





REMPYOT  
M. A. 2

THE SPHINX  
UNVEILED

*By the same Author*

CHRIST AND A MAD WORLD  
MOCKERS AT BIBLICAL PROPHECY  
HOW TO BE HAPPY THO' LIVING  
THE LAST AND NEXT WAR  
RUPERT LIVES  
HOW I CURED MYSELF BY FASTING  
HEALTH FOR EVERYBODY, etc.

# THE SPHINX UNVEILED

*By*

WALTER WYNN



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DEDICATED TO  
MY DEAR FRIENDS  
MR. AND MRS. CHARLES WM. FULTON AND IAN, THEIR SON,  
OF THE GLEN, PAISLEY,  
WITH MANY HAPPY MEMORIES.



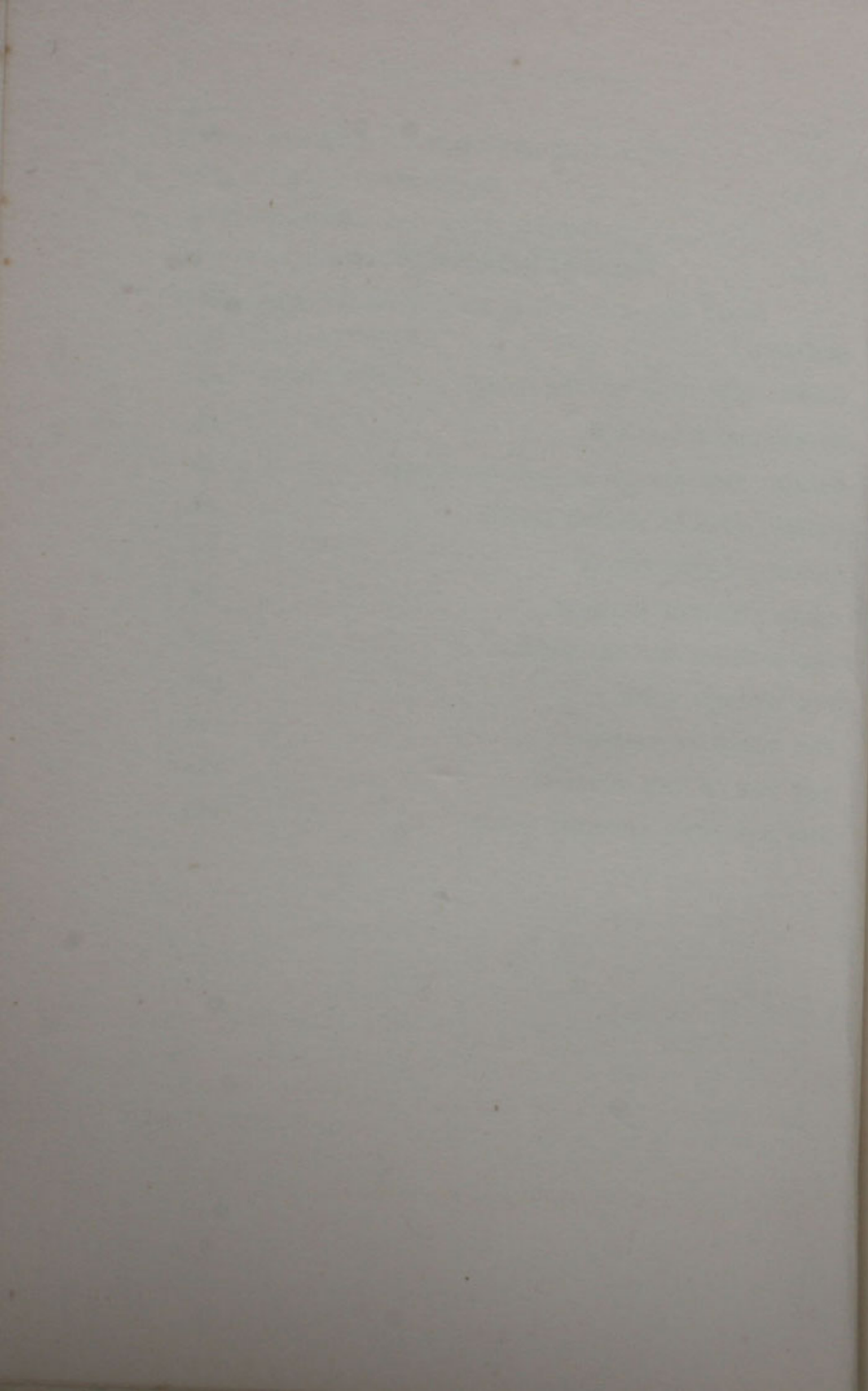
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# THE SPHINX UNVEILED

## *Chapter One*

### QUESTIONS

To fulfil a promise; to realise a dream; to solve problems; to answer great questions; and to write a book giving the answer to the questions—this was why I went to the Great Pyramid and Palestine. Not as a vacant-minded, pleasure-seeking tourist, but a student in earnest, bent on seeing certain things in dispute, I made my way to the Sphinx in the Egyptian desert.

Would a little ordinary common sense aid one on the spot to unveil the mystical face of the Sphinx, and decide whether the Great Pyramid was a Tomb or something else? The charge that the prophetic interpretation of the marvellous structure was an "obsession," and that the belief in Jesus Christ as a Person Who once lived in Palestine was the result of an ancient Solar Myth, did not fail to irritate many devout minds, to whom the Divine Message of the Great Pyramid, and the Person of our Lord are intimately related. Was our New Testament made up of literary forgeries of the fourth century? Assuming that the Pyramid was a Prophecy of the Christ in His relation to the unfolding of six thousand years of the

world's history, was "the border of the land of Egypt" the best place on which to build it? Was Palestine suitable for the Birth of Jesus, claiming as He did to be the "Son of God," Who had left Another World in order to save this one? Did indisputable evidences exist that Jesus was born in a stable in Bethlehem, taken into Egypt, lived in a place called Nazareth, travelled through Palestine, and was crucified in Jerusalem? Are the records in the New Testament true to fact, or products of the literary imagination?

Much of the literature of the Rationalist Free Press supplies the English democracy with sceptical hypotheses. German and English Higher Critics have laboured hard to support Matthew Arnold's contention that St. John's Gospel, for instance, was "evidently sermonic." As to the Great Pyramid, it was only a Tomb, according to Sir Flinders Petrie, "built on a different principle of construction from all the other pyramids." This verdict is given in a letter from Sir Flinders to the present writer. Hence Smythe, Davidson, and other investigators must be all wrong. "It was a tomb," Professor Peet told the world recently. Would a visit by one who applied ordinary sense to the problem help to solve it? Could anything be actually seen in Palestine that would make vivid and clear the New Testament story? Had my sermons for forty years been based on historic and verifiable Truth, or on a Solar Myth; on Superstition, or Historical Veracity? Amid the bombardments made by the Higher Critics, the Bible itself was fast becoming a veiled Sphinx to the modern mind. Could the truth of things be ascertained?

If the Great Pyramid proved to be a Tomb, I would



return and acknowledge many fulfilled prophecies based on its measurements to be mere coincidences. The marvellous geometrical and astronomical facts of this "Pillar in the land of Egypt" were accidents in the construction of it, unknown and unintended by the builder. If Palestine contained no actual proofs that the New Testament account of Jesus was authentic and real, I would leave the ministry and denounce Christian Missions in foreign lands. Honest men cannot proclaim Solar Myths and contradictory forgeries of the fourth century. But what might an actual visit to Gizeh and Jerusalem do? Would it unveil the face of things? Would the Sphinx speak to anyone who had ears to hear?

