which of us has so found that will—among so many truths that meet those who seek in those words, understood now one way, now another—that he can say as confidently that Moses meant this, and wanted this to be understood in that narrative, as he says confidently that this is true, whether Moses meant it or something else? See, my God: I your servant, who have vowed you a sacrifice of confession in these writings and pray that by your mercy I may pay you my vows—see how confidently I say that in your unchangeable Word you made all things, invisible and visible. Do I say with the same confidence that Moses had nothing else in view but this when he wrote, “In the beginning God made heaven and earth”? No—for though I see this as certain in your truth, I do not see in the same way, in his mind, that he was thinking it when he wrote these words.
potuit enim cogitare in ipso faciendi exordio, cum diceret: in principio; potuit et caelum et terram hoc loco nullam iam formatam perfectamque naturam siue spiritalem siue corporalem, sed utramque inchoatam et adhuc informem uelle intellegi. uideo quippe uere	For when he said “In the beginning,” he could have been thinking “at the very outset of making.” He could also have wanted heaven and earth, in this passage, to be understood not as any nature already formed and complete, whether spiritual or

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potuisse dici, quidquid horum diceretur, sed quid horum in his uerbis ille cogitauerit, non ita uideo, quamuis siue aliquid horum siue quid aliud, quod a me conmemoratum non est, tantus uir ille mente conspexerit, cum haec uerba promeret, uerum eum uidisse apteque id enuntiauisse non dubitem.

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bodily, but as both of them only begun and still formless. I see, indeed, that whichever of these was said could have been said truly; but which of them he had in mind in these words, I do not see in the same way. Yet whether that great man beheld in his mind one of these, or something else I have not mentioned, when he brought forth these words, I would not doubt that he saw truly and expressed it fittingly.

WHAT DID MOSES MEAN?

Augustine argues no one can be sure what Moses meant, and every true meaning should be welcomed.

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12.25.34 Nemo iam mihi molestus sit dicendo mihi: „non hoc sensit Moyses, quod tu dicis, sed hoc sensit, quod ego dico.“ si enim mihi diceret: „unde scis hoc sensisse Moysen, quod de his uerbis eius eloqueris?“ aequo animo ferre deberem et responderem fortasse, quae superius respondi uel aliquanto uberius, si esset durior. cum uero dicit: „non hoc ille sensit, quod tu dicis, sed quod ego dico“ neque tamen negat, quod uterque nostrum dicit, utrumque uerum esse, o uita pauperum, deus meus, in cuius sinu non est contradictio, plue mihi mitigationes in cor, ut patienter tales feram;

qui non mihi hoc dicunt, quia diuini sunt et in corde famuli tui uiderunt quod dicunt, sed quia superbi sunt nec nouerunt Moysi sententiam, sed amant suam, non quia uera est, sed quia sua est. alioquin et aliam ueram pariter amarent, sicut ego amo quod dicunt, quando uerum dicunt, non quia ipsorum, sed quia uerum est: et ideo iam nec ipsorum est, quia uerum est. si autem ideo ament illud, quia uerum est, iam et ipsorum est et meum est, quoniam in commune omnium est ueritatis amatorum. illud autem, quod contendunt non hoc sensisse Moysen, quod ego dico, sed quod ipsi dicunt, nolo, non amo, quia etsi ita est, tamen ista temeritas non scientiae, sed audaciae est, nec uisus, sed tyfus eam peperit.

ideoque, domine, tremenda sunt iudicia tua, quoniam ueritas tua nec mea est nec illius aut illius, sed omnium nostrum, quos ad eius communionem publice uocas, terribiliter admonens nos, ut nolimus eam habere priuatam, ne priuemur ea. nam quisquis id, quod tu omnibus ad fruendum proponis, sibi proprie uindicat et

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Let no one trouble me now by telling me, “Moses did not mean what you say, but what I say.” If he asked me, “How do you know that Moses meant what you draw out of these words of his?” I ought to take it calmly, and I might answer as I answered above, or somewhat more fully if he were more stubborn. But when he says, “He did not mean what you say, but what I say,” and yet does not deny that what each of us says is true—O life of the poor, my God, in whose bosom there is no contradiction, rain soothing gentleness into my heart, so that I may bear such people patiently.

They say this to me not because they are inspired and have seen in the heart of your servant what they say, but because they are proud. They do not know Moses’ meaning; they love their own—not because it is true, but because it is theirs. Otherwise they would love another true meaning just as much, as I love what they say when they say what is true—not because it is theirs but because it is true; and for that very reason it is no longer theirs, because it is true. But if they love it because it is true, then it is both theirs and mine, since it is the common property of all lovers of truth. But their contention that Moses did not mean what I say but what they say—this I reject, this I do not love. For even if it is so, such rashness is a matter not of knowledge but of audacity; it was born not of insight but of conceit.

That is why, Lord, your judgments are to be feared: because your truth is neither mine nor this person’s nor that person’s, but belongs to all of us whom you publicly call to share in it, warning us in terrible terms not to want to keep it private, lest we be deprived of it. For whoever claims as his

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suum uult esse quod omnium est, a communi propellitur ad sua, hoc est a ueritate ad mendacium. qui enim loquitur mendacium, de suo loquitur.	own what you set before everyone to enjoy, and wants what belongs to all to be his, is driven from what is common to what is his own—that is, from truth to a lie. For "whoever speaks a lie speaks from his own."[14]
12.25.35 Adtende, iudex optime, deus, ipsa ueritas, adtende, quid dicam contradictori huic, adtende; coram te enim dico et coram fratribus meis, qui legitime utuntur lege usque ad finem caritatis; adtende et uide, quid ei dicam, si placet tibi. hanc enim uocem huic refero fraternam et pacificam: si ambo uidemus uerum esse quod dicis et ambo uidemus uerum esse quod dico, ubi, quaeso, id uidemus? nec ego utique in te nec tu in me, sed ambo in ipsa quae supra mentes nostras est inconmutabili ueritate. cum ergo de ipsa domini dei nostri luce non contendamus, cur de proximi cogitatione contendimus, quam sic uidere non possumus, ut uidetur inconmutabilis ueritas, quando, si ipse Moyses apparuisset nobis atque dixisset: „hoc cogitaui", nec sic eam uideremus, sed crederemus?	Listen, best of judges, God, truth itself—listen to what I shall say to this objector; listen. For I speak before you and before my brothers, who use the law lawfully, to its end, which is love. Listen and see what I shall say to him, if it pleases you. These are the brotherly and peaceable words I return to him: "If we both see that what you say is true, and we both see that what I say is true, where, I ask, do we see it? Certainly not I in you, nor you in me, but both of us in the unchangeable truth itself, which is above our minds. Since, then, we do not quarrel about the very light of the Lord our God, why do we quarrel about the thoughts of our neighbor, which we cannot see as unchangeable truth is seen—when, even if Moses himself had appeared to us and said, 'This is what I meant,' we would not see it even then, but believe it?
non itaque supra quam scriptum est unus pro altero infletur aduersus alterum. diligamus dominum deum nostrum ex toto corde, ex tota anima, ex tota mente nostra et proximum nostrum sicut nosmet ipsos. propter quae duo praecepta caritatis sensisse Moysen, quidquid in illis libris sensit, nisi crediderimus, mendacem faciemus dominum, cum de animo conserui aliter quam ille docuit opinamur. iam uide, quam stultum sit in tanta copia uerissimarum sententiarum, quae de illis uerbis erui possunt, temere adfirmare, quam earum Moyses potissimum senserit, et perniciosis contentionibus ipsam offendere caritatem, propter quam dixit omnia, cuius dicta conamur exponere.	"So let no one be puffed up for one against another beyond what is written. Let us love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our mind, and our neighbor as ourselves. Unless we believe that whatever Moses meant in those books, he meant it for the sake of these two commandments of love, we shall make the Lord a liar, by holding an opinion about our fellow servant's mind other than what the Lord taught. See now how foolish it is, amid such an abundance of wholly true meanings as can be drawn from those words, rashly to assert which of them Moses chiefly meant, and by ruinous quarrels to offend against love itself, for whose sake he said everything—he whose words we are trying to explain."[15]
12.26.36 Et tamen ego, deus meus, celsitudo humilitatis meae et requies laboris mei, qui audis confessiones meas et dimittis peccata mea, quoniam tu mihi praecipis, ut diligam proximum meum sicut me ipsum, non possum minus credere de Moyse fidelissimo famulo tuo, quam mihi optarem ac desiderarem abs te dari muneris, si tempore illo natus essem quo ille eoque loci me	And yet, my God, height of my lowliness and rest of my labor, who hear my confessions and forgive my sins: since you command me to love my neighbor as myself, I cannot believe less of Moses, your most faithful servant, than I would wish and long to be given to me by you as a gift, had I been born at the time he was and had you placed me where

14 John 8:44.
15 1 Corinthians 4:6.

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constituisses, ut per seruitutem cordis ac linguae meae litterae illae dispensarentur, quae tanto post essent omnibus gentibus profuturae et per uniuersum orbem tanto auctoritatis culmine omnium falsarum superbarumque doctrinarum uerba superaturae.

uellem quippe, si tunc ego essem Moyses — ex eadem namque massa omnes uenimus; et quid est homo, nisi quia memor es eius? — uellem ergo, si tunc ego essem quod ille et mihi abs te Geneseos liber scribendus adiungeretur, talem mihi eloquendi facultatem dari et eum texendi sermonis modum, ut neque illi, qui nondum queunt intellegere quemadmodum creat deus, tamquam excedentia uires suas dicta recusarent et illi, qui hoc iam possunt, in quamlibet ueram sententiam cogitando uenissent, eam non praetermissam in paucis uerbis tui famuli reperirent, et si alius aliam uidisset in luce ueritatis, nec ipsa in eisdem uerbis intellegenda deesset.

12.27.37 Sicut enim fons in paruo loco uberior est pluribusque riuis in ampliora spatia fluxum ministrat quam quilibet eorum riuorum, qui per multa locorum ab eodem fonte deducitur, ita narratio dispensatoris tui sermocinaturis pluribus profutura paruo sermonis modulo scatet fluenta liquidae ueritatis, unde sibi quisque uerum, quod de his rebus potest, hic illud, ille illud, per longiores loquellarum anfractus trahat.

alii enim cum haec uerba legunt uel audiunt, cogitant deum quasi hominem aut quasi aliquam mole inmensa praeditam potestatem nouo quodam et repentino placito extra se ipsam tamquam locis distantibus fecisse caelum et terram, duo magna corpora supra et infra, quibus omnia continerentur, et cum audiunt: dixit deus: fiat illud, et factum est illud, cogitant uerba coepta et finita, sonantia temporibus atque transeuntia, post quorum transitum statim existeret quod iussum est ut existeret, et si quid forte aliud hoc modo ex familiaritate carnis opinantur. in quibus adhuc paruulis animalibus, dum isto humillimo genere uerborum tamquam materno sinu eorum gestatur infirmitas, salubriter aedificatur fides, qua certum habeant et teneant deum fecisse omnes naturas, quas eorum sensus mirabili uarietate circumspicit.

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you placed him, so that through the service of my heart and tongue those writings might be given out which, so long afterward, were to benefit all nations and, from so lofty a height of authority, to prevail throughout the whole world over the words of all false and proud teachings.

For I would wish—if I were Moses then (for we all come from the same lump; and "what is man, unless you are mindful of him?")—I would wish, then, if I were then what he was and you had assigned me the writing of the book of Genesis, to be given such power of expression and such a way of weaving my words that those who cannot yet understand how God creates would not reject what was said as beyond their strength, while those who already can would find, whatever true view their thinking had brought them to, that it had not been passed over in the few words of your servant; and if someone else had seen another view in the light of truth, that too would not be missing from those same words for him to understand.[16]

For just as a spring in a small place is more abundant, and supplies its flow to more streams over wider spaces, than any one of the streams led from that same spring through many places, so the narrative of your steward, meant to benefit many who would speak about it, wells up from a small measure of speech in floods of clear truth, from which each person draws for himself whatever truth he can about these matters—one this, another that—through the longer windings of discussion.

For some, when they read or hear these words, think of God as if he were a man, or some mass endowed with immense power, which by some new and sudden decision made heaven and earth outside itself, as if in distant places—two great bodies, above and below, in which all things were to be contained. And when they hear, "God said, Let this be made, and it was made," they think of words that began and ended, sounding in time and passing away, and that as soon as they had passed, what was commanded to exist came into existence; and whatever else of this sort they may suppose from their familiarity with the flesh. In these little ones, still at the level of the senses, while their weakness is carried in this humblest kind of

16 Romans 9:21; Psalm 8:4.

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language as in a mother's arms, faith is built up in a healthy way, so that they may hold firmly and surely that God made all the natures their senses survey in their wonderful variety.

quorum si quispiam quasi uilitatem dictorum aspernatus extra nutritorias cunas superba inbeccillitate se extenderit, heu! cadet miser et, domine deus, miserere, ne inplumem pullum conculcent qui transeunt uiam, et mitte angelum tuum, qui eum reponat in nido, ut uiuat, donec uolet.

But if one of them scorns these words as if they were cheap, and in proud weakness stretches himself out beyond the cradle that nurses him—alas! the poor thing will fall. Lord God, have mercy, lest those who pass along the road trample the unfledged chick; and send your angel to put it back in the nest, so that it may live until it can fly.

12.28.38 Alii uero, quibus haec uerba non iam nidus, sed opaca frutecta sunt, uident in eis latentes fructus et uolitant laetantes et garriunt scrutantes et carpunt eos. uident enim, cum haec uerba legunt uel audiunt, tua, deus, aeterne stabili permansione cuncta praeterita et futura tempora superari nec tamen quicquam esse temporalis creaturae, quod tu non feceris, cuius uoluntas, quia id est quod tu, nullo modo mutata uel quae antea non fuisset, exorta uoluntate fecisti omnia, non de te similitudinem tuam formam omnium, sed de nihilo dissimilitudinem informem, quae formaretur per similitudinem tuam recurrens in te unum pro captu ordinato, quantum cuique rerum suo genere datum est, et fierent omnia bona ualde, siue maneant circa te, siue gradatim remotiore distantia per tempora et locos pulchras uariationes faciant aut patiantur.

But others, for whom these words are no longer a nest but shady thickets, see fruit hidden in them; they fly about rejoicing, chirp as they search it out, and pluck it. For when they read or hear these words, they see, eternal God, that you surpass all past and future times in your stable permanence, and yet that there is nothing in temporal creation that you did not make. And your will, because it is what you are, was in no way changed, nor did some will arise that had not been before, when you made all things. You made them not out of yourself, as your likeness, the form of all things, but out of nothing, as a formless unlikeness, which was to be formed through your likeness by returning to you, the One, according to the ordered capacity given to each thing in its own kind. And so all things were to become very good, whether they remain close to you or, at a distance that grows by degrees, through times and places, bring about or undergo beautiful variations.

uident haec et gaudent in luce ueritatis tuae, quantulum hic ualent.

They see these things and rejoice in the light of your truth, as far as they are able here.

12.28.39 Et alius eorum intendit in id, quod dictum est: in principio fecit deus, et respicit sapientiam principium, quia et loquitur ipsa nobis. alius itidem intendit in eadem uerba et principium intellegit exordium rerum conditarum et sic accipit: in principio fecit, ac si diceretur: primo fecit. atque in eis, qui intellegunt in principio, quod in sapientia fecit caelum et terram, alius eorum ipsum caelum et terram, creabilem materiam caeli et terrae, sic esse credit cognominatam, alius iam formatas distinctasque naturas, alius unam formatam eandemque spiritalem caeli nomine, aliam informem corporalis materiae terrae nomine.

One of them fixes his attention on the words "In the beginning God made," and looks to Wisdom, the Beginning, because it also speaks to us. Another likewise attends to the same words and understands "beginning" as the start of created things, taking "In the beginning he made" as if it said "At first he made." And among those who understand "in the beginning" to mean that you made heaven and earth in wisdom, one believes that the matter capable of being made into heaven and earth is itself called heaven and earth; another, that natures already formed and distinct are meant; another, that one formed nature, a spiritual one, is meant by the name heaven, and another, formless, of bodily matter, by the name earth.

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qui autem intellegunt in nominibus caeli et terrae adhuc informem materiam, de qua formaretur caelum et terra, nec ipsi uno more id intellegunt, sed alius, unde consummaretur intellegibilis sensibilisque creatura, alius tantum, unde sensibilis moles ista corporea sinu grandi continens perspicuas promptasque naturas. nec illi uno modo, qui iam dispositas digestasque creaturas caelum et terram uocari hoc loco credunt, sed alius inuisibilem atque uisibilem, alius solam uisibilem, in qua luminosum caelum suspicimus et terram caliginosam quaeque in eis sunt.

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Those who understand by the names heaven and earth the still formless matter from which heaven and earth were to be formed do not all understand it in one way either: one takes it as the matter from which the intelligible and the sensible creation was to be completed; another only as that from which this sensible bodily mass was to come, holding in its great lap natures plain and ready to view. Nor do those who believe that in this passage creatures already arranged and set in order are called heaven and earth all agree: one takes it as the invisible and the visible creation, another as the visible alone, in which we look up at the shining heaven and the dark earth and all that is in them.

12.29.40 At ille, qui non aliter accipit: in principio fecit, quam si diceretur: primo fecit, non habet quomodo ueraciter intellegat caelum et terram, nisi materiam caeli et terrae intellegat, uidelicet uniuersae, id est intellegibilis corporalisque creaturae. si enim iam formatam uelit uniuersam, recte ab eo quaeri poterit, si hoc primo fecit deus, quid fecerit deinceps, et post uniuersitatem non inueniet ac per hoc audiet inuitus: „quomodo illud primo, si postea nihil?“ cum uero dicit primo informem, deinde formatam, non est absurdus, si modo est idoneus discernere, quid praecedat aeternitate, quid tempore, quid electione, quid origine: aeternitate, sicut deus omnia; tempore, sicut flos fructum; electione, sicut fructus florem; origine, sicut sonus cantum. in his quattuor primum et ultimum, quae conmemoraui, difficillime intelleguntur, duo media facillime.

