

These optional questions should be used with the *Skills for Literary Analysis* (2013 edition). Students should choose one of these essay topics and write a 1-2 page essay. The chapter tests are optional.

Students should continue to write a Warm-up every day and complete a Concept Builder.

CHAPTER 1

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Write a one-page literary analysis essay describing how important the setting is to Jack London's novel *The Call of the Wild*.

As previously stated, a literary analysis paper is a paper that takes apart a literary work and then makes judgment calls about how well the literary piece is written.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Jack London believed that man evolved from apes. What does the Bible have to say about this? What is the danger of this worldview? How would London's worldview influence his opinion about such moral/ethical issues as abortion and euthanasia?

CHAPTER 2

LITERARY ANALYSIS QUESTION

Write a worldview for yourself. Use the following questions to guide you.

What is the priority of the spiritual world?

Authority: Is the Bible important to you? Do you obey God and other authority—your parents—even when it is uncomfortable to do so?

Pleasure: What do you really enjoy doing? Does it please God?

What is the essential uniqueness of man?

Fate: What/who really determines your life? Chance? Circumstances? God?

What is the objective character of truth and goodness?

Justice: What are the consequences of your actions? Is there some sort of judgment? Do bad people suffer? Why do good people suffer?

(Henry, Carl F. *Toward a Recovery of Christian Belief: The Rutherford Lectures*, Wheaton, IL: Crossway Books, 1990, 20-21.)

CHALLENGE

In a two page essay, compare the worldviews of each of the following passages.

So God created man in His own image, in the image of God.

Gatsby believed . . . tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther . . . And one fine morning—So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past (Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925, p. 182.)

For mere improvement is not redemption . . . God became man to turn creatures into sons: not simply to produce better men of the old kind but to produce a new kind of man (Lewis, *Mere Christianity*, A Touchstone Book, 1980, p. 183).

If it feels good, do it! — The world is totally insane, out of control, stupid!

All my friends do it, so it must be ok.

CHAPTER 3

Write a literary analysis essay describing the narration technique in Jack London's novel *The Call of the Wild*. If you need help writing an essay you can follow the guide provided in the appendix of this book.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Naturalism was a literary movement that had become very popular by 1900. Define this movement and discuss why it is not biblical.

CHALLENGE

The Call of the Wild only has one female in the whole novel. Who is she and how does she set women's liberation back about 150 years?

CHAPTER 4

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Write a literary analysis essay describing the theme in Jack London's novel *The Call of the Wild*. If you need help writing an essay, you can follow the guide provided in the appendix of this book. Also, remember to check other grammar texts.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Read the following passage from Chapter Six, “The Love of Man,” and discuss what biblical themes Buck exemplifies.

“The Love of Man”

<http://2www.literature.org/authors/london-jack/the-call-of-the-wild/chapter-06.html>

Later on, in the fall of the year, he saved John Thornton’s life in quite another fashion. The three partners were lining a long and narrow poling boat down a bad stretch of rapids on the Four-Mile Creek. Hans and Pete moved along the bank, snubbing with a thin Manila rope from tree to tree, while Thornton remained in the boat, helping its descent by means of a pole, and shouting directions to the shore. Buck, on the bank, worried and anxious, kept abreast of the boat, his eyes never off his master.

At a particularly bad spot, where a ledge of barely submerged rocks jutted out into the river, Hans cast off the rope, and while Thornton poled the boat out into the stream, ran down the bank with the end in his hand to snub the boat when it had cleared the ledge. This it did, and was flying downstream in a current as swift as a mill race when Hans checked it with the rope and checked too suddenly. The boat flirted over and snubbed into the bank bottom up, while Thornton, flung sheer out of it, was carried downstream toward the worst part of the rapids, a stretch of wild water in which no swimmer could live.

Buck had sprung in on the instant, and at the end of three hundred yards, amid a mad swirl of water, he overhauled Thornton. When he felt him grasp his tail, Buck headed for the bank, swimming with all his splendid strength. But the progress shoreward was slow; the progress downstream amazingly rapid. From below came the fatal roaring where the wild current went wilder and was rent in shreds and spray by the rocks which thrust through like the teeth of an enormous comb. The suck of the water as it took the beginning of the last steep pitch was frightful, and Thornton knew that the shore was impossible. He scraped furiously over a rock, bruised across a second, and struck a third with crushing force. He clutched its slippery top with both hands, releasing Buck, and above the roar of the churning water shouted: “Go, Buck! Go!”

Buck could not hold his own and was swept on downstream, struggling desperately, but unable to win back. When he heard Thornton’s command repeated, he partly reared out of the water, throwing his head high, as though for a last look, then turned obediently toward the bank. He swam powerfully and was dragged ashore by Pete and Hans at the very point where swimming ceased to be possible and destruction began.

They knew that the time a man could cling to a slippery rock in the face of that driving current was a matter of minutes, and they ran as fast as they could up the bank to a point far above where Thornton was hanging on. They attached the line with which they had been snubbing the boat to Buck’s neck and shoulders, being careful that it should neither strangle him nor impede his swimming, and launched him into the stream. He struck out boldly, but not straight enough into the stream. He discovered the mistake too late, when Thornton was abreast of him and a bare half dozen strokes away while he was being carried helplessly past.

Hans promptly snubbed with the rope, as though Buck were a boat. The rope thus tightening on him in the sweep of the current, he was jerked under the surface, and under the surface he remained till his body struck against the bank, and he was hauled out. He was half drowned, and Hans and Pete threw themselves upon him, pounding the breath into him and

the water out of him. He staggered to his feet and fell down. The faint sound of Thornton's voice came to them, and though they could not make out the words of it, they knew that he was in his extremity. His master's voice acted on Buck like an electric shock. He sprang to his feet and ran up the bank ahead of the men to the point of his previous departure.

Again the rope was attached and he was launched, and again he struck out, but this time straight into the stream. He had miscalculated once, but he would not be guilty of it a second time. Hans paid out the rope, permitting no slack, while Pete kept it clear of coils. Buck held on till he was on a line straight above Thornton; then he turned, and with the speed of an express train headed down upon him. Thornton saw him coming, and as Buck struck him like a battering ram, with the whole force of the current behind him, he reached up and closed with both arms around the shaggy neck. Hans snubbed the rope around the tree, and Buck and Thornton were jerked under the water. Strangling, suffocating, sometimes one uppermost and sometimes the other, dragging over the jagged bottom, smashing against rocks and snags, they veered into the bank.

Thornton came to, belly downward and being violently propelled back and forth across a drift log by Hans and Pete. His first glance was for Buck, over whose limp and apparently lifeless body Nig was setting up a howl, while Skeet was licking the wet face and closed eyes. Thornton was himself bruised and battered, and he went carefully over Buck's body, when he had been brought around, finding three broken ribs.

CHALLENGE

The Call of the Wild is clearly not a Christian Theistic book. Yet, millions of Christian believers read it. Should they fill their minds with alternative, even hostile, worldviews? What criteria, if any, should Christians employ to guide their reading choices?

CHAPTER 5

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Write a literary analysis essay describing characterization in the Joseph narrative. In your paper identify the protagonist, antagonist(s), internal conflict, and external conflict. How did Moses develop these characters? Use evidence from the text. If you need help writing an essay you can follow the guide provided in the Appendix of this book. Also, remember to check any good grammar text.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Write a list of all the wonderful characteristics that Joseph manifests (e.g., steadfastness, forgiveness, etc.) and make a similar list of the characteristics that God manifests in the same story (e.g. mercy toward Joseph in prison).

CHALLENGE

Write a portion of the story of Joseph from the perspective of an Egyptian historian under the employment of Pharaoh.

Next, write a portion of the story from the perspective of Joseph's half-brother Judah.

CHAPTER 6

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Write a literary analysis essay describing plot development in the Joseph narrative. In your paper identify the rising action, crisis or climax, falling action, and resolution. If you need help writing an essay you can follow the guide provided in the Appendix of this book.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Rewrite portions of the Joseph story with the following changes: Joseph is angry at his brothers and kills them, Joseph lies to get out of prison, and Joseph gives up his faith to serve the Egyptian gods.

