

The Great Pyramid Un'er War Regulations.

By William D. McCrackan, C.S.B., Historian of Switzerland, Lecturer, and Editor.

Article No. 3.

Once more I hear the shrill triumphant cry of the swooping hawk, the clatter of brass cups from the vendor of cool drinks, the Arab chatter in the streets—this is Egypt after ten years, Egypt in summer without tourists, without Cook's tours to the pyramid or up the Nile. But the flies are here, the fertile dust, the strange soft caress of the sun penetrating the dry air. The Nile is rising, the cotton is in bloom and the maize waves its tassels to the breeze.

They are playing polo as usual at the Gezira Sporting Club in Cairo and drinking tea at little tables under the glory of the declining sun, these imperturbable English, because they find it a good thing to keep up home habits while they take up the white man's burden in outlandish places. What they have poured out in blood and treasure to preserve human rights and make him keep their word is unbelievable, and they have the right to demand that those who plotted against liberty in the hour of the world's extremity shall be kept on probation until they have proved themselves worthy of trust. An unrepentant Germany is working with an unrepentant Ismael-Esau to rob Anglo-Israel of the fruits of victory, and is plotting commercial war since the military one failed.

When the world wakes up presently to discover the identity of the so-called "lost" ten tribes of Israel and the descendants of Esau, it will understand at last the full significance of Germany's alliance with the Turk.

The great war has not affected the Mokattam Hills nor that noble monument constructed out of the quarries in those hills, the silent, severe Pyramid which has not budged one inch, though Turco-German guns shook the sands of the desert of Sinai across the Suez Canal.

The Pyramid does not belong to the clan of Ismael-Esau, the robber hand which planned a world dominion, I doubt whether the Pyramid ever took any notice of the Napoleonic hosts more than a century ago who fought the Mameluks, even though the little general spoke his dramatic speech about the twenty centuries looking down upon his soldiers; but I like to think the Pyramid looked down with favor upon the hundred thousand Australians and other troops of Anglo-Israel which encamped round about that square base, for they were the kith and kin by prophecy with the builder of the spiritual Pyramid.

To-day's ignorance about the great Pyramid of Gizeh, and all it undoubtedly stands for, is astonishing considering the wealth of books that have been written on the subject. Let no one call the Great Pyramid a tomb and leave it there. It is a record of human history told off in inches that stand for centuries. To the untrained eye it looks like a senseless mass of stone, stripped of its once smooth covering and so exposing the enormous blocks that are its bones.

But the builder oriented his monument with better exactness and more

BRINGING UP FATHER



"SAY, AREN'T THE NIGHTS LONG ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU SLEEPIN' ALL DAY?"



"STOP THAT NOISE! TAKE SOME BIRD SEED FOR THAT WHEN YOU GET HOME."



"WHAT'S THE MATTER? I AIN'T DOIN' NOTHIN'."

"I KNOW YOU'RE NOT. GO FIND SOMETHING TO DO!"



"GEE! DO I HAVE TO FIND IT AN' DO IT TOO?"

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knowledge than modern science can achieve, placing it with careful reference to the sun, the Polar star, the days, the years, and centuries, displaying precise acquaintance with that law known as the procession of the equinoxes that modern scientists at first supposed themselves the first to learn.

The Pyramid's interior passages are pages of human history carved on imperishable granite brought from four hundred miles away up the Nile. So the Great Pyramid is not the abode of death, but of life; it is very much alive today—a living monument. It enfolds in its massive lines the past, the present and the future. Fear it not, but love it as you do the Good Book, for when understood it is as much a part of the permanent record of the race as is the Bible, to be apprehended by them that have ears to hear and eyes to see, and hidden and sealed to others until the end of time. It is only permissible to break the seal as far as one's understanding goes.

Just now another Turco-German intrigue has caused the tram from Cairo to the Pyramid to stop running. There is a political strike on; but one still has the choice of four means to make the pilgrimage—afloat, astride the tripping dorkie, by horse carriage or by motor car. I chose the last way, liking to feel myself more favored as to speed and comfort than ever the proudest Pharaoh who went that way before me; and presently I stand at the foot of the stone triangle that has taught how to square the circle during four thousand years, while the mathematicians wrangled, gazing upward and beyond into the still blue of the Egyptian sky. Ten years ago I climbed to the top—jerked up by the arms of the iron-limbed Arabs, with my every sinew protesting against the violence; but this time I propose to visit the interior.