But the one who takes “In the beginning he made” only as if it said “At first he made” has no way to understand heaven and earth truly unless he understands the matter of heaven and earth—that is, of the entire creation, intelligible and bodily. For if he wants it to mean the entire creation already formed, he could rightly be asked: if God made this first, what did he make afterward? He will find nothing after the whole, and so he will have to hear, unwillingly, “How ‘first,’ if nothing afterward?” But when he says it was first formless, then formed, he is not absurd, provided he is able to distinguish what comes before by eternity, what by time, what by preference, and what by origin: by eternity, as God is before all things; by time, as the flower before the fruit; by preference, as the fruit before the flower; by origin, as the sound before the song. Of these four, the first and the last I mentioned are very hard to understand, the middle two very easy.

namque rara uisio est et nimis ardua conspicere, domine, aeternitatem tuam inconmutabiliter mutabilia facientem ac per hoc priorem. quis deinde sic acutum cernat animo, ut sine labore magno dinoscere ualeat, quomodo sit prior sonus quam cantus, ideo quia cantus est formatus sonus et esse utique aliquid non formatum potest, formari autem quod non est non potest? sic est prior materies quam id, quod ex ea fit, non ideo prior, quia ipsa efficit, cum potius fiat, nec prior interuallo temporis. neque enim priore tempore sonos edimus informes sine cantu et eos posteriore tempore in formam cantici coaptamus aut fingimus, sicut ligna, quibus arca, uel argentum, quo uasculum fabricatur; tales quippe materiae tempore

For it is a rare vision and exceedingly hard, Lord, to behold your eternity making changeable things unchangeably, and for that reason being before them. And then, who has a mind sharp enough to discern without great labor how the sound is before the song? It is because a song is formed sound; and something unformed can certainly exist, but what does not exist cannot be formed. In this way matter is before what is made from it—not before it as if it made it, since rather it is made; nor before it by an interval of time. For we do not first, at an earlier time, utter formless sounds without song and then, at a later time, fit

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etiam praecedunt formas rerum, quae fiunt ex eis. at in cantu non ita est.

cum enim cantatur, auditur sonus eius, non prius informiter sonat et deinde formatur in cantum. quod enim primo utcumque sonuerit, praeterit, nec ex eo quicquam reperies, quod resumptum arte conponas: et ideo cantus in sono suo uertitur, qui sonus eius materies eius est. idem quippe formatur, ut cantus sit. et ideo, sicut dicebam, prior materies sonandi quam forma cantandi: non per faciendi potentiam prior; neque enim sonus est cantandi artifex, sed cantanti animae subiacet ex corpore, de quo cantum faciat; nec tempore prior: simul enim cum cantu editur; nec prior electione: non enim potior sonus quam cantus, quandoquidem cantus est non tantum sonus uerum etiam speciosus sonus. sed prior est origine, quia non cantus formatur, ut sonus sit, sed sonus formatur, ut cantus sit.

hoc exemplo qui potest intellegat materiam rerum primo factam et appellatam caelum et terram, quia inde facta sunt caelum et terra, nec tempore primo factam, quia formae rerum exserunt tempora, illa autem erat informis iamque in temporibus simul animaduertitur, nec tamen de illa narrari aliquid potest, nisi uelut tempore prior sit, cum pendatur extremior, quia profecto meliora sunt formata quam informia, et praecedatur aeternitate creatoris, ut esset de nihilo, unde aliquid fieret.

12.30.41 In hac diuersitate sententiarum uerarum concordiam pariat ipsa ueritas, et deus noster misereatur nostri, ut legitime lege utamur, praecepti fine, pura caritate. ac per hoc, si quis quaerit ex me, quid horum Moyses, tuus ille famulus, senserit, non sunt hi sermones confessionum mearum. si tibi non confiteor, nescio et scio tamen illas ueras esse sententias exceptis carnalibus, de quibus quantum existimaui locutus sum. quos tamen bonae spei paruulos haec uerba libri tui non territant alta humiliter et pauca copiose; sed omnes, quos in eis uerbis uera cernere ac dicere fateor, diligamus nos inuicem pariterque diligamus te, deum nostrum, fontem ueritatis, si non uana, sed ipsam sitimus, eundemque famulum

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or shape them into the form of a song, as with the wood from which a chest is built or the silver from which a vessel is fashioned. Such materials do precede in time the forms of the things made from them; but with song it is not so.

For when a song is sung, its sound is heard; it does not first sound formlessly and then get formed into song. Whatever sounded first, in whatever way, passes away, and you will find nothing of it to take up again and compose by art. So the song has its being in its sound, and that sound is its matter; for the sound itself is formed so that there may be a song. And therefore, as I was saying, the matter of sounding is prior to the form of singing. Not prior in power to make: the sound is not the maker of the song, but it lies ready, from the body, for the singing soul to make a song from. Nor prior in time: it is uttered at the same moment as the song. Nor prior in preference: sound is not better than song, since a song is not merely sound but beautiful sound. But it is prior in origin, because the song is not formed so that there may be sound, but the sound is formed so that there may be a song.

Let whoever can, then, understand by this example that the matter of things was made first and called heaven and earth, because heaven and earth were made from it; and yet it was not made first in time, because it is the forms of things that give rise to time, whereas it was formless, and is perceived together with them in time. Yet nothing can be told about it except as though it came first in time, though it is ranked last in worth—for formed things are surely better than formless ones—and it is itself preceded by the eternity of the Creator, so that there might be, out of nothing, something from which something could be made.

Amid this diversity of true opinions, may truth itself bring forth harmony, and may our God have mercy on us, so that we use the law lawfully, for the end of the commandment, pure love. And so, if anyone asks me which of these your servant Moses meant, these would not be my confessions if I did not confess to you, "I do not know." And yet I know that those opinions are true—apart from the fleshly ones, about which I have said what I thought; though even those little ones, who are of good hope, are not frightened by these words of your book, which speak of lofty things humbly

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tuum, scripturae huius dispensatorem, spiritu tuo plenum, ita honoremus, ut hoc eum te reuelante, cum haec scriberet, adtendisse credamus, quod in eis maxime et luce ueritatis et fruge utilitatis excellit.

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and of much in few words. But all of us who, as I acknowledge, see and speak what is true in these words—let us love one another, and together love you, our God, the fountain of truth, if it is truth itself we thirst for and not empty things. And let us so honor that same servant of yours, the steward of this Scripture, full of your Spirit, as to believe that when he wrote these things, by your revelation, he had in view what most excels in them, both in the light of truth and in the fruit of usefulness.

12.31.42 Ita cum alius dixerit: „hoc sensit, quod ego“, et alius: „immo illud, quod ego“, religiosius me arbitror dicere: cur non utrumque potius, si utrumque uerum est, et si quid tertium et si quid quartum et si quid omnino aliud uerum quispiam in his uerbis uidet, cur non illa omnia uidisse credatur, per quem deus unus sacras litteras uera et diuersa uisuris multorum sensibus temperauit? ego certe, quod intrepidus de meo corde pronuntio, si ad culmen auctoritatis aliquid scriberem, sic mallem scribere, ut quod ueri quisque de his rebus Capere posset, mea uerba resonarent, quam ut unam ueram sententiam ad hoc apertius ponerem, ut excluderem ceteras, quarum falsitas me non posset offendere.

So when one person says, “He meant what I mean,” and another, “No, what I mean,” I think it more reverent to say: “Why not both, rather, if both are true? And if anyone sees a third, or a fourth, or any other true meaning at all in these words, why not believe that he saw all of them—he through whom the one God tempered the sacred writings to the understanding of the many who would see in them things true and diverse?” Certainly for my part—and I declare it fearlessly from my heart—if I were writing something to stand at the summit of authority, I would rather write so that my words would echo whatever truth anyone could grasp about these things, than set down one true meaning so plainly as to exclude the others, in which no falsehood could offend me.

nolo itaque, deus meus, tam praeceps esse, ut hoc illum uirum de te meruisse non credam. sensit ille omnino in his uerbis atque cogitauit, cum ea scriberet, quidquid hic ueri potuimus inuenire et quidquid nos non potuimus aut nondum potuimus et tamen in eis inueniri potest.

So, my God, I do not want to be so headlong as not to believe that this man was granted this by you. When he wrote these words, he fully meant and had in mind whatever truth we have been able to find here, and whatever truth we have not been able, or not yet been able, to find, but which can still be found in them.

12.32.43 Postremo, domine, qui deus es et non caro et sanguis, si quid homo minus uidit, numquid et spiritum tuum bonum, qui deducet me in terra recta, latere potuit, quidquid eras in eis uerbis tu ipse reuelaturus legentibus posteris, etiamsi ille, per quem dicta sunt, unam fortassis ex multis ueris sententiam cogitauit? quod si ita est, sit igitur illa quam cogitauit ceteris excelsior, nobis autem, domine, aut ipsam demonstras aut quam placet alteram ueram, ut, siue nobis hoc quod etiam illi homini tuo siue aliud ex eorundem uerborum occasione patefacias, tu tamen pascas, non error inludat. ecce, domine deus meus, quam multa de paucis uerbis, quam multa, oro te, scripsimus! quae nostrae uires, quae tempora omnibus libris tuis ad istum modum sufficient?

Finally, Lord, you who are God and not flesh and blood: even if a human being saw less, could anything be hidden from your good Spirit, who “will lead me into the land of uprightness”—anything that you yourself were going to reveal in these words to later readers, even if the man through whom they were spoken perhaps had in mind only one of many true meanings? If so, then let the one he had in mind be higher than the rest. But to us, Lord, show either that one or any other true one you please, so that whether you disclose to us what you disclosed to that man of yours or something else on the occasion of the same words, it may still be you who feed us, and not error that

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sine me itaque breuius in eis confiteri tibi et eligere unum aliquid quod tu inspiraueris uerum, certum et bonum, etiamsi multa occurrerint, ubi multa occurrere poterunt, ea fide confessionis meae, ut, si hoc dixero, quod sensit minister tuus, recte atque optime — id enim conari me oportet — quod si assecutus non fuero, id tamen dicam, quod mihi per eius uerba tua ueritas dicere uoluerit, quae illi quoque dixit quod uoluit.

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deceives us. See, Lord my God, how much we have written about a few words—how much, I ask you! What strength of ours, what length of time, would be enough for all your books at this rate?[17]

Let me, then, confess to you more briefly about them, and choose some one meaning that you have inspired, true, certain and good, even if many occur to me where many can occur—with this faithfulness in my confession: that if I say what your minister meant, I say it rightly and best (for that is what I must strive for); and if I do not reach that, I may still say what your truth wished to say to me through his words—the truth that also said to him what it wished.

17 Psalm 143:10.

Book XIII

Creation: the days of Genesis
Augustine reads the days of creation as an allegory of the Church and ends in praise.

CALLED INTO BEING BY GOODNESS

Augustine praises God for creating all things out of pure goodness, not from any need.

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13.1.1	Inuoco te, deus meus, misericordia mea, qui fecisti me et oblitum tui non oblitus es. inuoco te in animam meam, quam praeparas ad capiendum te ex desiderio, quod inspirasti: nunc inuocantem te ne deseras, qui priusquam inuocarem praeuenisti et institisti crebrescens multimodis uocibus, ut audirem de longinquo et conuerterer et uocantem me inuocarem te. etenim, domine, deleuisti omnia mala merita mea, ne retribueres manibus meis, in quibus a te defeci, et praeuenisti omnia bona merita mea, ut retribueres manibus tuis, quibus me fecisti, quia et priusquam essem tu eras, nec eram, cui praestares ut essem, et tamen ecce sum ex bonitate tua praeueniente totum hoc, quod me fecisti et unde me fecisti.	I call on you, my God, my mercy, who made me and did not forget me when I forgot you. I call you into my soul, which you are preparing to receive you through the longing you breathed into it. Do not abandon me now when I call on you, for before I called you came to meet me, and pressed on me, more and more insistently, with voices of many kinds, so that I heard from far off, and turned, and called on you as you were calling me. For you, Lord, wiped out all my bad deserts, so as not to repay my hands, by which I fell away from you; and you came before all my good deserts, so as to repay your own hands, by which you made me. For before I was, you were, and there was no me for you to grant being to; and yet see, I am—out of your goodness, which came before all that you made me and all that you made me from.
	neque enim eguisti me, aut ego tale bonum sum, quo tu adiuueris, dominus meus et deus meus, non ut tibi sic seruiam, quasi ne fatigeris in agendo, aut ne minor sit potestas tua carens obsequio meo, neque ut sic te colam quasi terram, ut sis incultus, si non te colam, sed ut seruiam tibi et colam te, ut de te mihi bene sit, a quo mihi est, ut sim cui bene sit.	For you did not need me, nor am I such a good that I could be of help to you, my Lord and my God. I do not serve you as though you might otherwise grow tired in your work, or your power be lessened without my service; nor do I tend you as one tends the soil, as though you would lie untended if I did not tend you. Rather, I serve you and tend you in worship so that it may go well with me from you, from whom I have it that I exist as someone with whom it can go well.[1]
13.2.2	Ex plenitudine quippe bonitatis tuae creatura tua substitit, ut bonum, quod tibi nihil prodesset nec de te aequale tibi esset, tamen quia ex te fieri potuit, non deesset. quid enim te promeruit caelum et terra, quae fecisti in principio? dicant, quid te promeruerunt spiritalis corporalisque natura, quas fecisti in sapientia tua, ut inde penderent etiam inchoata et informia quaeque in genere suo uel spiritali uel corporali euntia in	For it is out of the fullness of your goodness that your creation exists: so that a good which would profit you nothing, and which, not being made of your own substance, would not be equal to you, should nonetheless not be lacking, since it could be made by you. For what claim did heaven and earth, which you made in the beginning, have on

1 The Latin verb colere means both “to till the soil” and “to worship.”

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	immoderationem et in longinquam dissimilitudinem tuam, spiritale informe praestantius, quam si formatum corpus esset, corporale autem informe praestantius, quam si omnino nihil esset, atque ita penderent in tuo uerbo informia, nisi per idem uerbum reuocarentur ad unitatem tuam et formarentur et essent ab uno te summo bono uniuersa bona ualde.	you? Let the spiritual and the bodily natures, which you made in your wisdom, say what claim they had on you, that even things only begun and formless, each in its own kind, spiritual or bodily, should depend on it—things drifting toward excess and toward a far unlikeness to you. The spiritual, even formless, is more excellent than a formed body would be; the bodily, even formless, more excellent than if it were nothing at all. And so, formless, they would have hung upon your Word, unless through that same Word they were called back to your unity and formed, and so, from you, the one supreme good, all became very good.
	quid te promeruerant, ut essent saltem informia, quae neque hoc essent nisi ex te?	What claim had they on you, that they should exist even as formless, when they would not have been even that except from you?
13.2.3	Quid te promeruit materies corporalis, ut esset saltem inuisibilis et inconposita, quia neque hoc esset, nisi quia fecisti? ideoque te, quia non erat, promereri ut esset non poterat. aut quid te promeruit inchoatio creaturae spiritalis, ut saltem tenebrosa fluitaret similis abysso, tui dissimilis, nisi per idem uerbum conuerteretur ad idem, a quo facta est, atque ab eo inluminata lux fieret, quamuis non aequaliter et tamen conformis formae aequali tibi? sicut enim corpori non hoc est esse, quod pulchrum esse — alioquin deforme esse non posset — ita etiam creato spiritui non id est uiuere, quod sapienter uiuere: alioquin inconmutabiliter saperet. bonum autem illi est adhaerere tibi semper, ne quod adeptus est conuersione auersione lumen amittat et relabatur in uitam tenebrosae abysso similem.	What claim had bodily matter on you, that it should be even invisible and unformed, when it would not have been even that unless you had made it? And so, since it did not exist, it could have no claim on you to exist. Or what claim had the first beginning of spiritual creation on you, that it should even drift, dark, like the abyss, unlike you—unless through that same Word it were turned toward the same one who made it, and, enlightened by him, became light, conformed, though not as an equal, to the Form that is equal to you? For just as for a body to be is not the same as to be beautiful (otherwise it could not be ugly), so for a created spirit to live is not the same as to live wisely; otherwise it would be unchangeably wise. But it is good for it always to cling to you, lest the light it gained by turning toward you it lose by turning away, and slip back into a life like the dark abyss.
	nam et nos, qui secundum animam creatura spiritalis sumus, auersi a te, nostro lumine, in ea uita fuimus aliquando tenebrae et in reliquiis obscuritatis nostrae laboramus, donec simus iustitia tua in unico tuo sicut montes dei: nam iudicia tua fuimus sicut multa abyssus.	For we too, who in our souls are a spiritual creation, turned away from you, our light, and in that life we were once darkness; and we still labor among the remnants of our obscurity, until in your only Son we become your righteousness, like the mountains of God. For we were your judgments, like a great abyss.[2]
13.3.4	Quod autem in primis conditionibus dixisti: fiat lux, et facta est lux, non incongruenter hoc intellego in creatura spiritali, quia erat iam qualiscumque uita, quam inluminares. sed sicut non te promeruerat, ut esset talis	As for what you said in the first acts of creation, "Let there be light, and there was light," I do not think it unfitting to understand this of the spiritual creation, because there was already life of a sort

2 Echoing Psalm 36:6.

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uita, quae inluminari posset, ita nec cum iam esset promeruit te, ut inluminaretur. neque enim eius informitas placeret tibi, si non lux fieret non existendo, sed intuendo inluminantem lucem eique cohaerendo, ut et quod utcumque uiuit et quod beate uiuit, non deberet nisi gratiae tuae, conuersa per conmutationem meliorem ad id, quod neque in melius neque in deterius mutari potest. quod tu solus es, quia solus simpliciter es, cui non est aliud uiuere, aliud beate uiuere, quia tua beatitudo es.	for you to enlighten. But just as it had no claim on you to be a life of the kind that could be enlightened, so, once it existed, it had no claim on you to be enlightened. For its formlessness would not please you unless it became light—not by merely existing, but by gazing on the light that enlightened it and clinging to it—so that both its living at all and its living happily it might owe to nothing but your grace, turned by a change for the better toward that which can change neither for better nor for worse. That is what you alone are, because you alone simply are; for you, to live is not one thing and to live happily another, because you are your own happiness.[3]
13.4.5 Quid ergo tibi deesset ad bonum, quod tu tibi es, etiamsi ista uel omnino nulla essent uel informia remanerent, quae non ex indigentia fecisti, sed ex plenitudine bonitatis tuae cohibens atque conuertens ad formam, non ut tamquam tuum gaudium conpleatur ex eis? perfecto enim tibi displicet eorum inperfectio, ut ex te perficiantur et tibi placeant, non autem inperfecto, tamquam et tu eorum perfectione perficiendus sis. spiritus enim tuus bonus superferebatur super aquas, non ferebatur ab eis, tamquam in eis requiesceret. in quibus enim requiescere dicitur spiritus tuus, hos in se requiescere facit. sed superferebatur incorruptibilis et inconmutabilis uoluntas tua, ipsa in se sibi sufficiens, super eam quam feceras uitam;	What, then, would be lacking to the good that you are to yourself, even if these things had not existed at all, or had remained formless? You made them not out of need but out of the fullness of your goodness, restraining them and turning them toward form—not as though your joy were to be completed by them. For to you, who are perfect, their imperfection is displeasing, so that they may be perfected by you and please you; but not as though you were imperfect and were yourself to be perfected by their perfection. For your good Spirit was borne above the waters, not borne up by them as though he rested on them; for those in whom your Spirit is said to rest, he makes to rest in himself. But it was your incorruptible and unchangeable will, sufficient in itself for itself, that was borne above that life which you had made.
cui non hoc est uiuere, quod beate uiuere, quia uiuit etiam fluitans in obscuritate sua; cui restat conuerti ad eum, a quo facta est, et magis magisque uiuere apud fontem uitae et in lumine eius uidere lumen et perfici et inlustrari et beari.	It is a life for which to live is not the same as to live happily, since it lives even while drifting in its own darkness; what remains for it is to turn to him by whom it was made, and to live more and more beside the fountain of life, and in his light to see light, and to be made perfect, and illumined, and happy.