CHAPTER 7

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Write a literary analysis essay describing the way Mark Twain develops humor in this novel. Find at least one example of satire. If students need help writing an essay, they can follow the guide provided in the Appendix of their book. The following is a discussion of tone in C. S. Lewis' *The Screwtape Letters*.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

All jokes aside, Tom Sawyer plays fast and loose with the truth. In fact, he even lies at times. When, if ever, is a lie acceptable?

CHALLENGE

Chapter 8 in *Tom Sawyer* is a parody of a Romantic novel. Explain.

CHAPTER 8

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Write a literary analysis essay describing the way Tennyson uses symbolism in the final passage *The Passing of Arthur* in *Idylls of the King*.

The Passing of Arthur from *Idylls of the King*

<http://www.classicreader.com/read.php/sid.1/bookid.574/sec.13/>

1 That story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
 2 First made and latest left of all the knights,
 3 Told, when the man was no more than a voice
 4 In the white winter of his age, to those
 5 With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.
 6 For on their march to westward, Bedivere,
 7 Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
 8 Heard in his tent the moanings of the King:
 9 "I found Him in the shining of the stars,
 10 I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
 11 But in His ways with men I find Him not.
 12 I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
 13 O me! for why is all around us here
 14 As if some lesser god had made the world,
 15 But had not force to shape it as he would,
 16 Till the High God behold it from beyond,
 17 And enter it, and make it beautiful?
 18 Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
 19 But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
 20 And have not power to see it as it is:
 21 Perchance, because we see not to the close;—
 22 For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
 23 And have but stricken with the sword in vain;
 24 And all whereon I learn'd in wife and friend
 25 Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
 26 Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
 27 My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death:
 28 Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall not die."
 29 Then, ere that last weird battle in the west,
 30 There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd
 31 In Lancelot's war, the ghost of Gawain blown
 32 Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
 33 Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all delight!
 34 Hail, King! tomorrow thou shalt pass away.

35 Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
 36 And I am blown along a wandering wind,
 37 And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight."
 38 And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
 39 Their season in the night and wail their way
 40 From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
 41 Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries
 42 Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
 43 As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
 44 When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
 45 Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,
 46 "Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
 47 Thine, Gawain, was the voice — are these dim cries
 48 Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
 49 Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"
 50 This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
 51 "O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
 52 Elves, and the harmless glamour of the field;
 53 But in their stead thy name and glory cling
 54 To all high places like a golden cloud
 55 For ever: but as yet thou shalt not pass.
 56 Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
 57 Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
 58 And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise —
 59 I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
 60 And with him many of thy people, and knights
 61 Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown
 62 Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
 63 Right well in heart they know thee for the King.
 64 Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."
 65 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 66 "Far other is this battle in the west
 67 Whereto we move, than when we strove in youth,
 68 And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome,
 69 Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,
 70 And shook him thro' the north. Ill doom is mine
 71 To war against my people and my knights.
 72 The king who fights his people fights himself.
 73 And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
 74 That strikes them dead is as my death to me.
 75 Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
 76 Thro' this blind haze, which ever since I saw
 77 One lying in the dust at Almesbury,
 78 Hath folded in the passes of the world."
 79 Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
 80 And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
 81 Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse —
 82 A land of old upheaven from the abyss

83 By fire, to sink into the abyss again;
84 Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
85 And the long mountains ended in a coast
86 Of ever—shifting sand, and far away
87 The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
88 There the pursuer could pursue no more,
89 And he that fled no further fly the King;
90 And there, that day when the great light of heaven
91 Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
92 On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
93 Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
94 Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
95 A deathwhite mist slept over sand and sea:
96 Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
97 Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
98 With formless fear; and ev'n on Arthur fell
99 Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
100 For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
101 And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew;
102 And some had visions out of golden youth,
103 And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
104 Look in upon the battle; and in the mist
105 Was many a noble deed, many a base,
106 And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
107 And ever and anon with host to host
108 Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
109 Shield—breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
110 Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
111 After the Christ, of those who falling down
112 Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist;
113 And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
114 Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
115 Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs
116 In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
117 Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.
118 Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
119 Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
120 Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
121 Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
122 A dead hush fell; but when the dolorous day
123 Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
124 A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
125 The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
126 Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field
127 Of battle: but no man was moving there;
128 Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
129 Nor yet of heathen; only the wan wave
130 Brake in among dead faces, to and fro

131 Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
132 Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
133 And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,
134 And rolling far along the gloomy shores
135 The voice of days of old and days to be.
136 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
137 And whiter than the mist that all day long
138 Had held the field of battle was the King:
139 "Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,
140 And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,
141 And beats upon the faces of the dead,
142 My dead, as tho' they had not died for me? —
143 O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n
144 Confusion, till I know not what I am,
145 Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King.
146 Behold, I seem but King among the dead."
147 Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere: "My King,
148 King everywhere! and so the dead have kings,
149 There also will I worship thee as King.
150 Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
151 Who love thee; but who hates thee, he that brought
152 The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
153 Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house."
154 Then spake the King: "My house hath been my doom.
155 But call not thou this traitor of my house
156 Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.
157 My house are rather they who sware my vows,
158 Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me King.
159 And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,
160 When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd,
161 That quick or dead thou hottest me for King.
162 King am I, whatsoever be their cry;
163 And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see
164 Yet, ere I pass." And uttering this the King
165 Made at the man: then Modred smote his liege
166 Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
167 Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
168 Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
169 Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.
170 So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
171 Among the mountains by the winter sea;
172 Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
173 Had fall'n in Lyonnesse about their lord,
174 King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
175 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
176 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
177 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
178 That stood on a dark strait of barren land:

179 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
180 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
181 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
182 "The sequel of today unsolders all
183 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
184 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
185 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
186 Shall never more, at any future time,
187 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
188 Walking about the gardens and the halls
189 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
190 I perish by this people which I made,—
191 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
192 To rule once more; but, let what will be, be,
193 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
194 That without help I cannot last till morn.
195 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
196 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
197 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
198 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
199 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
200 Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
201 And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
202 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
203 In aftertime, this also shall be known:
204 But now delay not: take Excalibur,
205 And fling him far into the middle mere:
206 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."
207 To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
208 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
209 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm—
210 A little thing may harm a wounded man;
211 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
212 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."
213 So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
214 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
215 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
216 Old knights, and over them the sea—wind sang
217 Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
218 By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
219 Came on the shining levels of the lake.
220 There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
221 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
222 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
223 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
224 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
225 Myriads of topaz—lights, and jacinth—work
226 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long

227 That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
228 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
229 In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
230 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
231 There in the many—knotted waterflags,
232 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
233 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.
234 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
235 “Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
236 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”
237 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
238 “I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
239 And the wild water lapping on the crag.”
240 To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
241 “Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
242 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
243 Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:
244 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand
245 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
246 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
247 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
248 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
249 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.”
250 Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
251 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
252 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
253 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
254 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
255 His palms together, and he cried aloud:
256 “And if indeed I cast the brand away,
257 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
258 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
259 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
260 What good should follow this, if this were done?
261 What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
262 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
263 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
264 An act unprofitable, against himself?
265 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
266 What record, or what relic of my lord
267 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
268 And rumours of a doubt? But were this kept,
269 Stored in some treasure—house of mighty kings,
270 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
271 Saying, ‘King Arthur’s sword, Excalibur,
272 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
273 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
274 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.’

