

Lectures on Ancient Philosophy

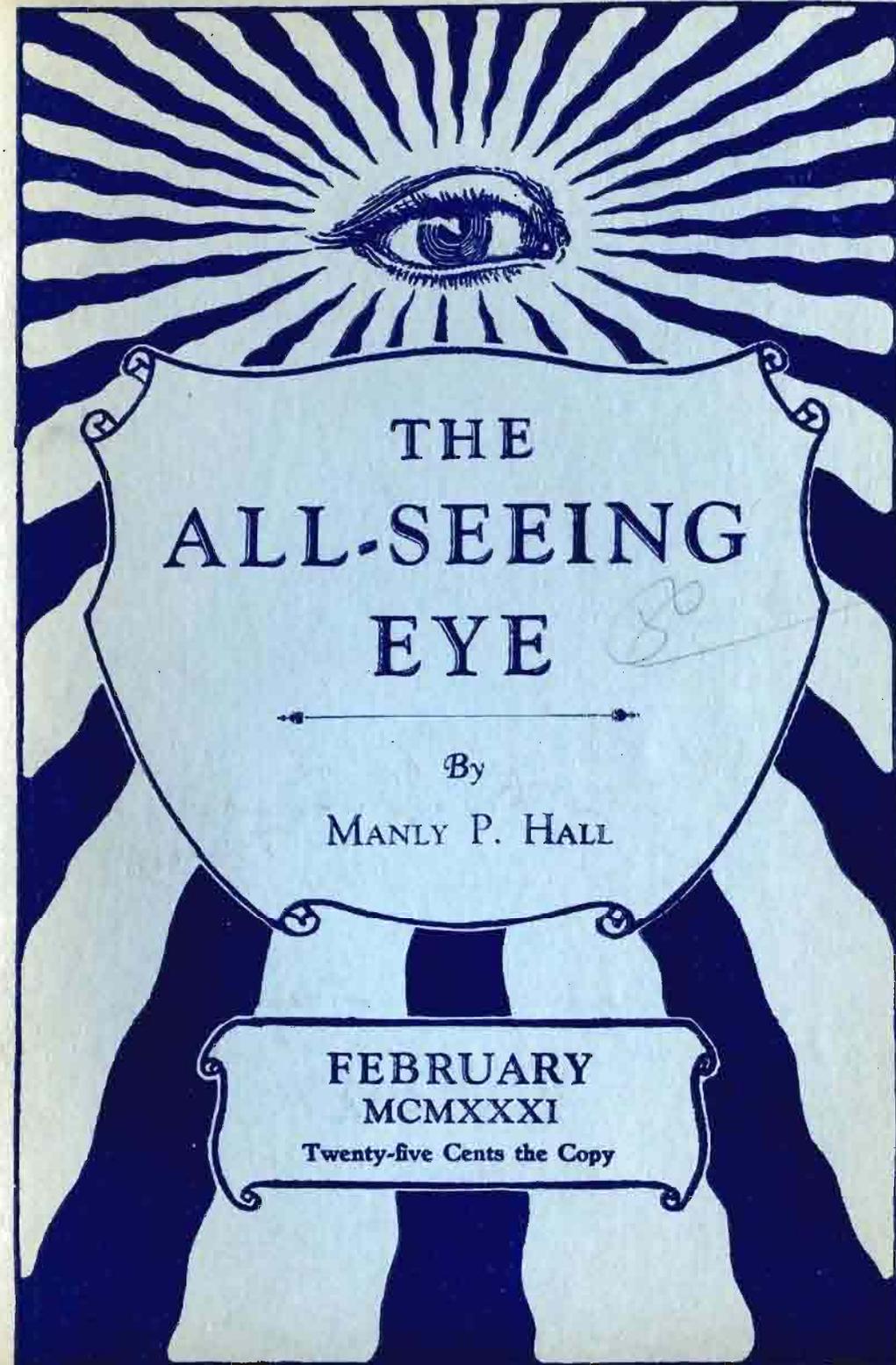
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The ALL-SEEING EYE

BEING A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

By

MANLY P. HALL

DEVOTED TO THE SEARCH FOR THOSE
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AND PHILOSOPHIES OF ALL AGES

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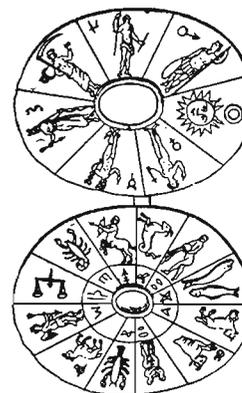
The EDITOR'S BRIEFS

Mr. Hall's opening lectures at the Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Drive, New York City, were phenomenally successful from the standpoint of both attendance and enthusiasm. He will give two courses of lectures for this organization during January and February, speaking every Saturday evening on the *Occult Anatomy of Man* and every Tuesday evening on *The Astrological Key to the Universe*.

On December 28th at the historical old Episcopal church, St.-Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, a special astrological service was conducted. This unique service which included an astrological ritual in which the various officers impersonated the constellations, was a definite departure from orthodox churchianity. Mrs. Evangeline Adams, internationally known figure in astrological matters, introduced Mr. Hall who spoke on *The Relation of Astrology to Religion*.

On Christmas and New Year's days Mr. Hall broadcast over station WOR and will continue with a weekly broadcast every Sunday afternoon while he remains in New York. There is a very genuine interest in philosophy and kindred subjects in the great metropolis at this time.

Although Mr. Hall's permanent address while in New York will be 310 Riverside Drive, he can usually be located more readily by paging either in the magnificent public library with its million and a half books or in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where they have just unloaded an immense collection of Egyptian and Oriental art objects. He expects to open his public lecture campaign about February 1st.



The Gnostic Cults

Gnosticism was the great heresy of the ante-Nicean period of church history. The fathers of incipient Christianity, having elected themselves the custodians of salvation, exercised this prerogative to stamp out all traces of Christianity as a philosophical code. By exiling reason from the gatherings of the elect and substituting blind faith in its stead, they accomplished what they considered the first and most necessary step towards the establishment of dogmatic ecclesiasticism.

The early bishops, saints, and martyrs, such as Irenæus, Hippolytus, Epiphanius, Eusippus, Tertullian and Theodoret, apparently divided their activities between the somewhat diversified tasks of preaching, on the one hand, the new gospel of charity, piety and brotherly love and the preparation, on the other hand, of vicious and slanderous attacks upon members of dissenting creeds. No pious ante-Nicean father had proved his zeal—and incidentally his bigotry—until he had prepared an elaborate treatise against heresies and pitched a sanctified pebble at some heresiarch. All good churchmen sought to demonstrate that pagans in general and Gnostics in particular were promulgators of hateful and misleading doctrines. It was intimated, and in some cases actually affirmed, that a perverse spirit (the faithful old devil) had raised up teachers of false doctrines in an effort to compromise the infallible revelation of the Apostles. Thus these learned fathers, who, incidentally, seemed better informed on heresies

than orthodoxies, refuted all the doctrines of the heretics with one grand gesture. But, as one writer has suggested, when these refutations were not convincing, these inspired vicars resorted to the more militant method of disposing, by fire or otherwise, of such evidence as they could not conveniently explain away.

