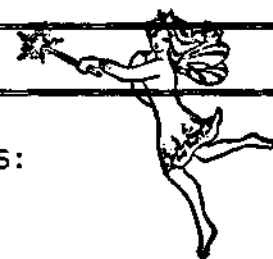


QUIZ ON GREAT BOOKS OF WESTERN LITERATURE



IDENTIFY THE TITLE AND AUTHOR OF EACH OF THE FOLLOWING QUOTATIONS:

Children, sons and daughters of old Cadmus,
why do you sit here with your suppliant crowns?
This town is heavy with an awful burden
of sounds and smells, groans and hymns and incense.

The eternal silence of these infinite spaces terrifies me.

and if I say again that daily to discourse about virtue and of those other things about which you hear me examining myself and others, is the greatest good of man, and that the unexamined life is not worth living

for Thou madest us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee

The questions which we have set ourselves to answer are mainly two: first, why had Diana's priest at Nemi, the King of the Wood, to slay his predecessor? second, why before doing so had he to pluck the branch of a certain tree

He appeared quietly, incongruously, but everyone - and that is why it is so strange - recognized him. That might have been one of the finest passages in my poem - I mean, why they recognized him.

Where it has been possible to trace a pathological idea back to those elements in the psychic life of the patient to which it owed its origin, this idea as crumbled away, and the patient has been relieved of it.

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavor. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful, but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do.

Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

He who the place usurpeth that was mine,
My place, my place, my place, in the true sight
Of the Son of God, has made my grave decline
Into a sewer, well-nigh choked outright

While these events had taken place on earth
By will of Fate and twice-born Bacchus safe
Within his crib, it came about that Jove,
Wine in his veins, grew cheerful and dismissed
Affairs of state to joke awhile with Juno

"A man of no fortune, with a name to come"

EXTRA CREDIT: GIVE CENTURY OF EACH WORK