275 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
276 To all the people, winning reverence.
277 But now much honour and much fame were lost.”
278 So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
279 And hid Excalibur the second time,
280 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
281 Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
282 “What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”
283 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
284 “I heard the water lapping on the crag,
285 And the long ripple washing in the reeds.”
286 To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
287 “Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
288 Unknightly, traitor—hearted! Woe is me!
289 Authority forgets a dying king,
290 Laid widow’d of the power in his eye
291 That bow’d the will. I see thee what thou art,
292 For thou, the latest—left of all my knights,
293 In whom should meet the offices of all,
294 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
295 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
296 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
297 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
298 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
299 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
300 I will arise and slay thee with my hands.”
301 Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
302 And, leaping down the ridges, lightly, plunged
303 Among the bulrush beds, and clutch’d the sword,
304 And strongly wheel’d and threw it. The great brand
305 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
306 And flashing round and round, and whirl’d in an arch,
307 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
308 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
309 By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
310 So flash’d and fell the brand Excalibur:
311 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
312 Clothed in white samite, mystic wonderful,
313 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish’d him
314 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
315 And lightly went the other to the King.
316 Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
317 “Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
318 Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?”
319 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
320 “Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
321 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
322 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,

323 Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
324 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
325 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
326 But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
327 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
328 That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
329 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."
330 And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
331 "My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
332 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
333 And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
334 My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
335 So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
336 Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
337 And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
338 As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
339 Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
340 And would have spoken, but he found not words;
341 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
342 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
343 And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.
344 But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
345 Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
346 When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
347 Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
348 I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
349 But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
350 Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
351 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
352 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
353 Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
354 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
355 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
356 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
357 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
358 Sharp—smitten with the dint of armed heels—
359 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
360 And the long glories of the winter moon.
361 Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
362 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
363 Beneath them; and descending they were ware
364 That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
365 Black—stoled, black—hooded, like a dream—by these
366 Three Queens with crowns of gold: and from them rose
367 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
368 And, as it were one voice, an agony
369 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
370 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,

371 Or hath come, since the making of the world.
372 Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
373 So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
374 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
375 But she, that rose the tallest of them all
376 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
377 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
378 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
379 And dropping bitter tears against a brow
380 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
381 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
382 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
383 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
384 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
385 That made his forehead like a rising sun
386 High from the daïs— throne— were parch'd with dust
387 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
388 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
389 So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
390 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
391 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
392 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
393 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.
394 Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
395 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
396 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
397 For now I see the true old times are dead,
398 When every morning brought a noble chance,
399 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
400 Such times have been not since the light that led
401 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
402 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
403 Which was an image of the mighty world,
404 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
405 And the days darken round me, and the years,
406 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
407 And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
408 "The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
409 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
410 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
411 Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
412 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
413 May He within himself make pure! but thou,
414 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
415 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
416 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
417 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
418 For what are men better than sheep or goats

419 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 420 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 421 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 422 For so the whole round earth is every way
 423 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 424 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 425 With these thou seest—if indeed I go
 426 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
 427 To the island—valley of Avilion;
 428 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 429 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 430 Deep—meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
 431 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 432 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
 433 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 434 Moved from the brink, like some full—breasted swan
 435 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 436 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 437 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 438 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 439 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 440 And on the mere the wailing died away.
 441 But when that moan had past for evermore,
 442 The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
 443 Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."
 444 And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
 445 "From the great deep to the great deep he goes."
 446 Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
 447 The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
 448 Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,
 449 "He passes to be King among the dead,
 450 And after healing of his grievous wound
 451 He comes again; but—if he come no more—
 452 O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
 453 Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
 454 On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
 455 They stood before his throne in silence, friends
 456 Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"
 457 Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
 458 As from beyond the limit of the world,
 459 Like the last echo born of a great cry,
 460 Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
 461 Around a king returning from his wars.
 462 Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
 463 Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
 464 Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
 465 Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
 466 Down that long water opening on the deep

467 Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
 468 From less to less and vanish into light.
 469 And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Was Alfred, Lord Tennyson a Christian? What do his writings tell you? Consider the way he describes heaven in the last section in his poem.

CHALLENGE

Tennyson often spoke of heaven. One wonders, though, if he perceived heaven in a Hellenistic (or Greek) way rather than in a Christian way. Greeks argued that some people became gods and were therefore immortal. Christians argued that people died and went to heaven or to hell from which they would bodily arise from the grave (i.e., the Resurrection). This argument horrified Greeks. Why? The Apostle Paul fought this battle in the Corinthian Church (1 Cor. 15). Study 1 Cor. 15 and, in light of that passage, decide what Tennyson meant exactly by “heaven” and living “eternally.”

CHAPTER 9

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Analyze several characters in *Idylls*. Is King Arthur a realistic hero for this epic poem? Compare and contrast Guinevere and Elaine. And, finally, discuss the wonderful foil Lancelot. If you need help writing an essay, you can follow the guide provided in the Appendix of this book. As a result of this lesson you should understand how an author develops characters in his writing, and you should be able to compare and contrast two or more. The following is a characterization paper.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Compare and contrast King Arthur with King David. Consider their strengths and weaknesses and kinds of leadership.

CHALLENGE

Idylls of the King is based roughly on the Arthurian legend. Describe the historical King Arthur and how his story evolved over time. You will need to do a bit of research to trace the development of the Arthurian legend.

CHAPTER 10

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Analyze the plot of *Treasure Island*. If you need help writing an essay, follow the guide provided in the Appendix of your book. Identify the *Exposition*, *Rising Action*, *Crisis* or *Climax*, *Falling Action* or *denouement*, and *Resolution*.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Long John Silver is an enigmatic figure. In the beginning of the novel he is a rather malevolent character; however, by the end of the novel, he shows signs of being a decent person. Should Long John be released at the end of the novel? Is he innocent? Should he be turned over to the police?

CHALLENGE

The plot of *Treasure Island* has been criticized for its inordinate amount of coincidence. What do you think? How does coincidence harm/not harm the novel

CHAPTER 11

LITERARY ANALYSIS:

As you read the following excerpt from *Treasure Island* (Ch. 1), determine how Stevenson creates suspense. www.wyllie.lib.virginia.edu

I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow—a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulder of his soiled blue coat, his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cover whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

in the high, old tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum. This, when it was brought to him, he

drank slowly, like a connoisseur, lingering on the taste and still looking about him at the cliffs and up at our signboard.

"This is a handy cove," says he at length; "and a pleasant sittyated grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

My father told him no, very little company, the more was the pity.

"Well, then," said he, "this is the berth for me. Here you, matey," he cried to the man who trundled the barrow; "bring up alongside and help up my chest. I'll stay here a bit," he continued. "I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. What you mought call me? You mought call me captain. Oh, I see what you're at—there;" and he threw down three or four gold pieces on the threshold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he, looking as fierce as a commander.

And indeed bad as his clothes were and coarsely as he spoke, he had none of the appearance of a man who sailed before the mast, but seemed like a mate or skipper accustomed to be obeyed or to strike. The man who came with the barrow told us the mail had set him down the morning before at the Royal George, that he had inquired what inns there were along the coast, and hearing ours well spoken of, I suppose, and described as lonely, had chosen it from the others for his place of residence. And that was all we could learn of our guest.

He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung round the cove or upon the cliffs with a brass telescope; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next the fire and drank rum and water very strong. Mostly he would not speak when spoken to, only look up sudden and fierce and blow through his nose like a fog-horn; and we and the people who came about our house soon learned to let him be. Every day when he came back from his stroll he would ask if any seafaring men had gone by along the road. At first we thought it was the want of company of his own kind that made him ask this question, but at last we began to see he was desirous to avoid them. When a seaman did put up at the Admiral Benbow (as now and then some did, making by the coast road for Bristol) he would look in at him through the curtained door before he entered the parlour; and he was always sure to be as silent as a mouse when any such was present. For me, at least, there was no secret about the matter, for I was, in a way, a sharer in his alarms. He had taken me aside one day and promised me a silver fourpenny on the first of every month if I would only keep my "weather-eye open for a seafaring man with one leg" and let him know the moment he appeared. Often enough when the first of the month came round and I applied to him for my wage, he would only blow through his nose at me and stare me down, but before the week was out he was sure to think better of it, bring me my four-penny piece, and repeat his orders to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

How that personage haunted my dreams, I need scarcely tell you. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I would see him in a thousand forms, and with a thousand diabolical expressions. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but the one leg, and that in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares. And altogether I paid pretty dear for my monthly fourpenny piece, in the shape of these abominable fancies.

But though I was so terrified by the idea of the seafaring man with one leg, I was far less afraid of the captain himself than anybody else who knew him. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea-songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for glasses round and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with "Yo—ho-ho, and a bottle of rum," all the

neighbours joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other to avoid remark. For in these fits he was the most overriding companion ever known; he would slap his hand on the table for silence all round; he would fly up in a passion of anger at a question, or sometimes because none was put, and so he judged the company was not following his story. Nor would he allow anyone to leave the inn till he had drunk himself sleepy and reeled off to bed.

