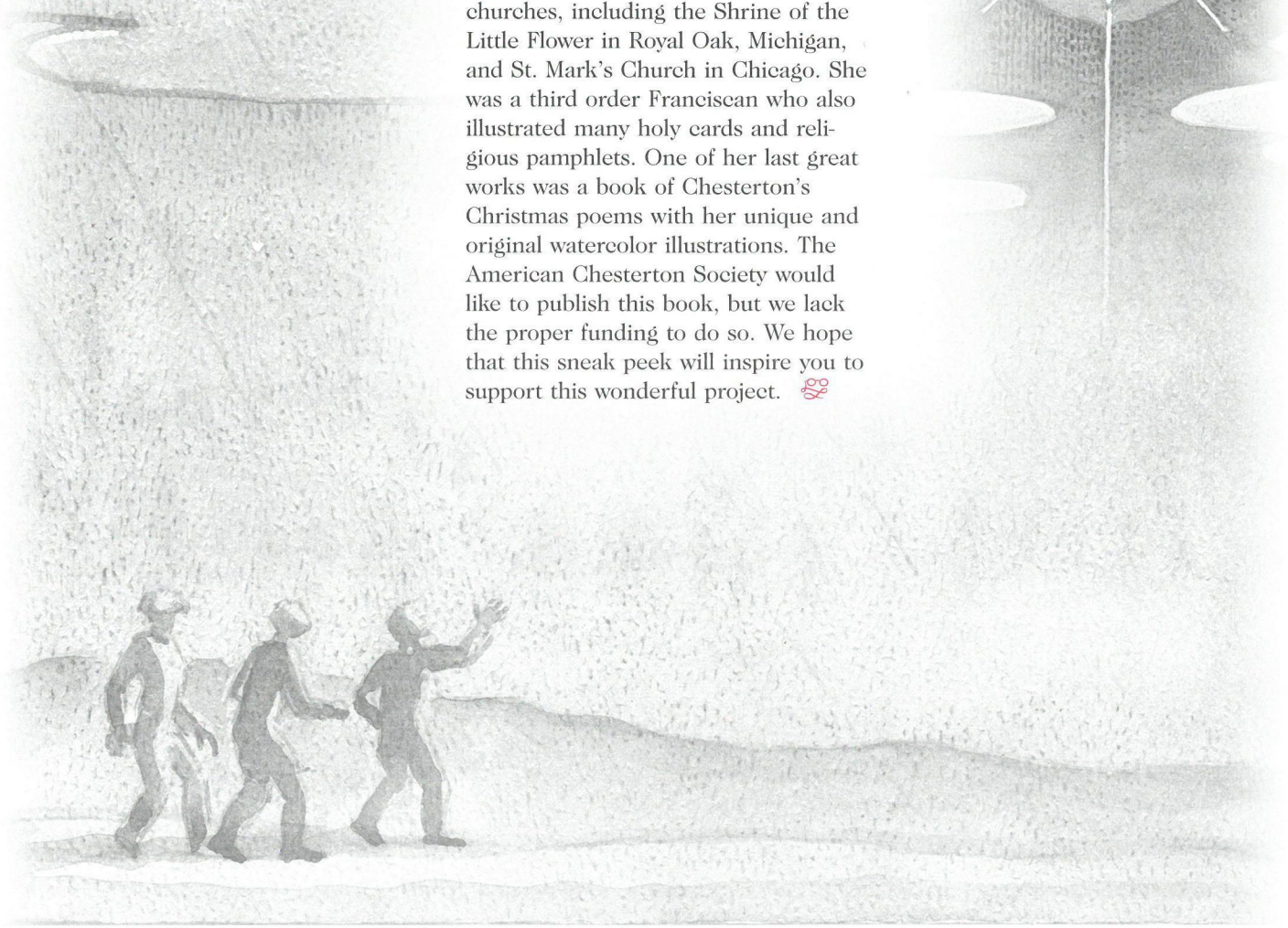
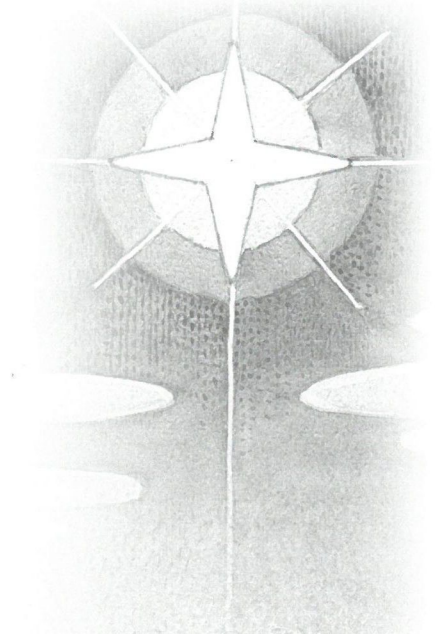




