A PIECE OF CHALK ESSAY WRITER

Once I planned to write a book of poems entirely about things in my pockets. article published for Daily News in , â€œA Piece of Chalkâ€• is a classic example of G.K. Chesterton's wondrous musings. The essay appears in Tremendous Trifles.

Virtue is not the absence of vices or the avoidance of moral dangers; virtue is a vivid and separate thing, like pain or a particular smell. He wrote roughly four thousand essays â€” â€” over the course of his employment with dozens of newspapers, magazines and journals, many of them simultaneously. All this I said in an off-hand way to the old woman; and I put the brown paper in my pocket along with the chalks, and possibly other things. Mercy does not mean not being cruel or sparing people revenge or punishment; it means a plain and positive thing like the sun, which one has either seen or not seen. In a sense our age has realised this fact, and expressed it in our sullen costume. He walked o and on over long distances. But, to deserve accolades from fellow humans, his life must have something else in his life. He also wrote essaysâ€”on anything that interested himâ€”which means he wrote a lot of them. I was sitting on an immense warehouse of white chalk. Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc. The landscape was made entirely of white chalk. Hence she dwelt very much on the varying qualities of toughness and endurance in the material. He understood philosophy as much as he relished writing about sleuths. God has created this world using many subtle and subdued colours, but He has not used anything in gorgeous colours. In fact, during his time, he was acclaimed as the most versatile thinker and writer of English literature. But though I could not with a crayon get the best out of the landscape, it does not follow that the landscape was not getting the best out of me. The landscape was made entirely out of white chalk. Meanwhile I could not find my chalk. As my eye swept the landscape, the landscape was as kindly as any of its cottages, but for power it was like an earthquake. One of the wise and awful truths which this brown-paper art reveals, is this, that white is a colour. So I drew the soul of a cow; which I saw there plainly walking before me in the sunlight; and the soul was all purple and silver, and had seven horns and the mystery that belongs to all beasts. It is something different. Meanwhile I could not find my chalk. Imagine a gentleman in mid-ocean wishing that he had brought some salt water with him for some chemical experiment. Now, those who are acquainted with the philosophy nay, religion which is typified in the art of drawing on brown paper, know that white is positive and essential. She makes no connection between brown paper and beauty. They painted the white robes of their holy virgins with the blinding snow, at which they had stared all day. After some looking around, he finds to his great delight and amusement that he was standing there right on a large piece of white stone. The blueness of a score of forgotten skies became the blue robes of the Virgin. But as I sat scrawling these silly figures on the brown paper, it began to dawn on me, to my great disgust, that I had left one chalk, and that a most exquisite and essential chalk, behind.