His stories were what frightened people worst of all. Dreadful stories they were—about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea, and the language in which he told these stories shocked our plain country people almost as much as the crimes that he described. My father was always saying the inn would be ruined, for people would soon cease coming there to be tyrannized over and put down, and sent shivering to their beds; but I really believe his presence did us good. People were frightened at the time, but on looking back they rather liked it; it was a fine excitement in a quiet country life, and there was even a party of the younger men who pretended to admire him, calling him a “true sea-dog” and a “real old salt” and such like names, and saying there was the sort of man that made England terrible at sea.

In one way, indeed, he bade fair to ruin us, for he kept on staying week after week, and at last month after month, so that all the money had been long exhausted, and still my father never plucked up the heart to insist on having more. If ever he mentioned it, the captain blew through his nose so loudly that you might say he roared, and stared my poor father out of the room. I have seen him wringing his hands after such a rebuff, and I am sure the annoyance and the terror he lived in must have greatly hastened his early and unhappy death.

All the time he lived with us the captain made no change whatever in his dress but to buy some stockings from a hawker. One of the cocks of his hat having fallen down, he let it hang from that day forth, though it was a great annoyance when it blew. I remember the appearance of his coat, which he patched himself upstairs in his room, and which, before the end, was nothing but patches. He never wrote or received a letter, and he never spoke with any but the neighbours, and with these, for the most part, only when drunk on rum. The great sea-chest none of us had ever seen open.

He was only once crossed, and that was towards the end, when my poor father was far gone in a decline that took him off. Dr. Livesey came late one afternoon to see the patient, took a bit of dinner from my mother, and went into the parlour to smoke a pipe until his horse should come down from the hamlet, for we had no stabling at the old Benbow. I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish country folk, and above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting, far gone in rum, with his arms on the table. Suddenly he—the captain, that is—began to pipe up his eternal song:

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! Drink and the devil had done for the rest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!”

At first I had supposed “the dead man’s chest” to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesey, and on him I observed it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for the rheumatics. In the meantime, the captain gradually brightened up at his own music, and at last flapped his hand upon the

table before him in a way we all knew to mean silence. The voices stopped at once, all but Dr. Livesey's; he went on as before speaking clear and kind and drawing briskly at his pipe between every word or two. The captain glared at him for a while, flapped his hand again, glared still harder, and at last broke out with a villainous, low oath, "Silence, there, between decks!"

"Were you addressing me, sir?" says the doctor; and when the ruffian had told him, with another oath, that this was so, "I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replies the doctor, "that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

The old fellow's fury was awful. He sprang to his feet, drew and opened a sailor's clasp-knife, and balancing it open on the palm of his hand, threatened to pin the doctor to the wall.

The doctor never so much as moved. He spoke to him as before, over his shoulder and in the same tone of voice, rather high, so that all the room might hear, but perfectly calm and steady: "If you do not put that knife this instant in your pocket, I promise, upon my honour, you shall hang at the next assizes."

Then followed a battle of looks between them, but the captain soon knuckled under, put up his weapon, and resumed his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

"And now, sir," continued the doctor, "since I now know there's such a fellow in my district, you may count I'll have an eye upon you day and night. I'm not a doctor only; I'm a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of complaint against you, if it's only for a piece of incivility like tonight's, I'll take effectual means to have you hunted down and routed out of this. Let that suffice."

Soon after, Dr. Livesey's horse came to the door and he rode away, but the captain held his peace that evening, and for many evenings to come.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Based on your knowledge of *Treasure Island*, is Stevenson a *Theist* or a *Christian Theist*? What is the difference?

CHALLENGE

Compare and contrast the way suspense is created in *Treasure Island* with the way suspense is created in *Kidnapped*.

CHAPTER 12

LITERARY ANALYSIS:

Analyze the narration of *How Green Was My Valley*. How reliable are Huw's remembrances?

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Closely examine Huw's family and discuss how the family members exhibit Judeo-Christian

characteristics toward one another.

CHALLENGE

Every character has a purpose in a plot. Huw is of course the main character or protagonist. All the other characters function as foils, characters who develop the protagonist. How does the pastor function? Is he really necessary?

CHAPTER 13

LITERARY ANALYSIS:

Analyze the theme(s) of *Alice in Wonderland*. (Hint: Alice's challenges in many ways represent the problems of maturation.)

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Some define maturity as learning to delay gratification. Using this definition, find biblical characters who were mature and immature.

CHALLENGE

Find examples of puns and other word plays in *Alice in Wonderland* and explain why Carroll uses them in his book.

CHAPTER 14

LITERARY ANALYSIS:

Analyze the use of parody in *Alice in Wonderland*.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Lewis Carroll is poking fun at the stuffy morality of Victorian England. However, in light of the moral shortcomings of many contemporary Americans, a little Victorian morality couldn't hurt! Explore what the Bible has to say about morality.

CHALLENGE

Parody is a fairly popular theme in 20th century literature. Notably, George Orwell wrote *Animal Farm* (1946) as a parody of what was then the communist Soviet Union. Read this short book and compare it with *Alice in Wonderland*.Chapter 15

LITERARY ANALYSIS

How does Chesterton use dialogue to advance his plot and to develop his characters?

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Everyone agrees that Christians should share their faith with unbelievers. The question is how far can Christians go to be “accepted” before they compromise their witness? How does a Christian be “in” the world but not “of” the world?

CHALLENGE

Find examples of coincidence in “Oracle of the Dog.” Is coincidence used with good effect? Why or why not?

CHAPTER 16

LITERARY ANALYSIS:

What is the difference between satire and humor? In this essay, explain how Lewis makes his parlous subject Gilbertian (i.e. the type of humor a reader would find in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera—understated humor). *The Screwtape Letters* is a humorous work on a saturnine (i.e., serious) subject, but it is not satiric.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Compare this passage from *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* (Narnia Chronicles by C. S. Lewis) to John 14:1-7:

“You are too old, children,” said Aslan very gently, “and you must begin to come close to your own world now.”

“It isn’t Narnia, you know,” sobbed Lucy. “It’s you. We shan’t meet you there. And how can we live, never meeting you?”

“But you shall meet me, dear one,” said Aslan.

“Are—are you there too, Sir?” said Edmund.

“I am,” said Aslan. “But there I have another name. You must learn to know me by that name. This is the very reason why you were brought to Narnia, that by knowing me here for a little, you may know me better there.”

CHALLENGE

The Screwtape Letters was written during World War II when England and most of the civilized world was involved in a life and death struggle with evil. The struggle for a young man's soul becomes the way Lewis deals with evil on a more personal level.

Based on *The Screwtape Letters*, and to a greater degree based on the Bible, how does a Christian believer overcome and resist evil temptations?

CHAPTER 17

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Using the text as evidence, show how Uncle Tom's Cabin is propaganda.

End your essay with a paragraph discussing whether Stowe's propaganda is "good" or "bad" propaganda.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

The following sermon was preached *in support* of slavery by Pastor George Freeman, in South Carolina (1836).

After reading it, summarize Pastor Freeman's main arguments and, using Scripture, write a rebuttal. Use arguments that Harriet Beecher Stowe advances in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Sermon:

Colossians 4:1: Masters give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a master in heaven.

The strict meaning of the word here rendered servants, is bondmen or slaves. In this sense, particularly when applied, as here, to a distinct class of men, it is believed to be uniformly employed in the New Testament, especially in the Epistles.

Slavery, it appears, is of great antiquity. It has existed in the world, in some form or other, even from the times immediately following, if not before the flood. It may be regarded as one of the penal consequences of sin—an effect of that doom pronounced upon the human race in consequence of the disobedience of our first parents, whereby perpetual labour was entailed upon man as the only means of sustaining life—"Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground."

Though this sentence was passed upon mankind generally, it was not to be expected that its effects would continue for any length of time to be felt by all alike. There would, of necessity, very soon arise an inequality in men. The Father, as the head of the family, would of course direct and command the labours of his children; and as the number of these increased, and the operations of the household became, in consequence, expanded, his time would be more and more occupied in planning and superintending the labours of the rest, until, in process of time, he would find it essential to the welfare of the whole, that he should withdraw entirely from manual toil, and devote himself exclusively to cares and labours of a different kind.