The Gnostics occupied an extremely precarious position. They were reconcilers of doctrines and the way of the peacemaker is usually quite as hard as that of the transgressor. Gnosticism was despised by the church because it sought to interpret Christian mysticism in terms of the metaphysical systems of the Greeks, Egyptians, and Chaldeans. At the same time, it was openly opposed by contemporary pagan philosophers, particularly certain of the Neo-Platonists, because it appeared to accept, at least in part, the unphilosophic and illogical tenets forced upon an unsuspecting world by the Christian enthusiasts. Attacked from both sides and gradually crushed by the sheer weight of numbers, after a desperate struggle for existence over a period of several centuries, Gnosticism finally passed into the limbo.

During its short but spectacular career, Gnosticism established, however, certain agencies of interpretation which were to survive the centuries and may even yet convert the world to its premises. And strangest of all, Gnosticism is indebted to its enemies for its survival, for practically all the information now available on the subject is preserved in the writings of those excited ante-Nicean fathers who went into considerable detail concerning the substance of the heresies they condemned. Though the Gnostics have vanished from the earth, the analogies between Christian and pagan doctrines established by them have proved invaluable to students of comparative religion fortunate enough to be born in a less intolerant age.

Among the names that stand out in the chronicles of Gnosticism three are pre-eminent—Simon, Basilides and Valentinus. That they were men of exceptional brilliance is established by the fact that the attacks of the church fathers were in nearly every case directed first against them. Simon Magus, the Syrian Gnostic,

was the object of a particularly spiteful and unchristian tirade. His character was torn to shreds and he was held up to public scorn not only as a sorcerer but as an example of the depths of spiritual, moral and physical depravity into which an individual can descend. Basilides, the Egyptian Gnostic, and Valentinus, his successor, were both men of such exceptional personal integrity that even the combings of the clergy could bring to light nothing that could even be interpreted as depreciatory. It was, therefore, evident that these philosophers were heresiarchs of the most dangerous kind. They were the more deadly because they concealed their perversity behind an appearance of virtue and integrity. Of course, this reasoning is convincing to anyone who sees life through ante-Nicean spectacles. No man can be good without being a Christian, and if he be a pagan with the appearance of virtue it is simply the devil trying to destroy our realization of the omnipotence of the church.

The only fragments of the writings of these great Gnostics preserved to our day are represented in the writings of their enemies, but such writings reveal not only a high degree of spiritual insight but a most generous, noble, and philosophic comprehension of the greater realities of life. Even the calumny of the ages has not dimmed the splendor of these masters nor hidden their glory from such as have eyes to see. If the true secrets of Christianity were ever imparted to men, it was to the Gnostics; for, while the church itself was a seething mass of bigotry and conspiracy, this order preserved to the end the high ethical and rational standards which confer honor upon every sublime teaching. The church could not stand the comparison rendered doubly odious by theological viciousness. In self-preservation the church struck and, having destroyed its most formidable adversary, began its triumphal march towards temporal power.

In order to demonstrate what we mean by an odious comparison, consider the following words of Valentinus, the Gnostic, in his vision of the order of creation: "I behold all things suspended in air by

spirit, and I perceive all things wafted by spirit; the flesh I see suspended from soul, but the soul shining out from air, and air depending from aether, and fruits produced from Bythus (profundity), and the foetus borne from the womb." Here was a mystic vision worthy of the divine Plato and sounding the very depths of reality. Then consider an example of church technique. The four canonical gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were chosen by divination. They took some hundreds of books and set them up at the Nicean Council. Those which fell down they threw aside as false, and those which stood (these four) they accepted as true, being unable to decide the question in any other way. Out of the three hundred and eighteen members of the Council only two—Eusebius, the great forger, and the Emperor Constantine—were able to read. (See H. P. Blavatsky.) It might be added that the book of Luke almost fell and was only saved by a hair's breadth and the Emperor Constantine, according to our friend Ripley, was never at any time a Christian. So mote it be.

The church fathers considered the period of Gnosticism to be the most crucial in the history of Christianity, for at that time it had to be decided whether the new cult should be a religion or a philosophy. If the Gnostics had won, Christianity would have been regarded as the legitimate heir to the philosophical wisdom of preceding ages and would have gone forward as an interpretation of all the great systems and teachers that had preceded it. When the church succeeded in dominating the situation, it was decreed that the new revelation should become a *faith* and retain its isolated infallibility so that its hand was against every unbeliever. To the Gnostics, Christianity was a *key*; to the Christians it was a *sect*. The Gnostic interpretation was premature. The world desired to worship rather than to think, to pray rather than to work. Christ as a personal god, as preached by Peter, was understandable by the mob; but Christ as a universal principle as originally revealed by St. Paul was incomprehensible. Christianity became a lazy

man's faith and from its peculiar psychology was created those modern attitudes which are now threatening to ruin a civilization. Christianity became a competitive doctrine and a religion of special privileges. Uncurbed by reason the absurdities have compounded until with their present magnitude they threaten the stability of civilization.

In summing up the doctrine of Gnosticism, we cannot consider the numerous divisions of the sect nor can we hope to analyze the more intricate elements involved. From a simple cult Gnosticism evolved into an elaborate system, uniting within itself the essential factors of several great religions. Anz declares that the central idea of Gnosticism is the ascent of the soul through successive stages of being and he believes he has discovered the origin of this conception in the astral religion of Babylon, with its doctrine of a series of heavens each under the rule of a planetary god, through which the soul must make its ascent by means of magical passwords delivered to the guardians of the doors. (See the *Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics*.) This ladder of the worlds upon which souls ascend and descend is described in the Babylonian myth of Tammuz and Istar. It appears also in the *Divine Pyramider* of Hermes, where seven planetary governors sit upon the seven concentric circles of the world through which souls ascend and descend. The symbolism appears once more in the Royal Arches of Enoch and in the *Revelation of St. John*. The commentaries upon Mohammed's Night Journey to Heaven describe how the Prophet after climbing a ladder of golden cords, passed through seven gates at each of which stood one of the patriarchs to receive his word and to beseech him to intercede for them at the divine footstool.