It was with such thoughts filling my mind that I walked up and down the platform of Euston Station on October 28, 1927, waiting for the train to take me to Liverpool, in order that I might board the *City of Karachi*, go to Port Said, take train to Cairo, and thence to the Holy Land. On my way to Liverpool I felt the force of other questions. They formed part of my subconsciousness throughout the Tour. Here are a few of them: Would my visit help me to solve the problem whether Christ has any relation to the current unfolding of the world's history? Or, putting the same question in other words: Is Christianity only one of many religions, all of which are the result of superstition and delusion? Would a personal inspection of the Pyramid confirm my conviction that Biblical prophecies, and, above all, the predictions made by Jesus Himself, had a *partial* fulfilment in the Great War of 1914-18? Or was that ghastly outburst only a relatively small incident in an illimitable, but meaningless, cosmological drama? *Could and would the*

*world ever be Christianised?* Did the facts related in that remarkable book *Mother India* present an impossible barrier to Christ, with His sublime ethics and humanity? Could "Christ on the Indian Road" find His way among India's three hundred millions, China's heaving restless democracy, Japan's masses of souls feeling the pressure of Western civilisation, and Russia's political agitators? My opinions that morning were based solely on books. I hungered for actual personal knowledge. It was with a strange thrill of emotion that I felt my Tour might open my eyes to many things in one direction or the other. Would it be possible to meet at Port Said, Cairo, and in Palestine people of all nations who were *not* Christians, and get them to tell me frankly what *they* thought of Christ? I knew they never would if I dressed or acted as a parson. I would dress, therefore, beyond suspicion, and be at home with everybody. For I "meant business" for God and men. I needed no proof that the ethics of Jesus did not rule the world. Europe was in a state of concealed ferment. Russia had its Preobrashenski, Zenoven, and Bednii, prepared to sting and bite as mosquitoes. Would Christ go under in the coming storm? Was He, after all, only a Mystic Figure in History, around which priests had hung ecclesiastical drapery in order that their rich patrons and military Governments could control the poor? Or should I return to Chesham, Bucks, *knowing* that Jesus lived in Nazareth and was crucified in Jerusalem? Should I be able to wield "the Sword of the Spirit" without doubts or gnawing misgivings? Would Fact banish Scepticism and light up the meaning of current history as lightning flashes on a dark sea?

My simple narrative will supply an answer to all these questions. I shall argue little. I shall tell my tale and let it argue for itself. It will be admitted that the foregoing questions are not ordinary ones. They touch bottom of the world's life as we see it at present. They are profoundly related to every section of the Christian Church.

Looking back upon my experience as I sit down to commence the writing of this book, I can easily believe that some mere sightseers would "do" my Tour and be disappointed. They would not be impressed. There are minds, however, capable of seeing in the Holy Land at this moment the unveiled splendours of God. The Bible is not a dead Book. It still blazes to the seeing eye. Man is not a cog-wheel in an economic machine. He has a free soul. The Universe is not composed only of lumps of soulless matter called stars. The Pyramid and Sphinx were not reared without a Purpose, or a Thought of Future History. And it was *not* an accident that Jesus was brought under the shadow of the Great Pyramid during His Childhood.

But I am rushing ahead in my story!

As I was entering the train at Euston, feeling very lonely, a young girl with smiling face asked me:

"Are you sailing in the *City of Karachi*?"

"I am," I replied, and suddenly found myself introduced to a group of happy souls. I instantly felt grateful, for of all the miseries on a long voyage, loneliness is the worst. Here, however, was a cheerful little throng: a fine, genial young Scot, two ladies all kindness and goodness, with the sweet girl who was travelling with one of them. Was it a latent feeling in all of us that we were about to face together dangers

unknown that caused all of us to be suddenly natural and human? How is it—I have often noticed it—that on board a ship people act together—with rare exceptions—as a great family? Conventionality melts in the kindly light of a common friendship. Is it due to a subconscious and unspoken emotion that we *may* all be facing Eternity amid storms and winds and waves? I know not, but I do know that that railway carriage resounded with laughter from Euston to Birkenhead.

## Chapter Two

### "JONAH IN THE WHALE'S BELLY"

A LOVELY evening! Everybody on board happy and content! But suddenly everything changed. The sun departed and a strong wind began to blow. "It will soon be over," said the amiable Captain; "we propose to sail at nine o'clock."

Even Captains can be mistaken.

We did not sail at nine o'clock that night or the next morning.

The English language would fail me if I tried to give a full description of our terrible experience. We were not surprised to read of ships sunk, deaths on land, properties ruined, Blackpool Pier swept away, and many other disasters. Had we ventured out to sea that night I doubt whether we should have ever seen daylight again. I have been in storms on the Bay of Biscay and among the icebergs in the North Atlantic, but have never known anything to equal the wind at Birkenhead that night. It seemed to get hold of the ship as a dog shakes a rat, and in our souls we moaned with the ship, which rocked, creaked, and wrestled as a dumb animal in pain. Chains clanked, doors banged, babies screamed, women were terrified.

"It is an act of God," said the Captain to me; "but it will soon end."

It continued, however, all night, and it was not until 11 a.m. on the following day that we found ourselves sailing out to sea.

Little was known of most of the passengers for a few days, but when everybody had survived "the shocks and shoals" of the time, a happier, jollier company never met on any deck. I must skip the details of the boundless fun and nonsense that never flagged until we reached Port Said. I, at least, said "Good-bye" to every passenger with genuine regret. No minister ever lectured and preached to a more appreciative audience, and the scene when I conducted the Armistice service will never fade from my memory. The Mediterranean was bathed in glorious sunshine. Suddenly there was the silence of the grave: no talk, no thud of machinery, no jarring note! Every ship around us—still! And to our right, some miles off, we beheld a phenomenal sight: a passenger boat was enveloped in a circular sort of aurora borealis. It was as if the light from off the Sea of Glass was smiling upon us its benediction.

Many a ship at sea on the night of October 28, 1927, must have been as terrible to its passengers as the Whale's Belly to Jonah. But when *The City of Karachi* sailed into the port at Naples, everything appeared as the very Paradise of God. We found "dry land." Many others beside myself decided to see the Ruins of Pompeii, and set forth in a car believing that Mussolini had arranged, for the sake of his world-wide reputation, that the road to Pompeii would prove the best on the Earth. The human imagination could not plan or conceive anything worse. Instead of his dream of aeroplanes blotting out the sun, if Mussolini would go to Naples for a week and plan the construction of a splendid road to Pompeii, he would be doing humanity a service.

For the Ruins of Pompeii are of matchless interest.

What a city it must have been in the days of its glory! With what magnificence it was planned! The architectural remnants of its Roman Temples still glitter in the sun. The hot lava and burning dust of Vesuvius suddenly fated the city to long oblivion. The modern excavator's spade brought it once again partly into view, and gave us a vision of the grandeur and power of the Roman Empire. Silent, solemn, great! Not a bird or tree. Only small lizards darting here and there noiselessly. Certain places we saw were not without evidence of man's unblushing lust, from which the worship of Mercury had not saved him. Hush! All now is as silent as a churchyard. The Romans who once lived here have vanished into the Eternities, leaving behind them their ghastly skeletons which could be seen in the Pompeii Museum. The Romans loved, lusted, and conquered by Force, and the stars seemed not to see them. But Vesuvius became one day very angry and buried them and their city in burning dust. As we stood amid these marvellous ruins the Silence of God became Thunder.