So, also, as society advanced and the human race multiplied in the earth, the idleness of some, the incapacity of others, and the vices of a still greater number, would lead to greater inequalities. The wants of the idle and improvident, would, after a while, constrain them to enter the service of the more industrious and prudent; the incapable and weak would naturally become dependent upon the intelligent and strong; and a regard to the common safety, or other cause,

would ultimately lead to something like the enslaving of the lawless and violent.

To such a state of things had the world advanced long before the establishment of the Mosaic Institutions. Subordination in society existed everywhere. Servitude was recognized as a necessary condition, and patiently, if not cheerfully, submitted to, in every variety of form. Patriarchs, or heads of families, held in subjection to their authority, not only the inferior branches of their respective tribes, together with their hired labourers and menials, but also servants “bought with their money,” or “born in their houses”—that is, slaves.

Such were the nature and extent of slavery in the world, when our Saviour appeared, to proclaim “peace on earth, and good will to men”—to preach the glad tidings of salvation to a ruined world—to redeem us from sin and everlasting death, and to “open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.” And how did he regard it? What had he to say of this institution, as he found it existing among the people he came to save? Did he condemn it as anti-scriptural and unjust? Did he enjoin on his disciples an immediate emancipation of their slaves? Did he so much as caution his followers against purchasing them in the future? Not a word, disapproving the practice, ever fell from his lips. As a settled civil institution of the Empire, he meddled not with it, of course—for his “kingdom”, as he declared “was not of this world.” He came not to remodel the governments—he came not to reform the civil institutions of the world—he came “to seek and to save that which was lost.” But in the course of his ministry, he must have come in contact with many individuals who were holders of slaves; and surely, had he regarded them as living in the habitual commission of a ‘moral wrong,’ he would scarcely have forborne, on some occasion, to express his indignation. And did he never rebuke them for holding their fellow-men in bondage? Did he never give them to understand that, if they would be his disciples, they must set their slaves at liberty? No, Brethren, nothing of the kind occurs in his whole history. On the contrary, it appears that he habitually inclined to discountenance the dissevering of those ties which he found binding society together. He sought to reform the hearts and lives of men, and to fit them for Heaven; not to change their relative condition on earth. Indeed, so far was he from anathematizing those who were owners of slaves, it seems he once passed a very high encomium on one of this class—on a Heathen Slave-holder! Of the Centurion—an officer in the Roman army—who applied to him on behalf of a sick servant, upon his declining the honor of a personal visit from our Lord, and arguing, “Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst come under my roof; but speak the word only, and my servant (slave) shall be healed; for I also am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say unto one, go, and he goeth, and to another come, and he cometh, and to my servant (so slave) do this, and he doeth it”—of him, we are told, that Jesus “said to them that followed, verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel.

Neither do we find anything in the writings of the Apostles condemnatory of slavery. The relation of Master and Slave is frequently spoken of, but never with one word of disapprobation. The relative duties of each are inculcated with freedom and earnestness, in the same manner as are those of other relations subsisting among men, such as parents and children, husbands and wives, magistrates and citizens; while no intimation whatever is given that that particular one is more inconsistent with the principles and spirit of the gospel than the rest. Indeed we are furnished with one remarkable instance, in which an Apostle appears to have been instrumental, not in setting at liberty, (as some over-benevolent persons in our day are forward to do) but in reclaiming and sending back to his master, A FUGITIVE SLAVE! I allude to the case of Onesimus. Philemon, it appears, was a Christian—a convert of St. Paul’s—and a slaveholder. His slave Onesimus had eloped from his master; but meeting St. Paul in his -travels, he became a convert to the Christian Faith, and now, under the influence

of Christian principle set home to his conscience, doubtless by the faithful exertion of the Apostle, he resolved on returning to his master's service. This occasion sees to have led to the writing of the "Epistle to Philemon," of which this very Onesimus was the bearer. (James Stobaugh)

CHALLENGE

While Stowe was clearly in favor of emancipating the slaves, she, like most Americans, was ambivalent about what should happen to them after emancipation. Should they be assimilated into white America? Sent back to Africa? Harriet Beecher Stowe was unsure. Look at her story of George Harris (Chapter XLIII), concluding remarks (XLV), and other passages, and then summarize her argument. Why do you agree or disagree with her conclusions?

CHAPTER 18

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Discuss the use of allegory in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Discuss how Stowe symbolizes the Christian motifs of journey, entrance into the promised land, sin, and others.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

While most readers agree that slavery is an onerous, immoral practice, and it surely should have been abolished, one wonders if Stowe's goal of mixing abolitionism and evangelism compromised her witness. Should she have simply written an abolition piece and then a Gospel tract and not mixed the two? Use the following passage from the concluding chapter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* <http://www.classicreader.com/booktoc.php/sid.1/bookid.1367/> as a guide to answering this question.

The writer has given only a faint shadow, a dim picture, of the anguish and despair that are, at this very moment, tearing apart thousands of hearts, shattering thousands of families, and driving a helpless and sensitive race to frenzy and despair. There are those living who know the mothers whom this accursed traffic has driven to the murder of their children; and themselves seeking in death a shelter from woes more dreaded than death. Nothing of tragedy can be written, can be spoken, can be conceived, that equals the frightful reality of scenes daily and hourly acting on our shores, beneath the shadow of American law, and the shadow of the cross of Christ.

And now, men and women of America, is this a thing to be trifled with, apologized for, and passed over in silence? Farmers of Massachusetts, of New Hampshire, of Vermont, of Connecticut, who read this book by the blaze of your winter-evening first—strong-hearted, generous sailors and ship-owners of Maine—is this a thing for you to countenance and encourage? Brave and generous men of New York, farmers of rich and joyous Ohio, and ye of the wide prairie states—answer, is this a thing for you to protect and countenance? And you,

mothers of America—you who have learned, by the cradles of your own children, to love and feel for all mankind—by the sacred love you bear your child; by your joy in his beautiful, spotless infancy; by the motherly pity and tenderness with which you guide his growing years; by the anxieties of his education; by the prayers you breathe for his soul's eternal good; I beseech you, pity the mother who has all your affections, and not one legal right to protect, guide, or educate, the child of her bosom! By the sick hour of your child; by those dying eyes, which you can never forget; by those last cries, that wrung your heart when you could neither help nor save; by the desolation of that empty cradle, that silent nursery, I beseech you, pity those mothers that are constantly made childless by the American slave-trade! And say, mothers of America, is this a thing to be defended, sympathized with, passed over in silence?

Do you say that the people of the free state have nothing to do with it, and can do nothing? Would to God this were true! But it is not true. The people of the free states have defended, encouraged, and participated; and are more guilty for it, before God, than the South, in that they have not the apology of education or custom.

If the mothers of the free states had all felt as they should, in times past, the sons of the free states would not have been the holders, and, proverbially, the hardest masters of slaves; the sons of the free states would not have connived at the extension of slavery, in our national body; the sons of the free states would not, as they do, trade the souls and bodies of men as an equivalent to money, in their mercantile dealings. There are multitudes of slaves temporarily owned, and sold again, by merchants in northern cities; and shall the whole guilt or obloquy of slavery fall only on the South?

Northern men, northern mothers, northern Christians, have something more to do than denounce their brethren at the South; they have to look to the evil among themselves.

But, what can any individual do? Of that, every individual can judge. There is one thing that every individual can do—they can see to it that they feel right. An atmosphere of sympathetic influence encircles every human being; and the man or woman who feels strongly, healthily and justly, on the great interests of humanity, is a constant benefactor to the human race. See, then, to your sympathies in this matter! Are they in harmony with the sympathies of Christ? or are they swayed and perverted by the sophistries of worldly policy?