There is much in Gnosticism to intrigue the Orientalist. Bardesanes, the last of the Gnostics, admitted himself to have been influenced by East Indian (Buddhist) metaphysics. This is particularly evident in that part of the cult in which Christ is described as descending through the seven worlds on His way to phy-

sical incarnation. Like the Buddha, He ensouls a body on each of these planes, thus literally becoming all things unto all men. Like the Oriental thought also, is the ultimate condition to which Gnosticism aspires. The soul is finally absorbed into an abstract state perfectly analogous to Nirvana, so that the end of existence is the condition of not-being.

In the simplest arrangement of the Gnostic godhead, we find first the Universal Logos—"He who stood, stands, and will stand." By nature and substance unknowable, He is the incorruptible form who projects from himself an image, and this image ordains all things. From its own eternal and imperishable nature That Which Abides emits three hypostases which Simon Magus calls *Incorruptible Form*, the *Great Thought*, and the *Universal Mind*. Among the later Gnostics the godhead is represented thus:

1. Anthropos (The Man);
2. Anthropos, Son of Anthropos (Man, Son of Man);
3. Ialdabaoth (The Son of Chaos).

Ialdabaoth, who corresponds to Zeus in the Orphic and Platonic metaphysics, is called the Demiurgus or Lord of the World. The Gnostics believed that it was this Demiurgus to whom Jesus referred when He spoke of the Prince of this World who had nothing in common with him. The Demiurgus was the personification of matter, the Monad of the material sphere with all its mass of sidereal phenomena. Ialdabaoth gave birth out of himself to six sons who, together with their father, became the seven planetary spirits. These were called the Seven Archons and correspond with the Guardians of the World described by Hermes. Their names and order according to Origen are as follows:

1. Ialdabaoth (Saturn);
2. Iao (Jupiter);
3. Sabaoth (Mars);
4. Adonaios (Sun);
5. Astaphaios (Venus);
6. Ailoaios (Mercury);
7. Oraios (Moon).

In the Hermetic allegory, the Seven Guardians of the World—the Builders or Elohim of the Jews—were simply manifesters of divine purpose, in themselves neither good nor bad. According to the Gnostics, however, Ialdabaoth and his six sons were proud and opposing spirits who, like Lucifer and his rebels, sought to establish a kingdom in the Abyss which should prevail against the kingdom of God. Hence we find Ialdabaoth crying out triumphantly, "There are no other gods before me!" when in reality he is the least part of the triune godhead and beyond him extends the spheres of the Father and the Son.

In his *Gnostics and Their Remains*, C. W. King sums up the Gnostic genesis. His remarks are in substance as follows: Sophia Achamoth, the generative wisdom of the world, is lured into the abyss by beholding her reflection in the deep. Through union with the darkness she gives birth to a son—Ialdabaoth, the child of Chaos and the Egg. Sophia Achamoth, being herself of a spiritual nature, suffered horribly from her contact with matter and after an extraordinary struggle she escapes out of the muddy Chaos which had threatened to swallow her up. Although unacquainted with the mystery of the Pleroma—that all-including space which is the abode of her mother, the heavenly Sophia, or wisdom—Sophia Achamoth reaches the middle distance (the interval between the above and the below) and there succeeds in shaking off the material elements which mudlike have clung to her spiritual nature. After cleansing her nature she immediately built a strong barrier between the world of the intelligences or spirits above and the world of matter which stretches out below.

Left to his own contrivances, Ialdabaoth, the son of the ooze of Chaos, becomes the creator of the physical part of the world, that part in which sin temporarily prevails because the light of virtue is swallowed up in the darkness. In the process of creation, Ialdabaoth follows the example of the great deity who engendered the spiritual spheres. He produces out of his own being six planetary spirits which are called his

sons. These spirits are all fashioned in his own image and are reflections of each other, becoming progressively darker as they recede from their father. Here we have the Platonic theory of proximities in which it is described that those beings who are closest to the source partake most of the source; but to the degree that they retire from the source, they partake of the absence of the source, until at last the outer extremity of reflections is mingled in the abyss. With their father, Ialdabaoth, the six sons inhabit seven regions disposed like a ladder. This ladder has its beginning under the middle space (the region of their mother Sophia Achamoth) and its end rests upon our earth which is the seventh region. Thus these spirits become the seven genii of the planetary spheres. When the earth is referred to as the seventh sphere, however, it is not the physical earth but rather the region of the earth or etheric globe composed of the fifth element of the earth referred to by the Chaldeans as the sublunary interval.

Ialdabaoth, as may be inferred from his origin, was far from being a pure spirit, for while he inherited from his mother (Generating Wisdom) instinct and cunning as well as an intuitive realization of the universal immensity, he had also received from his father (matter) qualities of ambition and pride, and these dominated his composition. With a sphere of plastic substances at his command, Ialdabaoth severed himself from his mother and her sphere of intelligences, determining to create a world according to his own desires in which he should dwell as its lord and master. With the aid of his own sons, the six spirits of the planets, the son of Chaos created man, intending that the new creature should reflect the fullness of the Demiurgic powers. But Ialdabaoth failed utterly in his work; his man was a Frankenstein, a vast soulless monster which crawled through the ooze of the earth bearing witness to the chaos that conceived it. The six sons brought this awful monster into the presence of their father, declaring that he must animate it if it would live. Ialdabaoth was not a sufficiently exalted spirit, hence could not create life, so all he could do

was to give to the new creature the ray of divine light which he himself had inherited from Sophia Achamoth. The new man, sharing the light of his creator in this fashion, became as a god and refused to recognize Ialdabaoth as his master. Thus Ialdabaoth was punished for his pride and self-sufficiency by being forced to sacrifice his own kingship in favor of the man he had fashioned.

Sophia Achamoth now bestowed her favor on mankind even at the expense of her own son. Humanity, following the impulse of the divine light that she had transferred to men, began to collect unto itself all the light that had been intermingled with the substance of darkness. By virtue of this spiritual industry, it gradually transformed itself until it no longer resembled its own creator, Ialdabaoth, but rather took on the visage and manner of the Supreme Being—Anthropos, the primal Man—whose nature was of the substance of light and whose disposition was of the substance of truth.

When Ialdabaoth beheld his creation greater than himself, his anger blazed forth with jealous rage. His looks inspired by his passions were reflected downward into the great abyss as upon the polished surface of a mirror. The reflection became apparently inspired with life, for all bodies are but ensouled shadows, and forth from the abyss there arose Satan, serpent formed—Ophiomorphos, the embodiment of envy and cunning.