The sun set that evening over the sea at Naples as I was standing on the deck of the *Karachi*. I reflected on the Past, with its vanished Empires and Personalities. All gone, except their decayed relics, yet around us was the sea, as fresh as when it left the Creator's Hands untold ages ago! No storms, disasters, earthquakes, or shocks of any kind had robbed it of its majesty, life, and power. It seemed to breathe as a Person having Life for ever within itself. And then the stars shone on the lovely panorama which Naples presents, and seemed to say: "All human things appear and vanish as under a covering of smoke, but what gives us Life and Being is Eternal."

### Chapter Three

#### PORT SAID AND A CALCUTTA TRADER

“To the Marine Palace Hotel, Port Said, for the night, and on to Cairo to-morrow,” was the advice I received and followed, upon our arrival at Port Said. I had a conversation with a Calcutta gentleman and his wife, who made kind inquiries as to the *whence* and *whither* of my voyage. I told them everything and explained its religious object.

The lady instantly went off at a tangent.

“Religion, missionaries—Ah! Missionaries have a good time in India, and have been the cause of all the trouble in China. They bleed poor people in England of their money. What pretty and pathetic stories they tell! The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth is *not* told by them. What practical impression has Christianity made on India since Carey’s time? I know India. I live there. They talk of their converts among the low castes, all of whom *have reasons*, and most of whom become Christians in time by name only. They can go on talking as they like, but they will never alter the natives’ religion. And why should they? How many of you in England would become Hindus or Buddhists? They are more sincerely religious in their way than the mass of Christians in Britain. The Buddhist, the Mohammedan, and all the rest of them would fight for their religion as you would. What good would that do? Why not leave each other



alone? What is it that causes the Chinese to hate the missionary?"

All this came red-hot!

Then the gentleman joined in:

"Hate them! I should think they do! Kill them right out! The Christians have had over a hundred years to convert India's three hundred millions. What has all the money done? Given a lot of lazy missionaries good livings and soft jobs. Go and have a look at their houses and servants! I see no sacrifice for Christ in it. India is already intensely religious. To the real Indian believer in his own religion, much in the Bible and Roman Catholicism is utterly ridiculous. What chance would a Buddhist or Mohammedan have of converting Roman Catholics in England if India paid all his expenses, and gave him a good salary to live in a fine house in Kensington in order to do his work? And how would England act if she found her country stolen from her and brought under foreign rule? How meek these Christians are, and how they love to inherit the earth! I agree with what has been said."

Both the lady and gentleman were dark-coloured, but they spoke English fluently. I was struck dumb. I felt that my reply to what they said would carry little weight with them. A kind Providence afforded me a delightful pleasure. I shall always remember three gentlemen subsequently sitting in front of me, with heads down, in serious thought. A sudden inspiration prompted me to report what had been said and solicit their opinions. One was a young Indian—dark, slim, with sparkling, vivacious eyes. The other two would never have struck me as missionaries, but they were. Three more cultivated and

delightful men it has seldom been my fortune to meet. Imagine the scene if you can! Surrounded by men and women of various phases of religious belief, the aforesaid slim young Indian broke the silence by speaking in perfect English and with great rapidity:

"I am on my way to England," he said, "to be at Cambridge University for three years. I am a Hindu. I have passed through three native colleges. I live in Karachi and have travelled all over India, including Ceylon, and I unhesitatingly confirm the lady's statement as to the missionaries. Some of them live in finer style than the ordinary civilian. They make it a profession, while many missionary ladies—I counted sixty-three in 1926 (June to October)—go to Kashmir for their holiday and live in the highest tourist style. On the other hand there are real, poor, self-sacrificing missionaries, and, after all, they would have no influence over the natives if they did not make a big show. It is nevertheless impossible, in my judgment, to alter the rooted religious sentiments of India. It is possible to 'capture' the low castes, but the motives of the 'converted' are not spiritual, but rather selfish, even revengeful. Yet I am inclined to think that on the whole the influence of Christianity will prove to be an ultimate good for the lower castes, and especially if it could convert the educated higher castes, but this is absolutely problematical, because I do not infer that Christianity is better than Hinduism. I believe all religions are of equal value."

This evidently sincere contribution to the thrillingly interesting discussion did not help me to state my defence of the Christian missionary. But I decided to wait to hear what others who were sitting around me had to say, for they all appeared anxious to speak.

This, in itself, was proof that Christianity had become a "live" subject in India.

Listen!

*An English lady:* "I have lived in Calcutta many years, and I agree with what the lady said. Most Europeans in India share her opinion. All the trouble in India and China is due to the missionaries."

I began to feel lonely and cold. The two gentlemen, dressed in summer attire, who proved to be missionaries on furlough, had maintained a calm, dignified silence. The elder of the two commenced very quietly by saying:

"I am a missionary. I have worked in India many years. I live in a large house built by Carey. I need a large one. I sometimes entertain a hundred students in it. I work very hard. For the first nine years of my service, unmarried, I received £100 a year, half of what it cost me at the University. If a missionary has a wife and family he is paid only what he actually needs. It may amount to four hundred rupees a month, that is, about £30. I am going home now as a necessity in the matter of health. The climate in India compels me to go to Scotland every six years for nine months. The old houses were built large for coolness, but the type now being built is much smaller and more sensible, especially where electric fans are obtainable. With reference to hill holidays: What can missionaries do during the hot weather? By medical orders my wife goes with the children for six months away to the hills, and is often miserable there. The beauty and coolness do not compensate for the loneliness and the unceasing worry of struggling to make ends meet. All these pointless charges as to Christian missionaries do not touch the great issues at stake.

The one hope for India, I submit, is Christ and His Gospel. What are the indisputable facts? There are 50,000,000 'Untouchables' in India."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Men, women, and children cast out of recognised Hindu society," he replied, "who in some parts of India have to call out to those of the higher castes when within two hundred yards of them lest contamination ensue!"

"The Lord deliver us!" I cried. "The poor creatures may have more brains, character, and morality than the higher castes. We are not without a degrading class-life in Britain."

"Yes," continued the quiet missionary, "but the case is totally different in India. No doubt these low castes from which we draw our converts are, in the main, influenced by social considerations. It is perhaps a form of revengeful reply to the higher castes that have trodden them down, but the spirit of Christ towards the Outcaste has become real to them. Our attitude is the essence of Christianity."

"Yes!" I interjected, "please go on."

"Well," he continued, "what has happened? We have 5,000,000 of, at least, nominal Christians in India. A million of these are Syrians. There is a continual increase, which equals the progress made by Christianity in the days of the Roman Empire. Yet this is not all by any means. A great transformation of intellectual and spiritual perception is taking place."

"But," interjected another gentleman, "the practical side of Hinduism is the belief in the joint family system as the basis of the whole Hindu society. It must go, because it goes hand in hand with caste and laziness.





PENANCE

It hinders progress. It is here, it seems to me, that Christianity is quietly undermining a rotten state of things. It is not the present *visible* effects, but the invisible influence."

"Exactly!" continued the missionary. "The Out-castes and Aborigines are taking their place alongside the high-castes as human beings. Christianity is quietly and steadily transforming the intellectual and moral outlook of India."

"And in what way," I asked, "would you say it is doing that?"

"Well," he replied, "the philosophical Hindu holds two fundamental beliefs:

"(1) That Ultimate Reality is impersonal, and that all Personality, whether of men or gods, is only an unreal phase of Being, and

"(2) That through our ignorance we seem to be involved in an unending cycle of births and deaths. Therefore all progress is only an illusion!

"Christianity has changed and is changing all this and supplying another conception of life. It is also moving the Hindu mind away from asceticism, which is part of its very self, and centring it on brotherly service as the essence of religion."