Christian men and women of the North! Still further, you have another power; you can pray! Do you believe in prayer? or has it become an indistinct apostolic tradition? You pray for the heathen abroad; pray also for the heathen at home. And pray for those distressed Christians whose whole chance of religious improvement is an accident of trade and sale; from whom any adherence to the morals of Christianity is, in many cases, an impossibility, unless they have given them, from above, the courage and grace of martyrdom.

But, still more. On the shores of our free states are emerging the poor, shattered, broken remnants of families—men and women, escaped, by miraculous providences from the surges of slavery—feeble in knowledge, and, in many cases, infirm in moral constitution, from a system which confounds and confuses every principle of Christianity and morality. They come to seek a refuge among you; they come to seek education, knowledge, Christianity.

What do you owe to these poor unfortunates, oh Christians? Does not every American Christian owe to the African race some effort at reparation for the wrongs that the American nation has brought upon them? Shall the doors of churches and school-houses be shut upon them? Shall states arise and shake them out? Shall the church of Christ hear in silence the taunt that is thrown at them, and shrink away from the helpless hand that they stretch out; and, by her silence, encourage the cruelty that would chase them from our borders? If it must be so, it will be a mournful spectacle. If it must be so, the country will have reason to tremble, when it remembers that the fate of nations is in the hands of One who is very pitiful, and of

tender compassion.

Do you say, "We don't want them here; let them go to Africa?"

That the providence of God has provided a refuge in Africa, is, indeed, a great and noticeable fact; but that is no reason why the church of Christ should throw off that responsibility to this outcast race which her profession demands of her.

To fill up Liberia with an ignorant, inexperienced, half-barbarized race, just escaped from the chains of slavery, would be only to prolong, for ages, the period of struggle and conflict which attends the inception of new enterprises. Let the church of the north receive these poor sufferers in the spirit of Christ; receive them to the educating advantages of Christian republican society and schools, until they have attained to somewhat of a moral and intellectual maturity, and then assist them in their passage to those shores, where they may put in practice the lessons they have learned in America.

There is a body of men at the north, comparatively small, who have been doing this; and, as the result, this country has already seen examples of men, formerly slaves, who have rapidly acquired property, reputation, and education. Talent has been developed, which, considering the circumstances, is certainly remarkable; and, for moral traits of honesty, kindness, tenderness of feeling—for heroic efforts and self-denials, endured for the ransom of brethren and friends yet in slavery—they have been remarkable to a degree that, considering the influence under which they were born, is surprising.

The writer has lived, for many years, on the frontier-line of slave states, and has had great opportunities of observation among those who formerly were slaves. They have been in her family as servants; and, in default of any other school to receive them, she has, in many cases, had them instructed in a family school, with her own children. She has also the testimony of missionaries, among the fugitives in Canada, in coincidence with her own experience; and her actions, with regard to the capabilities of the race, are encouraging in the highest degree.

The first desire of the emancipated slave, generally, is for education. There is nothing that they are not willing to give or do to have their children instructed, and, so far as the writer has observed herself, or taken the testimony of teachers among them, they are remarkably intelligent and quick to learn. The results of schools, founded for them by benevolent individuals in Cincinnati, fully establish this.

The author gives the following statement of facts, on the authority of Professor C. E. Stowe, then of Lane Seminary, Ohio, with regard to emancipated slaves, now resident in Cincinnati; given to show the capability of the race, even without any very particular assistance or encouragement. . .

Are not these dread words for a nation bearing in her bosom so mighty an injustice? Christians! every time that you pray that the kingdom of Christ may come, can you forget that prophecy associates, in dread fellowship, the day of vengeance with the year of his redeemed?

A day of grace is yet held out to us. Both North and South have been guilty before God; and the Christian church has a heavy account to answer. Not by combining together, to protect injustice and cruelty, and making a common capital of sin, is this Union to be saved—but by repentance, justice and mercy; for, not surer is the eternal law by which the millstone sinks in the ocean, than that stronger law, by which injustice and cruelty shall bring on nations the wrath of Almighty God!

CHALLENGE

Compare and contrast this novel with John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

CHAPTER 19

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Anne Frank is both the narrator and the main character in her non-fiction book. She is a dynamic character (a character who changes) versus a static character (a character who does not change). She also is a teenager who is experiencing typical adolescent insecurities. For instance, Anne first is infatuated with Peter. As the story progresses, though, her interest in Peter decreases. Next, as most teenagers, Anne feels that her parents—particularly her father—do not understand her. As her story unfolds, however, it is clear that Anne is maturing into a normal, well-adjusted young lady.

Using the perspective that Anne is a maturing young lady, discuss her views on boys, fate, loneliness, war, and parents. Show how she matures as a character.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Toward the end of her captivity, Anne Frank is reflecting on how difficult it has been to be in hiding for so many months. “. . . would it not be better if we had not gone into hiding,” she says. “Then it would all be over and we would all be dead.” Using the Bible as a reference, what would you say to Anne?

CHALLENGE

Pretend that Anne Frank did not die; pretend that she survived.

In a 4-5 page essay describe her life from the end of World War II until the present.

Write your essay as if Anne were continuing to keep a diary.

CHAPTER 20

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Discuss the importance of setting to *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*, Anne Frank.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

The biblical book of Esther is another story of a Jewish Holocaust. The authorship of Esther

is unknown. It must have been written after the death of Ahasuerus (King Xerxes of the Persians), which took place B.C. 465. The writer was a contemporary with Mordecai and Esther and intimate with both. Hence we may conclude that the book was written approximately B.C. 444-434, and that the author was one of the Jews of the Babylonian captivity. This book is more purely historical than any other book of Scripture, and it is remarkable that the name of God does not occur in it. Nonetheless, it is an incredibly powerful testimony to God's faithfulness. Concentrating on Chapters 4 and 5, discuss how Esther saved the Jewish nation from a terrible holocaust.

CHALLENGE

Compare and contrast ways the setting of *Call of the Wild* by Jack London develops Buck and the way Anne Frank's setting affects her. Why is the setting critical to both books?

CHAPTER 21

LITERARY ANALYSIS:

Coincidence plays a large part in the plot. In fact, the plot would not progress at all without coincidence. Silas coincidentally is out of his cottage when Dunstan passes the cottage. Eppie coincidentally sees the light in the cottage. Molly coincidentally dies before Godfrey is exposed.

Does the story lose all credibility?

Are the coincidences necessary and appropriate to the plot's development?

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Mary Ann Evans (i.e., George Eliot) turned her back on the Lord and rejected her faith. Rejecting Christianity was a daring thing for any person to do in 19th century England. Nonetheless, she replaced her faith with good works and a Judeo-Christian ethical code, exhibiting a natural way that many Romantics reacted to their world.

How does Eliot present organized religion in *Silas Marner*?

According to Eliot, what is the main metaphysical force in this world?

CHALLENGE

Research Eliot's (Evan's) life. Compare and contrast her own childhood to Eppie's childhood. If you are unfamiliar with writing comparison and contrast papers, consult a good composition handbook.

CHAPTER 22

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Did Eliot use too much sentimentality.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Compare a biblical figure to Godfrey Cass. Then, discuss Godfrey's weaknesses.

CHALLENGE

Eliot was particularly belligerent toward the Lantern-Yard Christian group, which appears to be a Fundamentalist group—perhaps the Plymouth Brethren. The very name suggests that its faith casts only a dim light (a lantern) of knowledge in a closed-in space (a yard). This metaphor is ironic. She says that the group gives its members a sense of security, but she describes their unhappy beliefs with heavy irony.

Discuss why this passage about groups in Chapter 1 is so ironic.

Why is it ironic that Silas finds his pocket-knife where the bag of money should have been? Describe at least one other instance of irony in *Silas Marner*.

Finally, compare irony in this novel to *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen. One example of irony in this book is when Mr. Bennet thinks about the money his brother-in-law has spent to bring about this marriage of his daughter to one of the least admirable young men in England—a great irony. At the same time, he worries about how he can ever repay Edward Gardiner. Expecting always to have a son who would inherit his estate and keep it in the family, he has never saved any part of his income. This is only one instance. Find others and compare them to instances of irony in *Silas Marner*.