What of the individual who conceived this final monument? Profane history makes him an ambitious, greedy monarch. Legend, however, connects him with the prophet Job and even with Melchisedech. Spiritual intuition has revealed him as a man with vision. He looked forward. He prophesied; and he clothed his prophecy in an enduring form. In gratitude to him I call on all mankind to hear his message as he breaks the seal of his

long silence. Filled thus with gratitude to the great seer one is not disturbed by the chatter of the Algerian Arabs, try though they do to destroy the charm of this experience with their strident greed. They are styled the guardians of the Pyramid, but that is only a veil to hide the real proprietorship which resides in Anglo-Israel. As I enter the silent passage into the interior, I know my right and claim it. We from the great broad continent of America are coheirs with the men and women from the islands of the seas, inheritors of the Pyramid. This is why the soldiers from under the Southern Cross joined their comrades from all over the British Empire in the defense of the Pyramid against the Turco-German robber bands. Would that America had been awake to lay its tented hosts at the same hour beneath the shadow of the Pyramid! Yet the hour will come. It is written in the Pyramid itself and in the stars when Anglo-Israel will unite its battle plan for the millennial day.

The interior of the Pyramid is cool; the air clear. There is no need to shrink in the half-light, for it is a kindly interior, affectionate in its purpose to forestall the victory of good over evil, the stability of right. Here is the King's Chamber, so-called, but it was never a monarch's resting place, its measurements are apolitical, axiomatic, eternal; they mean facts which never vary. They express that which was, and is, and is to be. What are these facts? Study and learn. They are not written in the books of the wise in this world's wisdom, but are set forth by those who have been accounted foolish among men.

Here, too, is the Queen's Chamber, so called; but no earthly queen was ever buried there. The message of the chamber is about some true woman, real and free who knows the origin of man to be in God, and gives her secret to the world for the saving of the world; some woman who knows that a male world is a world of war, ruthlessness, of Turco-German marauding, of cannon and sword, of spear and high explosive. The message of the Queen's Chamber has not yet been heard by the world. It is too radical as yet, too upsetting to the world's

codes and classes; too inspirational for the ecclesiastically minded; too spiritual for those who worship matter. But there are those who are ready for this message.

Is this all? Just two chambers? No, there is another, midway between the King's Chamber and the capst one of the Pyramid, not yet discovered and disclosed to human gaze, but thus nevertheless, for the chips of a more decorative stone than lime or granite, left by the builders, have been found among the heaps outside. Its message is one of the final glory of human experience; and there are those who are ready now to hear and obey, and thus to rejoice supremely over the truth of the Third Chamber. They are those who have been willing to descend to the bottom of the lowest passage of the interior of the Pyramid, one which is rarely visited. They are those, that is to say, who go down in their own estimation until they can say "Of mine own self I can do nothing," and so are learning the difficult lesson of complete obedience. They it is who will manifest the qualities of man by passing through the King's Chamber, and the qualities of woman as outlined in the Queen's Chamber, and thus reach the perfection of the Little Child, the Lamb, in the Third Chamber, the innocence, the guilelessness of true love beautified by understanding, glorified by the radiance of Life, Truth and Love. That is the message of the Pyramid of Gizeh, that has born its faithful witness for four thousand years.

Outside the sun is setting and the moon rising. A star twinkles knowingly over the shoulder of the Pyramid, the same star which Abraham saw, and Moses, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Joseph and Mary and little Jesus. Close by the Sphinx faces east with its broken nose, the symbol of obsolete worship; but the star shines for the real purpose of the race, the ideal of perfect man, complete, full rounded, strong and just, clear and steadfast, merciful and loving, such a guiding star as the wise men followed when they were led to the cradle of perfection made flesh.

The jabbering Arabs with their grunting camels slowly wend their way to their home village in the plain, and the quick night of the east settles on the Nile valley; but up above, the kindly Pyramid, enigmatical to the unbelieving, but confidential to the meek, stands in the starlight unmoved as truth, perpetual as life eternal. (Copyright, 1919, by William D. McCrackan.)

Pieton Church Campaign. Bloomfield, Dec. 11.—Beginning Monday and continuing up to Dec. 15th, the Pieton district of the Methodist church is in the throes of a great national campaign movement with meetings at Milford, Cherry Valley, Conesoc, Cressy, Hallowell, Ameliasburg, Rednersville, Demersville, Northport, Bloomfield, Wellington and Pieton. Besides the resident clergymen and district executive, Rev. R. A. Whatham, Bay Quinte conference organizer, is assisting.