"Yes," said a lady, "that's true. Look at this picture postcard showing a man sitting on spikes, to save his soul! I call that horrible. But the tortures of Hindu penance are innumerable. Something is needed to alter things. And may I add that I know lady missionaries who support themselves; while as to Kashmir, where else can the missionaries go to recuperate themselves?"

*A Gentleman:* "Yes, but the question that interests me as a resident in India is that book *Mother India*. The authoress is right off her horse. She does not

represent the life in India by citing extreme and exceptional cases."

"But are the cases she cites true?" I inquired.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then they are damnable," I replied, "and Hell Fire is too good for the culprits."

"Rare," he expostulated.

"But, according to the officially reported debates in the Indian Council Chambers, men in office defend the system of early marriages as if they were common."

"Yes," came the reply.

"And men in India appreciate it?" I asked.

"Well, that's natural," he replied.

"Natural? I once again use my New Testament language: it's damnable. No matter how early an Indian girl reaches puberty, the age when marriage *can* take place is cruel, and to make her a widow in childhood in case her prospective husband dies is wicked. It is not a religious, but a humanitarian question," I responded.

There was silence.

"But," continued the lady, looking at me, "you have not told us what *you* think about the missionaries?"

"I have no desire to bring this most friendly discussion to a close," I replied, "but I have taken careful notes of what has been said, and I thank you all. Possibly my way of looking at the question would not interest you; yet I may say right away that I am on the side of our missionaries, heart and soul. I was not always! I am a Baptist, and in the early years of my ministry my mind was poisoned by a well-known member of Parliament and others, who talked on the lines of the lady and gentleman from Calcutta. During recent years my thought has undergone a complete



change, which has been brought about by a study of the Great Pyramid and psychological phenomena in relation to Christianity and the British people. I make very little of this talk about the style in which missionaries live. If they suffer from the heat and mosquitoes as I am now suffering" (laughter), "I wish them well at Kashmir or anywhere else. My mind at present is highly fitted to study Dante's *Divina Comedia* without *Beatrice*" (renewed laughter).

"Will you have a small whisky and soda, sir?" inquired an irreverent listener.

"No, I won't; but if those lady missionaries at Kashmir would benefit from a cart-load of ice, I will pay for the dear girls."

I was thus responsible for introducing the first note of hilarity, hence I continued:

"But seriously, my friends! We are living in perilous times, and we must all try (we shall find it difficult) to escape petty views. I will tell you in a few sentences what I think. A long study of the Great Pyramid and Biblical prophecies convinces me, not only that they refer to the present period of the world's history, but that Britain is the selected instrument in the hands of God to bring about certain predicted events in the history of the human race. I know the German, French, Russian, Turkish, and other peoples would laugh at this belief; but one thing will surprise them if they will study it: *the history of the Britons for five thousand years*. Prophecies concerning the 'Brits' are found in ancient Eastern literature. The message of the Great Pyramid is addressed to us Britons. The principal prophecies of the Bible are intimately related to the British race. Our history, when carefully mastered, supplies us with the miracle of the world's life. Our

missionaries are not in India by accident. Britain does not hold the gates of the world by chance. We are watching an unfolding drama predicted with detailed precision thousands of years ago. Humanity is not again destined to run even the risk of devastating wars, *after the next*, which will surely come if men do not repent. I have read recently *Mother India*, *Christ of the Indian Road*, *The Mind and Face of Bolshevism*, and many other books and articles dealing with the inner life and concealed aims of various countries. What do they prove? This: the world is falling into the boiling-pot. We are on the eve of bewildering changes, and India will not escape. *Mother India* is an epoch-making contribution. The rulers of India may try to suppress it. They will fail. It may only give a one-sided picture of things, but the admitted truth of the terrible facts it relates will have to be faced. Some of them are so ghastly and repulsive that I had to lay the book aside more than once to draw my breath and get fresh air. And note this, please: *Leading Indians could defend such atrocities and unspeakable brutalities on religious grounds!* I rather think the Christian missionary is needed in India, if he will stick to the Point and go to the roots of India's troubles. I also think Britain is needed there, not as an ornament, but a Ruling Power."

*A Voice*: "Hear, hear! Many leading Indians have complained that Britain does not take the initiative concerning child-marriage."

"She ought," I rejoined, "if half that *Mother India* says is true. Fancy girls being forced into the functions of marriage at twelve years of age!"

*A Voice*: "And younger, with men at fifty!"

"Then greater the shame!" I rejoined. "I notice that Dr. Stanley Jones, in his *Christ of the Indian Road*,

is silent on the main facts revealed in *Mother India*. They are as horrible as the punishments of the Bolsheviks which are now being inflicted out in Siberia in the name of Liberty. If we are to judge religions by their fruits, then this ghastly record in *Mother India* closes all discussion. Surely Christ is needed by all the nations if half the tales these books relate are true? And, above all, He is required to strike a blow at the fatalistic conceptions that form the basis of all false religious philosophies. As our missionary friend here truly says: *Progress is impossible*. Christ only can uproot the Upas Tree of caste-life in India. Until that is done, nothing is done. I believe Christ will yet do it. The doctrine of Reincarnation is an awful delusion. It is being proved false by scientific research. The Churches at home did not see to the tip of their noses when they howled at Sir Oliver Lodge in his efforts to establish the immediate survival of human personality. Christ gave the supreme and unique proof of the fact, and when vast sections of the human race see its truth and feel its power, a great many of the religious delusions of the East will crumble, as have the Ruins of Pompeii. The central revelatory records of Christianity are scientific truths—established and indisputable. This is why I, for one, hailed with joy the psychological movement in England. Its results are far-reaching, and will establish instead of shatter evangelical Christianity. I thank you for listening to me, but these are a few of my reasons for being on the side of the missionaries. The great need of the entire world is Christ. Go on with your work, gentlemen, but stick to the main points, and fear not the howls and persecutions of men. Shout your Message on the housetop and good luck to you!"

The company broke up with tokens of friendship, and I had a vision of the stars of the Eastern sky. They still burn! They said to ears that could hear:

The Future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow;  
We press still thorow,  
Nought that abides in it  
Daunting us onward!

Here Eyes do regard you,  
In Eternity's stillness;  
Here is all fullness,  
Ye brave, to reward you;  
Work and despair not.

I retired to bed at the Marine Palace Hotel feeling that I had already met the type of people I desired to consult. Indeed, from the moment I landed at Port Said to the time I returned via Haifa, I felt that a Higher Power was arranging, or had arranged, everything. Event followed event as a key fits a lock. Mr. Morton Edgar, the Pyramidologist of Glasgow, gave me an introduction to the Chief of Antiquities living in Mena Village, near the Pyramid. Sir Herbert Samuel wrote to his son at the Secretariat in Jerusalem on my behalf, who introduced me to the Rev. Steer, the British Chaplain, who kindly entertained me at St. George's Hostel, and arranged drives along perfect roads in fine cars to all parts of the Holy Land. Not a moment was lost, not a place of any importance was missed. And my record of experiences will prove that I had good cause, on my return to Port Said, to differ still from the opinions of the Calcutta trader.

I close this chapter with grateful thanks to all who helped me to see the land which gave birth to God's greatest Book.

## *Chapter Four*

### SPOTS IN THE SUN

LEST it should be supposed by the reader (before we recount in glowing terms of praise our many delightful experiences in Egypt and the Holy Land) that a tour of these countries is all sunshine, roses, and honey, it may be wise to state a few facts to any prospective visitor. There is plenty of sunshine, sometimes too much, and coloured glasses become a necessity. But as soon as I left the boat at Port Said I was subjected to an annoyance as bad as its flies. I can fully believe in the Biblical story of the plagues in the land of Egypt—flies, locusts, sand-fleas, and guides. But these are not all. Taxation is carefully adopted, lying is found to be a fine art, and on a railway journey lasting twelve hours one is pestered with ticket collectors, Passport examiners, and Medical Attendant Officers. If you are able to sleep on any train, it will be a personal triumph.

