

5. Night Falls on Narnia, Further Up and Further In, Farewell to the Shadow Lands

Reading schedule. We will discuss three chapters each week.

1. By Caldron Pool, The Rashness of the King, The Ape in Its Glory
2. What Happened That Night, How Help Came to the King, A Good Nights Work
3. Mainly About Dwarfs, What News the Eagle Brought, The Great Meeting on Stable Hill
4. Who Will Go into the Stable?, The Pace Quickens, Through the Stable Door, How the Dwarfs Refused to Be Taken In
5. Night Falls on Narnia, Further Up and Further In, Farewell to the Shadow Lands

“...Up far beyond
Goes Saturn silent in the seventh region,
The skirts of the sky. Scant grows the light,
Sickly, uncertain (the Sun’s finger
Daunted with darkness). Distance hurts us,
And the vault severe of vast silence;
Where fancy fails us, and fair language,
And love leaves us, and light fails us
And Mars fails us, and the mirth of Jove
Is as tin tinklin. In tattered garment,
Weak with winters, he walks forever
A weary way, wide round the heav’n,
Stoop’d and stumbling, with staff groping,
The lord of lead. He is the last planet
Old and ugly. His eye fathers
Pale pestilence, pain of envy,
Remorse and murder. Melancholy drink
(For bane or blessing) of bitter wisdom
He pours for his people, a perilous draught
That the lip loves not. We leave all things
To reach the rim of the round welkin,
Heaven’s hermitage, high and lonely.”

“The Planets”

“Tell Laurence from me, with my love, ... [He] can't really love Aslan more than Jesus, even if he feels that's what he is doing. For the things he loves Aslan for doing or saying are simply the things Jesus really did and said. So that when Laurence thinks he is loving Aslan, he is really loving Jesus: and perhaps loving Him more than he ever did before. ... I don't think he need be bothered at all. God knows all about the way a little boy's imagination works (He made it, after all)”

....“It would be kind and Christian-like if [Laurence] then added [to his prayer], ‘And if Mr. Lewis has worried any other children by his books or done them any harm, then please forgive him and help him never to do it again.’”

C.S. Lewis, *Letters to Children*

And when Sam heard that he laughed aloud for sheer delight, and he stood up and cried: ‘O great glory and splendour! And all my wishes have come true!’ And then he wept.

And all the host laughed and wept, and in the midst of their merriment and tears the clear voice of the minstrel rose like silver and gold, and all men were hushed. And he sang to them, now in the elven-tongue, now in the speech of the West, until their hearts, wounded with sweet words, overflowed,

and their joy was like swords, and they passed in thought out to regions where pain and delight flow together and tears are the very wine of blessedness.

J.R.R. Tolkien, *The Lord of the Rings*

'Everyone who wishes it does. Never fear. There are only two kinds of people in the end: those who say to God, "Thy will be done," and those to whom God says, in the end, "Thy will be done." All that are in Hell, choose it. Without that self-choice there could be no Hell. No soul that seriously and constantly desires joy will ever miss it. Those who seek find. To those who knock it is opened.'

C. S. Lewis, *The Great Divorce*

<p>O Oriens First light and then first lines along the east To touch and brush a sheen of light on water, As though behind the sky itself they traced The shift and shimmer of another river Flowing unbidden from its hidden source; The Day-Spring, the eternal Prima Vera. Blake saw it too. Dante and Beatrice Are bathing in it now, away upstream . . . So every trace of light begins a grace In me, a beckoning. The smallest gleam Is somehow a beginning and a calling: 'Sleeper awake, the darkness was a dream For you will see the Dayspring at your waking, Beyond your long last line the dawn is breaking.'</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Malcolm Guite, <i>Sounding the Seasons</i></p>	<p>Jerusalem And did those feet in ancient time Walk upon England's mountains green: And was the holy Lamb of God, On England's pleasant pastures seen! And did the Countenance Divine, Shine forth upon our clouded hills? And was Jerusalem builded here, Among these dark Satanic Mills? Bring me my Bow of burning gold: Bring me my arrows of desire: Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold! Bring me my Chariot of fire! I will not cease from Mental Fight, Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand: Till we have built Jerusalem, In England's green & pleasant Land.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">William Blake</p>
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14. Night Falls on Narnia

1. What do you think Time's new name will be when he awakens? Who descends when he blows his horn?
2. What parable is being depicted at the door? What distinguishes them?
3. Why is Lucy and eventually Tirian crying even though they are joyful?
4. Are the dwarfs in or out?

15. Further Up and Further In

1. Is Emeth in or out? How so? Is Lewis a universalist? What happens to Emeth?
2. About what, does the Professor exclaim, "...bless me, what do they teach them at these schools!"
3. How does the philosophy of the Professor's manifest itself here?

16. Farewell to the Shadow Lands

1. How is the waterfall described? What does it seem they are climbing up?
2. Where are the children headed?
3. Whom do they meet in the island garden?
4. It's hard to imagine entering something that is not 'going out'. What do you think this paradoxical description represents?
5. What has in fact, happened to the Pevensie children and their parents?

What does Lewis want children to know about death?

His mouth shut like a box when he had said this, and in the great silence of that cave the children felt that they would not dare to speak again. The bare feet of the gnomes, padding on the deep moss, made no sound. There was no wind, there were no birds, there was no sound of water. There was no sound of breathing from the strange beasts.

When they had walked for several miles, they came to a wall of rock, and in it a low archway leading into another cavern. It was not, however, so bad as the last entrance and Jill could go through it without bending her head. It brought them into a smaller cave, long and narrow, about the shape and size of a cathedral. And here, filling almost the whole length of it, lay an enormous man fast asleep. He was far bigger than any of the giants, and his face was not like a giant's, but noble and beautiful. His breast rose and fell gently under the snowy beard which covered him to the waist. A pure, silver light (no-one saw where it came from) rested upon him.

"Who's that?" asked Puddleglum. And it was so long since anyone had spoken, that Jill wondered how he had the nerve.

"That is the god Saturn, who once was a King in Over-land," said the Warden. "And now he has sunk down into the Deep Realm and lies dreaming of all the things that are done in the Upper world. Many sink down and few return to the sunlit lands. They say he will wake at the end of the world."

21. Page 121 of the typescript of *The Silver Chair*, the only surviving typescript from the Narniad (Bodleian Library, Oxford). For the published version, Lewis amended 'That is the god Saturn' to 'That is old Father Time'. In *The Last Battle*, the Saturnine Chronicle, Father Time stirs from sleep and brings Narnia to its end.