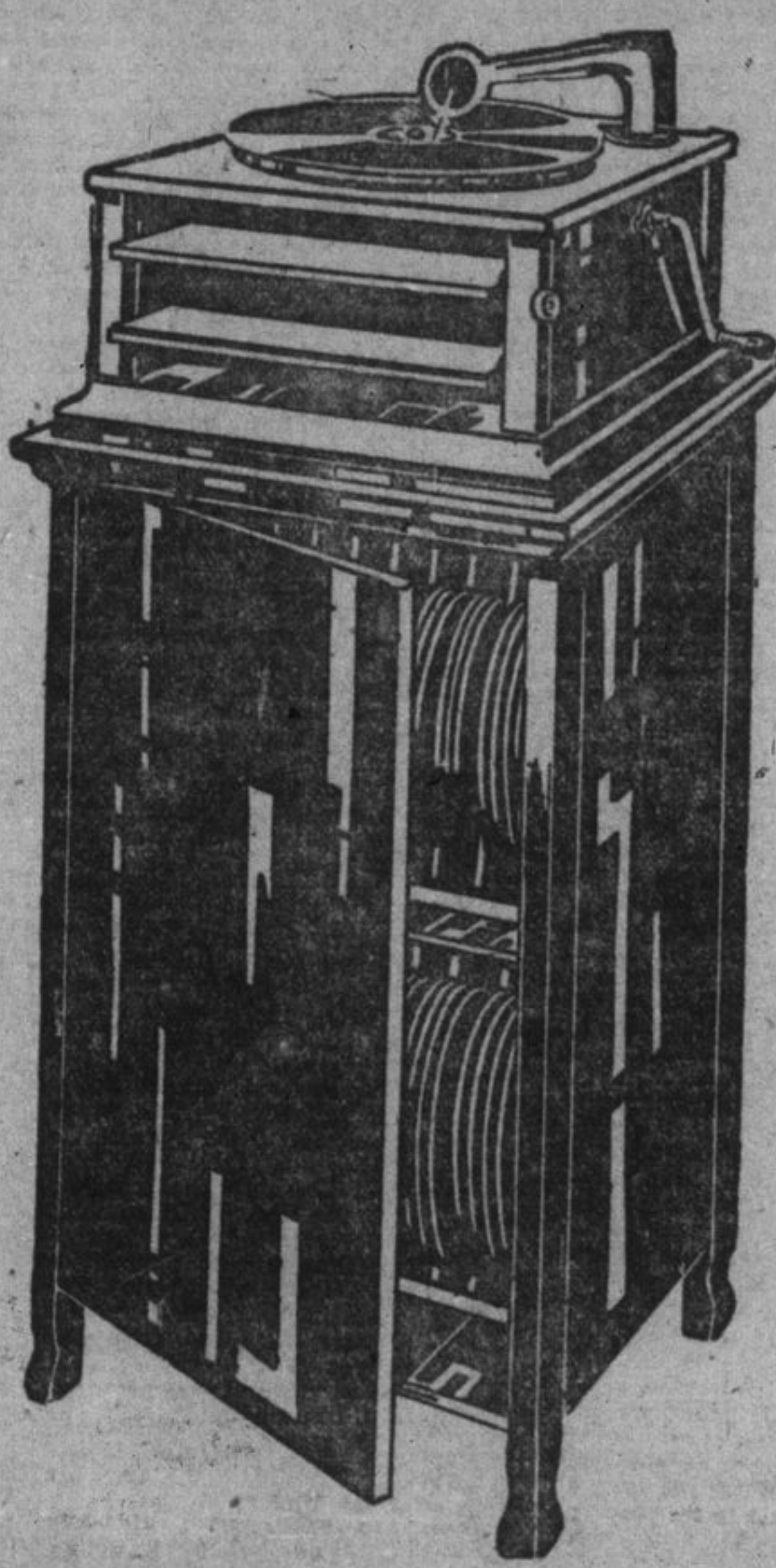


"I Am Glad to See You Pass Back, My Boy"

"WELL, I'm hungry." "Good. It is a long time since I knew you to be hungry, unless it was for candy or some fancy dishes." "Guess you are right, Dad." "And what makes you so hungry?" "I don't know, unless it is the Dr. Chase's Nerve Food mother is giving me." "Something is making you look better, anyway; you have more color and seem to have more snap about you. Have you been weighed lately?" "Yes, I have gained six pounds since I began taking the Nerve Food. Mother weighs me every week." "That is fine. Now I hope you will be able to do better at school. I would like to see you at the head of your class or near it. I guess you did not have a fair chance before. You were half starved and we did not know it." "That was no fault of yours, Dad." "Perhaps not, in a way, for there was always plenty to eat, but the trouble was we did not see that you got what was good for you, and you got away under weight." "One thing certain, I am feeling a lot

better now, so I guess it must be from using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food." "Yes, we shall give the Nerve Food credit for doing a whole lot, for I am sure you would never have gained up so quickly without it." "Who told you about it, Dad?" "I read in the paper that one boy in every three was under weight from malnutrition, and that was why so many boys were nervous, irritable and backward at school. Then I began to think about you and decided that you were not having a fair chance." "You will not need to worry about me any more." "No, I hope not, and I am going to warn other people of the risk they are running of having their children becoming physical and nervous wrecks for lack of proper nourishment. You had better go out and get some fresh air now before dark." In order to be sure of getting the genuine Dr. Chase's Nerve Food it is only necessary to see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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