

Mythology and the Bible

BY CORINNE S. DUNKLEE

IN ALL THE loveliness of their practical imagery the Greeks have described the creation of the universe, the changing of the seasons, and the origin and fall of man. They believed that the gods dwelt upon the summit of their sacred mountain, Olympus, in a veritable heaven world where all was peace and harmony, and where their food was ambrosia and their drink nectar, which conferred upon them the gift of eternal life.

Throughout all Greece many great temples and beautiful shrines were built in honor of the gods and goddesses. There are large numbers of places in Greece each of which is hallowed by some wonderful legend. Lovely legends were also woven about the constellations in the heavens so that even at the present time the study of mythology should include also a study of the stars.

The names of the gods and goddesses were given to the five planets then known, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury. They said, in their practical way of expressing things that each star sounded a musical note, a deep tone for the slow-moving bodies and a high note for the swifter ones. These tones all mingled from the myriad stars into one vast harmony, the age-long music of the spheres. But this celestial song was enjoyed only by the gods. No mortal had ears attuned to hear it.

In the beginning, the Greeks said, the world was a place of love and beauty and happiness. Its inhabitants lived joyous lives in a land of perpetual summer, that produced flowers and fruits that never faded nor were subject to decay. This was called the Golden Age, and corresponds to the Biblical description of the fair Garden of Eden, the early

home of man, who was made in the image and likeness of God.

The Golden Age, according to the Greeks, was followed by the Silver Age, which brought a change of seasons, and the "wings of the wind were clogged with ice and snow." This symbolizes the time of the fall of man into "coats of skin," namely, physical bodies, and brought the mandate of Jehovah: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn bread."

This age was succeeded by the Brazen Age, which Ovid in his "Metamorphoses" describes as a "warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage." He depicts the condition of humanity as



ON MT. OLYMPUS

symbolized by Nimrod. This is symbolized in the Bible as the Tower of Babel.

Later came the Iron Age when, according to Ovid, landmarks were set up "limiting to each his right." "And, not satisfied with the blessings of earth, man eagerly rummaged beneath the soil for

the precious ore which the gods had wisely hidden next to Tartarus." Here we find man falling completely under the sway of the Lucifer spirits. The sons of God were wedded to the daughters of men, and black magic in all its varied forms flourished upon the earth.

The rebellious people of the Iron Age, according to Greek mythology were destroyed by Jupiter through a great flood, and a new race was created to take their place. This of course is the

parallel of our own Biblical Flood story. And in the Grecian, Ducalivn and his wife, Phyrrah, the only man and woman left upon the earth as the waters of the flood receded, we have the Noah and his wife of the Old Testament; and esoterically the pioneers of the new Fifth Root Race, for Noah and his wife, as in the case of Adam and Eve, do not describe a single man and woman, but are generic terms representing the pioneers of a new race.

A Vision of a Former Life

BY ISABEL AMBLER GILMAN

IN THE 28th day of August, 1913, I stood on the tiny wharf at Seldovia, Cook's Inlet, Alaska, whither I had gone to teach school for Uncle Sam, and twirled a large hat pin reflectively as I proceeded to pin a flimsy straw hat to the knot of hair on my crown. All my life, or at least as far back as I could then remember—about forty-five years—I had been obsessed by fear of sharp-pointed instruments—carving knives, steels, scissors, hat pins. It had been my regular habit to slip them into a drawer or put them safely out of sight before going to sleep at night. And if by any chance I forgot to do it, an inner voice called my attention to the fact. Of course it was absurd, but argue with myself as I would it always ended by my getting out of bed and putting the things out of sight before sleep would come. In earlier years I had sought the aid of the far-away "schoolmaster of the heavens" whom my people called God, but without avail. Praying, imploring, beseeching brought no relief from this fear to me. Always at night I seemed to be conscious of a dim, shadowy form beside my bed and a bright steel point moving toward my

heart. In later years my husband ridiculed my fears. But after he was asleep I always obeyed the impulse to cover the offending instrument.

People called me brave because I had spent three long lonely winters in the far Northland, one of them alone in an Eskimo village on the Behring Sea coast. But the "ice-walled silence of the Nushagak" had no terror for me compared to the sight of a sharp-pointed instrument at dusk.

"There must be a reason for this," I had often declared when the cold chills were gripping my spine. And that day as I stood on the wharf at Seldovia fingering the hat pin, I added, "There is a reason, and I have a *right* to know it. *I demand understanding.*"

A woman came toward me, another middle-aged teacher, carrying a suitcase and a book. She was waiting for a small boat to carry her farther up the Inlet.

"I'm going in to make ten thousand dollars," she said confidently, and tapped the book significantly as she spoke.

We both smiled. Money was scarce enough in that dreary waste. Nevertheless I wanted knowledge more than dol-