Realizing that man's power lay in the protection of his mother, Ialdabaoth determined to detach man from his spiritual guardian and for this reason created about him a labyrinth of snares and illusions. In each sphere of the world grew a tree of knowledge, but Ialdabaoth forbade man to eat of its fruits lest all of the mysteries of the superior worlds be revealed to him and the rulership of the son of Chaos come to an untimely end. But Sophia Achamoth, determining to protect the man who contained her own soul, sent her genius Ophis in the form of a serpent to induce man to transgress the selfish and unjust commands of Ialda-

baoth. And man, eating of the fruit of the tree, suddenly became capable of comprehending the mysteries of creation.

Ialdabaoth revenged himself by punishing this first pair for eating the heavenly fruit. He imprisoned man and woman in a dungeon of matter by building about their spirits the body of chaotic elements wherein the human being is still enthralled. But Sophia Achamoth still protected man. She established between her celestial region and relapsed mankind a current of divine light and kept constantly supplying him with this spiritual illumination. Thus an internal light continually protected him even though his outer nature wandered in the darkness.

The battle continued, Sophia Achamoth ever striving to protect and Ialdabaoth ever determined to destroy. At last, sorely afflicted by the evils which had befallen her humanity, Sophia Achamoth feared that darkness would prevail against her. Ascending to the feet of her celestial mother (the heavenly Sophia which is the wisdom of God, the antetype of earthly wisdom) she besought the all-knowing to prevail upon the unknown Depth (which is the everlasting Father) to send down into the underworld the Christos (who was the Son and emanation of the heavenly wisdom) to assist mortal wisdom in the salvation of humanity. Ialdabaoth and his six sons of matter were weaving a curious web by which they were gradually but inevitably shutting out the divine wisdom of the gods, so that mankind otherwise would perish in darkness.

The most difficult part of the salvation of man lay in discovering a method by which the Christos could enter into the physical world. To build bodies was not within the province of the higher gods, therefore Ialdabaoth must be coaxed into creating one. Sophia Achamoth finally prevailed upon Ialdabaoth to create a good and just man by the name of Jesus and when this had been accomplished the Sotar Christos, enveloping himself in a cloak of invisibility, descended through the spheres of the Seven Archons, assuming in each sphere a body appropriate to the substances of

the seven worlds, in this way concealing his true nature from the genii or guardians of these spheres. In each world he called upon the sparks of light to come out of the darkness and join him. Thus having united all light in his own nature, the Christos descended into the man Jesus at the baptism and from that moment the age of miracles began.

Ialdabaoth, having discovered that the great Sotar had descended incognito to thwart his purposes, stirred up the Jews against Jesus and using all the forces of materiality at his command, destroyed the body by means of which the Christos was functioning in the material sphere. But before He departed from the earth, the Sotar implanted in the souls of just men an understanding of the great mysteries and opened the gate between the lower and the higher universes.

Theodoret completes the story. "Thence, ascending up into the middle space, He (Christ) sits on the right hand of Ialdabaoth, but unperceived by him, and there collects all the souls which shall have been purified by the knowledge of Christ. When He has collected all the spiritual light that exists in matter, out of Ialdabaoth's empire, the redemption will be accomplished and the world will be destroyed. Such is the meaning of the reabsorption of all the spiritual light into the Pleroma or fullness, whence it originally descended."

From this brief summary it will be evident that Gnosticism is a restatement of the eternal doctrine of the warfare which must exist in space between spirit and matter. Life, on the one hand, struggling against the encroachment of form and form, on the other hand, strangling out the breath of life is a concept which underlies nearly every great religious system of mankind. The Gnostics evidently intended to interpret the incarnation of Jesus as equivalent to the tenth or Kalki Avatar of Vishnu. The Avatara theme is a very ancient one and in every case is the account of a divine personality temporarily descending into the sphere of matter to accomplish the redemption of a relapsed humanity. In the *Blagavad-Gita* the Avatar Krishna

forth." Matter is the eternal adversary and Ialdabaoth says, "When virtue fails upon the earth then I come baath and his six sons are the seven deadly sins of theology which, by the enlightenment of the soul, are transmuted into the seven cardinal virtues. When regarded from an absolutely neutral standpoint, the seven Archons are the liberal arts and sciences, or even the seven senses. There are battles in space in which spirit and matter struggle for supremacy over attitudes, ideals, and purposes.

Gnostic Christianity conceived of salvation without benefit of clergy. Christ, the Sotar, was the high priest who by His descent had destroyed the whole of the old order of things. Religion became a matter of internal adjustment. Forms and rituals by which primitive peoples had propitiated Ialdabaoth were regarded as rendered valueless by the resurrection of the Christos. The rule of fear and doubt was gone; the rule of love and charity had come. The church, however, regarded this new order of things as economically unsound. Love frees; fear enslaves. So the Gnostics were destroyed lest they free men from bondage to the priestcraft.

THE ANCIENT OF DAYS

Of height
I am the Pinnacle;
Of depth
The deepness Absolute;
Of width
The wideness Measureless;
Of in
I am, forsooth, the Center;
Of out
The Far Extremity;
Of all dimensions
The Ordaining Power.

—*The Space-Born.*

The Mystery of Time

Human life is a continual struggle against the encroachments of place and the passing of time. Congestion and competition are crushing out the weaker and less fit, while time limits all achievement and is the merciless destroyer of even the great. Time is a humanly devised method of dividing Eternity into hypothetical periods. Having split up duration into an inconceivable multitude of fragments, we fight for these fragments, realizing in a vague sort of way that minutes and hours are the most precious of all things.

Time and not gold is the universal medium of exchange. When we barter and exchange, we buy things with time and sell time that we may buy things. Life flows through time and we sell life that we may gain the wherewithal to buy a little of it back again.

We pay a man so much an hour for his life and activity, nor do we comprehend the magnitude of the transaction. When we buy hours from another man, or even spend our own, we do not realize that the supply of these is limited. The Wheel of Life never turns backward and an instant spent can never be rescued from the infinite past into which it has mingled itself.

We are bound together by that community life which Cicero calls civilization, and this means, primarily, that we must share our most priceless possession—time—with each other. We devote a certain part of life to the common good, to the perpetuation of our more noble institutions, also perhaps investing a little in the future of our world. By conscientious endeavor we earn also a certain measure of freedom. And what is freedom but the possession of certain periods of time in which we may do that which pleases us because we have bought and paid for the moments that we spend?

We are continually advised to save and protect tomorrow by the thrift of today. We are warned that improvidence may leave us so impoverished that we cannot buy the last few years of our lives. All saving,

directly or indirectly, must be a saving of time, and if we were as careful of minutes as we are of dollars, this world would be enriched beyond the possibility of ordinary estimation. Possibly we save dollars because they look so valuable. Nice, round, shiny cart wheels or crisp greenbacks, we delight to be suspected of possessing them. We stack them and we count them, and dream of the privileges which they can confer. The feudal lords of old Europe had armies of serfs and vassals who went forth to accomplish the will of their masters. The landowner of today sends forth his armies of dollars to achieve his purposes. Stamped deeply into the face of each dollar is the likeness of Liberty, and her smile is ever comforting and reassuring. Money is the symbol of temporal permanence. It administers power and privilege. We sense all this and would prudently store a certain part away to sustain us in the winter of advancing years.