CHAPTER 23

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Discuss several themes in *Silas Marner* and show how George Eliot (i.e. Evans) uses plot, setting, and characterization to develop them.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

One important theme in *Silas Marner* is redemption. Using copious textual examples, discuss the biblical understanding of redemption.

CHALLENGE

Compare a character in *Silas Marner* to a biblical character.

The following paper compares the protagonist in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, by Thomas Hardy, with the biblical character Saul.

The purpose of this essay is to point out the parallels between the protagonist in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* Mr. Henchard and the biblical character, Saul. Mr. Henchard was jealous toward Farfrae just as Saul was toward David.

Michael Henchard, the protagonist in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, and Saul, first king of Israel, were both complicated characters. Both were villains and heroes in their lifetimes. They both suffered from the sin of pride.

Mr. Henchard is the main character of *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. He started out as a poor hay tusser with a wife and a small child. One night Henchard became drunk and sold his wife and child to the highest bidder, a sailor named Newson. Newson was a good man and took care of Mrs. Henchard and her daughter. After Mr. Henchard became sober and realized what he had done, he made a pact with God not to drink anything harder than tea for twenty-one years. He kept his promise and settled in a little town called Casterbridge. Years later he became mayor, and was a very rich man; he owned the most prosperous business in the whole town. However, this life was too good to last. One day his wife and daughter appeared. He remarried his wife unbeknownst to everyone, including Elizabeth Jane (his daughter). Henchard also hired a man called Farfrae to be his manager. As the story unravels, Farfrae becomes more popular than Henchard. Henchard grows very bitter and jealous. In the end Henchard lost everything. He lost his wife, his daughter, his money, even his life.

Saul was the first king of Israel. It was not a job he originally wanted but one he grew to love. Saul was taller than any other Israelite and was very shy (1 Sam. 9). After he became king, he made some very bad choices, and God replaced him with David (1 Sam. 12-13). By this time, Saul had decided he wanted the kingship and refused to give it up in spite of God's choice of David. Therefore, he and his family faced destruction.

Because of their pride, both men saw themselves above the law. Saul foolishly sacrificed before the Lord without the priest Samuel (1 Sam. 13). Henchard, in a drunken stupor and moment of pride, sold his wife to a sailor. Even though both may have regretted their decisions all their lives, the damage was done. Henchard tried to make up for his bad choices by being a great mayor. Saul, under his son Jonathan's influence, had moments of regret and remorse. Both men, however, lived to see their lives come apart because of their bad choices. (Peter Stobaugh)

CHAPTER 24

LITERARY ANALYSIS: PRÉCIS

Write a précis of the following essay.

“The Religious Life of the Negro”

Booker T. Washington

<http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/toc/modeng/public/WasReli.html>

In everything that I have been able to read about "The Religious Life of the Negro," it has seemed to me that writers have been too much disposed to treat it as something fixed and unchanging. They have not sufficiently emphasized the fact that the Negro people, in respect to their religious life, have been, almost since they landed in America, in a process of change and growth. The Negro came to America with the pagan idea of his African ancestors; he acquired under slavery a number of Christian ideas, and at the present time he is slowly learning what those ideas mean in practical life. He is learning, not merely what Christians believe, but what they must do to be Christians.

The religious ideas which the Negroes brought with them to America from Africa were the fragments of a system of thought and custom, which, in its general features, is common to most barbarous people. What we call "fetishism" is, I suppose, merely the childish way of looking at and explaining the world, which did not, in the case of the people of West Africa, preclude a belief in the one true God, although He was regarded by them as far away and not interested in the little affairs of men. But the peculiarity of their primitive religion, as I have learned from a very interesting book written by one who has been many years a missionary in Africa, consists in this, that it sought for its adherents a purely "physical salvation."

In the religion of the native African there was, generally speaking, no place of future reward or punishment, no heaven and no hell, as we are accustomed to conceive them. For this reason, the Negro had little sense of sin. He was not tortured by doubts and fears, which are so common and, we sometimes feel, so necessary a part of the religious experiences of Christians. The evils he knew were present and physical.

During the period of servitude in the New World, the Negro race did not wholly forget the traditions and habits of thought that it brought from Africa. But it added to its ancestral stock certain new ideas.

Slavery, with all its disadvantages, gave the Negro race, by way of recompense, one great consolation, namely, the Christian religion and the hope and belief in a future life. The slave, to whom on this side of the grave the door of hope seemed closed, learned from Christianity to lift his face from earth to heaven, and that made his burden lighter. In the end, the hope and aspiration of the race in slavery fixed themselves on the vision of the resurrection, with its "long white robes and golden slippers."

This hope and this aspiration, which are the theme of so many of the old Negro hymns, found expression in the one institution that slavery permitted to the Negro people, the Negro Church. It was natural and inevitable that the Negro Church, coming into existence as it did under slavery, should permit "The Religious Life of the Negro" to express itself in ways almost wholly detached from morality. There was little in slavery to encourage the sense of personal responsibility.

The attitude of some Negro communities in this respect is very clearly illustrated in the story of the slave who was a "professor" of religion, in the current phrase of the time, but made his master so much trouble by his persistence in certain immoral practices that it was finally necessary to call in a clergyman to try to reform him. The clergyman made the attempt, and sought to bring the terrors of the law to bear upon the slave's conscience.

"Look yeah, Massa," said the culprit, "don't de Scripture say, Dem who b'lieves an' is baptize' shall be saved?"

"Certainly," was the reply, and the clergyman went on to explain the passage to him, but the slave interrupted him again.

"Jus' you tell me now, Massa, don't de good book say dese words: 'Dem as b'lieve and is baptize' shall be saved?'"

“Yes, but “

“Dat’s all I want to know, sar. Now, wat’s de use of talkin’ to me. You ain’t ago’n to make me believe wat de blessed Lord say ain’t so, not if you tries forever.”

This illustrates one of the difficulties that we have to contend with today. In our Tuskegee Negro Conference, we have constantly to insist that the people draw moral distinctions within the limits of their own communities, that they get rid of immoral ministers and schoolteachers, and refuse to associate with people whom they know to be guilty of immoral practices.

It has been said that the trouble with the Negro Church is that it is too emotional. It seems to me that what the Negro Church needs is a more definite connection with the social and moral life of the Negro people. Could this connection be effected in a large degree, it would give to the movement for the upbuilding of the race the force and inspiration of a religious motive. It would give to the Negro religion more of that missionary spirit, the spirit of service, that it needs to purge it of some of the worst elements that still cling to it.

The struggle to attain a higher level of living, to get land, to build a home, to give their children an education, just because it demands more earnestness and steadfastness of purpose, gives a steadiness and a moral significance to the religious life, which is the thing the Negro people need at present.

A large element of the Negro Church must be recalled from its apocalyptic vision back to the earth; the members of the Negro race must be taught that mere religious emotion that is guided by no definite idea and is devoted to no purpose is vain.

It is encouraging to notice that the leaders of the different denominations of the Negro Church are beginning to recognize the force of the criticism made against it, and that, under their leadership, conditions are changing. In one of these denominations, the A. M. E. Zion Church alone, \$2,000,000 was raised, from 1900 to 1904, for the general educational, moral and material improvement of the race. Of this sum, \$1,000,000 was contributed for educational purposes alone. The A. M. E. Church and the Baptists did proportionally as well.

The mere fact that this amount of money has been raised for general educational purposes, in addition to the sum expended in each local community for teachers, for building schoolhouses and supplementing the State appropriations for schools, shows that the colored people have spent less money in saloons and dispensaries; that less has been squandered on toys and gimcracks that are of no use. It shows that there has been more saving, more thought for the future, more appreciation of the real value of life.

In this connection, it is well to have in mind that the industrial schools have performed a great and useful service, in so far as they have impressed upon the young men who go out from these schools as preachers the importance of learning a trade, something of agriculture, so that they can give the members of their congregations an example of industrial thrift.

At Tuskegee Institute, we insist upon the importance of service. Every student in this department is expected to do, in connection with his other work either as a teacher or preacher, some part of the social and religious work that is carried on under the direction of the Bible Training School in the surrounding country. We are seeking to imbue these young men who are going forth as leaders of their people with the feeling that the great task of uplifting the race, though it may be for others merely a work of humanity, for them, and every other member of the Negro race, is a work of religion.