THE TRINITY IN GENESIS

Augustine finds the Trinity in Genesis and the Spirit moving over the waters.

LATIN	ENGLISH
13.5.6 Ecce apparet mihi in aenigmate trinitas, quod es, deus meus, quoniam tu, pater, in principio sapientiae nostrae, quod est tua sapientia de te nata, aequalis tibi et	Look: there appears to me, as in a riddle, the Trinity, which is what you are, my God. For you, Father, in the Beginning of our wisdom—which is your

3 Genesis 1:3.

	LATIN	ENGLISH
	coaeterna, id est in filio tuo, fecisti caelum et terram. et multa diximus de caelo caeli et de terra inuisibili et inconposita et de abysso tenebrosa secundum spiritalis informitatis uagabunda deliquia, nisi conuerteretur ad eum, a quo erat qualiscumque uita, et inluminatione fieret speciosa uita et esset caelum caeli eius, quod inter aquam et aquam postea factum est. et tenebam iam patrem in dei nomine, qui fecit haec, et filium in principii nomine, in quo fecit haec, et trinitatem credens deum meum, sicut credebam, quaerebam in eloquiis sanctis eius, et ecce spiritus tuus superferebatur super aquas.	Wisdom, born of you, equal to you and coeternal, that is, in your Son—made heaven and earth. And we have said much about the heaven of heaven, and about the earth invisible and unformed, and about the dark abyss, in view of the wandering lapses of its spiritual formlessness, had it not turned to him from whom it had life of whatever kind, and by his illumination become a beautiful life, and been the heaven of that heaven which was made afterward between water and water. And already I held the Father, under the name of God, who made these things, and the Son, under the name of the Beginning, in whom he made them; and believing, as I did believe, that my God is a Trinity, I searched in his holy words—and look: "your Spirit was borne above the waters."[4]
	ecce trinitas deus meus, pater et filius et spiritus sanctus, creator uniuersae creaturae.	Look: the Trinity, my God—Father and Son and Holy Spirit, Creator of all creation.
13.6.7	Sed quae causa fuerat, o lumen ueridicum, tibi admoueo cor meum, ne me uana doceat, discute tenebras eius et dic mihi, obsecro te per matrem caritatem, obsecro te, dic mihi, quae causa fuerat, ut post nominatum caelum et terram inuisibilem et inconpositam et tenebras super abyssum tum demum scriptura tua nominaret spiritum tuum? an quia oportebat sic eum insinuari, ut diceretur superferri? non posset hoc dici, nisi prius illud conmemoraretur, cui superferri spiritus tuus posset intellegi. nec patri enim nec filio superferebatur nec superferri recte diceretur, si nulli rei superferretur. prius ergo dicendum erat, cui superferretur, et deinde ille, quem non oportebat aliter conmemorari, nisi ut superferri diceretur. cur ergo eum aliter insinuari non oportebat, nisi ut superferri diceretur?	But what was the reason—O Light that tells the truth, I bring my heart close to you: do not let it teach me empty things; scatter its darkness and tell me, I beg you by love, our mother, I beg you, tell me—what was the reason that only after heaven had been named, and the earth invisible and unformed, and darkness over the abyss, did your Scripture at last name your Spirit? Was it because he had to be introduced in such a way that he could be said to be borne above? That could not be said unless the thing above which your Spirit could be understood to be borne were mentioned first. For he was not borne above the Father or the Son, nor could he rightly be said to be borne above if he were borne above nothing. So first there had to be stated what he was borne above, and then he who was fittingly mentioned in no other way than by being said to be borne above. Why then was it not fitting for him to be introduced in any other way than by being said to be borne above?
13.7.8	Hinc sequatur qui potest intellectu apostolum tuum dicentem, quia caritas tua diffusa est in cordibus nostris per spiritum sanctum, qui datus est nobis, et de spiritalibus docentem et demonstrantem supereminentem uiam caritatis et flectentem genua pro nobis ad te, ut cognoscamus supereminentem scientiam caritatis Christi. ideoque ab initio supereminens superferebatur super aquas. cui dicam, quomodo dicam	From here let anyone who can follow with his understanding your apostle, who says that your love has been poured out in our hearts through the Holy Spirit who has been given to us; who teaches about spiritual things and shows the way of love that surpasses all; and who bends his knees to you for us, that we may know the knowledge of the love of Christ that surpasses all. That is why he

4 Augustine reads "in the beginning" (in principio) as "in the Beginning," that is, in the Son.

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de pondere cupiditatis in abruptam abyssum et de subleuatione caritatis per spiritum tuum, qui superferebatur super aquas? cui dicam? quomodo dicam? neque enim loca sunt, quibus mergimur et emergimus. quid similius et quid dissimilius?	who surpasses all was, from the beginning, borne above the waters. To whom shall I tell it, and how shall I tell of the weight of craving, pulling down into the sheer abyss, and of the lifting up by love through your Spirit, who was borne above the waters? To whom shall I tell it? How shall I tell it? For these are not places in which we are plunged and from which we rise. What could be more like, and what more unlike?[5]
affectus sunt, amores sunt, inmunditia spiritus nostri defluens inferius amore curarum et sanctitas tui attollens nos superius amore securitatis, ut sursum cor habeamus ad te, ubi spiritus tuus superferebatur super aquas, et ueniamus ad supereminentem requiem, cum pertransierit anima nostra aquas, quae sunt sine substantia.	They are affections, they are loves: the uncleanness of our spirit, flowing downward with love of cares, and your holiness, lifting us upward with love of freedom from care, so that we may lift up our hearts to you, where your Spirit was borne above the waters, and may come to the rest that surpasses all, when our soul has passed through the waters that have no substance.[6]
13.8.9 Defluxit angelus, defluxit anima hominis et indicauerunt abyssum uniuersae spiritalis creaturae in profundo tenebroso, nisi dixisses ab initio: fiat lux, et facta esset lux, et inhaereret tibi omnis oboediens intellegentia caelestis ciuitatis tuae et requiesceret in spiritu tuo, qui superfertur inconmutabiliter super omne mutabile. alioquin et ipsum caelum caeli tenebrosa abyssus esset in se; nunc autem lux est in domino. nam et in ipsa misera inquietudine defluentium spirituum et indicantium tenebras suas nudatas ueste luminis tui satis ostendis, quam magnam rationalem creaturam feceris, cui nullo modo sufficit ad beatam requiem, quidquid te minus est, ac per hoc nec ipsa sibi. tu enim, deus noster, inluminabis tenebras nostras: ex te oriuntur uestimenta nostra, et tenebrae nostrae sicut meridies erunt.	The angel flowed away, the soul of man flowed away, and they would have shown the abyss of the whole spiritual creation in the dark depths, had you not said from the beginning, "Let there be light," and there was light; and had not every obedient intelligence of your heavenly city clung to you and rested in your Spirit, who is borne unchangeably above everything changeable. Otherwise even the heaven of heaven itself would be a dark abyss in itself; but now it is light in the Lord. For even in the wretched restlessness of spirits that flow away and show their own darkness, stripped of the garment of your light, you show clearly enough how great a rational creature you have made: nothing less than you suffices for its happy rest—and so not even itself suffices. For you, our God, will light up our darkness; from you our garments arise, and our darkness will be like noonday.
da mihi te, deus meus, et redde mihi te: en amo et, si parum est, amem ualidius. non possum metiri, ut sciam, quantum desit mihi amoris ad id quod sat est, ut currat uita mea in amplexus tuos nec auertatur, donec abscondatur in abscondito uultus tui. hoc tantum scio, quia male mihi est praeter te non solum extra me sed et in me ipso, et omnis mihi copia, quae deus meus non est, egestas est.	Give me yourself, my God; give yourself back to me. Look, I love you—and if it is too little, let me love more strongly. I cannot measure it, to know how much love I lack of what is enough, so that my life may run into your embrace and not turn away until it is hidden in the hidden place of your face. This alone I know: that without you it goes badly with me—not only outside myself but within myself too—and that every abundance which is not my God is poverty to me.

5 1 Corinthians 12:31; Ephesians 3:14–19.

6 "Lift up our hearts" echoes the liturgy's Sursum corda; "the waters that have no substance" is Psalm 124:5 in Augustine's Latin.

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13.9.10 Numquid aut pater aut filius non superferebatur super aquas? si tamquam loco sicut corpus, nec spiritus sanctus; si autem inconmutabilis diuinitatis eminentia super omne mutabile, et pater et filius et spiritus sanctus superferebatur Super aquas. cur ergo tantum de spiritu tuo dictum est hoc? cur de illo tantum dictus est quasi locus, ubi esset, qui non est locus, de quo solo dictum est, quod sit donum tuum? in dono tuo requiescimus: ibi te fruimur. requies nostra locus noster. amor illuc attollit nos et spiritus tuus bonus exaltat humilitatem nostram de portis mortis. in bona uoluntate tua pax nobis est. corpus pondere suo nititur ad locum suum. pondus non ad ima tantum est, sed ad locum suum.	Was neither the Father nor the Son borne above the waters? If this means as in a place, like a body, then neither was the Holy Spirit; but if it means the pre-eminence of unchangeable divinity above everything changeable, then Father and Son and Holy Spirit were all borne above the waters. Why then was this said only of your Spirit? Why was it said of him alone, as though there were a place where he was—he who is not a place—he of whom alone it is said that he is your gift? In your gift we rest; there we enjoy you. Our rest is our place. Love lifts us up there, and your good Spirit raises our lowliness from the gates of death. In your good will is our peace. A body strives by its own weight toward its own place. Weight does not tend only downward, but toward its own place.

MY WEIGHT IS MY LOVE

Augustine explains that love, like weight, carries the soul to its proper resting place.

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ignis sursum tendit, deorsum lapis. ponderibus suis aguntur, loca sua petunt. oleum infra aquam fusum super aquam attollitur, aqua supra oleum fusa infra oleum demergitur: ponderibus suis aguntur, loca sua petunt. minus ordinata inquieta sunt: ordinantur et quiescunt. pondus meum amor meus; eo feror, quocumque feror. dono tuo accendimur et sursum ferimur; inardescimus et imus. ascendimus ascensiones in corde et cantamus canticum graduum. igne tuo, igne tuo bono inardescimus et imus, quoniam sursum imus ad pacem Hierusalem, quoniam iucundatus sum in his, qui dixerunt mihi: in domum domini ibimus. ibi nos conlocabit uoluntas bona, ut nihil uelimus aliud quam permanere illic in aeternum.	Fire tends upward, a stone downward; they are driven by their weights, they seek their own places. Oil poured under water rises above the water; water poured on top of oil sinks beneath the oil; they are driven by their weights, they seek their own places. Things out of order are restless; they are set in order, and they rest. My weight is my love; by it I am carried wherever I am carried. By your gift we are set on fire and carried upward; we burn, and we go. We climb the ascents in our heart and sing the song of ascents. With your fire, your good fire, we burn and we go, because we are going upward to the peace of Jerusalem; for I was glad when they said to me, "We will go into the house of the Lord." There good will shall settle us, so that we want nothing else than to remain there forever.[7]
13.10.11 Beata creatura, quae non nouit aliud, cum esset ipsa aliud, nisi dono tuo, quod superfertur super omne mutabile, mox ut facta est attolleretur nullo interuallo temporis in ea uocatione, qua dixisti: fiat lux, et fieret lux. in nobis enim distinguitur tempore, quod tenebrae fuimus et lux efficiemur: in illa uero dictum est, quid esset, nisi inluminaretur, et ita dictum est, quasi prius fuerit fluxa et tenebrosa, ut appareret causa, qua factum	Happy the creature that has known nothing else—though in itself it would have been something else—had it not, by your gift which is borne above everything changeable, been lifted up as soon as it was made, with no interval of time, by that call in which you said, "Let there be light," and there was light. For in us there is a distinction in time, in that we were darkness and shall be made light; but

7 Psalms 120–134 are titled "Songs of Ascents"; the quotation is Psalm 122:1.

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est, ut aliter esset, id est ut ad lumen indeficiens conuersa lux esset. qui potest, intellegat, a te petat. ut quid mihi molestus est, quasi ego inluminem ullum hominem uenientem in hunc mundum?	of that creature it is said what it would have been had it not been illumined. And it is spoken of as if it had first been fluid and dark, so that the cause might appear by which it came to be otherwise: that is, turned toward the unfailing Light, it became light. Let whoever can, understand; let him ask it of you. Why should he trouble me, as if I were the one who enlightens every human being who comes into this world?
13.11.12 Trinitatem omnipotentem quis intelleget? et quis non loquitur eam, si tamen eam? rara anima, quaecumque de illa loquitur, scit quod loquitur. et contendunt et dimicant, et nemo sine pace uidet istam uisionem. uellem, ut haec tria cogitarent homines in se ipsis. longe aliud sunt ista tria quam illa trinitas, sed dico, ubi se exerceant et probent et sentiant, quam longe sunt. dico autem haec tria: esse, nosse, uelle. sum enim et scio et uolo: sum sciens et uolens et scio esse me et uelle et uolo esse et scire. in his igitur tribus quam sit inseparabilis uita et una uita et una mens et una essentia, quam denique inseparabilis distinctio et tamen distinctio, uideat qui potest.	Who will understand the almighty Trinity? And who does not speak of it—if indeed it is of it that he speaks? Rare is the soul that, when it speaks of it, knows what it is saying. People argue and fight, and no one sees that vision without peace. I would like people to reflect on these three things in themselves. These three are something far other than that Trinity; but I mention them as a place where they may exercise themselves, and test themselves, and perceive how far away they are. The three I mean are these: to be, to know, to will. For I am, and I know, and I will. I am, knowing and willing; I know that I am and that I will; and I will to be and to know. So in these three, how inseparable a life there is—one life, one mind, one essence—how inseparable, finally, the distinction, and yet a distinction: let whoever can, see it.
certe coram se est; adtendat in se et uideat et dicat mihi. sed cum inuenerit in his aliquid et dixerit, non iam se putet inuenisse illud, quod supra ista est inconmutabile, quod est inconmutabiliter et scit inconmutabiliter et uult inconmutabiliter: et utrum propter tria haec et ibi trinitas, an in singulis haec tria, ut terna singulorum sint, an utrumque miris modis simpliciter et multipliciter infinito in se sibi fine, quo est et sibi notum est et sibi sufficit inconmutabiliter id ipsum copiosa unitatis magnitudine, quis facile cogitauerit? quis ullo modo dixerit? quis quolibet modo temere pronuntiauerit?	He certainly has it before him; let him look into himself, and see, and tell me. But when he has found something in these and has spoken of it, let him not think he has now found that which is above them, unchangeable: which is unchangeably, and knows unchangeably, and wills unchangeably. And whether there is a Trinity there because of these three; or whether these three are in each Person, so that each has all three; or whether both are true, in wonderful ways, simply and manifoldly, with an infinite end in itself and for itself, by which it is, and is known to itself, and suffices to itself, unchangeably the Selfsame, in the abundant greatness of its unity—who could easily conceive it? Who could express it in any way? Who would rashly pronounce on it in any way at all?
13.12.13 Procede in confessione, fides mea; dic domino tuo: sancte, sancte, sancte, domine deus meus, in nomine tuo baptizati sumus, pater et fili et spiritus sancte, in nomine tuo baptizamus, pater et fili et spiritus sancte, quia et apud nos in Christo suo fecit deus caelum et terram,	Go forward in confession, my faith; say to the Lord your God, "Holy, holy, holy, O Lord my God; in your name we have been baptized, Father and Son and Holy Spirit; in your name we baptize, Father and Son and Holy Spirit." For among us too, in his