On the other hand, minutes are invisible and intangible lapses and, while priceless, few can see any tangible evidence of their value as they hurry by. Yet all the dollars in the world banked together are not strong enough to prevent the passing of a single second. In the third part of King Henry VI, that monarch indulges in the soliloquy which reveals that even kings are powerless against the inevitability of time.

“See the minutes, how they run,
How many make the hour, full, complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.”

It has been said that we are an improvident race, that we waste enough food alone to feed a nation. We may go forth and say that we waste time enough to save a world if the minutes were put to their fullest and noblest purpose.

There is nothing sadder than a man who has saved his money and wasted his minutes. He is rich but, having no time left, there is nothing worth while that his gold can buy. We do not mean to imply longer working hours or a more intensive industrial

program, but rather a fuller use of those priceless moments that fly by us and leave us bankrupt during the very best years of life. One-third of life, or rather of our time, Nature demands as a fee for the maintenance of our physical organism. This is a divine tax which few of us can evade. A man who lives sixty years sleeps away twenty of them, so that none of us really lives as long as we think we do. Of the best years of our lives, society also demands a third part. This is our sacrifice to the great institution which we call Civilization. No man has anything to give but himself, so he gives a third of himself and in compensation for this he is rewarded with the wherewithal by which he may purchase the remaining third of himself for himself. So a man who lives sixty years may own, if he be diligent and efficient, twenty years and this period actually constitutes his real life. Nor are these twenty years given to him in a lump. They are distributed throughout the whole span—a few hours now and a few minutes then. We have struggled for these minutes, we have given the best of our lives and energy that we might be entitled to them, and then, for the most part, we permit them to slip away without taking advantage of the priceless opportunity which they confer.

Someone has said, “Time is money.” Time is more than this. Time is opportunity, and opportunity is a field of potential accomplishment. There can be no fault in Nature for which a heavier penalty is exacted than that of wasting opportunity. Opportunity is the propitious moment in which to accomplish a desired end. It is our moment—we have bought it with life itself and paid for it with the substance of our bones and sinews. Other moments may come out *this one* will never come again.

The height of wisdom is to know the right use of time—how to invest the moments so that they will pay us the highest dividends. Minutes are a medium of exchange on a higher plane. *Dollars* will buy us things; *minutes* will buy us wisdom and immortality.

Men who would grieve deeply over the loss of dollars throw away minutes with a smile. Horace is accredited with having summed up the subject in the following episode. One day he noted a man weeping bitterly. Horace turned to a friend and said: "That man must have lost money—his tears are genuine." Yet to all of us the day of grieving comes, and as the years of life draw to an end, we can all look back to wasted years and lost opportunities.

The New Year is symbolical of a major division of time. It signifies a span far greater than minutes or hours. It offers a magnificent opportunity for a re-statement of the purposes of life and a fuller realization of the responsibilities which opportunity brings. We have wasted much precious time in the year gone by. Time which is well applied would have elevated us spiritually and temporally. In the New Year there is not only time to make money, but through our commercial activities we are going to purchase a certain amount which we can devote to nobler and more permanent ends. In this year we shall have time to right old wrongs and dream new dreams. We can improve ourselves in every part of our being. We shall have periods for the expression of kindness, opportunities for service, and though unsuspected, adequate time for study and reflection, and the refinement of the organism.

At the end of this New Year we can be just as successful in our business world as we were before. We can have that added something which our labor has entitled us to but which most thoughtlessly cast away. Out of work well done in our community obligations, out of the extension of our internal viewpoint by self-improvement, we can come nearer to the realization of happiness than was ever before possible.

A good New Year's resolution would be to use time wisely, to get out of every minute a full sixty seconds. At the same time that we are emptying the minute of its potentialities, we can be filling it with ripe accomplishment, making each minute full of experience, thought, and action. When we accomplish this, we are almost certain of a Happy New Year.



3 L'IMPERATRICE 3

Tarot Symbolism

THE THIRD
NUMBERED
CARD

THE
EMPRESS

Whereas Isis, personifying the Mystery Schools, is the patroness of the second or philosophic birth, bringing souls into the light of truth through an immaculate conception, Nature, the inferior mother, brings forth out of her own abundance the innumerable genera which cover the surface of the earth. Every man is born twice. By the first birth he enters into mortal constitution and draws the fold of his fleshy mantle over the shining face of his inner radiance. Later through addiction to philosophy he is born again into the nobler sphere of reason where he beholds a universe completely hidden from the ignorant and revealed only to such as have followed in the footsteps of wisdom.

The Empress signifies the mystery of the first birth—the lunar chemistry which, through humidity, liberates the solar sperm, thus sounding the creative word that sets the seven builders to their task of up-rearing a house to be the domicile of life.

In the Qabbalah the Empress is Binah, the third globe upon the great Tree of Life. She is the Great Mother receiving into herself the ever-flowing power

of Chochmah, the Father Wisdom. According to certain of the quabbalistic systems, Binah is synonymous with Saturn and gives birth out of herself to the six Elohim or formators of the world. These six, moving upon the face of the Deep, call forth from the darkness the shadowy form of Malkuth, the earth, which is often referred to as the bride of the Heavenly Man. Malkuth consists of the four elements precipitated within a fifth, which is the crystal retort of alchemy.

Because she is the mother of the Elohim and the star-spirits and because also, when reflected into matter, she is the ever fertile earth, the Empress was often depicted in the early Tarot decks as pregnant. In the symbolism of the present card she is depicted as seated to represent that she is an eternal foundation, immutable and immovable. Her red robe signifies those impulses which insure the preservation of the species. Her violet over-robe is the lunar color of æther and reminds the student that impregnation is an ethereal and not a physical mystery.

The Eagle signifies Scorpio, the great hierarchy of celestial influences which are the seat of all physical generation. Her scepter, surmounted by the orb and cross, reveals her sovereignty over the earth which she rules through the laws of polarity. She is crowned with nine stars, the mystic symbol of generation; and the three points of her crown, each double, bear witness to the six sons who have come forth from her to rule the six days of creation. The Empress is winged for she abides in those aerial diffusions which the ancients termed the Azonic sphere. Generation, like the gods, is not limited to time or space but is a principle extending throughout the mundane universe, manifesting spontaneously in all quarters of the world.