The Wise Men

We are very pleased to present Chesterton's Christmas poem "The Wise Men" illustrated by Beatrice Wilczynski (1913-1984). These illustrations, completed in 1976, have never been published before. Beatrice was a gifted painter and sculptor from Chicago who studied at the Academy of Fine Arts in Venice. She created the artwork for some famous American churches, including the Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak, Michigan, and St. Mark's Church in Chicago. She was a third order Franciscan who also illustrated many holy cards and religious pamphlets. One of her last great works was a book of Chesterton's Christmas poems with her unique and original watercolor illustrations. The American Chesterton Society would like to publish this book, but we lack the proper funding to do so. We hope that this sneak peek will inspire you to support this wonderful project. 

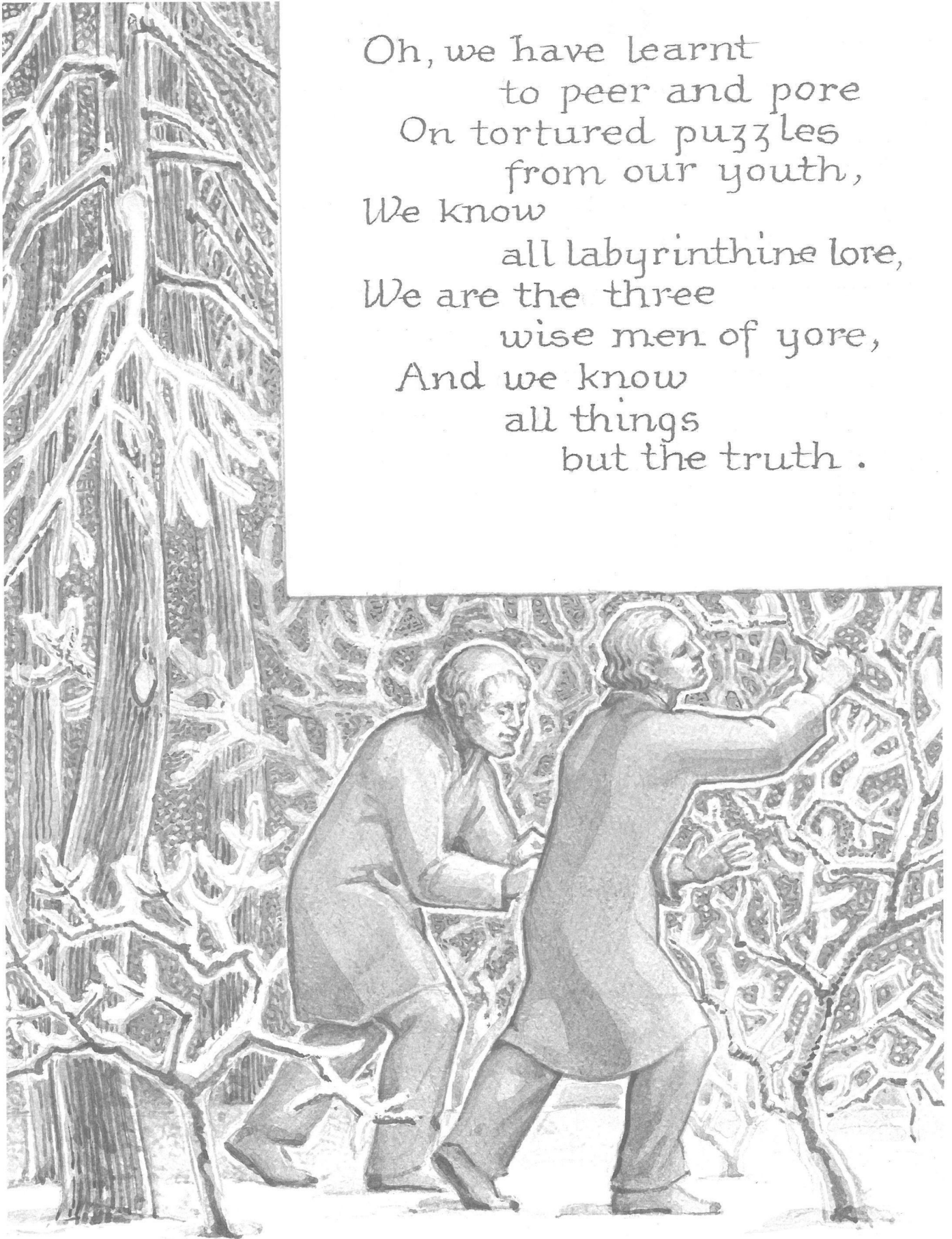




Step softly under snow or rain
To find the place
 where men can pray

The way is all so very plain
That
 we
 may lose
 the way.

Oh, we have learnt
to peer and pore
On tortured puzzles
from our youth,
We know
all labyrinthine lore,
We are the three
wise men of yore,
And we know
all things
but the truth .



We have gone round and round the hill
And lost the wood among the trees,
And learnt long names for every ill,
And served the mad gods, naming still
The furies the Eumenides.

The gods of violence took the veil
Of vision and philosophy,
The Serpent that brought all men bale,
He bites his own accursed tail,
And calls himself Eternity.



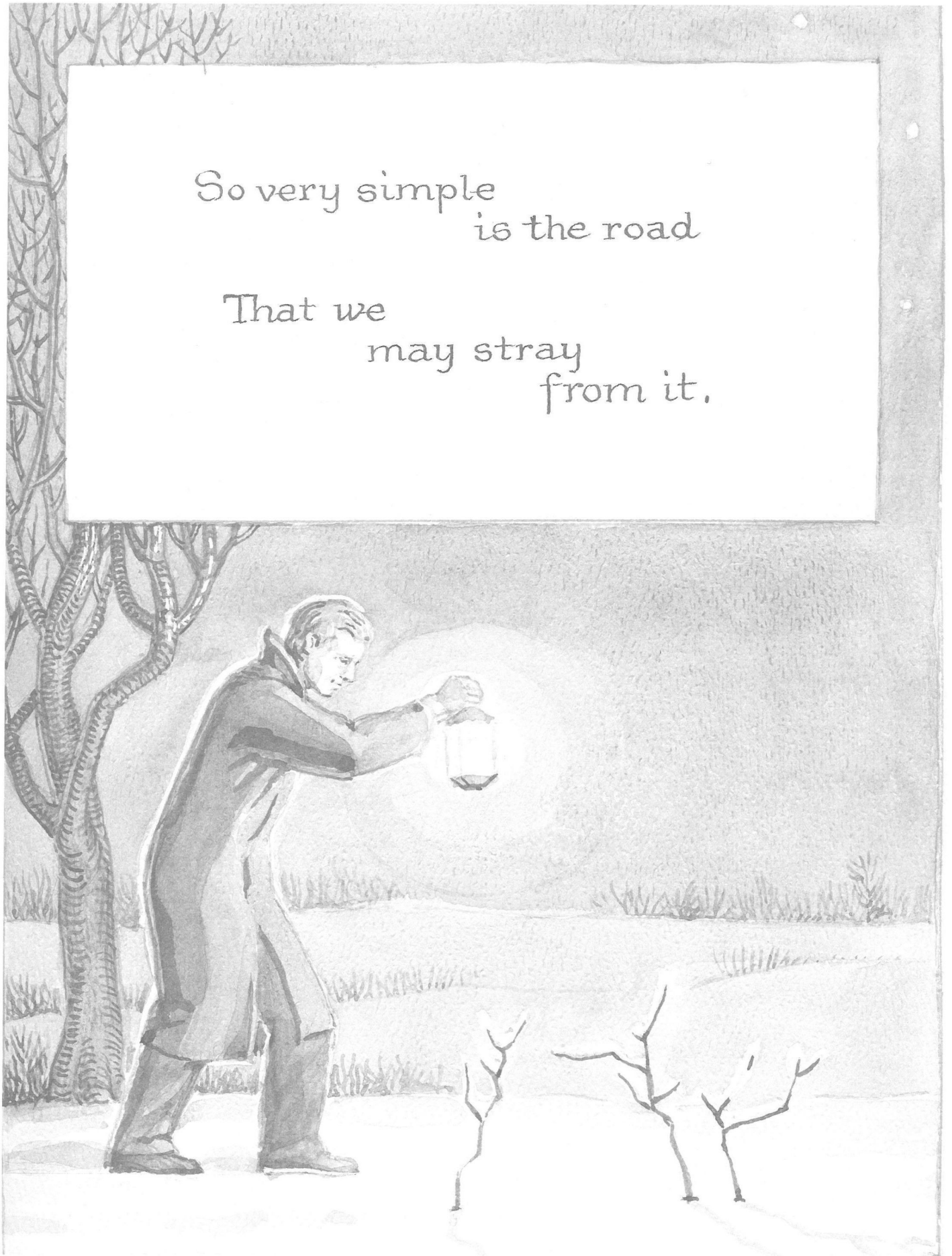
Go humbly . . .
it has hailed and snowed . . .