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spiritales et carnales ecclesiae suae, et terra nostra antequam acciperet formam doctrinae, inuisibilis erat et inconposita, et ignorantiae tenebris tegebamur, quoniam pro iniquitate erudisti hominem, et iudicia tua multa abyssus.	Christ, God made heaven and earth: the spiritual and the carnal members of his Church. And our earth, before it received the form of teaching, was invisible and unformed, and we were covered by the darkness of ignorance, since you disciplined man for his iniquity, and your judgments are a great abyss.
sed quia spiritus tuus superferebatur super aquam, non reliquit miseriam nostram misericordia tua, et dixisti: fiat lux; paenitentiam agite, appropinquauit enim regnum caelorum. paenitentiam agite; fiat lux. et quoniam conturbata erat ad nos ipsos anima nostra, conmemorati sumus tui, domine, de terra Jordanis et de monte aequali tibi, sed paruo propter nos, et displicuerunt nobis tenebrae nostrae, et conuersi sumus ad te, et facta est lux. et ecce fuimus aliquando tenebrae, nunc autem lux in domino.	But because your Spirit was borne above the water, your mercy did not abandon our misery, and you said, "Let there be light": "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven has come near." "Repent"; "Let there be light." And because our soul was troubled within us, we remembered you, Lord, from the land of the Jordan and from the mountain equal to you but made small for our sake; and our darkness displeased us, and we turned to you, and there was light. And see: we were once darkness, but now we are light in the Lord.[8]
13.13.14 Et tamen adhuc per fidem, nondum per speciem. spe enim salui facti sumus. spes autem, quae uidetur, non est spes. adhuc abyssus abyssum inuocat, sed iam in uoce cataractarum tuarum. adhuc et ille qui dicit: non potui uobis loqui quasi spiritalibus, sed quasi carnalibus, etiam ipse nondum se arbitratur conprehendisse, et quae retro oblitus, in ea, quae ante sunt, extenditur et ingemescit grauatus, et sitit anima eius ad deum uiuum, quemadmodum cerui ad fontes aquarum, et dicit: quando ueniam? habitaculum suum, quod de caelo est, superindui cupiens, et uocat inferiorem abyssum dicens: nolite conformari huic saeculo, sed reformamini in nouitate mentis uestrae, et: nolite pueri effici mentibus, sed malitia paruuli estote, ut mentibus perfecti sitis, et: o stulti Galatae, quis uos fascinauit? sed iam non in uoce sua; in tua enim, qui misisti spiritum tuum de excelsis per eum, qui ascendit in altum et aperuit cataractas donorum suorum, ut fluminis impetus laetificarent ciuitatem tuam.	And yet still by faith, not yet by sight; for in hope we have been saved. But hope that is seen is not hope. Still deep calls to deep, but now in the voice of your waterfalls. Still even he who says, "I could not speak to you as to spiritual people, but as to carnal," does not himself yet think he has laid hold of it; forgetting what lies behind, he stretches out toward what lies ahead, and groans under his burden, and his soul thirsts for the living God as the deer for springs of water, and he says, "When shall I come?"—longing to be clothed with his dwelling that is from heaven. And he calls to the lower deep, saying, "Do not be conformed to this world, but be reformed in the newness of your mind," and, "Do not become children in your minds, but be infants in malice, so that you may be mature in your minds," and, "O foolish Galatians, who has bewitched you?" But now not in his own voice; it is in yours, who sent your Spirit from on high through him who ascended on high and opened the floodgates of his gifts, so that the rush of the river might gladden your city.[9]
illi enim suspirat sponsi amicus, habens iam spiritus primitias penes eum, sed adhuc in semet ipso ingemescens, adoptionem expectans, redemptionem corporis sui. illi suspirat — membrum est enim sponsae — et illi zelat — amicus est enim sponsi — illi zelat non sibi, quia in uoce cataractarum tuarum, non in uoce sua	For it is for him that the friend of the bridegroom sighs, already holding the first fruits of the Spirit with him, but still groaning within himself as he waits for adoption, the redemption of his body. He sighs for him, for he is a member of the bride; and he is jealous for him, for he is the friend of the

8 Matthew 3:2. The Jordan and the mountain echo Psalm 42:6; Augustine takes the mountain as Christ.
9 2 Corinthians 5:7; Romans 8:24; Psalm 42:1–2, 7; 1 Corinthians 3:1; Romans 12:2; 1 Corinthians 14:20; Galatians 3:1.

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inuocat alteram abyssum, cui zelans timet, ne sicut serpens Euam decepit astutia sua, sic et eorum sensus corrumpantur a castitate, quae est in sponso nostro, unico tuo. quae est illa speciei lux, cum uidebimus eum, sicuti est, et transierint lacrimae, quae mihi factae sunt panis die ac nocte, dum dicitur mihi cotidie: ubi est deus tuus?

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bridegroom. He is jealous for him, not for himself, because it is in the voice of your waterfalls, not in his own voice, that he calls to the other deep; and in his jealousy he fears for it, lest, as the serpent deceived Eve by his cunning, so their minds too be corrupted from the chastity that is in our Bridegroom, your only Son. What is that light of sight? It is when we shall see him as he is, and the tears have passed that have been my bread day and night, while it is said to me every day, "Where is your God?"[10]

13.14.15 Et ego dico: deus meus ubi est? ecce ubi es. respiro in te paululum, cum effundo super me animam meam in uoce exultationis et confessionis soni festiuitatem celebrantis. et adhuc tristis est, quia relabitur et fit abyssus, uel potius sentit adhuc se esse abyssum. dicit ei fides mea, quam accendisti in nocte ante pedes meos: quare tristis es, anima, et quare conturbas me? spera in domino; lucerna pedibus tuis uerbum eius. spera et perseuera, donec transeat nox, mater iniquorum, donec transeat ira domini, cuius filii et nos fuimus aliquando tenebrae, quarum residua trahimus in corpore propter peccatum mortuo, donec aspiret dies et remoueantur umbrae. spera in domino: mane astabo et contemplabor; semper confitebor illi.

And I say, "Where is my God?" See, this is where you are. I breathe a little in you, when I pour out my soul above myself in a voice of rejoicing and confession, the sound of one keeping festival. And still it is sad, because it slips back and becomes an abyss—or rather it feels that it is still an abyss. My faith, which you lit in the night before my feet, says to it, "Why are you sad, my soul, and why do you trouble me? Hope in the Lord." His word is a lamp to your feet. Hope and persevere, until the night passes, the mother of the wicked; until the wrath of the Lord passes, for we too were once children of wrath, we who were darkness—and we still drag its remnants about in the body that is dead because of sin; until the day breathes and the shadows are removed. Hope in the Lord: in the morning I will stand and gaze; I will always confess to him.[11]

mane astabo et uidebo salutare uultus mei, deum meum, qui uiuificabit et mortalia corpora nostra propter spiritum, qui habitat in nobis, quia super interius nostrum tenebrosum et fluuidum misericorditer superferebatur. unde in hac peregrinatione pignus accepimus, ut iam simus lux, dum adhuc spe salui facti sumus et filii lucis et filii diei, non filii noctis neque tenebrarum, quod tamen fuimus. inter quos et nos in isto adhuc incerto humanae notitiae tu solus diuidis, qui probas corda nostra et uocas lucem diem et tenebras noctem. quis enim nos discernit nisi tu? quid autem habemus, quod non accepimus a te, ex eadem massa uasa in honorem, ex qua sunt et alia facta in contumeliam?

In the morning I will stand and see the salvation of my face, my God, who will give life even to our mortal bodies through the Spirit who dwells in us, because in mercy he was borne above our dark and fluid inner being. From this, in this pilgrimage, we have received a pledge, so that already we are light, while we are still saved in hope, and are children of light and children of the day, not children of the night or of darkness—which, nevertheless, we once were. Between them and us, in this still uncertain state of human knowledge, you alone divide, you who test our hearts and call the light day and the darkness night. For who distinguishes us but you? And what do we have that we did not receive from you, vessels made for honor from the same lump from which others were made for dishonor?[12]

10 2 Corinthians 11:2–3; 1 John 3:2.
11 Psalms 42:4–5 and 119:105; Ephesians 2:3; Romans 8:10; Song of Songs 2:17; Psalm 5:3.

THE FIRMAMENT OF SCRIPTURE

Augustine reads the firmament as Scripture, spread above humanity like a skin.

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13.15.16 Aut quis nisi tu, deus noster, fecisti nobis firmamentum auctoritatis super nos in scriptura tua diuina? caelum enim plicabitur ut liber et nunc sicut pellis extenditur super nos. sublimioris enim auctoritatis est tua diuina scriptura, cum iam obierunt istam mortem illi mortales, per quos eam dispensasti nobis. et tu scis, domine, tu scis, quemadmodum pellibus indueris homines, cum peccato mortales fierent. unde sicut pellem extendisti firmamentum libri tui, concordes utique sermones tuos, quos per mortalium ministerium superposuisti nobis. namque ipsa eorum morte solidamentum auctoritatis in eloquiis tuis per eos editis sublimiter extenditur super omnia, quae subter sunt, quod, cum hic uiuerent, non ita sublimiter extentum erat. nondum sicut pellem caelum extenderas, nondum mortis eorum famam usquequaque dilataueras.	Or who but you, our God, made for us a firmament of authority above us in your divine Scripture? For heaven will be folded up like a book, and now it is stretched out above us like a skin. For your divine Scripture has a more exalted authority now that those mortals through whom you dispensed it to us have met their death. And you know, Lord, you know how you clothed human beings with skins when through sin they became mortal. So you stretched out the firmament of your book like a skin—your words, all in harmony, which you placed above us through the ministry of mortals. For by their very death the solid strength of authority in your words, published through them, is stretched out on high above everything beneath it, which while they lived here was not stretched out so high. You had not yet stretched out the heaven like a skin; you had not yet spread the fame of their death everywhere.[13]
13.15.17 Videamus, domine, caelos, opera digitorum tuorum: disserena oculis nostris nubilum, quo subtexisti eos. ibi est testimonium tuum sapientiam praestans paruulis. perfice, deus meus, laudem tuam ex ore infantium et lactantium. neque enim nouimus alios libros ita destruentes superbiam, ita destruentes inimicum et defensorem resistentem reconciliationi tuae defendendo peccata sua. non noui, domine, non noui alia tam casta eloquia, quae sic mihi persuaderent confessionem et lenirent ceruicem meam iugo tuo et inuitarent colere te gratis. intellegam ea, pater bone da mihi hoc subterposito, quia subterpositis solidasti ea.	Let us look, Lord, upon the heavens, the work of your fingers; clear from our eyes the cloud with which you have veiled them. There is your testimony, giving wisdom to little ones. Perfect, my God, your praise from the mouth of infants and nursing babies. For we know no other books that so destroy pride, that so destroy the enemy and the defender who resists your reconciliation by defending his own sins. I do not know, Lord, I do not know any other words so pure, that so persuaded me to confession, and bent my neck gently to your yoke, and invited me to worship you freely. Let me understand them, good Father; grant me this, for I am placed beneath them, since it is for those placed beneath them that you made them firm.[14]
13.15.18 Sunt aliae aquae super hoc firmamentum, credo, inmortales et a terrena corruptione secretae. laudent nomen tuum, laudent te supercaelestes populi angelorum tuorum, qui non opus habent suspicere firmamentum hoc et legendo cognoscere uerbum tuum. uident enim faciem tuam semper et ibi legunt sine syllabis temporum,	There are other waters above this firmament, immortal, I believe, and set apart from earthly corruption. Let them praise your name; let them praise you, the peoples of your angels above the heavens, who have no need to look up at this firm-

12 Romans 8:11; 1 Thessalonians 5:5; Genesis 1:5.
13 Isaiah 34:4; Psalm 104:2. The Latin pellis means both "skin" and "parchment."
14 Psalms 8:2–3 and 19:7.

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quid uelit aeterna uoluntas tua. legunt, eligunt et diligunt; semper legunt et numquam praeterit quod legunt. eligendo enim et diligendo legunt ipsam inconmutabilitatem consilii tui. non clauditur codex eorum nec plicatur liber eorum, quia tu ipse illis hoc es et es in aeternum, quia super hoc firmamentum ordinasti eos, quod firmasti super infirmitatem inferiorum populorum, ubi suspicerent et cognoscerent misericordiam tuam temporaliter enuntiantem te, qui fecisti tempora. in caelo enim, domine, misericordia tua et ueritas tua usque ad nubes.

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ament and come to know your word by reading. For they always see your face, and there they read, without the syllables of time, what your eternal will wills. They read, they choose, and they love; they are always reading, and what they read never passes away. For by choosing and loving they read the very unchangeableness of your counsel. Their book is not closed, nor is their scroll rolled up, because you yourself are this to them, and are so forever; for you set them in order above this firmament, which you made firm above the infirmity of the lower peoples, so that they might look up at it and come to know your mercy, proclaiming in time you who made times. For your mercy, Lord, is in heaven, and your truth reaches to the clouds.[15]

transeunt nubes, caelum autem manet. transeunt praedicatores uerbi tui ex hac uita in aliam uitam, scriptura uero tua usque in finem saeculi super populos extenditur. sed et caelum et terra transibunt, sermones autem tui non transibunt, quoniam et pellis plicabitur et faenum, super quod extendebatur, cum claritate sua praeteriet, uerbum autem tuum manet in aeternum; quod nunc in aenigmate nubium et per speculum caeli, non sicuti est, apparet nobis, quia et nos quamuis filio tuo dilecti simus, nondum apparuit quod erimus. attendit per retia carnis et blanditus est et inflammauit, et currimus post odorem eius. sed cum apparuerit, Similes ei erimus, quoniam uidebimus eum, sicuti est: sicuti est, domine, uidere nostrum, quod nondum est nobis.

The clouds pass, but the heaven remains. The preachers of your word pass from this life into another life, but your Scripture is stretched out over the peoples to the end of the age. Yet even heaven and earth will pass away, but your words will not pass away; for the skin will be folded up, and the grass over which it was stretched will pass away with its splendor, but your Word remains forever. It appears to us now in the riddle of the clouds and through the mirror of the heaven, not as it is; for though we too are loved by your Son, it has not yet appeared what we shall be. He looked through the lattice of the flesh, and he spoke tenderly, and he set us on fire, and we run after his fragrance. But when he appears, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. As he is, Lord—that sight is ours, but it is not ours yet.[16]

13.16.19 Nam sicut omnino tu es, tu scis solus, quoniam es inconmutabiliter et scis inconmutabiliter et uis inconmutabiliter, et essentia tua scit et uult inconmutabiliter et scientia tua est et uult inconmutabiliter et uoluntas tua est et scit inconmutabiliter, nec uidetur iustum esse coram te, ut, quemadmodum se scit lumen inconmutabile, ita sciatur ab inluminato conmutabili. ideoque anima mea tamquam terra sine aqua tibi, quia sicut se inluminare de se non potest, ita se satiare de se non potest. sic enim apud te fons uitae, quomodo in lumine tuo uidebimus lumen.

For how you are absolutely, you alone know—you who are unchangeably, and know unchangeably, and will unchangeably. Your essence knows and wills unchangeably, your knowledge is and wills unchangeably, and your will is and knows unchangeably. Nor does it seem right in your sight that, as the unchangeable Light knows itself, so it should be known by the changeable thing it illumines. So my soul is like earth without water before you, because just as it cannot illumine itself from itself, so it cannot satisfy itself from itself. For so with you is the fountain of life, as in your light we shall see light.[17]

15 Genesis 1:7; Matthew 18:10; Psalm 36:5. "They read, they choose, and they love" renders a Latin chime: legunt, eligunt, diligunt.
16 Matthew 24:35; Isaiah 40:6–8; Song of Songs 2:9 and 1:3.

THE DAYS OF CREATION

Augustine reads the days of creation as an allegory of the Church and the Christian life.

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13.17.20 Quis congregauit amaricantem societatem unam? idem namque illis finis est temporalis et terrenae felicitatis, propter quam faciunt omnia, quamuis innumerabili uarietate curarum fluctuent. quis, domine, nisi tu, qui dixisti, ut congregarentur aquae in congregationem unam et appareret arida sitiens tibi, quoniam tuum est mare, et tu fecisti illud, et aridam terram manus tuae formauerunt? neque enim amaritudo uoluntatum, sed congregatio aquarum uocatur mare. tu enim coherces etiam malas cupiditates animarum et figis limites, quousque progredi sinantur aquae, ut in se comminuantur fluctus earum, atque ita facis mare ordine imperii tui super omnia.	Who gathered the embittered into one society? For they all have the same end, temporal and earthly happiness, for the sake of which they do everything, though they toss about in a countless variety of cares. Who, Lord, but you, who said that the waters should be gathered into one gathering and the dry land appear, thirsting for you? For the sea is yours, and you made it, and your hands formed the dry land. For it is not the bitterness of wills but the gathering of waters that is called the sea. For you restrain even the evil cravings of souls and fix limits, how far the waters may be allowed to advance, so that their waves break against themselves; and so you make the sea by the order of your rule over all things.[18]
13.17.21 At animas sitientes tibi et apparentes tibi alio fine distinctas a societate maris occulto et dulci fonte irrigas, ut et terra det fructum suum: et dat fructum suum et te iubente, domino deo suo, germinat anima nostra opere misericordiae secundum genus, diligens proximum in subsidiis necessitatum carnalium, habens in se semen secundum similitudinem, quoniam ex nostra infirmitate conpatimur ad subueniendum indigentibus similiter opitulantes, quemadmodum nobis uellemus opem ferri, si eodem modo indigeremus, non tantum in facilibus tamquam in herba seminali, sed etiam in protectione adiutorii forti robore, sicut lignum fructiferum, id est beneficium ad eripiendum eum, qui iniuriam patitur, de manu potentis et praebendo protectionis umbraculum ualido robore iusti iudicii.	But souls that thirst for you and appear before you, set apart from the society of the sea by a different end, you water from a hidden and sweet spring, so that the earth too may yield its fruit. And it yields its fruit; and at your command, the command of its Lord God, our soul sprouts works of mercy according to its kind, loving its neighbor by helping with bodily needs, having in itself seed according to its likeness. For from our own weakness we feel compassion so as to come to the aid of the needy, helping them in the way we would want help brought to us if we were in the same need—not only in easy things, as with seed-bearing grass, but also in protective help of stout strength, like a fruit-bearing tree: that is, doing good by rescuing one who suffers wrong from the hand of the powerful, and by giving the shade of protection with the stout strength of just judgment.[19]
13.18.22 Ita, domine, ita, oro te, oriatur, sicuti facis, sicuti das hilaritatem et facultatem, oriatur de terra ueritas et iustitia de caelo respiciat, et fiant in firmamento luminaria. frangamus esurienti panem nostrum et egenum sine tecto inducamus in domum nostram, nudum uestiamus et domesticos seminis nostri non despiciamus. quibus in terra natis fructibus uide, quia bonum est, et erumpat temporana lux nostra, et de ista	So, Lord, so, I pray you, let it spring up—as you are doing, as you are giving cheerfulness and the means—let truth spring up from the earth, and let justice look down from heaven, and let there be lights in the firmament. Let us break our bread for the hungry and bring the homeless poor into our house; let us clothe the naked and not despise