Behind the Empress is a magnificent sunburst, for the sun must ever be the power behind generation; and, while the moon is a medium of incarnation, all spirits are derived from the solar light. Therefore, this card reveals that generation bears witness to the incalculable solar splendor and that the mother gives birth not

of herself but by virtue of the solar mystery which is within her. Nature is seated upon a triple throne. The steps are her witnesses, for generation manifests through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdom, man being actually an animal. She is also seated upon a three dimensional sphere, for her creations must exist in dimension and place, so that these qualities become her witnesses. The eyes upon the steps signify that the lower kingdoms are in reality divine hierarchies imprisoned for a little while in material organisms.

We have added to the older symbolism the little shield bisected horizontally, containing within it the triangle and the three dots. This triangle signifies by its position and detail the anatomy of the Great Mother. The base of the triangle rests in the field of matter but its apex rises to the light. This apex represents the summit of generation which is absorbed in the effulgency of the creative light. The two dots below the meridian of darkness are the Pythagorean symbols of the Binary, the hateful number of Chaos, the Yin of the Chinese. Two is the number of the mother because throughout generation two elements are necessary. This polarity destroys the equilibrium which is the potentiality of the monad. The two is declared to be the root of the multitude, even as the one is the prototype of all unity in Nature. Whereas in the sphere of God, one is the most holy number, since enlightenment always exists in terms of unity, in the sphere of Nature two is the most holy number.

The two also bears witness to the divine purpose throughout all the spheres of generation. All that is eternal then exists in the one (the Great Father), while all impermanence such as personalities or bodies exists in the two. The one overshadows the two, and the two is the material foundation of the one. United they become the three, which is the equilibrium of God and Nature, by which dissolution of these elements is suspended until the evolution of generating souls is complete, when the Assumption of the Virgin will take place and the two (the Mother) will be absorbed into the radiance of the Sun.

A Little Study in Hell

A civilization long exasperated by the vituperations of a decadent theology turns desperately from the flagrant errors of ecclesiasticism to what? In the vast assortment of miscellaneous sects and creeds which we call Christendom is there one profound enough in its philosophy, broad enough in its idealism, convincing enough in its premises to satisfy the soul of the more discriminating heretic?

Even the church itself is growing weary of its most sacred privilege—its divine right to usher unbelieving mortals into the various strata of perdition. So now in this late day the gloomy Dean Inge of St. Paul—the first pessimist of the English church—finds the theory of damnation too morbid for even his melancholy nature. Our newspapers tell us that the Rev. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, concurs with Dr. Inge, even going so far as to state that in his opinion the preaching of eternal damnation is more likely to produce atheists than Christians. If his church can offer him nothing more encouraging than hell fire, the average individual may be forgiven if he attempts to work out a better destiny—without benefit of clergy.

In a recent publication some rather relevant paragraphs appear, chosen from the sermons of eminent clerics of past centuries. The Rev. Jeremy Drexel is responsible for the following oratorical flight: "Think of a million involved to the tenth power, a decillion of years. All these centuries are as a second of time in the sufferance of the damned. * * * If a hope of an end of hell's torment in this period were given to the damned they would be much consoled thereby. How joyful would they be! But there is no such hope." The Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the genial president of Princeton, had a happy thought: "After you shall have worn out the age of the sun, moon and stars in your dolorous groans and lamentations, without rest day and night, or one minute's ease, you shall yet have no hope of ever being delivered. * * * Your bodies, which shall have been burning all this while in those glowing

flames, shall not have been consumed, but shall remain to roast through eternity. * * * Parents will see their children, children their parents, wives their husbands, and husbands their wives, in ineffable agony, and prize their own felicity the more." The Rev. Christopher Love, whose name belied his tenets, also had some consoling thoughts: "It is certain that the greatest multitude of men shall be damned; for nineteen parts of the world—which geographers have divided into thirty-one—are possessed, at this day, by Turks and Jews, whose doom it is to be tormented in hell forever." The Rev. Justus Schottel was inspired to dissertate on the details of damnation after this manner: "After being buried in fire for a hundred years on the right side, the wicked will lie for a thousand on their left, and then twenty thousand on their back, and again one hundred thousand on their belly." Thus the phosphorescent qualities of Deity described by the old philosophers were conveniently restated as brimstone and sulphur to quicken the piety of the laity.

If the religion of our ancestors is failing from the earth, has it not dug its own grave by such doctrines as those of hell fire and damnation? If its own misguided zeal has destroyed it, are not these heartless doctrines the measure of its failure? If the doctrine of hell was not part of primitive Christianity, what perverted mind burdened humanity with this damnable belief? Is there any substance behind these theological shadows which humanity has propitiated so long? Is the whole body of religion, like the doctrine of perdition, simply a fabrication of human imagination, or is there a nobler element underneath it all so diluted by dogma that its original substance is unrecognizable?

What manner of man is the religious iconoclast? Is he innately vicious or has his faith been corroded by the acid of disillusionment? Is he really one who *will* not believe or rather a poor suffering mortal who simply *cannot* believe? Usually he is the latter. His credulity has been overtaxed so badly that he arms himself with an impervious cynicism against the outrages upon reason which theology so persistently inflicts.

We sorely oppress each other and our Gods oppress us all. Human despotism is bad enough, but when our tutelaries turn tyrannical and heaven offers us no respite from injustice or cessation from misery, there can be but one result. From the consequent despair arises hopelessness, then indifference and callousness, and finally the individual descends from the barbaric to the savage state, and whatever ethical influence theology might exert is brought to nothing.

At this most distressing time the reactionaries still insist upon following the example of Æsop's dog in the manger. The old-time religion is adamant in its resolve to either live or die as it is—but to change, never! Of course the end is inevitable. In a universe of motion nothing can stand still. If creatures refuse to move while they are alive, Nature will scatter their bones after they are dead. The learned doctors of divinity, noting the fluttering pulse of the congregation are making valiant efforts to diagnose the malady, for the most part purposely and studiously avoiding the actual reasons, however. It requires a man with the courage of Dean Inge to point out simply and clearly the true cause of the condition.

The solution of the dilemma is quite simple and almost amazingly orthodox. Religion is a matter of interpretation and humanity has outgrown the interpretation expounded by Jonathan Edwards. Last year's hat is out of style—Dame Fashion has decreed a new mode. Milady would not dare to promenade the streets of today in her great-grandmother's clothes, but she still cherishes a moth-eaten religious code that passed into the limbo of mental disreputability shortly subsequent to the flood. Antiquated garments are demode and must be cast aside; but antiquated notions, many of them malicious, must be defended and this defense gives an opportunity to glorify morbidly patriotic sentiments.

