

8. Jerome on Classical Literature

The third of the three great Western fathers (along with Ambrose and Augustine) was St. Jerome (315-420). One of his major works was a translation of the Bible into Latin, and naturally he was much concerned about the right attitude of Christians to the literary tradition of Rome. His acceptance of the need for literary studies—although somewhat grudging—was important for the future development of Christian scholarship.

To Eustochium

Many years ago, when for the kingdom of heaven's sake I had cut myself off from home, parents, sisters, relations, and—harder still—from the dainty food to which I had been accustomed; and when I was on my way to Jerusalem to wage my warfare, I still could not bring myself to forego the library which I had formed for myself at Rome with great care and toil. And so, miserable man that I was, I would fast only that I might afterwards read Cicero. After many nights spent in vigil, after floods of tears called from my inmost heart, after the recollection of my past sins, I would once more take up Plautus. And when at times I returned to my right mind, and began to read the prophets, their style seemed rude and repellent. I failed to see the light with my blinded eyes; but I attributed the fault not to them, but to the sun. While the old serpent was thus making me his plaything, about the middle of Lent a deep-seated fever fell upon my weakened body, and while it destroyed my rest completely—the story seems hardly credible—it so wasted my unhappy frame that scarcely anything was left of me but skin and bone. Meantime preparations for my funeral went on; my body grew gradually colder, and the warmth of life lingered only in my throbbing breast. Suddenly I was caught up in the spirit and dragged before the judgment seat of the Judge; and here the light was so bright, and those who stood around were so radiant, that I cast myself upon the ground and did not dare to look up. Asked who and what I was I replied: "I am a Christian." But He who presided said: "Thou liest, thou art a follower of Cicero and not of Christ. For 'where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.'" Instantly I became dumb, and amid the strokes of the lash—for He had ordered me to be scourged—I was tortured more severely still by the fire of conscience, considering with myself that verse, "In the grave who shall give thee thanks?" Yet for all that I began to cry and to bewail myself, saying: "Have mercy upon me, O Lord: have mercy upon me."

From Jerome, *Letters*, W. H. Fremantle, trans., in *Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers* (2nd Series; New York: Christian Literature Company, 1893), Vol. VI, pp. 35-149.

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