17 Psalm 143:6.
18 Genesis 1:9–10; Psalm 95:5. Augustine plays on mare (sea) and amarus (bitter).
19 Genesis 1:11–12.

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inferiore fruge actionis in delicias contemplationis uerbum uitae superius obtinentes appareamus sicut luminaria in mundo cohaerentes firmamento scripturae tuae.	those of our own flesh and blood. When these fruits have sprung from the earth, see that it is good, and let our light break forth in its season; and, from this lower harvest of action, attaining to the delights of contemplation, holding fast to the word of life above, let us appear like lights in the world, cleaving to the firmament of your Scripture.[20]
ibi enim nobiscum disputas, ut diuidamus inter intellegibilia et sensibilia tamquam inter diem et noctem uel inter animas alias intellegibilibus, alias sensibilibus deditas, ut iam non tu solus in abdito diiudicationis tuae, sicut antequam fieret firmamentum, diuidas inter lucem et tenebras, sed etiam spiritales tui in eodem firmamento positi atque distincti manifestata per orbem gratia tua luceant super terram et diuidant inter diem et noctem et significent tempora, quia uetera transierunt, ecce facta sunt noua, et quia propior est nostra salus, quam cum credidimus, et quia nox praecessit, dies autem adpropinquauit et quia benedicis coronam anni tui, mittens operarios in messem tuam, in qua seminanda alii laborauerunt, mittens etiam in aliam sementem, cuius messis in fine est.	For there you reason with us, so that we may divide between the things of the intellect and the things of the senses, as between day and night, or between souls given to the things of the intellect and souls given to the things of the senses. So now it is not you alone, in the secret of your judgment, who divide between light and darkness, as you did before the firmament was made; but your spiritual people too, placed and set in their ranks in that same firmament, now that your grace has been made manifest throughout the world, may shine upon the earth and divide between day and night and mark the seasons: because the old things have passed away, and see, new things have come; and because our salvation is nearer than when we first believed; and because the night is far gone and the day has drawn near; and because you bless the crown of your year, sending workers into your harvest, for whose sowing others have labored, and sending them also into another sowing, whose harvest is at the end.[21]
ita das uota optanti et benedicis annos iusti, tu autem idem ipse es et in annis tuis, qui non deficiunt, horreum praeparas annis transeuntibus. aeterno quippe consilio propriis temporibus bona caelestia das super terram, quoniam quidem alii datur per spiritum sermo	So you grant the prayers of one who asks, and you bless the years of the just; but you are the Self-same, and in your years, which do not fail, you prepare a granary for the passing years. For by your eternal counsel, at their proper times, you give heavenly goods upon the earth. For to one is given through the Spirit the word
13.18.23 sapientiae tamquam luminare maius propter eos, qui perspicuae ueritatis luce delectantur tamquam in principio diei, alii autem sermo scientiae secundum eundem spiritum tamquam luminare minus, alii fides, alii donatio curationum, alii operationes uirtutum, alii prophetia, alii diiudicatio spirituum, alteri genera linguarum, et haec omnia tamquam stellae. omnia enim haec operatur unus atque idem spiritus, diuidens propria unicuique prout uult et faciens apparere sidera in manifestatione ad utilitatem. sermo autem scientiae, qua	of wisdom, like the greater light, for those who delight in the light of clear truth, as at the beginning of the day; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit, like the lesser light; to another faith; to another gifts of healing; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another the discernment of spirits; to another various kinds of tongues—and all these are like stars. For all these are the work of one and the same Spirit, distributing to each individually as he wills,

20 Psalm 85:11; Isaiah 58:7–8; Philippians 2:15–16.
21 Genesis 1:14–18; 2 Corinthians 5:17; Romans 13:11–12; Psalm 65:11; Matthew 9:38; John 4:38.

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continentur omnia sacramenta, quae uariantur temporibus tamquam luna, et ceterae notitiae donorum, quae deinceps tamquam stellae conmemorata sunt, quantum differunt ab illo candore sapientiae, quo gaudet praedictus dies, tantum in principio noctis sunt.	and making the stars appear in manifestation for the common good. But the word of knowledge, which contains all the sacraments that vary with the times like the moon, and the other gifts of knowledge listed after it like stars—as far as they fall short of that brightness of wisdom in which the day mentioned above rejoices, so far are they at the beginning of the night.[22]
his enim sunt necessaria, quibus ille prudentissimus seruus tuus non potuit loqui quasi spiritalibus, sed quasi carnalibus, ille, qui sapientiam loquitur inter perfectos. animalis autem homo tamquam paruulus in Christo lactisque potator, donec roboretur ad solidum cibum et aciem firmet ad solis aspectum, non habeat desertam noctem suam, sed luce lunae stellarumque contentus sit. haec nobiscum disputas sapientissime, deus noster, in libro tuo, firmamento tuo, ut discernamus omnia contemplatione mirabili, quamuis adhuc in signis et in temporibus et in diebus et in annis.	For they are necessary to those to whom that most prudent servant of yours could not speak as to spiritual people, but as to carnal—he who speaks wisdom among the mature. But the unspiritual person, like a little child in Christ and a drinker of milk, until he is strong enough for solid food and steadies his eyes to look at the sun, should not find his night deserted, but be content with the light of the moon and stars. These things you discuss with us most wisely, our God, in your book, your firmament, so that we may discern all things in wonderful contemplation, though still in signs and times and days and years.[23]
13.19.24 Sed prius lauamini, mundi estote, auferte nequitiam ab animis uestris atque a conspectu oculorum meorum, ut appareat arida. discite bonum facere, iudicate pupillo et iustificate uiduam, ut germinet terra herbam pabuli et lignum fructiferum, et uenite, disputemus, dicit dominus, ut fiant luminaria in firmamento caeli, ut luceant super terram. quaerebat diues ille a magistro bono, quid faceret, ut uitam aeternam consequeretur: dicat ei magister bonus, quem putabat hominem et nihil amplius — bonus est autem, quia deus est — dicat ei, ut, si uult uenire ad uitam, seruet mandata, separet a se amaritudinem malitiae atque nequitiae, non occidat, non moechetur, non furetur, non falsum testimonium dicat, ut appareat arida et germinet honorem matris et patris et dilectionem proximi.	"But first wash yourselves, be clean, remove the wickedness from your souls and from the sight of my eyes, so that the dry land may appear. Learn to do good, give judgment for the orphan and do justice for the widow, so that the earth may bring forth green pasture and fruit-bearing trees. And come, let us reason together," says the Lord, "so that there may be lights in the firmament of heaven, and they may shine upon the earth." That rich man asked the good teacher what he should do to gain eternal life. Let the good teacher—whom he thought a man and nothing more (but he is good because he is God)—let him tell him that if he wants to come to life he must keep the commandments: separate from himself the bitterness of malice and wickedness; not kill, not commit adultery, not steal, not bear false witness; so that the dry land may appear and bring forth honor for mother and father and love of neighbor.[24]
feci, inquit, haec omnia. unde ergo tantae spinae, si terra fructifera est? uade, extirpa siluosa dumeta auaritiae, uende quae possides et implere frugibus dando pauperibus et habebis thesaurum in caelis et sequere dominum, si uis esse perfectus, eis sociatus, inter quos	"I have done all these things," he says. Then where do so many thorns come from, if the earth is fruitful? Go, root out the tangled thickets of greed; sell what you possess, and be filled with harvest by giving to the poor, and you will have treasure in

22 1 Corinthians 12:7–11; Genesis 1:16.
23 1 Corinthians 2:6, 2:14 and 3:1–2; Genesis 1:14.
24 Isaiah 1:16–18, interwoven with Genesis 1; Matthew 19:16–19.

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loquitur sapientiam ille, qui nouit, quid distribuat diei et nocti, ut noris et tu, ut fiant et tibi luminaria in firmamento caeli: quod non fiet, nisi fuerit illic cor tuum; quod item non fiet, nisi fuerit illic thesaurus tuus, sicut audisti a magistro bono. sed contristata est terra sterilis, et spinae suffocauerunt uerbum.	heaven; and follow the Lord if you want to be perfect, joined with those among whom wisdom is spoken by him who knows what to allot to the day and to the night—so that you too may know, so that for you too there may be lights in the firmament of heaven. That will not happen unless your heart is there; and that again will not happen unless your treasure is there, as you heard from the good teacher. But the barren earth was saddened, and the thorns choked the word.[25]
13.19.25 Vos autem, genus electum in firmamento mundi, qui dimisistis omnia, ut sequeremini dominum, ite post eum et confundite fortia, ite post eum, speciosi pedes, et lucete in firmamento, ut caeli enarrent gloriam eius diuidentes inter lucem perfectorum, sed nondum sicut angelorum, et tenebras paruulorum, sed non desperatorum: lucete super omnem terram, et dies sole candens eructet diei uerbum sapientiae et nox, luna lucens, annuntiet nocti uerbum scientiae. luna et stellae nocti lucent, sed nox non obscurat eas, quoniam ipsae inluminant eam pro modulo eius.	But you, the chosen race in the firmament of the world, who have left everything to follow the Lord: go after him and put the strong to shame; go after him, you beautiful feet, and shine in the firmament, so that the heavens may tell his glory, dividing between the light of the perfect—though not yet like that of the angels—and the darkness of the little ones—though not of the hopeless. Shine over all the earth; and let the day, bright with the sun, pour forth to the day the word of wisdom, and the night, shining with the moon, announce to the night the word of knowledge. The moon and stars shine for the night, but the night does not darken them, since they give it light according to its small capacity.[26]
ecce enim tamquam deo dicente: fiant luminaria in firmamento caeli, factus est subito de caelo sonus, quasi ferretur flatus uehemens, et uisae sunt linguae diuisae quasi ignis, qui et insedit super unumquemque illorum, et facta sunt luminaria in firmamento caeli uerbum uitae habentia. ubique discurrite, ignes sancti, ignes decori. uos enim estis lumen mundi nec estis sub modio. exaltatus est, cui adhaesistis, et exaltauit uos. discurrite et innotescite omnibus gentibus.	For see: as though God were saying, "Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven," suddenly there came a sound from heaven, like the rush of a violent wind, and there appeared divided tongues as of fire, and it rested on each one of them; and lights were made in the firmament of heaven, holding the word of life. Run everywhere, holy fires, beautiful fires. For you are the light of the world, and you are not under a basket. He to whom you have clung has been exalted, and he has exalted you. Run everywhere, and make yourselves known to all nations.[27]
13.20.26 Concipiat et mare et pariat opera uestra, et producant aquae reptilia animarum uiuarum. separantes enim pretiosum a uili facti estis os dei, per quod diceret: producant aquae non animam uiuam, quam terra producet, sed reptilia animarum uiuarum et uolatilia uolantia super terram. repserunt enim sacramenta tua, deus, per opera sanctorum tuorum inter medios fluctus temptationum saeculi ad imbuendas gentes nomine tuo	Let the sea too conceive and bring forth your works, and let the waters bring forth creeping things with living souls. For by separating the precious from the worthless you have become the mouth of God, through which he might say, "Let the waters bring forth"—not a living soul, which the earth will bring forth, but "creeping things

25 Matthew 19:20–22, 6:21 and 13:7.
26 1 Peter 2:9; 1 Corinthians 1:27; Romans 10:15; Psalm 19:1–2.
27 Acts 2:2–3; Matthew 5:14–15.

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in baptismo tuo. et inter haec facta sunt magnalia mirabilia tamquam coeti grandes et uoces nuntiorum tuorum uolantes super terram iuxta firmamentum libri tui praeposito illo sibi ad auctoritatem, sub quo uolitarent, quocumque irent.	with living souls, and birds flying above the earth." For your sacraments, God, have crept through the works of your saints amid the waves of the world's temptations, to steep the nations in your name in your baptism. And meanwhile great wonders were done, like great sea creatures, and the voices of your messengers flew above the earth, close to the firmament of your book, which was set over them as their authority, beneath which they were to fly wherever they went.[28]
neque enim sunt loquellae neque sermones, quorum non audiantur uoces eorum, quando in omnem terram exiit sonus eorum et in fines orbis terrae uerba eorum, quoniam tu, domine, benedicendo multiplicasti haec.	For there is no speech, no language, in which their voices are not heard, since their sound has gone out into all the earth and their words to the ends of the world; for you, Lord, by blessing, have multiplied these things.[29]
13.20.27 Numquid mentior aut mixtione misceo neque distinguo lucidas cognitiones harum rerum in firmamento caeli et opera corporalia in undoso mari et sub firmamento caeli? quarum enim rerum notitiae sunt solidae et terminatae sine incrementis generationum tamquam lumina sapientiae et scientiae, earundem rerum sunt operationes corporales multae ac uariae, et aliud ex alio crescendo multiplicantur in benedictione tua, deus, qui consolatus es fastidia sensuum mortalium, ut in cognitione animi res una multis modis per corporis motiones figuretur atque dicatur. aquae produxerunt haec, sed in uerbo tuo: necessitates alienatorum ab aeternitate ueritatis tuae populorum produxerunt haec, sed in euangelio tuo, quoniam ipsae aquae ista eiecerunt, quarum amarus languor fuit causa, ut in tuo uerbo ista procederent.	Am I lying, or mixing things together in confusion, and failing to distinguish the luminous knowledge of these things in the firmament of heaven from the bodily works in the surging sea and under the firmament of heaven? For of those things whose knowledge is solid and bounded, without increase through generations—like the lights of wisdom and knowledge—the bodily workings are many and varied, and, growing one from another, they multiply in your blessing, God. For you have consoled the weariness of mortal senses, so that in the mind's understanding one thing may be figured and expressed in many ways through bodily motions. The waters brought these forth, but in your Word. The needs of peoples estranged from the eternity of your truth brought these forth, but in your gospel; for it was these very waters that cast them up, waters whose bitter sickness was the reason they came forth in your Word.
13.20.28 Et pulchra sunt omnia faciente te, et ecce tu inenarrabiliter pulchrior, qui fecisti omnia. a quo si non esset lapsus Adam, non diffunderetur ex utero eius salsugo maris, genus humanum profunde curiosum et procellose tumidum et instabiliter fluuidum, atque ita non opus esset, ut in aquis multis corporaliter et sensibiliter operarentur dispensatores tui mystica facta et dicta. sic enim mihi nunc occurrerunt reptilia et uolatilia, quibus imbuti et initiati homines corporalibus sacramentis subditi non ultra proficerent, nisi spiritaliter uiuesceret anima gradu alio et post initii uerbum in consummationem respiceret.	And all things are beautiful because you make them, and look—you who made all things are more beautiful beyond telling. If Adam had not fallen away from you, there would not have flowed from his womb that salt water of the sea—the human race, deeply curious, stormily swollen, and restlessly fluid—and so there would be no need for your stewards to perform, bodily and perceptibly, amid many waters, mystical deeds and words (for this is how I now understand the creeping things and the birds). Instructed and initiated by these,

28 Genesis 1:20–21; Jeremiah 15:19.
29 Psalm 19:3–4; Genesis 1:22.

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people who are subject to bodily sacraments would make no further progress unless the soul came alive spiritually on another level, and after the word of initiation looked toward its completion.

13.21.29 Ac per hoc in uerbo tuo non maris profunditas, sed ab aquarum amaritudine terra discreta eicit non reptilia animarum uiuarum et uolatilia, sed animam uiuam. neque enim iam opus habet baptismo, quo gentibus opus est, sicut opus habebat, cum aquis tegeretur: non enim intratur aliter in regno caelorum ex illo, quo instituisti, ut sic intretur; nec magnalia mirabilium quaerit, quibus fiat fides: neque enim nisi signa et prodigia uiderit, non credit, cum iam distincta sit terra fidelis ab aquis maris infidelitate amaris, et linguae in signo sunt non fidelibus, sed infidelibus. nec isto igitur genere uolatili, quod uerbo tuo produxerunt aquae, opus habet terra, quam fundasti super aquas. immitte in eam uerbum tuum per nuntios tuos. opera enim eorum narramus,

And so, in your Word, it is not the depth of the sea but the earth, separated from the bitterness of the waters, that brings forth—not creeping things with living souls, and birds, but a living soul. For it no longer needs baptism, as the nations need it, and as it did need it when it was covered with waters; for there is no other way into the kingdom of heaven since you established that it should be entered this way. Nor does it look for great wonders to produce faith. For it is not that it will not believe unless it sees signs and wonders, since now the faithful earth is separated from the waters of the sea, bitter with unbelief; and tongues are a sign not for believers but for unbelievers. So the earth which you founded above the waters has no need of this kind of flying creature either, which the waters brought forth at your Word. Send your word into it through your messengers; for it is their works we tell of.[30]

sed tu es, qui operaris in eis, et operentur animam uiuam. terra producit eam, quia terra causa est, ut haec agant in ea, sicut mare fuit causa, ut agerent reptilia animarum uiuarum et uolatilia sub firmamento caeli, quibus iam terra non indiget, quamuis piscem manducet leuatum de profundo in ea mensa, quam parasti in conspectu credentium; ideo enim de profundo leuatus est, ut alat aridam. et aues marina progenies, sed tamen super terram multiplicantur. primarum enim uocum euangelizantium infidelitas hominum causa extitit; sed et fideles exhortantur et benedicuntur eis multipliciter de die in diem.

But it is you who work in them, so that they may work a living soul. The earth brings it forth, because the earth is the reason they do these things in it, just as the sea was the reason they produced creeping things with living souls, and birds under the firmament of heaven. The earth no longer needs these, although it eats the fish raised from the deep, at the table which you have prepared in the sight of believers; for it was raised from the deep precisely to feed the dry land. And the birds are offspring of the sea, yet they multiply on the earth. For human unbelief was the reason for the first voices that preached the gospel; but the faithful too are encouraged by them and blessed by them in many ways from day to day.[31]

at uero anima uiua de terra sumit exordium, quia non prodest nisi iam fidelibus continere se ab amore huius saeculi, ut anima eorum tibi uiuat, quae mortua erat in deliciis uiuens, deliciis, domine, mortiferis; nam tu puri cordis uitales deliciae.