We said that religion is an interpretation. What, then, is the substance of the doctrine? Was there, is there an original revelation, one enduring reality behind or beneath this endless metamorphosis of ideas? Is there wisdom underneath this foolishness or does

the foolishness extend all the way to the foundation? If there is fact under all this fancy, we need it now. If there be any spiritual code, ethical code or moral code sufficiently powerful to check man's headlong plunge into the oblivion of materiality, this would be a most opportune moment for its rediscovery.

Humanity has sown a whirlwind and the reaping time is at hand. Men sent forth their greed to the achievement of their selfish purposes and now the conqueror returns, master over his own creator. Religion descended from the high pinnacle of aloofness where it had maintained itself in classical ages and mixed with the rabble in the market place. Having committed itself to the great industry of exploiting human gullibility and having tasted of and become intoxicated with the wine of temporal power, the doom of theology was sealed. But the day of retribution is at hand. Exploited humanity has reached the point where it begins to sense the perfidy of those theologians who have victimized the poor in spirit for centuries.

Can we blame short-sighted mortals if they be unable to discriminate between the gods above and the self-appointed ministers of these gods below? The atheist has turned not so much against God as against a mortal concept of God and the infallibility of God's "witnesses" upon the earth. Do we not all sometimes feel as Mohammed felt when beholding the idolatry in Mecca he retired into the Cave of Light upon the high side of Mt. Hira and prayed through the night that the eternal Father would reveal to him the primitive religion, the pure faith as it was before men defiled it and perverted its teachings to their own interests?

In this age agnosticism or atheism is a necessary stage through which the human reason passes in its flight from theology to philosophy. Having achieved to philosophy, the soul discovers the security that it has desired so long. Through reason man discovers a God which is a stranger to the foibles of theology. Thus, in the words of Francis Bacon—depth of thinking brings the mind back again to God—not the God of damnation but the God of infinite wisdom and truth.



Christmas A WOR Radio Talk

From the remote periods the illustrious pagans celebrated the 25th of December or, as the Latins called it, the 8th day before the Kalends of January, as the most sacred day of the year. Turtullian, Jerome, and several other distinguished fathers of the early church have written that upon this holy day and the night that preceded it the Gentiles in all parts of the world celebrated the annual birth of the Solar God. At least one ante-Nicean bishop went so far as to affirm that the mysteries of this light-child under the name of *Adonis* were performed in the same cavern or grotto in which Jesus himself was born. Godfrey Higgins writes that in the first moments after midnight of the 24th day of December all the peoples of the earth by common consent celebrated the birth of the god Sol—the hope and promise of all nations and the Saviour of mankind. The learned Roman Catholic, Father Lundy, has carefully examined the evidence preserved to us in ancient works and monuments, and in his work, *Monumental Christianity*, describes at some length the pre-Christian celebration of the annual birth of the Redeemer and admits unhesitatingly that the advent of an annual solar Preserver was marked with appropriate festivities at the period of the winter solstice by several ancient peoples.

In far off Carthay, the Chinese celebrated with elaborate and appropriate rituals the birth of the annular Lord, and the feast of the Happy New Year. The Hindus, with their profound knowledge of Vedic astronomy, also realized the peculiar significance of this occasion. In Egypt the priest of the victorious hawk

declared that Osiris, the black god of the Nile, was born upon Christmas Eve. At the moment of the incarnation of Osiris, Plutarch informs us, a voice from heaven pronounced the words—"On this day was born the supreme Lord of the Universe, the beneficent King Osiris" The initiated Greeks also revered this holy time, for on Christmas Eve at Sabazius, Bacchus, the Sun Savior, was born. At this same season the sons of Romulus and Remus were expressing their rejoicings at Rome by the Feast of Brumalia which was given in honor of the birth of the God of Day which the Latins termed the *Natalis Solis Invicti*. To the Persian Zoroastrians the night of the 24th of December was denominated the Night of Light for it was then that the young god Mithras, shattering the great black rock which had concealed him, came forth to achieve the regeneration of mankind and the salvation of the world. In their dark groves the Druids of Britain and Gaul, having calculated the exact time of the solstice, were celebrating the escape of Light from the dark coils of the Serpent of Evil.

From all these accounts it can be easily understood why, during the Pontificate of Leo I, certain fathers of the church said: "What rendered the festival of Christmas venerable was less the birth of Christ than the return, and, as they expressed it, the new birth of the Sun." (See the 21st sermon of Leo on the Nativity of Christ.)

Throughout all ages, then, Christmas has been a most sacred period, revered by all men, and reserved as a time of rejoicing and universal thanksgiving for the supreme boon of Light. During the fall months—in fact, the whole period from the summer solstice—the great orb of day moves slowly southward, gradually depriving the Northern Hemisphere of its warmth and producing the phenomenon of winter. Their crops destroyed and vegetation banished from the face of the Northern Hemisphere by the cold, ancient peoples saw in this seasonal decline of the solar fire the great God of the Sun globe marching to his destruction, descending into the abode of darkness—

the mysterious South Pole of the Hindus, where the Asuras or Princes of Hell wait with terrible weapons to destroy the body of the Light God. As you are aware, our word *hell* is derived from the Scandinavian, and among these northern peoples hell was the land of cold and darkness ruled over by a great gloomy spirit that resembled a block of ice. As winter approached, then, the Sun (the Father of the Gods) descended into the underworld or the grave, there to remain for three symbolic days—in reality months—before he finally escaped from the darkness, and, reborn, began on the 25th day of December his victorious march north with its attendant increase of light and strength.

Ascending the broad path of the year in his mighty circumbulation, the Sun Man was fought by the darkness, the mythical King Herod who attempted in every possible way to prevent the victory of heat over cold, of light over darkness. But the young God escapes all his enemies and finally, at the vernal equinox, proclaims his victory over them—which victory was celebrated by the ceremonial of Easter, the true escape of the Solar spirit from the darkness of the underworld or the tomb. In those ages, when the vernal equinox actually took place in Aries, the ancients worshipped the Sun under the form of the constellation in which his victory over death was consummated. Thus, thousands of years ago, at the celebration of the vernal equinox, the pagans greeted what the Emperor Julian calls the Sovereign Sun with the glad words—"All hail! Lamb of God! which taketh away the sin of the world!" In this glad season which we call spring all Nature prepares herself to welcome the coming of her Lord. The young grass forces its way up through the dark earth, the trees robe themselves in the bright foliage of spring, all life is quickened, and the barrenness of winter is slowly transformed into the fertility of spring. Thus the world, adorned as a bride, comes forth to meet her liege, the golden-haired Sun Man of the sky. All this was anticipated by the star-gazing Magi while they watched for that awesome moment when they knew that the

Sun Man had reached the most distant part of his orbit, there to hesitate for three days, and then to begin his glorious march up the broad avenue of the stars.