With voices low
and
lanterns lit :



So very simple
is the road

That we
may stray
from it.



The world grows terrible and white,
And blinding white the breaking day;

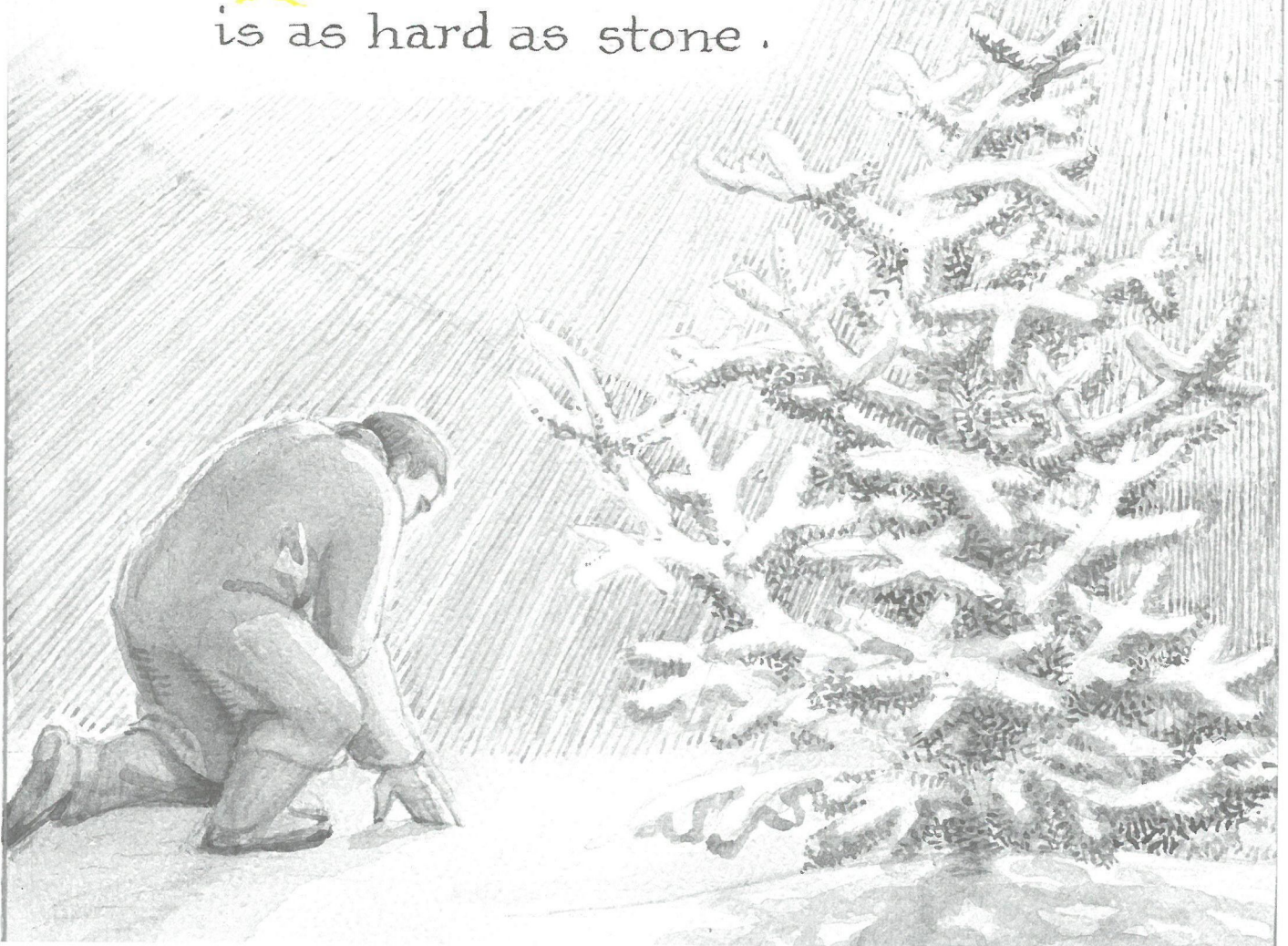
We walk bewildered in the light,
For something is too large for sight,

And something
much too plain to say.