But the living soul takes its beginning from the earth, because it profits only those already faithful to restrain themselves from love of this world, so that their soul may live to you—the soul that was dead while living in pleasures, pleasures, Lord, that bring death; for you are the life-giving pleasure of the pure heart.[32]

30 Genesis 1:24; John 3:5 and 4:48; 1 Corinthians 14:22; Psalm 136:6.
31 Psalm 23:5. The fish was an early Christian symbol of Christ; the table is the Eucharist.

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13.21.30 Operentur ergo iam in terra ministri tui, non sicut in aquis infidelitatis annuntiando et loquendo per miracula et sacramenta et uoces mysticas, ubi intenta fit ignorantia mater admirationis in timore occultorum signorum — talis enim est introitus ad fidem filiis Adam oblitis tui, dum se abscondunt a facie tua et fiunt abyssus — sed operentur etiam sicut in arida discreta a gurgitibus abyssi et sint forma fidelibus uiuendo coram eis et excitando ad imitationem. sic enim non tantum ad audiendum sed etiam ad faciendum audiunt: quaerite deum, et uiuet anima uestra, ut producat terra animam uiuentem. nolite conformari huic saeculo, continete uos ab eo. euitando uiuit anima, quae appetendo moritur.	So let your ministers now work on the earth—not as in the waters of unbelief, proclaiming and speaking through miracles and sacraments and mystical words, where ignorance, the mother of wonder, is made attentive through fear of hidden signs (for such is the way into faith for the children of Adam who have forgotten you, while they hide themselves from your face and become an abyss)—but let them work also as on the dry land, separated from the whirlpools of the abyss, and let them be a pattern for the faithful, living before them and rousing them to imitation. For in this way they hear not only so as to listen but also so as to act: "Seek God, and your soul will live," so that the earth may bring forth a living soul; "Do not be conformed to this world; restrain yourselves from it." By avoiding, the soul lives; by craving, it dies.[33]
continete uos ab immani feritate superbiae, ab inerti uoluptate luxuriae et a fallaci nomine scientiae, ut sint bestiae mansuetae et pecora edomita et innoxii serpentes. motus enim animae sunt isti in allegoria: sed fastus elationis et delectatio libidinis et uenenum curiositatis motus sunt animae mortuae, quia non ita moritur, ut omni motu careat, quoniam discedendo a fonte uitae moritur atque ita suscipitur a praetereunte saeculo et conformatur ei.	Restrain yourselves from the monstrous savagery of pride, from the sluggish pleasure of indulgence, and from what is falsely called knowledge, so that the wild beasts may be tamed, the cattle broken in, and the serpents harmless. For these are, in allegory, the movements of the soul; but the haughtiness of pride, the delight of lust, and the poison of curiosity are movements of a dead soul. For it does not die in such a way that it lacks all movement; it dies by departing from the fountain of life, and so it is taken up by the passing world and conformed to it.[34]
13.21.31 Verbum autem, deus, fons uitae aeternae est et non praeterit: ideoque in uerbo tuo cohibetur ille discessus, dum dicitur nobis: nolite conformari huic saeculo, ut producat terra in fonte uitae animam uiuentem, in uerbo tuo per euangelistas tuos animam continentem imitando imitatores Christi tui. hoc est enim secundum genus, quoniam aemulatio uiri ab amico est: estote, inquit, sicut ego, quia et ego sicut uos. ita erunt in anima uiua bestiae bonae in mansuetudine actionis.	But your Word, God, is the fountain of eternal life, and it does not pass away. So in your Word that departure is checked, when it is said to us, "Do not be conformed to this world," so that the earth, in the fountain of life, may bring forth a living soul: in your Word, through your evangelists, a self-restrained soul, by imitating the imitators of your Christ. For this is what "according to its kind" means, since a man is moved to emulation by his friend: "Be as I am," he says, "for I also am as you are." So in the living soul there will be good beasts, in gentleness of conduct.[35]
mandasti enim dicens: in mansuetudine opera tua perfice et ab omni homine diligeris. et pecora bona neque si manducauerint, abundantia, neque si non	For you have commanded, saying, "Do your works in gentleness, and you will be loved by everyone."

32 1 Timothy 5:6.
33 Psalm 69:32.
34 1 Timothy 6:20.
35 Ecclesiastes 4:4; Galatians 4:12.

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manducauerint, egentia, et serpentes boni non perniciosi ad nocendum, sed astuti ad cauendum et tantum explorantes temporalem naturam, quantum sufficit, ut per ea, quae facta sunt, intellecta conspiciatur aeternitas. seruiunt enim rationi haec animalia, cum a progressu mortifero cohibita uiuunt et bona sunt.	And there will be good cattle, neither having too much if they eat nor lacking if they do not eat; and good serpents, not deadly to harm but shrewd to beware, exploring the temporal world only so far as is enough for eternity to be seen, understood through the things that have been made. For these animals serve reason when, restrained from their deadly advance, they live and are good.[36]

THE IMAGE OF GOD RENEWED

Augustine reads the making of humankind in God's image as the renewal of the mind.

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13.22.32 Ecce enim, domine deus noster, creator noster, cum cohibitae fuerint affectiones ab amore saeculi, quibus moriebamur male uiuendo, et coeperit esse anima uiuens bene uiuendo completumque fuerit uerbum tuum, quo per apostolum tuum dixisti: nolite conformari huic saeculo, consequetur illud, quod adiunxisti statim et dixisti: sed reformamini in nouitate spiritu mentis uestrae, non iam secundum genus, tamquam imitantes praecedentem proximum, nec ex hominis melioris auctoritate uiuentes. neque enim dixisti: fiat homo secundum genus, sed: faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram, ut nos probemus, quae sit uoluntas tua.	For see, Lord our God, our Creator: when our affections have been restrained from love of the world—the affections by which we were dying through living badly—and the soul has begun to be a living soul through living well, and your word has been fulfilled which you spoke through your apostle, "Do not be conformed to this world," there will follow also what you added at once, saying, "but be reformed in the newness of the spirit of your mind"—no longer according to kind, as though imitating a neighbor who goes before us, nor living by the authority of a better human being. For you did not say, "Let humankind be made according to its kind," but, "Let us make humankind in our image and likeness," so that we may test what your will is.[37]
ad hoc enim ille dispensator tuus generans per euangelium filios, ne semper paruulos haberet, quos lacte nutriret et tamquam nutrix foueret: reformamini, inquit, in nouitate mentis uestrae ad probandum uos, quae sit uoluntas dei, quod bonum et beneplacitum et perfectum. ideoque non dicis: fiat homo, sed: faciamus, nec dicis: secundum genus, sed: ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram. mente quippe renouatus et conspiciens intellectam ueritatem tuam homine demonstratore non indiget, ut suum genus imitetur, sed te demonstrante probat ipse, quae sit uoluntas tua, quod bonum et beneplacitum et perfectum, et doces eum iam capacem uidere trinitatem unitatis uel unitatem trinitatis.	For this is why that steward of yours, begetting children through the gospel, so as not always to have little ones whom he must feed with milk and cherish like a nurse, says, "Be reformed in the newness of your mind, so that you may test what the will of God is, what is good and pleasing and perfect." And so you do not say, "Let humankind be made," but, "Let us make"; nor do you say, "according to his kind," but, "in our image and likeness." For one who is renewed in mind, and beholds your truth once he has understood it, does not need a human being to show him the way, so as to imitate his own kind; but with you showing him, he himself tests what your will is, what is good and pleasing and perfect; and, now that he is capable of it, you teach him to see the Trinity of the Unity, or the Unity of the Trinity.[38]

36 Sirach 3:17; Matthew 10:16.
37 Genesis 1:26.

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ideoque pluraliter dicto: faciamus hominem singulariter tamen infertur: et fecit deus hominem, et pluraliter dicto: ad imaginem nostram, singulariter infertur: ad imaginem dei. ita homo renouatur in agnitione dei secundum imaginem eius, qui creauit eum, et spiritalis effectus iudicat omnia, quae utique iudicanda sunt, ipse autem a nemine iudicatur.	That is why, after the plural "Let us make humankind," it continues in the singular, "and God made humankind"; and after the plural "in our image," it continues in the singular, "in the image of God." So a human being is renewed in the knowledge of God according to the image of the one who created him, and, having become spiritual, he judges all things—all, that is, that ought to be judged—but is himself judged by no one.
13.23.33 Quod autem iudicat omnia, hoc est, quod habet potestatem piscium maris et uolatilium caeli et omnium pecorum et ferarum et omnis terrae et omnium repentium, quae repunt super terram. hoc enim agit per mentis intellectum, per quem percipit quae sunt spiritus dei. alioquin homo in honore positus non intellexit; conparatus est iumentis insensatis et similis factus est eis.	His judging all things means that he has authority over the fish of the sea and the birds of the sky, over all cattle and wild beasts, over all the earth and all creeping things that creep upon the earth. He does this through the understanding of the mind, by which he perceives the things that are of the Spirit of God. Otherwise, man, though set in honor, did not understand; he was compared to the senseless beasts and became like them.
ergo in ecclesia tua, deus noster, secundum gratiam tuam, quam dedisti ei, quoniam tuum sumus figmentum creati in operibus bonis, non solum qui spiritaliter praesunt sed etiam hi qui spiritaliter subduntur eis qui praesunt — masculum et feminam fecisti hominem hoc modo in gratia tua spiritali, ubi secundum sexum corporis non est masculus et femina, quia nec Iudaeus neque Graecus neque seruus neque liber — spiritales ergo, siue qui praesunt siue qui obtemperant, spiritaliter iudicant, non de cognitionibus spiritalibus, quae lucent in firmamento — non enim oportet de tam sublimi auctoritate iudicare —	So in your church, our God, according to the grace you have given it—since we are your handiwork, created for good works—there are not only those who preside spiritually but also those who are spiritually subject to those who preside. (For this is how you made humankind male and female in your spiritual grace, where, as regards bodily sex, there is neither male nor female, because there is neither Jew nor Greek, neither slave nor free.) The spiritual, then, whether they preside or obey, judge spiritually. They do not judge the spiritual knowledge that shines in the firmament, for it is not fitting to pass judgment on so lofty an authority;
neque de ipso libro tuo, etiamsi quid ibi non lucet, quoniam summittimus ei nostrum intellectum certumque habemus etiam quod clausum est aspectibus nostris, recte ueraciterque dictum esse — sic enim homo, licet iam spiritalis et renouatus in agnitione dei secundum imaginem eius, qui creauit eum, factor tamen legis debet esse, non iudex — neque de illa distinctione iudicat spiritalium uidelicet atque carnalium hominum, qui tuis, deus noster, oculis noti sunt et nullis adhuc nobis apparuerunt operibus, ut ex fructibus eorum cognoscamus eos, sed tu, domine, iam scis eos et diuisisti et uocasti in occulto, antequam fieret firmamentum. neque de turbidis huius saeculi populis quamquam spiritalis homo iudicat. quid enim ei de his, qui foris sunt, iudicare ignoranti, quis inde uenturus sit in dulcedinem	nor do they judge your book itself, even if something in it does not shine clearly, since we submit our understanding to it and hold it as certain that even what is closed to our sight is rightly and truly said. (For so a human being, though already spiritual and renewed in the knowledge of God according to the image of the one who created him, must still be a doer of the law, not its judge.) Nor does the spiritual person judge that distinction between spiritual and carnal people, who are known to your eyes, our God, but have not yet shown themselves to us by any works, so that we might know them by their fruits; but you, Lord, already know them, and you divided them and

38 1 Corinthians 4:15; 1 Thessalonians 2:7.

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gratiae tuae et quis in perpetua inpietatis amaritudine remansurus?	called them in secret before the firmament was made. Nor does the spiritual person, though he judges, judge the turbulent peoples of this world—for what business has he judging those outside, when he does not know which of them will come from there into the sweetness of your grace, and which will remain in the everlasting bitterness of ungodliness?
13.23.34 Ideoque homo, quem fecisti ad imaginem tuam, non accepit potestatem luminarium caeli neque ipsius occulti caeli neque diei et noctis, quae ante caeli constitutionem uocasti, neque congregationis aquarum, quod est mare, sed accepit potestatem piscium maris et uolatilium caeli et omnium pecorum et omnis terrae et omnium repentium, quae repunt super terram.	And so the human being whom you made in your image did not receive authority over the lights of heaven, nor over that hidden heaven itself, nor over day and night, which you named before the founding of the sky, nor over the gathering of the waters, which is the sea. What he received was authority over the fish of the sea and the birds of the sky, over all cattle and all the earth and all creeping things that creep upon the earth.
iudicat enim et approbat, quod recte, improbat autem, quod perperam inuenerit, siue in ea sollemnitate sacramentorum, quibus initiantur quos peruestigat in aquis multis misericordia tua, siue in ea, qua ille piscis exhibetur, quem leuatum de profundo terra pia comedit, siue in uerborum signis uocibusque subiectis auctoritati libri tui tamquam sub firmamento uolitantibus, interpretando, exponendo, disserendo, disputando, benedicendo atque inuocando te, ore erumpentibus atque sonantibus signis, ut respondeat populus: amen. quibus omnibus uocibus corporaliter enuntiandis causa est abyssus saeculi et caecitas carnis, qua cogitata non possunt uideri, ut opus sit instrepere in auribus. ita, quamuis multiplicentur uolatilia super terram, ex aquis tamen originem ducunt.	For he judges, approving what he finds right and disapproving what he finds wrong. He does so in the solemn celebration of the sacraments by which those whom your mercy seeks out in the many waters are initiated; in the celebration in which that Fish is set forth which was raised from the deep and which the devout earth eats; and in the signs and sounds of words that are subject to the authority of your book, flitting as it were beneath the firmament—interpreting, expounding, discussing, debating, blessing and calling upon you—signs that burst from the mouth and resound, so that the people may answer, "Amen." The reason all these words must be uttered bodily is the abyss of this world and the blindness of the flesh, which cannot see thoughts, so that they have to be sounded into the ears. So, although the birds multiply upon the earth, they still take their origin from the waters.[39]
iudicat etiam spiritalis approbando, quod rectum, inprobando autem, quod perperam inuenerit in operibus moribusque fidelium, elemosynis tamquam terra fructifera et de anima uiua mansuefactis affectionibus, in castitate, in ieiuniis, in cogitationibus piis de his, quae per sensum corporis percipiuntur. de his enim iudicare nunc dicitur, in quibus et potestatem corrigendi habet.	The spiritual person also judges, approving what he finds right and disapproving what he finds wrong, in the works and ways of life of the faithful: in their almsgiving, which is like the fruitful earth; in the living soul, whose passions have been tamed; in chastity, in fasting, in devout thoughts about the things perceived through the bodily senses. For he is now said to judge those things which he also has the power to correct.

39 The Fish: an early Christian symbol of Christ, here received in the Eucharist.

INCREASE AND MULTIPLY

Augustine interprets "increase and multiply" as the multiplying of signs and meanings in Scripture.

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13.24.35 Sed quid est hoc et quale mysterium est? ecce benedicis homines, o domine, ut crescant et multiplicentur et impleant terram. nihilne nobis ex hoc innuis, ut intellegamus aliquid, cur non ita benedixeris lucem, quam uocasti diem, nec firmamentum caeli nec luminaria nec sidera nec terram nec mare? dicerem te, deus noster, qui nos ad imaginem tuam creasti, dicerem te hoc donum benedictionis homini proprie uoluisse largiri, nisi hoc modo benedixisses pisces et coetos, ut crescerent et multiplicarentur et implerent aquas maris, et uolatilia multiplicarentur super terram. item dicerem ad ea rerum genera pertinere benedictionem hanc, quae gignendo ex semet ipsis propagantur, si eam reperirem in arbustis et frutectis et in pecoribus terrae.	But what is this, and what kind of mystery? See, Lord, you bless human beings, that they may increase and multiply and fill the earth. Are you not hinting something to us by this, so that we may understand something? Why did you not bless in this way the light, which you called day, nor the firmament of heaven, nor the lights, nor the stars, nor the earth, nor the sea? I would say, our God, who created us in your image—I would say that you willed to bestow this gift of blessing on humankind alone, had you not blessed the fish and the whales in the same way, that they might increase and multiply and fill the waters of the sea, and that the birds might multiply upon the earth. Again, I would say that this blessing belongs to those kinds of things that propagate by generating from themselves, if I found it given to trees and shrubs and to the animals of the earth.
nunc autem nec herbis et lignis dictum est nec bestiis et serpentibus: crescite et multiplicamini, cum haec quoque omnia sicut pisces et aues et homines gignendo augeantur genusque custodiant.	But as it is, "Increase and multiply" was said neither to plants and trees nor to beasts and serpents, although all these too, like fish and birds and human beings, increase by generation and preserve their kind.[40]
13.24.36 Quid igitur dicam, lumen meum, ueritas? quia uacat hoc, quia inaniter ita dictum est? nequaquam, pater pietatis, absit, ut hoc dicat seruus uerbi tui. et si ego non intellego, quid hoc eloquio significes, utantur eo melius meliores, id est intellegentiores quam ego sum, unicuique quantum sapere dedisti. placeat autem et confessio mea coram oculis tuis, qua tibi confiteor credere me, domine, non incassum te ita locutum, neque silebo, quod mihi lectionis huius occasio suggerit. uerum est enim nec uideo, quid inpediat ita me sentire dicta figurata librorum tuorum. noui enim multipliciter significari per corpus, quod uno modo mente intellegitur, et multipliciter mente intellegi, quod uno modo per corpus significatur.	What then shall I say, my light, my truth? That this is empty, that it was said this way to no purpose? Not at all, Father of loving-kindness; far be it from the servant of your Word to say that. And if I do not understand what you mean by this utterance, let better people make better use of it—that is, people of more understanding than I—each as far as you have given them to be wise. But may my confession too be pleasing in your eyes, in which I confess to you that I believe, Lord, you did not speak this way in vain; nor will I keep silent about what the occasion of this reading suggests to me. For it is true, and I do not see what prevents me from understanding the figurative sayings of your books in this way. For I know that what is understood in one way by the mind can be signified in many ways through the body, and that what is signified in one way through the body can be understood in many ways by the mind.