Another very impressive fact is the welcome given to visitors by mosquitoes. Its genuine warmth takes many forms. In my case it was a succession of bites all over my body and buzzing in my ears. The welcome lasted until I returned from Port Said to England. The darling things sang and stuck to me with unflagging admiration and affection. I shall never forget them. I honestly believe they wept when they left me on the ship. They found it hard to say "Good-bye."

They even waited for me *inside* the mosquito-nets placed over the bed! I shall long remember their arrestive singing, and if I ever go to Palestine again I hope to give *them* a warm reception in return for all their kind and assiduous devotions.

Other things have a depressing influence on a sensitive Englishman's mind. The great majority of the women in Egypt and Palestine reminded me continually of funerals and the grave. They dress in black and cover their faces with *double* veils. Some of them have what seemed to me a piece of bamboo cane covered with rings, which they fix over the nose. I could not discover the cause or reason of this. Both dress and ornament should be abolished. There was nothing beautiful or attractive in either, and they seemed to degrade women into something they certainly are not. A country's customs are hard to overthrow! It would not degrade Egypt, at any rate, for the faces of her beautiful daughters to be seen.

The visitor must not expect to find all the roads as well made as those in London and its suburbs. The main roads in Palestine are magnificent, but a ride in a car from the River Jordan to Jericho will leave a memorable impression behind it.

The railway system is good considering the short time the English authorities have had to build it up, but it can be said in no censorious spirit that it is capable of many improvements, which could be swiftly effected. One does not easily forget the wretched delays at Kantara!

The greatest spot on the sun of my personal enjoyment was to witness the child life in the Near East. The mothers seem to have no notion of the misery caused and disease carried by flies to helpless little

babies. A dozen other things could be mentioned, but we forbear. And all of them might be remedied by strong and determined effort and organisation. In November 1927, King Fuad was justly accorded a hearty welcome home, after his visit to Europe. He appeared a strong man with a distinct personality, who realises the weight of the responsible position he holds. I venture to tender to His Majesty my humble opinion that if he wishes to build up a great Egypt, he must concentrate his energies on the child life of his country, and the education of his people in all matters appertaining to health. They lack physical stamina, and ordinary insight into many vital matters.

Having thus mentioned the spots in the sun, it will now be a joy to me to walk out into the sunlight that bathed a succession of glorious revelatory panoramas which made the Bible more than ever a living Book and its prophecies "more sure" than the findings and opinions of the modern Press and Parliamentarians. In fact, the social spots we have mentioned dwindle into insignificance in comparison with these and other things. Not to speak of the glorious sunshine in the Mediterranean and the comfort and food afforded on the Ellerman boats, by which I travelled, there are social phases of Eastern life and resplendent historic scenes which repay the Biblical student, at least, for any minor discomforts and annoyances. The value of a visit to the Great Pyramid and the Holy Land is incalculable to the Christian minister, and the visit should be made by every candidate for the sacred office before he enters college. For it will be seen later on that by describing the life, the social conditions, and the scenes amid which Jesus lived and the children of Israel played the grand drama of their existence,

we shall intuitively perceive not only the historical veracity of the Old Testament records, but the Sublime Reality of the Living Christ moving among the human beings who needed Him. We are hoping to prove, by describing minutely the type of life lived in the Near East to-day, which has obviously altered very little in two thousand years, that the words Jesus uttered still glitter with meaning in relation to the life of the world to-day *as a whole*, and could only have been spoken by One Who used with matchless power for His own purposes the natural materials that fronted Him. We have, therefore, our own reasons for briefly mentioning thus early certain spots in the modern sun of Egyptian and Palestinian life. To make the words of Christ vivid and real by minute descriptions of things to be seen and heard in Palestine, and thus establish the fact that Jesus lived claiming to be the Saviour of the world, and was what He claimed to be, is the ultimate aim of the present writer. The task is a fascinating one, and we propose to proceed step by step, point to point, in our Tour, and at the close ask the reader for his decision in regard to the bewildering claim Jesus made as to His own Personality, and His Mission in relationship to humanity.

It may even appear true to the most sceptical reader that the English Bible is more reliable in its historicity than many "histories" of Oliver Cromwell, and that instead of St. John's Gospel, as Matthew Arnold contended, being sermonic—the sermon being composed by some brilliant spiritual genius of the fourth century—it is a plain, straightforward record of facts. Let us proceed together steadily. We shall find the effort worth while.



## Chapter Five

### THE CAIRO MUSEUM AND A FIRST VISIT TO THE GREAT PYRAMID

HAVING driven round Port Said alongside the beautiful sea, in the charming sunshine, I went first of all to Cairo, for two reasons: First, I was anxious to inspect and carefully examine everything that was to be seen in the Cairo Museum in order that I might form an opinion as to whether the Great Pyramid was designed by some supreme Egyptian mind five thousand years ago. Could an identity in thought, architecture, hieroglyphic, and art be established?

I entered the splendid Museum with a perfectly open mind, and resolved to inspect carefully the recent discoveries in one of the Pharaoh tombs.

Every tomb and slab and monument and statue, dating back thousands of years, filled me with wonder and amazement. Here was abundant evidence not only of a high civilisation, but the deepest reverence for the Soul of Man. Every type of skilful art was visible. *Each coffer had a lid*, and both coffer and lid were replete with writing, symbols, and marks amounting to adoration of the dead. I sat amid these marvellous historic remains and tried to drink in their meaning and spirit. They led the mind into the Abyss of Time and made the sympathetic heart feel that these works of art were produced by a race of **men** who, above all things, felt that Man was a spirit

passing through this world out into the Eternities; that his Body is the sacred Shekinah in which his spirit dwells; that even the Body must be revered! To deal lightly or sacrilegiously with *that* would be to commit the greatest wickedness. A *speaking* coffer with a massive lid must enclose the embalmed and carefully dressed Tenement, for was not the Soul of the Departed sleeping his last sleep before the Veil of the Spiritual Universe was drawn aside?

Such thoughts seemed to breathe in the very marble. Look at those statues with their life-like faces and penetrative eyes. Marvellous! Do they not appear to partake of immortal life? What *spiritual* genius is manifested here, if we will only think of it! Museums are dead and dull places—wearisome in the extreme—until one begins to see, amid the Deeps of Oblivion, how great Empires flourished, and a race of men embodied their Vision of Man and the Invisible Palaces he is destined to inherit. Acres of reverential monuments to the Dead! Exquisite workmanship, profound symbolism, deep affection and reverence, paid not to the descendants of a race of apes, but beings touched with the ethereal splendours of Eternal existence.

All this, and much more, is manifest in the Egyptian tombs and monuments. They live. They speak. Their creators allowed no doubt to remain as to the contents of every coffer. *Its every square inch contains an account of its contents.* And the Mummies with their habiliments still remained to echo Death's message.

But the supreme revelation of Egyptian genius was yet to come. In a separate apartment on the second floor of the Museum are exhibited the contents of "the King's tomb," the details of which recently

attracted the attention of the world. It is not in the power of the present writer to describe them. Better to meditate their meaning in divine silence. One thing is clear: Long before the British Isles and Europe were inhabited by civilised beings; long before Rome was heard of, a race of men lived within a short distance of Christ's birthplace who had developed every form of social culture and government. Superb, regal, scientific, magnificent.