In this great modern world, where every individual has so many interests and life is so complicated there is a tendency to let religion and life drift apart. I meet men every day who, honest and upright though they be, have lost in their daily lives this connection with religion, and are striving vainly to regain it. There is no one great dominating motive in their lives which enters into every task and gives it significance and zest. It is one of the compensations

which hardships bring, that the race problem is a thing so real and so present to the Negro people that it enters, as a motive, into everything they do. It is this that makes it possible for them to realize that the acts of every individual have an importance far beyond the measure in which they make or mar his or her personal fortunes.

So soon as a man, white or black, really learns to comprehend that fact, he will cease to whine and complain, and he will be content to do his best, humble though it be, to improve his own condition, and to help his less fortunate fellows.

Slowly but surely, and in ever larger numbers, the members of my race are learning that lesson; they are realizing that God has assigned to their race a man's part in the task of civilization; they are learning to understand their duty, and to face uncomplainingly and with confidence the destiny that awaits them.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

What Christian values did Washington advance in this essay even though he was not overtly writing a Christian essay?

CHALLENGE

Several African American leaders criticized Washington for being too passive in the face of blatant racism. They would have preferred Washington take a more critical and aggressive stand against racism. Why do agree or disagree with their criticism?

CHAPTER 25

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Using copious references from the text, discuss the way Maude Montgomery develops her protagonist Anne Shirley.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Discuss how the author of the Book of Job creates his main character (i.e., Job).

CHALLENGE

Anne of Green Gables is replete with rich characters. Discuss how Montgomery uses at least three characters (or foils) to develop Anne.

SAMPLE PAPER: FOIL IN DOSTOEVSKY'S *CRIME AND PUNISHMENT*.

“How it happened he did not know, but all at once something seemed to seize him and fling him at her feet. He wept and threw his arms round her knees. For the first instant she was terribly frightened, and she turned pale. She jumped up and looked at him trembling, but at that same moment she understood, and a light of infinite happiness beamed from her eyes. She knew and had no doubt that he loved her beyond everything and that at last the moment had come . . .” (*Crime and Punishment*). By joining Sonia, the Christian theist, and Raskolnikov, the pragmatic Realist, Dostoevsky is able to make a timeless moral statement. Sonia is Dostoevsky’s vehicle both to develop his protagonist Raskolnikov and to make the statement quoted above.

Sonya Semenovna Marmeladova, or Sonia, the victim, the prostitute, the dutiful daughter, is the perfect foil, who brings out specific characteristics of the character Raskolnikov and develops him. She brings out all the characteristics of murderer Raskolnikov that the reader would never naturally understand. She brings to light the good, bad, happy, and sad. With her morals and belief in God, she adds hope to the novel. She is the light in the dark world of Raskolnikov. Quite deliberately, Dostoevsky makes the heroine of the story, Sonia Marmeladova, more than merely a person. She is a symbol of pure Christian felicity. Having become a prostitute to support her family, she knew well the price that she had paid. While neither Dostoevsky nor the reader necessarily feels that prostitution is legitimate, they both understand its necessity in this case—or at least they accept its inevitability in the life of Sonia. In any event, it is critical that the reader is able to see Sonia as a paradigm of virtue, even in the midst of her hard, unfortunate choices.

However, she is not a victim. Her moral character becomes a lodestone drawing all characters to her God. For instance, she persuades Raskolnikov to confess and then to draw close to her God. He confesses but hesitates in his final step of embracing Sonia’s worldview. So, Sonia, as God has done in her life, pursues Raskolnikov and follows him to Siberia. In the novel’s epilogue, the prisoner Raskolnikov finally embraces Sonia’s God and worldview. The protagonist has arrived at his Theistic destination.

Sonia believes in suffering for the wrongs that a person commits. She believes in justice. She also believes that God will show mercy. Sonia embodies Raskolnikov’s conscience. When Raskolnikov meets this merciful God, his life is changed.

Sonia, a great moral character, is the heroine of the story. Even her name Sonia, a derivative of the Greek word *sophia*, means wisdom. By becoming a prostitute she sacrifices greatly for her family. She is the Christian strength of Raskolnikov. She becomes the one who leads Raskolnikov to his final destination: Christian Theism. She is his perfect foil. (Peter Stobaugh)

CHAPTER 26

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Discuss several themes in *Anne of Green Gables* and show how Maude Montgomery uses the plot, setting, and characterization to develop them .

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

One important theme in *Anne of Green Gables* is adoption. Using a number of textual examples, discuss the biblical understanding of adoption.

CHALLENGE

As *Anne of Green Gables* unfolds, the characters change in significant and permanent ways. Discuss these changes in the following characters: Anne, Marilla, Matthew, Gilbert, and Rachel.

CHAPTER 27

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Discuss the plot of *Ivanhoe*. In your discussion reference the structure of the plot: rising action, climax, falling action.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Ivanhoe and other literary figures (e.g., Beowulf) exhibit Christlike tendencies. On the other hand, they are warlike. Discuss the ways that Ivanhoe is Christlike and the ways that he is not.

CHALLENGE

Write a 3000 word adventure story.

CHAPTER 28

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Discuss how Scott uses the plot and characters to communicate his worldview in *Ivanhoe*.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

In *Ivanhoe*, women are one-dimensional and somewhat shallow. Compare the way Scott presents women with the way the virtuous woman is presented in Proverbs 31.

CHALLENGE

Should Christians read literature that does not have a Christian Theistic worldview? Why or why not?

CHAPTER 29

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Discuss how Schaefer develops suspense in *Shane's* plot.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Discuss how Samuel builds suspense in the story of David and Goliath (1 Samuel 18).

CHALLENGE

Compare the way suspense is created in *Shane* and in *Call of the Wild*. Which author is more effective? Why?

CHAPTER 30

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Discuss how several characters in the novel *Shane* change because of internal conflict.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Discuss the internal conflict that Moses must have felt when he returned to Egypt.

CHALLENGE

Compare the way Bob changes in *Shane* and the way Huw changes in *How Green Was My Valley*.

CHAPTER 31

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Write a literary analysis of the entire play *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Remember to discuss the theme, plot, characters, setting, and tone. (If you need help, check the details of writing in a

substantial writing handbook). If possible, compare this play to another play that you may have seen.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

In today's culture Shakespeare seems pretty mild, if somewhat vulgar, at times. In his own generation, however, many Englishmen—particularly the Puritan group—found Shakespeare to be x-rated. What is art? What is vulgarity? Use the Bible to answer your question.

CHALLENGE

Discuss the purpose of Puck in this comedy.

CHAPTER 32

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Examine the letters and discuss their style and structure. In other words, how does Lewis persuade his friend to give his life to Christ?

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Write a letter to a friend or acquaintance who does not know the Lord. Try to persuade him to commit his life to Christ. What form and style will you employ?

CHALLENGE

Chuck Colson in *Born Again* describes how the Holy Spirit used C. S. Lewis' *Mere Christianity* to lead him to Christ. What was it that Lewis said that drew Colson to the Lord?

CHAPTER 33

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Write a literary analysis of "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," using guidelines 1-7 above.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

Storytelling is a favorite form of teaching in the Old and New Testaments. But did these stories really happen? Did Jesus really walk on water? How do we know? Obviously I believe the stories really happened. What do you think? Why is this question so important?

CHALLENGE

Longfellow's poem is a narrative poem celebrating a famous historical event. Write a narrative poem about a famous, intriguing, or even difficult event in your family's life.

CHAPTER 34

LITERARY ANALYSIS

Write a literary analysis of "The Lady or the Tiger" by Frank Stockton. Discuss the plot, theme, tone, setting, narration, and characters.

BIBLICAL APPLICATION

"The Lady or the Tiger" is disturbingly anti-Christian. Explain.

CHALLENGE

Some critics think "The Lady or the Tiger" is a "cheap shot." They argue that Stockton is dishonest in his presentation. In other words, readers are expecting a conclusion that they don't get, and therefore they become frustrated. Agree or disagree.