40 Genesis 1:28.

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ecce simplex dilectio dei et proximi, quam multiplicibus sacramentis et innumerabilibus linguis et in unaquaque lingua innumerabilibus locutionum modis corporaliter enuntiatur! ita crescunt et multiplicantur fetus aquarum. adtende iterum quisquis haec legis: ecce quod uno modo scriptura offert et uox personat: in principio deus fecit caelum et terram, nonne multipliciter intellegitur, non errorum fallacia, sed uerarum intellegentiarum generibus? ita crescunt et multiplicantur fetus hominum.

Consider the simple love of God and neighbor: in how many sacraments, in how countless languages, and in each language in how countless turns of phrase it is expressed bodily! That is how the offspring of the waters increase and multiply. Pay attention again, whoever you are who read this: here is something that Scripture offers, and the voice sounds out, in one way—"In the beginning God made heaven and earth." Is it not understood in many ways, not through the deceptions of error, but through different kinds of true understanding? That is how the offspring of human beings increase and multiply.

13.24.37 Itaque si naturas ipsas rerum non allegorice, sed proprie cogitemus, ad omnia, quae de seminibus gignuntur, conuenit uerbum: crescite et multiplicamini; si autem figurate posita ista tractemus — quod potius arbitror intendisse scripturam, quae utique non superuacue solis aquatilium et hominum fetibus istam benedictionem adtribuit — inuenimus quidem multitudines et in creaturis spiritalibus atque corporalibus tamquam in caelo et terra et in animis iustis et iniquis tamquam in luce et tenebris et in sanctis auctoribus, per quos lex ministrata est, tamquam in firmamento, quod solidatum est inter aquam et aquam, et in societate amaricantium populorum tamquam in mari et in studio piarum animarum tamquam in arida et in operibus misericordiae secundum praesentem uitam tamquam in herbis seminalibus et lignis fructiferis et in spiritalibus donis manifestatis ad utilitatem sicut in luminaribus caeli et in affectibus formatis ad temperantiam tamquam in anima uiua: in his omnibus nanciscimur multitudines et ubertates et incrementa;

So if we think of the natures of things themselves, not allegorically but literally, the words "increase and multiply" apply to everything that is generated from seed. But if we treat these words as set down figuratively (which I think is rather what Scripture intended, since it surely does not assign this blessing only to the offspring of water creatures and of human beings without reason), then we do find multitudes elsewhere too: in creatures spiritual and bodily, as in heaven and earth; in souls just and unjust, as in light and darkness; in the holy authors through whom the law was delivered, as in the firmament made firm between water and water; in the society of embittered peoples, as in the sea; in the zeal of devout souls, as in the dry land; in works of mercy in this present life, as in seed-bearing plants and fruit-bearing trees; in spiritual gifts made manifest for the common good, as in the lights of heaven; and in passions shaped toward self-control, as in the living soul. In all these we find multitudes, abundance and growth.

sed quod ita crescat et multiplicetur, ut una res multis modis enuntietur et una enuntiatio multis modis intellegatur, non inuenimus nisi in signis corporaliter editis et rebus intellegibiliter excogitatis. signa corporaliter edita generationes aquarum propter necessarias causas carnalis profunditatis, res autem intellegibiliter excogitatas generationes humanas propter rationis fecunditatem intelleximus. et ideo credidimus utrique horum generi dictum esse abs te, domine: crescite et multiplicamini. in hac enim benedictione concessam nobis a te facultatem ac potestatem accipio et multis modis enuntiare, quod uno modo intellectum tenuerimus, et multis modis intellegere, quod obscure uno modo enuntiatum

But the kind of increase and multiplication in which one thing is expressed in many ways, and one expression understood in many ways, we find only in signs given out bodily and in things thought out by the intellect. By the generations of the waters we have understood signs given out bodily, made necessary by our deep immersion in the flesh; by human generations, things thought out by the intellect, because of the fertility of reason. And so we have believed that to each of these two kinds you said, Lord, "Increase and multiply." For in this blessing I take it that you have granted us the ability and the power both to express in

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legerimus. sic implentur aquae maris, quae non mouentur nisi uariis significatibus, sic et fetibus humanis impletur et terra, cuius ariditas apparet in studio, et dominatur ei ratio.	many ways what we hold understood in one way, and to understand in many ways what we read expressed obscurely in one way. So the waters of the sea are filled, which are stirred only by varied meanings; and so too the earth is filled with human offspring—the earth whose dryness appears in its zeal, and over which reason rules.
13.25.38 Volo etiam dicere, domine deus meus, quod me consequens tua scriptura conmonet, et dicam nec uerebor. uera enim dicam te mihi inspirante, quod ex eis uerbis uoluisti ut dicerem. neque enim alio praeter te inspirante credo me uerum dicere, cum tu sis ueritas, omnis autem homo mendax. et ideo qui loquitur mendacium, de suo loquitur. ergo ut uerum loquar, de tuo loquor. ecce dedisti nobis in escam omne faenum satiuum seminans semen, quod est super omnem terram, et omne lignum, quod habet in se fructum seminis satiui. nec nobis solis sed et omnibus auibus caeli et bestiis terrae atque serpentibus; piscibus autem et coetis magnis non dedisti haec.	I want also to say, Lord my God, what the next passage of your Scripture calls to my mind, and I will say it without fear. For I shall say what is true, with you inspiring me to say what you willed me to say from these words. I do not believe that I speak the truth with anyone but you inspiring me, since you are the truth, and every man is a liar; and so whoever speaks a lie speaks from what is his own. Therefore, to speak the truth, I speak from what is yours. See, you have given us for food every seed-bearing plant that yields seed on the whole earth, and every tree that has in it the fruit of its seed. And not to us alone, but also to all the birds of the sky and the beasts of the earth and the serpents; but to the fish and the great whales you did not give these things.
dicebamus enim eis terrae fructibus significari et in allegoria figurari opera misericordiae, quae huius uitae necessitatibus exhibentur ex terra fructifera. talis terra erat pius Onesiforus, cuius domui dedisti misericordiam, quia frequenter Paulum tuum refrigerauit et catenam eius non erubuit. hoc fecerunt et fratres et tali fruge fructificauerunt, qui quod ei deerat suppleuerunt ex Macedonia. quomodo autem dolet quaedam ligna, quae fructum ei debitum non dederunt, ubi ait: in prima mea defensione nemo mihi affuit, sed omnes me dereliquerunt: non illis inputetur. ista enim debentur eis, qui ministrant doctrinam rationalem per intellegentias diuinorum mysteriorum, et ita eis debentur tamquam hominibus. debentur autem eis sicut animae uiuae praebentibus se ad imitandum in omni continentia.	For we were saying that these fruits of the earth signify, and figure allegorically, the works of mercy, which the fruitful earth provides for the needs of this life. Such earth was devout Onesiphorus, to whose house you gave mercy, because he often refreshed your Paul and was not ashamed of his chain. The brothers who supplied his needs from Macedonia did this too, and bore fruit of this kind. But how he grieves over certain trees that did not give him the fruit they owed, when he says: "At my first defense no one stood by me, but all deserted me; may it not be counted against them." For these things are owed to those who minister rational teaching through their understanding of divine mysteries, and they are owed to them as human beings. They are owed to them also as living souls, who offer themselves as examples to imitate in all self-control.[41]
item debentur eis tamquam uolatilibus propter benedictiones eorum, quae multiplicantur super terram, quoniam in omnem terram exiit sonus eorum.	They are owed to them also as birds, because of their blessings, which multiply upon the earth, since their sound has gone out into all the earth.
13.26.39 Pascuntur autem his escis qui laetantur eis, nec illi laetantur eis, quorum deus uenter. neque enim et in illis,	Those who rejoice in this food are fed by it; those whose god is their belly do not rejoice in it. For in

41 Onesiphorus: a Christian praised by Paul for his help (2 Timothy 1:16–18). The quotation is 2 Timothy 4:16.

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qui praebent ista, ea, quae dant, fructus est, sed quo animo dant. itaque ille, qui deo seruiebat, non suo uentri, uideo plane, unde gaudeat, uideo et congratulor ei ualde. acceperat enim a Filippensibus quae per Epafroditum miserant; sed tamen unde gaudeat, uideo. unde autem gaudet, inde pascitur, quia in ueritate loquens: gauisus sum, inquit, magnifice in domino, quia tandem aliquando repullulastis sapere pro me, in quo sapiebatis; taedium autem habuistis. isti ergo diuturno taedio marcuerant et quasi exaruerant ab isto fructu boni operis, et gaudet eis, quia repullularunt, non sibi, quia eius indigentiae subuenerunt.

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those who provide these things, too, the fruit is not what they give but the spirit in which they give it. So I see plainly what that man who served God and not his own belly rejoices in; I see it, and I rejoice with him wholeheartedly. He had received from the Philippians what they had sent by Epaphroditus; yet I see what it is he rejoices in. And what he rejoices in is what feeds him. For, speaking in truth, he says: "I rejoiced greatly in the Lord that at last you have blossomed again in your concern for me, as you were concerned before, but had grown weary." These people, then, had withered in long weariness and had, as it were, dried up from bearing this fruit of good work; and he rejoices for them, because they have blossomed again, not for himself, because they relieved his need.[42]

ideo secutus ait: non quod desit aliquid dico; ego enim didici, in quibus sum, sufficiens esse. scio et minus habere, scio et abundare; in omnibus et in omni imbutus sum, et saturari et esurire et abundare et penuriam pati: omnia possum in eo, qui me confortat.

That is why he goes on: "Not that I speak of any want; for I have learned to be content in whatever state I am. I know how to have little, and I know how to have plenty; in everything and in all things I have been schooled, both to be full and to be hungry, both to have plenty and to suffer need. I can do all things in him who strengthens me."

13.26.40 Vnde ergo gaudes, o Paule magne? unde gaudes, unde pasceris, homo renouate in agnitionem dei secundum imaginem eius, qui creauit te, et anima uiua tanta continentia et lingua uolatilis loquens mysteria? talibus quippe animantibus ista esca debetur. quid est, quod te pascit? laetitia. quod sequitur audiam: uerum tamen, inquit, bene fecistis communicantes tribulationi meae. hinc gaudet, hinc pascitur, quia illi bene fecerunt, non quia eius angustia relaxata est, qui dicit tibi: in tribulatione dilatasti mihi, quia et abundare et penuriam pati nouit in te, qui confortas eum.

What, then, do you rejoice in, great Paul? What do you rejoice in, what feeds you, you who are renewed in the knowledge of God according to the image of the one who created you, you living soul of such self-control, you winged tongue speaking mysteries? For to such living creatures this food is owed. What is it that feeds you? Joy. Let me hear what follows: "Nevertheless," he says, "you did well in sharing my affliction." This is what he rejoices in, this is what feeds him: that they did well, not that his hardship was relieved—he who says to you, "In affliction you have made room for me," because he knows how both to have plenty and to suffer need in you, who strengthen him.[43]

scitis enim, inquit, etiam uos, Filippenses, quoniam in principio euangelii, cum ex Macedonia sum profectus, nulla mihi ecclesia conmunicauit in ratione dati et accepti nisi uos soli, quia et Thessalonicam et semel et iterum usibus meis misistis. ad haec bona opera eos redisse nunc gaudet et repullulasse laetatur tamquam reuiuescente fertilitate agri.

"For you yourselves know, Philippians," he says, "that in the beginning of the gospel, when I set out from Macedonia, no church shared with me in the matter of giving and receiving except you alone; for even in Thessalonica you sent once and again for my needs." Now he rejoices that they have returned to these good works, and is glad that they have blossomed again, like a field whose fertility comes back to life.[44]

42 Epaphroditus: a Philippian Christian who brought their gift to Paul. The quotation is Philippians 4:10.
43 Philippians 4:14.

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13.26.41 Numquid propter usus suos, quia dixit: usibus meis misistis, numquid propterea gaudet? non propterea. et hoc unde scimus? quoniam ipse sequitur dicens: non quia quaero datum, sed requiro fructum. didici a te, deus meus, inter datum et fructum discernere. datum est res ipsa, quam dat, qui inpertitur haec necessaria, ueluti est nummus, cibus, potus, uestimentum, tectum, adiutorium. fructus autem bona et recta uoluntas datoris est. non enim ait magister bonus: qui susceperit prophetam tantum, sed addidit: in nomine prophetae; neque ait tantum: qui susceperit iustum, sed addidit: in nomine iusti; ita quippe ille mercedem prophetae, iste mercedem iusti accipiet.

Is it for his own needs—since he said, "you sent for my needs"—is that why he rejoices? It is not. And how do we know this? Because he himself goes on to say, "Not that I seek the gift, but I seek the fruit." I have learned from you, my God, to distinguish between gift and fruit. The gift is the thing itself that someone gives when sharing these necessities: money, food, drink, clothing, shelter, help. The fruit, however, is the good and upright will of the giver. For the good Teacher did not say only, "whoever receives a prophet," but added, "in the name of a prophet"; nor did he say only, "whoever receives a righteous man," but added, "in the name of a righteous man." For so the one will receive a prophet's reward, and the other a righteous man's reward.[45]

nec solum ait: qui calicem aquae frigidae potum dederit uni ex minimis meis, sed addidit: tantum in nomine discipuli, et sic adiunxit: amen dico uobis, non perdet mercedem suam. datum est suscipere prophetam, suscipere iustum, porrigere calicem aquae frigidae discipulo; fructus autem in nomine prophetae, in nomine iusti, in nomine discipuli hoc facere. fructu pascitur Helias a uidua sciente, quod hominem dei pasceret et propter hoc pasceret; per coruum autem dato pascebatur. nec interior Helias, sed pascebatur, qui posset etiam talis cibi egestate corrumpi.

Nor did he say only, "whoever gives one of my least ones a cup of cold water to drink," but added, "only in the name of a disciple," and so went on, "Truly I tell you, he will not lose his reward." The gift is to receive a prophet, to receive a righteous man, to hand a cup of cold water to a disciple; but the fruit is to do this in the name of a prophet, in the name of a righteous man, in the name of a disciple. Elijah was fed with fruit by the widow, who knew that she was feeding a man of God and fed him for that reason; but by the raven he was fed with a gift. And it was not the inner Elijah who was fed that way but the one who could also have perished for lack of such food.[46]

13.27.42 Ideoque dicam, quod uerum est coram te, domine, cum homines idiotae atque infideles, quibus initiandis atque lucrandis necessaria sunt sacramenta initiorum et magnalia miraculorum, quae nomine piscium et coetorum significari credimus, suscipiunt corporaliter reficiendos aut in aliquo usu praesentis uitae adiuuandos pueros tuos, cum id quare faciendum sit et quo pertineat ignorent, nec illi istos pascunt nec isti ab illis pascuntur, quia nec illi haec sancta et recta uoluntate operantur nec isti eorum datis, ubi fructum nondum uident, laetantur. inde quippe animus pascitur, unde laetatur. et ideo pisces et coeti non uescuntur escis, quas non germinat nisi iam terra ab amaritudine marinorum fluctuum distincta atque discreta.

And so I will say what is true before you, Lord. When unlearned people and unbelievers—for whose initiation and winning over the sacraments of initiation and great wonders and miracles are necessary, which we believe are signified by the name of fish and whales—take in your servants to refresh them bodily or to help them in some need of this present life, yet do not know why this should be done or what it is for, then neither do the former feed the latter, nor are the latter fed by the former. For the former do not do these things with a holy and upright will, and the latter do not rejoice in their gifts, since they do not yet see any fruit in them. For the mind is fed by what it re-

44 Philippians 4:15–16.
45 Philippians 4:17; Matthew 10:41.
46 Matthew 10:42. Elijah was fed by ravens and then by a widow of Zarephath (1 Kings 17).

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	joices in. And that is why fish and whales do not eat the food that only the earth brings forth, once it has been separated and set apart from the bitterness of the sea's waves.

ALL VERY GOOD

Augustine praises creation as very good and rejects the Manichees' view that parts are evil.