I left the Museum with a strong conviction that such a race of men could build the Pyramid or anything else. This belief was not an inspiring one, since the theory of its prophetic character had been proclaimed from many housetops. It was with a distinct prejudice against my former opinion that I left the Museum. I took a car to the Great Pyramid. No. 14 runs to it from Cairo.

It would be difficult to describe my thoughts as the unique "pillar" came into view. I had lived in it mentally for years, gazing at all its parts by means of flashlight photographs, and had firmly concluded it was a Higher Genius than the Egyptian that had inspired its construction. Now, after my visit to the Cairo Museum, I was approaching the Great Pyramid with the depressing thought that all its scientific wonders might have been common knowledge among the Egyptian builders five thousand years ago. Well, if so—the truth, though the heavens fall.

My guides, Mr. Abdul Montjud Faid and Mr. O. Abraham, with a son of his, knew of my arrival and met me near the Mena Hotel. We entered the Pyramid. A third guide was employed to carry and light plenty of magnesium wire. It was very hard work for me to reach the King's Chamber, because every few

yards my guides discovered that I desired to examine something that they admitted they had not noticed. For instance, I was continually knocking my head against the roof of the First Ascending Passage, with the result it ached for several days. I soon convinced myself that the stone that blocks the entrance to this passage *was built up with the entire structure*, and could not by any conceivable means have been placed in its position *after* any supposed burial had taken place. When I had completed three days' hard work in the Pyramid, which made my body sore and stiff for a week, I returned to a further examination of this entrance stone to the First Ascending Passage, and came to the conclusion that this one stone finally shatters the Tombic Theory. The Great Pyramid at Gizeh is not and never was a Tomb.

But I am jumping to my conclusion before relating the necessary additional facts that convinced me of its truth.

We passed along into the "Queen's Chamber," called by some "Jews' Chamber."

"Mind the step down," said my guide Judah. Plenty of magnesium light enabled me to examine floor, step, walls of passage, and the Chamber itself. I found neither hieroglyphics, nor date, nor marks of any kind. Everything was as bare as the stones when they left the workmen's hands. Not the slightest sign that any coffer had ever been placed on *this* floor at any rate, or any preparations made for one.

In a short time we had detected everything, *except the measurements* of the Chamber, which contained nothing to remind one of the artistic marvels in the Cairo Museum. My mind was rapidly reverting to my long-held opinion.

Before ascending the Grand Gallery I felt instinctively that, whoever built the Pyramid, it was not *designed* by an Egyptian. Another order of mind was at work here. I breathed what might truly be called a different architectural atmosphere. It seemed to say, with the Sphinx outside, "Now read my purpose, if you can!" It certainly gave the visitor no *apparent* help.

What a mercy that iron steps are now in existence to enable "the pilgrims" to climb the First Ascending Passage and the Grand Gallery! By their aid I did so, and even then suffered quite enough. When I reached The Great Step, I took a long pause, and examined it very carefully and its surroundings before entering what is called the First Low Passage and the Antechamber. Having passed through these with difficulty, and received a few more knocks on the head, I remarked to "Judah": "If this was intended as the entrance to a tomb, I do not congratulate the builder." The guides laughed.

"No," said one of them, "not much sense in it!"

I then bowed very low to get through the Second Passage, and after many warnings as to "your head," I stood upright in the King's Chamber.

I called for plenty of light.

I inspected everything that was to be seen, especially the Coffer and the ventilating shafts. I swiftly drew certain conclusions. Both were masterpieces of finished workmanship, but not a word or hieroglyphic anywhere!

"Do these shafts run to the outside?" I asked.

"Yes," said Judah; "I have traced them."

"Did the Mummy need fresh air?" I inquired.

This question greatly tickled the guides.

"Have you ever heard of the lid to this Coffin?"  
I continued.

"No."

"If there was one, it would have to be removed by force, would it not?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever heard of any traces of it on the Coffin or floor?"

"No."

"Have you any idea what was done with the supposed Mummy?"

"No."

"Even the Egyptians of to-day would consider it a terrible thing to cast a Mummy to the winds, would they not?"

All the guides started in amazement at the mere inquiry!

"Do you believe the supposed lid of this Coffin could have been removed through those passages, down the Grand Gallery, and outside the Pyramid without a trace of it being left behind?"

"No, I don't," replied Judah. "I have lived here all my life, and the longer I live to think about it, the less I believe it was a Tomb."

Returning through the Antechamber I looked long at the Boss and the other peculiarities of the Antechamber, and made my way out of the Pyramid, arranging to return the next day in order to scale, if possible, its exterior and descend into the Pit; but before leaving the interior I had a long look at what is called The Shaft, and did some thinking!

## Chapter Six

### A SECOND VISIT TO THE GREAT PYRAMID

It will have been observed by the reader that my one and only aim was to decide whether the Great Pyramid was built as a Tomb in which to bury some Egyptian King or Queen or both. I desired to come to a decision by exercising ordinary common sense. If it became clear that the Pyramid was built for no such purpose, the further question, *Why was it built?* could be considered afterwards. The fact that other tomb-pyramids were around it did not answer my main inquiry, because there was not the faintest resemblance between them and the Pyramid in their *internal* construction, and furthermore the absence of hieroglyphics in the Pyramid was impressive in comparison with the inscriptions in the others. If it was intended to bury any King or Queen in the unique pile, the builders were evidently careful to cover their identity in eternal oblivion—an omission *not* characteristic of the remains I saw in the Cairo Museum.

However, there is no telling what form of madness the genius of man will take at times, or what freaks and antics he may indulge in to pass away his time or amuse himself. And when two brilliant men, such as Professors Petrie and Peet, had quietly and dogmatically announced their belief in the Tombic Theory, I was very anxious to pay every deference to their opinion; but if it would not stand the test of even

ordinary reasoning, I resolved not to hesitate in saying so.

Hence, before paying my second visit to the Pyramid, I gave time and money without stint in order to explore Cairo and its environs, in the hope of finding at least something that would aid the belief held by Professor Flinders Petrie that the Great Pyramid was only a Tomb, built on a "different principle of construction" from the others, and that its measurements—so exact and amazing in the light of verified history—were only "coincidences." I inquired at the Cairo Museum whether they knew anything, or had ever heard anything, of the *lid* of the Coffin in the King's Chamber.

No.

Had they ever traced chips or parts of it inside or outside the Pyramid?

No.

Had they the slightest evidence that what is called "The Queen's Chamber" ever had a Coffin in it?

No.

Who, then, was buried in it?

They did not know.

Had they ever heard what became of the supposed Mummy or Mummies?

No.

Would robbers be likely in the year A.D. 820 to take a Mummy out of the Pyramid and cast it to the winds?

My Egyptian guides almost shuddered, one asking in innocent, childlike tone, *Why should they?*

Then where were the lid and the Mummy—could they say?

No.







CAIRO: THE TOMB OF THE CALIFS

Had they ever heard of any traces of them in the sands?

No.

Could they show me the building in Cairo that contained the casing stones?

No; but it was said they formed part of some church.

Thus I ploughed on, trying to find a needle in the haystack that would support the Tombic Theory.

I utterly failed, but I was determined, before visiting the Pyramid again, to be fair and just to Professor Petrie. My guides were three very intelligent Egyptians who understood English very well. They also knew every inch of the Pyramid, as far as it is known at present, and one of them made, in quite an incidental manner, the following remark:

"My grandfather was a guide before me, and I remember him saying that *his* grandfather often wondered whether the Great Pyramid was a Tomb."

"Did he live in Mena Village?" I asked.

"Yes."

