

Bowing down one's head in the dust is a very good thing, the humble beginning of all happiness.



Melancholy is negative, it has to do with trivialities like death: joy is positive and has to answer for the renewal and perpetuation of being. Melancholy is irresponsible; it could watch the universe fall to pieces: joy is responsible and upholds the universe in the void of space.



Religion is a battle; and to have your thinking unfinished is to be fighting unprepared. If there is an enemy in the field, he will not wait until we find truth, he will already be leading us into error.



Our own society is insolently blind to its own sins; and gives no place at all to the opposite view, which would correct those sins.



The test of true religion is that [it is]... always trying to make men, not merely admit the truth, but see, smell, handle, hear, and devour the truth.



Grey is a colour that always seems on the eve of changing to some other colour; of brightening into blue, or blanching into white, or breaking into green or gold. So we may be perpetually reminded of the indefinite hope that is in doubt itself, and when there is grey weather on our hills or grey hair on our heads perhaps they may still remind us of the morning.



Little things please great minds.



Let us forget for a day whatever we may think about the faults of others; and pray that we may not again wreck the hope of the world by faults of our own.



Merely to exist for a moment, and see a white patch of daylight on a gray wall, ought to be an answer to all the pessimism of the world.



The Crucifixion of a Deity makes impossible a supercilious attitude towards failure and defeat.



Let us pay a little more attention to these possibilities of the heroic and the unexpected.



The command of Christ is impossible, but it is not insane; it is rather sanity preached to a planet of lunatics.



Anybody with any intelligence at all can see that moral things are more important than intellectual things.



Wit is always connected with the idea that truth is close and clear.



A good man ought to love nonsense; but he ought also to see nonsense--that is, to see that it is not sense. Our very pleasure in pure fancies should consist partly in the certainty that they are not facts.



Beauty can be absolute; it can certainly be a joy in itself.



The man with a gigantic power of enjoyment goes through life very quietly, for he can enjoy quiet things.



If there be something that behaves like savagery and boasts of civilisation, then there is the devil in it.



A saint after repentance will forgive himself for a sin; a man about town will never forgive himself for a faux pas.



The goodness of God makes impossible the evil thing called despair.



The darkness is only a background for the isolated star of intellect.



To see good is to see God.



There is a whole truth of things, and that in knowing it and speaking it we are happy.



Wherever there are happy men they will build beautiful things.



Burn from my brain and from my breast Sloth, and the cowardice that clings, And stiffens and the soul's arrest: And feed my brain with better things.



Great joy has in it the sense of immortality: the triumphant moments of our life may have been only moments, but they were moments of eternity.



A baby is the kingdom of God.



It is only the very good who can live riotous lives.



As an old-fashioned person, who still believes that Reason is a gift of God and a guide to truth, I must confine myself to saying that I do not want a God whom I have made, but a God who has made me.



Catholics are almost the only people now defending reason.



They will tell you the modern world rebels against Religion. It rebels much more against Reason.



It may be beer is best.



My name is Lazarus and I live.



Sow in our souls, like living grass,
The laughter of all lowly things.



Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc.



Idolatry exists wherever the thing which originally gave us happiness becomes at last more important than happiness itself.



When we have come to the end of a thing we have come to the beginning of it.



The Fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; but not the end.



Christianity has never lost its strongest and most distinctive note, the physical note; the talk of the body and the blood. Ever since the Crucifixion a certain actuality, and, therefore, a certain sanctity, has clung round the hard pain of prosaic men.



Red is the most joyful and dreadful thing in the physical universe; it is the fiercest note, it is the highest light, it is the place where the walls of this world of ours wear thinnest and something beyond burns through.



The world is hot and cruel, We are weary of heart and hand, But the world is more full of glory Than you can understand.



The act of belief, like every creative act known to man, like the act of the sculptor is cutting away marble, is an act of sacrifice; it must, in any case, sacrifice its own opposite.



We live in an age in which the justification of Judas Iscariot has become quite a hackneyed piece of sentiment for the films.



A meal is nothing if it is not eternal.



The rigid outline of the Cross had for the people who saw it an entirely different meaning from anything that we can imagine. It is inadequate to say that the shape which we consider dignified was once despicable. The case is stronger than that. It would be nearer the truth to say that the Cross which is now tragic was once comic.



It is not death I fear, but hell; for hell must mean an infinity of falling.



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On the third day the friends of Christ coming at daybreak to the place found the grave empty and the stone rolled away. In varying ways they realized the new wonder; but even they hardly realized that the world had died in the night. What they were looking at was the first day of a new creation, with a new heaven and a new earth; and in a semblance of the gardener God walked again in the garden, in the cool not of the evening but the dawn.



For only in heaven

we shall know

How happy we have been.



The one case for Revolution is that it is the only quite clean and complete road to anything- even to restoration. Revolution alone can be not merely a revolt of the living, but also a resurrection of the dead.



When Christ at a symbolic moment was establishing His great society, He chose for its cornerstone neither the brilliant Paul nor the mystic John, but a shuffler, a snob, a coward- in a word, a man. And upon this rock He has built His Church, and the gates of Hell have not prevailed against it.



A man must have some real joy in him before he can become a martyr.



For the enemies of religion cannot leave it alone. They laboriously attempt to smash religion. They cannot smash religion; but they do smash everything else.



O light uplifted from all mortal knowing, Send back a little of that glimpse of thee, That of its glory I may kindle glowing One tiny spark for all men yet to be.



Men have always believed that however long or however short might be the time required to reach perfection, perfection had certain clear recognizable lines about it: it would involve justice, it would involve mercy, it would involve truth; it would involve courage.



Dazzling is the Night

LENT AND EASTER WITH G.K. CHESTERTON

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