This whole solar allegory is perpetuated in the myth of Apollo and Python, for the Great Serpent with which the Sun God wages war is that awful adversary who lies coiled at the South Pole waiting to devour the Sun. The arrows of Apollo are his solar rays with which he strikes the hideous darkness and, after slaying the cruel winter with his bolts of light, stands back of the dead serpent, to become the object of adoration of his priestcraft.

In the Jewish interpretation of the myth, we find that the poor, tired Sun (as the Greeks were wont to call him) becomes Samson and brings down the house of the Philistines, so that the old year and its conspirators die together. At the same instant that the old sun dies, the new sun is born—"The King is dead. Long live the King!" As the first ray of the new light breaks through the darkness, Satan retires, baffled and defeated. The new Sun God in its swaddling clothes, with all its hopes and all its fears, lies in the manger of the year surrounded by the twelve heavenly beasts.

In order to depict the infant state of the Sun, the Greeks declared that the divine babe had but one tiny hair upon the top of his head, signifying thereby the first feeble ray of the returning orb. Through this symbolism the ancients attempted to describe the entrance of the Sun into the constellation of Capricorn, is the old man whom we call Father Time, whose great scythe reaps in the harvests of the ages. He also signifies death, for the sands of his hour-glass are nearly run. Very often he is depicted accompanied by a little child. This babe is the New Year and the custom of depicting it in this way is derived from the opinions of the early Greeks who celebrated simultaneously both the death of the old and the birth of the new year.

In this age of intensive individualism, when each is so absorbed in his own affairs, the *imminent* is given precedence over the *eminent*. Our own little personal equations assume such vast proportions that we have

forgotten to be thankful for the earth with its harvests and the firmament with its twinkling stars. We no longer open our hearts to the little Sun God who is born among us at the beginning of each new year. But even in this sophisticated age we are equally indebted to the sun, for above all things its life and light are necessary to existence. To the ancients, Christmas was a spontaneous expression of gratitude for the privilege of life. Today Christmas has become little more than a habit. We celebrate it because we always have celebrated it, but the symbols have lost their true significance. We are utterly dependent upon the physical light for warmth and protection as well as vitality to our bodies. That intellectual light which illumines the mind with reason, renders us capable of intelligence and thought. The light of the soul enables us to know beauty, harmony and those profound mysteries of æsthetics without which no civilization is secure; and the spiritual light (evidenced by the presence within us of the luminous star of hope) leads us to the realization of the omnipresence of eternal good.

To the pagans, Christmas represented the restatement of all of these beautiful ideals. Among the Romans, it was customary upon that day for free men to exchange their garments and their burdens with slaves. All inequality and perversity were presumed to be at an end; for all creatures of every station participated to some extent in the solar bounty and, forgetting the intervals of rank or opinion, gathered upon that festive day to pay homage to the one source of all. The Virgin of the year had given birth to her child, the agony of suspense and despair had passed, the eternal promise had again been fulfilled. Darkness was not to prevail, and all men were to have another year in which to acquire truth and immortality. So the little Sun-child becomes the eternal Santa Claus, for he brings to every man *Future*, the gift of a new span of existence, a new possibility of accomplishment.



Zodiakos

The Circle of Holy Animals

(Continued)

VIRGO

The constellation of Virgo introduces a new element in zodiacal symbolism. Like the preceding signs, two definite and almost opposing doctrines are concealed within the single figure. This constellation of stars is supposed to have the rough form of a female figure carrying a sheaf of grain in one arm. Virgo, the World Virgin, represents the beginning of harvest and is one of the zodiacal symbols of abundance. On the other hand, being the house of the Sun's decreasing light, she is employed (as the legend of Samson and Delilah) to signify the temptress, who lures the Solar Man from his path of power, and, cutting off his rays, causes him to lose his strength. Virgo is the throne of the planet Mercury and in this respect becomes the symbol of a divine scheming. Life to a great degree is a continual plotting towards some rather indefinite end. We know that in antiquity the figure of the Virgin was continually employed to signify the Mystery Schools. While the fact remains unsuspected by the majority, even the modern Masonic Order is essentially a feminine institution. The thought is well expressed in an ancient Egyptian tablet where Isis is described as the Mother of the Mysteries. The secrets of regeneration, as has been previously indicated, were always concealed in Egypt and Persia under the more natural symbols of generation. The adept, or initiate, was born by an Immaculate Conception, being the progeny of the Mysteries. While a feminine sign, Virgo is the throne of an essentially masculine potency, and Mercury (or Hermes) is the Lord or Keeper of the House of Wisdom. Consequently, to the profane, Virgo was symbolic of autumnal abundance, and also of the various institutions erected by mankind and controlled by what we may

please to term the human intellect. The latter institutions ultimately overthrow civilization; for, tempted by power, the mind forgets the origin of its own creations and by ascribing a divine origin to its own conclusions, falls into the snare of the temptress.

In the Mysteries, however, Virgo becomes the house or body of wisdom, symbolic of the negative pole or vehicle of Hermes, the mind. To the human mind, the body must always be negative and hence symbolically feminine. To Virgo, therefore, the hierophants ascribed the key to the rebirth of the soul through the Secret Doctrine. This Secret Doctrine itself then becomes the principle for which Virgo stands. Here also is the weeping virgin of Masonic symbolism—Isis, the Widow, who, gathering up the parts of the dismembered Osiris, in this way collected the fragments of the Secret Doctrine. In Freemasonry, the widow's sons are the initiates and Virgo is herself Freemasonry left widowed by the murder of the Builder.

As stated before, Mercury is the symbol of scheming. To the profane, scheming implies the plotting whereby men deprive each other of their common goods. In the Mysteries, however, scheming signifies the conclave of the wise in which those who have beheld the truth plot and scheme together not to a nefarious end but that they may discover some method by which wisdom—which is the common goods of the elect—may be safely distributed among all men to the glorification of the Creator and the resurrection of the martyred Builder. The profane scheme how they may take; the wise, how they may give.



Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

Of The All Seeing Eye, published monthly at Los Angeles, Calif., for October 1, 1930.
State of California, County of Los Angeles, ss:

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mary S. Young, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of The All Seeing Eye, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Manly P. Hall, 944 West 20th St., Los Angeles, California.

Editor: M. M. Saxton, 847 S. Grand Ave., Room 301, Los Angeles, California.

Managing Editor: Mary S. Young, 944 West 20th St., Los Angeles, California.

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MARY S. YOUNG.

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of December, 1930.

(SEAL)

N. A. McCARTNEY.

Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.
(My commission expires August 12, 1934.)