I said nothing, but when I sat in an Arab's house at the close of the day, I thought I heard a Grandfather's Voice out of the Past, as the sun set in the deadly silence of the Desert and left the Face of the Sphinx veiled.

But not for ever: "Nothing is hid but what shall be revealed," said the Greatest Voice.

Yet Professors Petrie and Peet might be right. There might be some striking evidence in Cairo's Egyptian buildings? I would do my best to see them all. I did. Once again I failed. Will the reader kindly gaze long at the pictures, especially "the Tombs of the Califs," and then study the house in Mena Village in front

of the Pyramid? I sat in this house and watched the sun set—a glorious sight. I had seen in Cairo all its principal buildings, being especially charmed by Mohammed Ali's Mosque, but neither high nor low could I trace the same order of mind as that displayed in the Great Pyramid.

It may be said that the comparison I strike is pointless and absurd. I very respectfully submit it is neither. If the Great Pyramid was built by the *Egyptians* as an *Egyptian* tomb for one of *their* kings, surely it would bear *some* likeness in *some* respect to other Egyptian tombs and Coffers? Does it? We repeat: the order of mind displayed in the one is totally different in the others. The fact that other pyramids were built as tombs, probably to imitate the Great Pyramid, in no way sets aside our contention, for not one of them resembles it except in its exterior, and this with obvious defects.

At any rate, I paid a second visit to the Pyramid, having found nothing in Cairo's oldest buildings or tombs to remind me of any part of the Pyramid's internal construction and symbolism. But as I had not then been all over it I might yet change my mind.

I once again boarded a No. 14 car. A very interesting thing took place on the way. A smartly dressed and intelligent young man, dark-coloured, spoke to me in fluent English:

"Excuse me," he said, "are you going to the Pyramid?"

"I am," I replied.

"Why was it built, do you think?" he inquired.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "I was a Mohammedan, but am now a Christian. Look at my arm! The Cross, the



CAIRO : MENA VILLAGE



Face of Christ, and the Open Tomb are stamped on it. I did it the day I became converted, and, do you know, I think the Pyramid tells of Christ. I believe the state of the world points to the fulfilment of Prophecy. Forgive me, are you a Christian?"

"I sincerely hope I am; but, you know, it is such a great thing to claim to be a Christian," I replied.

"Ah! how great," he exclaimed, "but Christ has become so real to me! My fathers were right: 'Allah Akbar': God is great, but Christ is as great to me. Have you studied the Pyramid?"

"Yes," I said, "for many years, but it was only a Tomb, don't you think?"

He took a long time to answer, and all the black men and women around us seemed to understand what we were talking about and strained their ears to catch every word we uttered.

"I am at a school here," he said, "there, look!—there is the Pyramid. People say it is only a Tomb, but you go to it, and then *think* over it—will you?"

"Yes; I am thinking," I said.

"*Think* over it," he repeated. "Believe me, Christ is coming again, *in some form*." He rose, heartily gripped my hand, and was gone.

Thus a Figure as out of Eternity passed by me, as ships pass in the night and communicate by means of electric signals. A million chances to one I shall never see the bright young Egyptian scholar again, *in this world*; but had he not flashed on me the Face of Christ, coming again *in some form*, His Cross, His Victory over Death? How strange, in car No. 14 from Cairo to Mena Hotel, near the Sphinx! The incident had a ghostly effect on my mind. All in a few minutes! Are we not all embodied ghosts who touch each other,

speak as out of Past Time, and then vanish into the Darkness, or rather the *Veiled* Light of the Future? Strange life! Strange world!

My faithful guides were waiting for me at the Pyramid.

First of all we climbed to the real door of the Pyramid, and sat on the stone in front of it. I gazed long at the wonderful Entrance.

"The masonry that covered this Entrance has all been removed, of course, since that false entrance down lower was made in A.D. 820?"

"Yes, certain," replied Judah.

"A great mass to get away," I ejaculated.

"Yes," came a chorus of Voices, for other experienced guides now surrounded me.

"Was the mass of masonry *not* there when the supposed burial took place?"

A pause.

"Of course it was," said one guide, who spoke English better than the rest, although all of them understood my language, even if they could not speak it.

"Then how was such a door reached when the supposed burial took place?" I asked.

"It could not be reached," came the decisive reply from several in the little crowd.

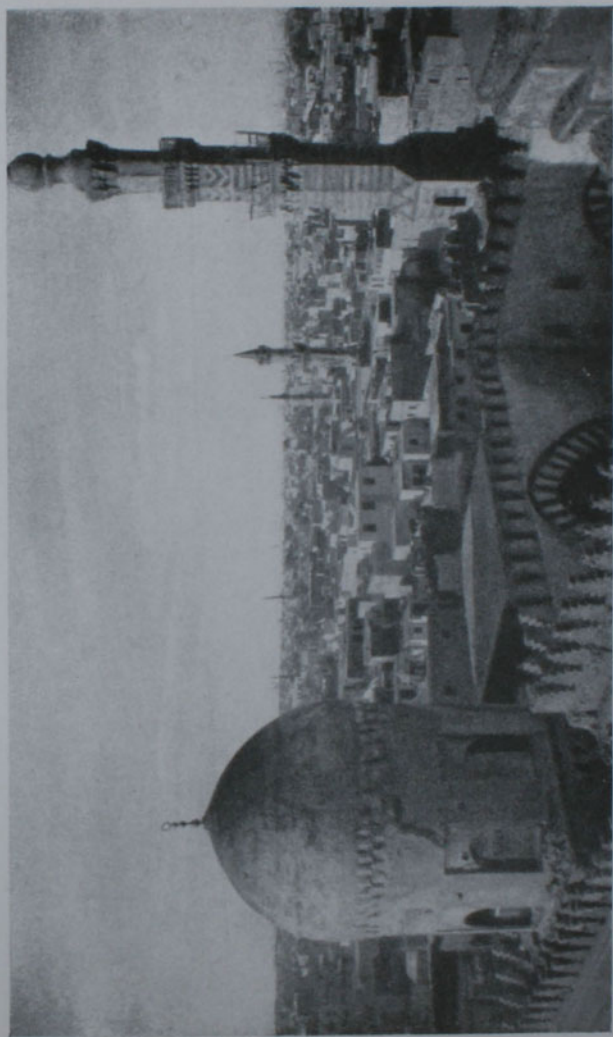
"Why?" I inquired.

"Because the stones removed must have been *built with* the Pyramid to be placed *as they were found*," was the transparently cogent answer.

"Then how did the corpse reach the First Ascending Passage, assuming the Granite Plug was *not* built *with* the Pyramid?"

"I don't know," said Judah.





CAIRO : THE MOSQUE EL SARGHATMACH



"Was there any other entrance known?" I requested.

"No; on the other side of the Pyramid you will see that an effort was recently made to find another entrance or any other chambers—with no result."

"Then by what conceivable means was any burial effected?"

"I don't know," observed Judah, with a puzzled air.

"Well; pardon me, Judah," I remarked humorously, "you *ought* to know, as the Chief of Antiquities. It is certain, as we have already proved by simply using our eyes, that the Granite Plug at the entrance to the First Passage could never have been *slid* down, *after* a burial."

All the guides laughed at the idea.

"Ah!" I remarked, "but do you see what I am driving at?"

"Yes, we do," they answered.

And they did.

"Let me test," I continued, "whether you do, for Professors Petrie and Peet think they know all about it. Listen carefully to what I wish to ask you all."

"We are listening," they cried.