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13.28.43 Et uidisti, deus, omnia quae fecisti, et ecce bona ualde, quia et nos uidemus ea, et ecce omnia bona ualde. in singulis generibus operum tuorum, cum dixisses, ut fierent, et facta essent, illud atque illud uidisti quia bonum est. septiens numeraui scriptum esse te uidisse, quia bonum est quod fecisti; et hoc octauum est, quia uidisti omnia quae fecisti, et ecce non solum bona sed etiam ualde bona tamquam simul omnia. nam singula tantum bona erant, simul autem omnia et bona et ualde. hoc dicunt etiam quaeque pulchra corpora, quia longe multo pulchrius est corpus, quod ex membris pulchris omnibus constat, quam ipsa membra singula, quorum ordinatissimo conuentu conpletur uniuersum, quamuis et illa etiam singillatim pulchra sint.	And you saw, God, all that you had made, and behold, it was very good; for we too see them, and behold, all things are very good. In each kind of your works, when you had said that they should be made and they were made, you saw this one and that one, that it was good. I have counted seven times that it is written that you saw that what you made was good; and this is the eighth, that you saw all that you had made, and behold, it was not only good but very good, taken all together. For individually they were only good, but all together they were both good and very good. Every beautiful body says this too: a body made up of members that are all beautiful is far more beautiful than the individual members, by whose perfectly ordered union the whole is completed, even though they too are beautiful individually.
13.29.44 Et attendi, ut inuenirem, utrum septiens uel octiens uideris, quia bona sunt opera tua, cum tibi placuerunt, et in tua uisione non inueni tempora, per quae intellegerem, quod totiens uideris quae fecisti, et dixi: o domine, nonne ista scriptura tua uera est, quoniam tu uerax et ueritas edidisti eam? cur ergo tu mihi dicis non esse in tua uisione tempora, et ita scriptura tua mihi dicit per singulos dies ea quae fecisti te uidisse, quia bona sunt, et cum ea numerarem, inueni quotiens? ad haec tu dicis mihi, quoniam tu es deus meus et dicis uoce forti in aure interiore seruo tuo perrumpens meam surditatem et clamans: „o homo, nempe quod scriptura mea dicit, ego dico.	And I looked closely to find whether it was seven or eight times that you saw that your works were good, when they pleased you; and in your seeing I found no times by which I could understand that you saw what you had made so many times. And I said, "Lord, is not this Scripture of yours true, since you, who are truthful and Truth itself, gave it forth? Why then do you tell me that there are no times in your seeing, while this Scripture of yours tells me that day by day you saw that what you had made was good, and when I counted them, I found how many times?" To this you say to me—for you are my God, and you speak with a strong voice in the inner ear of your servant, breaking through my deafness and crying out: "O human being, what my Scripture says, I say.
et tamen illa temporaliter dicit, uerbo autem meo tempus non accedit, quia aequali mecum aeternitate consistit. sic ea, quae uos per spiritum meum uidetis, ego uideo, sicut ea, quae uos per spiritum meum dicitis, ego dico. atque ita cum uos temporaliter ea uideatis, non ego	And yet it speaks in time, whereas time does not touch my Word, because my Word stands in an eternity equal with mine. So what you see through my Spirit, I see, just as what you say through my Spirit, I say. And so, while you see these things in

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temporaliter uideo, quemadmodum, cum uos temporaliter ea dicatis, non ego temporaliter dico.“	time, I do not see them in time, just as, while you say them in time, I do not say them in time.”
13.30.45 Et audiui, domine deus meus, et elinxi stillam dulcedinis ex tua ueritate et intellexi, quoniam sunt quidam, quibus displicent opera tua, et multa eorum dicunt te fecisse necessitate conpulsum, sicut fabricas caelorum et conpositiones siderum, et hoc non de tuo, sed iam fuisse alibi creata et aliunde, quae tu contraheres et conpaginares atque contexeres, cum de hostibus uictis mundana moenia molireris, ut ea constructione deuincti aduersus te iterum rebellare non possent; alia uero nec fecisse te nec omnino conpegisse, sicut omnes carnes et minutissima quaeque animantia et quidquid radicibus terram tenet, sed hostilem mentem naturamque aliam non abs te conditam tibique contrariam in inferioribus mundi locis ista gignere atque formare.	And I heard, Lord my God, and I licked up a drop of sweetness from your truth, and I understood that there are some who are displeased with your works. They say that you made many of them under the compulsion of necessity, such as the structures of the heavens and the arrangements of the stars. These, they say, you did not make from what is yours; they had already been created elsewhere and from some other source, and you drew them together, fitted them and wove them into one when you were building the walls of the world out of your defeated enemies, so that, bound fast by that construction, they could not rebel against you again. Other things, they say, you neither made nor even put together—all flesh, all the tiniest living creatures, and whatever holds the earth by its roots—but a hostile mind, another nature not founded by you and opposed to you, generates and forms these things in the lower regions of the world.[47]
insani dicunt haec, quoniam non per spiritum tuum uident opera tua nec te cognoscunt in eis.	Those who say these things are out of their minds, because they do not see your works through your Spirit, nor recognize you in them.
13.31.46 Qui autem per spiritum tuum uident ea, tu uides in eis. ergo cum uident, quia bona sunt, tu uides, quia bona sunt, et quaecumque propter te placent, tu in eis places, et quae per spiritum tuum placent nobis, tibi placent in nobis. quis enim scit hominum quae sunt hominis, nisi spiritus hominis, qui in ipso est? sic et quae dei sunt nemo scit nisi spiritus dei. nos autem, inquit, non spiritum huius mundi accepimus, sed spiritum, qui ex deo est, ut sciamus quae a deo donata sunt nobis. et admoneor, ut dicam: certe nemo scit quae dei, nisi Spiritus dei.	But those who see them through your Spirit—you see in them. So when they see that things are good, you see that they are good; and whatever pleases for your sake, it is you who please in it; and what pleases us through your Spirit pleases you in us. For what human being knows the things of a human being except the human spirit that is within? So too no one knows the things of God except the Spirit of God. “But we,” he says, “have received not the spirit of this world but the Spirit that is from God, so that we may know the things given to us by God.” And I am prompted to say: “Surely no one knows the things of God except the Spirit of God.[48]
quomodo ergo scimus et nos, quae a deo donata sunt nobis? respondetur mihi, quoniam quae per eius spiritum scimus etiam sic nemo scit nisi spiritus dei. sicut enim recte dictum est: non enim uos estis, qui loquimini, eis, qui in dei spiritu loquerentur, sic recte dicitur: „non uos estis, qui scitis“ eis, qui in dei spiritu sciunt. nihilo minus	How, then, do we too know the things given to us by God?” The answer comes to me that the things we know through his Spirit are, even so, known by no one but the Spirit of God. For just as it was rightly said, “It is not you who speak,” to those who were to speak in the Spirit of God, so it is

47 Augustine means the Manichees, who taught that the world was built from the defeated powers of darkness.
48 1 Corinthians 2:11–12.

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igitur recte dicitur: „non uos estis, qui uidetis“ eis, qui in spiritu dei uident: ita quidquid in spiritu dei uident quia bonum est, non ipsi, sed deus uidet, quia bonum est.

aliud ergo est, ut putet quisque malum esse quod bonum est, quales supra dicti sunt; aliud, ut quod bonum est uideat homo, quia bonum est, sicut multis tua creatura placet, quia bona est, quibus tamen non tu places in ea; unde frui magis ipsa quam te uolunt: aliud autem, ut, cum aliquid uidet homo quia bonum est, deus in illo uideat, quia bonum est, ut scilicet ille ametur in eo quod fecit, qui non amaretur nisi per spiritum, quem dedit, quoniam caritas dei diffusa est in cordibus nostris per spiritum sanctum, qui datus est nobis, per quem uidemus, quia bonum est, quidquid aliquo modo est: ab illo enim est, qui non aliquo modo est, sed est, est.

13.32.47 Gratias tibi, domine! uidemus caelum et terram, siue corporalem partem superiorem atque inferiorem siue spiritalem corporalemque creaturam, atque in ornatu harum partium, quibus constat uel uniuersa mundi moles uel uniuersa omnino creatura, uidemus lucem factam diuisamque a tenebris. uidemus firmamentum caeli, siue inter spiritales aquas superiores et corporales inferiores, primarium corpus mundi, siue hoc spatium aeris, quia et hoc uocatur caelum, per quod uagantur uolatilia caeli inter aquas, quae uaporaliter eis superferuntur et serenis etiam noctibus rorant, et has, quae in terris graues fluitant. uidemus congregatarum aquarum speciem per campos maris et aridam terram uel nudatam uel formatam, ut esset uisibilis et conposita herbarumque atque arborum mater.

uidemus luminaria fulgere desuper, solem sufficere diei, lunam et stellas consolari noctem atque his omnibus notari et significari tempora. uidemus umidam usquequaque naturam piscibus et beluis et alitibus fecundatam, quod aeris corpulentia, quae uolatus auium portat, aquarum exhalatione concrescit. uidemus terrenis animalibus faciem terrae decorari hominemque

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rightly said, “It is not you who know,” to those who know in the Spirit of God. No less rightly, then, is it said, “It is not you who see,” to those who see in the Spirit of God. So whatever they see in the Spirit of God to be good, it is not they but God who sees that it is good.[49]

It is one thing, then, for someone to think that what is good is evil, like the people spoken of above. It is another for a person to see that what is good is good, as your creation pleases many because it is good, and yet you do not please them in it, so that they would rather enjoy it than you. And it is another again when a person sees that something is good and God sees in him that it is good—so that God is loved in what he has made, he who could not be loved except through the Spirit he has given, since the love of God has been poured out in our hearts through the Holy Spirit who has been given to us. Through him we see that whatever exists in any way is good; for it comes from him who does not exist in some particular way, but is: simply is.

Thanks be to you, Lord! We see heaven and earth—whether the higher and lower parts of the bodily world, or spiritual and bodily creation—and in the adornment of these parts, of which either the whole mass of the world or the whole of creation consists, we see light made and divided from the darkness. We see the firmament of heaven: whether the first body of the world, between the spiritual waters above and the bodily waters below, or this expanse of air—for this too is called heaven—through which the birds of heaven wander between the waters that float above it as vapor and fall as dew even on clear nights, and the heavy waters that flow upon the earth. We see the beauty of the gathered waters across the plains of the sea, and the dry land, whether bare or given form so as to be visible and ordered, the mother of plants and trees.

We see the lights shining from above: the sun sufficing for the day, the moon and stars cheering the night, and all of them marking and signifying the times. We see the moist element everywhere made fertile with fish and sea monsters and birds, because the thickness of the air that bears up the

49 Matthew 10:20.

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ad imaginem et similitudinem tuam cunctis inrationabilibus animantibus ipsa tua imagine ac similitudine, hoc est rationis et intellegentiae uirtute, praeponi, et quemadmodum in eius anima aliud est, quod consulendo dominatur, aliud, quod subditur ut obtemperet, sic uiro factam esse etiam corporaliter feminam, quae haberet quidem in mente rationabilis intellegentiae parem naturam, sexu tamen corporis ita masculino sexui subiceretur, quemadmodum subicitur appetitus actionis ad concipiendam de ratione mentis recte agendi sollertiam. uidemus haec et singula bona et omnia bona ualde.

flight of birds is condensed from the exhalation of the waters. We see the face of the earth adorned with land animals, and the human being, made in your image and likeness, set above all irrational living things by that very image and likeness of yours—that is, by the power of reason and understanding. And just as in his soul there is one part that rules by taking counsel and another that is subject so as to obey, so for the man a woman too was made, bodily. In her mind she would have an equal nature of rational understanding, yet in her bodily sex she would be subject to the male sex, just as the impulse to action is subject to the mind's reason, so as to conceive from it the skill of acting rightly. We see these things, and each of them is good, and all of them together very good.

13.33.48 Laudant te opera tua, ut amemus te, et amamus te, ut laudent te opera tua. habent initium et finem ex tempore, ortum et occasum, profectum et defectum, speciem et priuationem. habent ergo consequentia mane et uespera partim latenter partim euidenter. de nihilo enim a te, non de te facta sunt, non de aliqua non tua uel quae antea fuerit, sed de concreata, id est simul a te creata materia, quia eius informitatem sine ulla temporis interpositione formasti. nam cum aliud sit caeli et terrae materies, aliud caeli et terrae species, materiem quidem de omnino nihilo, mundi autem speciem de informi materia, simul tamen utrumque fecisti, ut materiam forma nulla morae intercapedine sequeretur.

Your works praise you so that we may love you, and we love you so that your works may praise you. They have a beginning and an end in time, a rising and a setting, a growing and a waning, form and privation. So they have, in succession, morning and evening, partly hidden, partly evident. For they were made by you from nothing, not from you—not from some matter that was not yours, or that existed before, but from matter created along with them, that is, created by you at the same time, because you gave form to its formlessness without any interval of time. For while the matter of heaven and earth is one thing and the form of heaven and earth another, you made the matter from absolutely nothing and the form of the world from formless matter; yet you made both at once, so that form followed matter with no gap of delay.

13.34.49 Inspeximus etiam, propter quorum figurationem ista uel tali ordine fieri uel tali ordine scribi uoluisti, et uidimus, quia bona sunt singula et omnia bona ualde, in uerbo tuo, in unico tuo caelum et terram, caput et corpus ecclesiae, in praedestinatione ante omnia tempora sine mane et uespera.

We have also looked into what you willed to figure by having these things made, or written, in such an order; and we have seen that each thing is good and all things together are very good in your Word, in your only Son: heaven and earth, the head and the body of the church, in predestination before all time, without morning and evening.

ubi autem coepisti praedestinata temporaliter exequi, ut occulta manifestares et inconposita nostra conponeres — quoniam super nos erant peccata nostra et in profundum tenebrosum abieramus abs te, et spiritus tuus bonus superferebatur ad subueniendum nobis in tempore opportuno — et iustificasti inpios et distinxisti eos ab

But then you began to carry out in time what you had predestined, to make manifest what was hidden and to bring order to our disorder—for our sins were over us, and we had gone away from you into the dark deep, and your good Spirit was borne above, to come to our help at the right time. You

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iniquis et solidasti auctoritatem libri tui inter superiores, qui tibi dociles essent, et inferiores, qui eis subderentur, et congregasti societatem infidelium in unam conspirationem, ut apparerent studia fidelium, ut tibi opera misericordiae parerent, distribuentes etiam pauperibus terrenas facultates ad adquirenda caelestia.	justified the ungodly and distinguished them from the wicked; you made firm the authority of your book between those above, who would be teachable by you, and those below, who would be subject to it; and you gathered the society of unbelievers into one conspiracy, so that the zeal of the faithful might appear and bring forth for you works of mercy, even distributing their earthly means to the poor to acquire heavenly things.
et inde accendisti quaedam luminaria in firmamento, uerbum uitae habentes sanctos tuos et spiritalibus donis praelata sublimi auctoritate fulgentes; et inde ad imbuendas infideles gentes sacramenta et miracula uisibilia uocesque uerborum secundum firmamentum libri tui, quibus etiam fideles benedicerentur, ex materia corporali produxisti; et deinde fidelium animam uiuam per affectus ordinatos continentiae uigore formasti atque inde tibi soli mentem subditam et nullius auctoritatis humanae ad imitandum indigentem renouasti ad imaginem et similitudinem tuam praestantique intellectui rationabilem actionem tamquam uiro feminam subdidisti omnibusque tuis ministeriis ad perficiendos fideles in hac uita necessariis ab eisdem fidelibus ad usus temporales fructuosa in futurum opera praeberi uoluisti.	And then you kindled certain lights in the firmament: your saints, holding the word of life and shining with a lofty authority raised high by spiritual gifts. And then, to instruct the unbelieving nations, you brought forth from bodily matter the sacraments and visible miracles and the sounds of words, in keeping with the firmament of your book, by which the faithful too might be blessed. After that you formed the living soul of the faithful through passions set in order by the strength of self-control. And then you renewed in your image and likeness the mind subject to you alone, needing no human authority to imitate; and you made rational action subject to the surpassing intellect, as woman to man. And you willed that, for all your ministers who are needed to bring the faithful to perfection in this life, those same faithful should provide, for their temporal needs, works that will bear fruit in the future.
haec omnia uidemus et bona sunt ualde, quoniam tu ea uides in nobis, qui spiritum, quo ea uideremus et in eis te amaremus, dedisti nobis.	All these things we see, and they are very good, because you see them in us—you who have given us the Spirit by which we might see them and love you in them.

THE SEVENTH DAY

Augustine closes by praying for the peace of the seventh day, the eternal Sabbath rest.

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13.35.50 Domine deus, pacem da nobis — omnia enim praestitisti nobis — pacem quietis, pacem sabbati, pacem sine uespera. omnis quippe iste ordo pulcherrimus rerum ualde bonarum modis suis peractis transiturus est: et mane quippe in eis factum est et uespera.	Lord God, give us peace—for you have given us all things—the peace of rest, the peace of the Sabbath, the peace without evening. For this whole most beautiful order of very good things, once its measures have run their course, is going to pass away: for in them too there was morning and there was evening.
13.36.51 Dies autem septimus sine uespera est nec habet occasum, quia sanctificasti eum ad permansionem sempiternam, ut id, quod tu post opera tua bona ualde, quamuis ea quietus feceris, requieuisti septimo die, hoc praeloquatur nobis	But the seventh day is without evening and has no setting, because you sanctified it to endure forever. You rested on the seventh day after your very good works, though you made them while re-

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uox libri tui, quod et nos post opera nostra ideo bona ualde, quia tu nobis ea donasti, sabbato uitae aeternae requiescamus in te.	maining at rest; and the voice of your book tells us this beforehand, so that we too, after our works—which are very good because you gave them to us—may rest in you in the Sabbath of eternal life.
13.37.52 Etiam tunc enim sic requiesces in nobis, quemadmodum nunc operaris in nobis, et ita erit illa requies tua per nos, quemadmodum sunt ista opera tua per nos. tu autem, domine, semper operaris et semper requiescis nec uides ad tempus nec moueris ad tempus nec quiescis ad tempus, et tamen facis et uisiones temporales et ipsa tempora et quietem ex tempore.	For then too you will rest in us, just as now you work in us; and that rest of yours will be through us, just as these works of yours are through us. But you, Lord, are always working and always at rest. You do not see in time, nor are you moved in time, nor do you rest in time; and yet you make the seeing of things in time, and time itself, and the rest that comes after time.
13.38.53 Nos itaque ista quae fecisti uidemus, quia sunt, tu autem quia uides ea, sunt. et nos foris uidimus, quia sunt, et intus, quia bona sunt: tu autem ibi uidisti facta, ubi uidisti facienda. et nos alio tempore moti sumus ad bene faciendum, posteaquam concepit de spiritu tuo cor nostrum; priore autem tempore ad male faciendum mouebamur deserentes te: tu uero, deus une bone, numquam cessasti bene facere. et sunt quaedam bona opera nostra ex munere quidem tuo, sed non sempiterna: post illa nos requieturos in tua grandi sanctificatione speramus. tu autem bonum nullo indigens bono semper quietus es, quoniam tua quies tu ipse es. et hoc intellegere quis hominum dabit homini? quis angelus angelo? quis angelus homini?	So we see these things that you have made because they exist; but they exist because you see them. And we see outwardly that they exist, and inwardly that they are good; but you saw them made in the very place where you saw that they were to be made. And we, at a later time, were moved to do good, after our heart had conceived from your Spirit; at an earlier time we were moved to do evil, forsaking you. But you, God, the one Good, have never ceased to do good. And there are some good works of ours, given by your gift, but they are not everlasting; after them we hope to rest in your great holiness. But you, the Good that needs no other good, are always at rest, because your rest is you yourself. And what human being will give another human being the understanding of this? What angel will give it to an angel? What angel to a human being?
a te petatur, in te quaeratur, ad te pulsetur: sic, sic accipitur, sic inuenietur, sic aperietur.	Let it be asked of you, sought in you, knocked for at your door: so, only so, will it be received, so will it be found, so will it be opened.