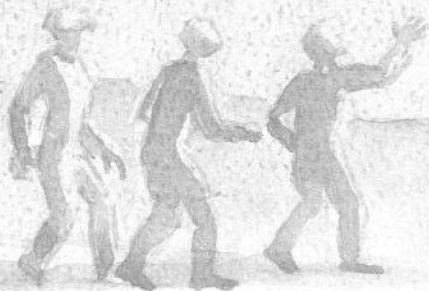
The **C**hild that was ere worlds begun
(... We need but walk a little way
We need but see a latch undone ...)
The **C**hild that played with moon and sun
Is playing with a little hay .

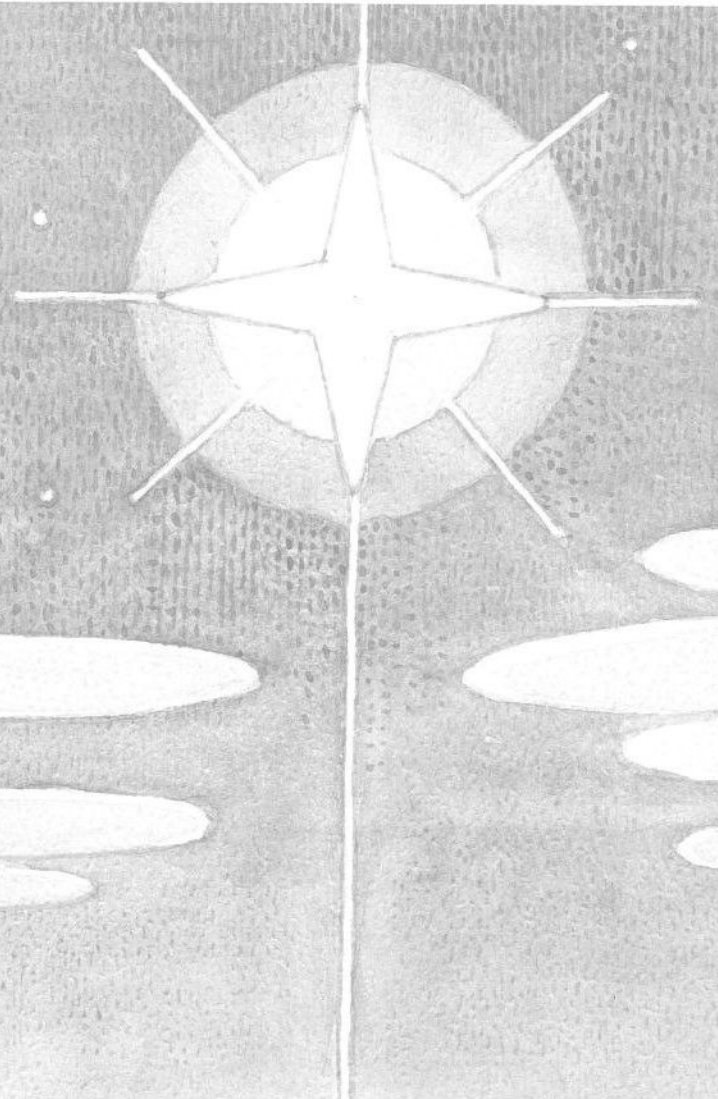
The house
from which the heavens are fed
The old strange house that is our own
Where tricks of words are never said
And **M**ercy
is as plain as bread
And **H**onour
is as hard as stone .





Go humbly,
humble are the skies,
And low and large and
fierce the Star;





So very near
the Manger lies
That we may travel far.

Hark ! Laughter
like a lion wakes

To roar to the resounding plain,

And the whole heaven
shouts and shakes,



For God Himself is born again
And we
are little children
walking
Through the snow and rain.

