

did it mean to Wise Men that Jesus was born in a lowly manger, with patient oxen munching the sweet hay nearby; they knew that the glory of Jesus would never come from riches and lands, but from knowing and showing the treasures of the soul. And as they looked for the birth-place, they followed a star, which led them to where he lay — that star called The Star of Bethlehem.

It is recorded that Jupiter and Saturn were in conjunction in this cycle — as you may remember Venus and Mercury were, not so very long ago, so that they looked like one bright star. This might happen again when the new Messenger's birth is near.

All nature seemed to know that the cycle for the Messenger had arrived! As Joseph, the father of the little Jesus, looked up into the air, the legend tells, he saw the clouds astonished, and the fowls of the air stopping in the midst of their flight. The sheep, while scattering, yet suddenly stood still, and as he looked into the river, he saw the kids with their mouths close to the water and touching it, yet not drinking. He saw a bright cloud over shadow the cave and suddenly it was in the cave, such a blinding light, that their eyes could not bear it. The stable was built into a rocky wall, you see.

The oxen fell to their knees, and the shepherds sang hymns of rejoicing and, to this day, the custom lasts of singing about the birth of Jesus — and they say that on Christmas, alone of all days, always the oxen kneel. In ancient England the hawthorn was said to bud on the 24th and blossom the 25th of December, in memory of that birth.

Why do we use evergreens at Christmas time? This is another recognition of the cycle, because long, long ago 'twas thought the spirits of the woods and dells flocked to the ever greens and there were protected from frost till milder season.

So, while at Christmas time, we remember the birth-time of Jesus, and give gifts as the Wise Men did of old, but now in memory of the Great Messenger — the Christ — we do not forget December 25th is the hidden birth-time of all nature. Without the turning of the sun on its cycle then, would be no glorious bursting forth at Easter-time of all the living things in earth, of trees and plants and little creatures.

Above all, let us not forget that we too are suns, reflecting the true Sun — the Self — and as we turn on our course, ever acting for The Self, we are day by