"Yes, you are; thank you," I replied, "but my point is this: It needs no knowledge of geometry or the stars, or the sciences and Pyramid inches and cubic measurements, and all the rest of it, to answer this simple question: If the masonry around that Real Entrance was built as part of the *completed* Pyramid, including the Plug, *could* any burial take place?"

"No," said Judah, "I cannot see how it could."

"There would be, also, no way into the Pit?" I said.

"No."

"Is there any sign in the Pit of any intention to place a Coffin in *it*?" I innocently inquired, "but the designer changed his mind and went 'upstairs'?"

This question caused considerable laughter. Most of my coloured congregation knew what I had in my mind.

"You shall judge for yourself when you go into the Pit," said one of them with a hearty laugh; "you could certainly get buried *and* roasted there, but not in a Coffin!"

Then they all laughed again.

"I presume it was customary to *conceal* all the entrances to all the Pyramids, was it not, Judah?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Judah.

"But was it the rule to *seal* the entrances as the Granite Plug still *seals* the First Ascending Passage of *this* Pyramid?" I inquired.

*A Voice:* "No! How could they have got in?"

"Exactly!" I replied. "That is what I wish to know. You cannot carry Mummies through granite."

Another laugh.

I enjoyed the boyish laughter of my guides. Beneath their coloured brows there was a lot of horse-sense, a thing that would prove very valuable among other people known to the present writer.

"Righto, boys!" I said. "I will wait until I see the Pit, but I am anxious to have another inspection of the Granite Plug."

"We pass it," said Judah, "on the way. Very few people go into the Pit. It is hard, hot work."

"Never mind," I replied, "I felt my bones ache last night after going *up*. They may get better by going *down*."



CAIRO: TYPICAL NATIVE HOUSE



A Voice: "They worse!"

"Oh!" I replied, "what a comforting inspiration!"

We were still all surrounding the Entrance Door, and one of the guides insisted on carving my full name on the stone on which I sat.

"There!" said he, when he had finished, "that will stop there!"

"Now," said Judah, "shall we go to the Top?"

"No," I swiftly replied, "I am giddy enough now. I'm sixty-two, don't forget, and I'm more interested in the *inside* than the *outside*; although I have a few questions to ask. What is the top of the Pyramid like?"

"Not finished," came the swift reply.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

"Because it looks like it to me," said Judah; "we will send you a photo of it. Do *you* believe it was finished?"

"I never have believed it was," I replied; "the whole of the symbolic meaning of the Pyramid would have been falsified if the Corner Stone had *not* been rejected."

"Then you think the Pyramid was not a tomb, but a prophecy?" asked Judah.

"I am more convinced than ever as far as I have seen it, but an examination of the Pit may yet modify my conviction. By the way, how do you account for the fact that the supposed robbers who came here in A.D. 820 so nearly reached the Real Entrance?" I inquired.

Judah shook his head.

"Would the knowledge of its position float down the centuries orally or in your literature?"

"Quite possible in both," said a Voice.

"Has it not always been thought among your people that the Pyramid had a prophetic meaning?" I asked.

"Yes, by many," replied Judah.

"Do you know Professor Flinders Petrie?"

Several Voices answered in the affirmative.

"He simply took measurements?" I inquired.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well now," I said, "I think we will rest a bit before entering the Pit."

By the aid of three guides I was helped back to Mother Earth, and felt a sense of relief, although my journey up to the Entrance Door had been a comparatively short one.

I confess that the proposal to go "to the top" reduced my courage to minimum point. "I doffed," as they say in Yorkshire.





CAIRO: NATIVE STREET



## Chapter Seven

### DOWN INTO THE PIT

I WAS warned before going down that it would mean hard and hot work for me and my guides, but, of all the places I desired specially to examine, it was the Pit.

We had to enter the Descending Passage by going through the false entrance, since the real door is effectively closed by means of an iron grate.

"Judah," I said, "before we go down, I wish to ask all of you a question: assuming that a burial was effected, but not by means of the Real Entrance, or the First Ascending Passage, and assuming that by some means unknown the Mummy was conveyed *within* the Pyramid, is there any way by which it could have been conveyed to the King's Chamber?"

*Voices:* "No, not likely."

*Judah:* "There is the Shaft. It can be entered near the bottom of the Pit. You will see it and look up it. Body might go; but" (shaking his head) "no, don't think—— You will see."

"All right!" I exclaimed. "Forward, boys! But let me see that Granite Plug again."

I stood and examined it in every respect with the greatest care.

It seemed to me—I write with all deference—that a child would be able to decide instantly that this Plug was *built with* the Pyramid, and *has never been removed*.

A Divine Providence surely presided over the forced entrance in A.D. 820, for the Plug is still there to appeal to the common sense of every beholder! One has only to use one's eyes to see that it could not have *slid* into its position, or been placed there *after* a burial; and since the masonry that surrounded the Real Entrance must have also been *built with* the Pyramid, it follows that no Mummy could have been conveyed through the Real Entrance or the First Ascending Passage. I go further: careful consideration of all the facts, which only required two ordinary eyes, led to the certain conclusion that no Mummy could have been conveyed to the King's Chamber unless by some other way, so completely concealed that it has never yet been discovered—an idea scouted by every guide I spoke to!

"I ask you again," I said to all the guides, "do you believe that that Granite Plug was *built with* the Pyramid and has never been removed?"

Every man answered in the affirmative.

"Then no Mummy could be conveyed up this Passage?" I interrogated.

*All together:* "No."

"Then how, I ask you again, could the Mummy reach the King's Chamber?"

"Ah——!" said Judah in despair, as three of the guides landed me on my feet in the Descending Passage.

My journey to the Pit will not be forgotten by me!

Two guides in front, and one behind, held me up, despite my carefully chosen rubber shoes. Had I been left to myself, swift destruction in the darkness would have been certain, but the guides, with the aid of candles, conducted me safely and in masterly fashion.



CAIRO: NATIVE QUARTER



They had all been there before, and knew how to place their *bare* feet. I didn't. I confess I had the most terrifying sense of danger I ever experienced. It was an eerie sensation.

When we had nearly reached the bottom, Judah said:

"Pass in here; look up, it is the only way to the King's Chamber left."

I looked up, by means of a strong light.

Enough!

I will not even discuss the hypothesis that a corpse was conveyed up this Shaft, or that a Mummy was brought down it, or that a Coffin lid was conveyed through the *forced* entrance with the Mummy, and both thrown away! One wishes to be respectful, as far as possible, in regard to the opinions of undoubted and accredited scholars, but I must be allowed to say most emphatically that the Tombic Theory fell to pieces as dry cheese the longer I studied the hard facts that stared me in the face. I am not now submitting any reason for the building of the Pyramid. We will face that problem in another chapter. I simply submit at present that by no stretch of the imagination can one conceive of the Great Pyramid as being a Tomb.

Judah led me out of the Shaft's mouth and still farther down the Descending Passage. The incline became worse to travel, but I got to the entrance of the Passage that leads to the Pit. What a terrible thing for an ignorant visitor to have to get through it alone in the dark! Even in candle-light he might fall into a deep well. Fortunately, magnesium lighting did good service, and my three guides guarded my steps. They led me round the Well in the Pit, and one of them

traversed a low, long passage that ends in a *cul de sac*. To the right of the indescribable chamber the rock was left as if in inextricable confusion and disorder. I respectfully declined to walk over and around the hewn boulders.

I took up much time in trying to divine *on ordinary lines* the purpose of this astounding chamber, so far down, and *carved out of the solid rock*. Once again I failed. There was not the least indication of its purpose in writing, symbol, or hieroglyphic. The idea that *it* was ever intended to be a Tomb, whatever the upper Chambers might be, was transparently absurd on the surface of things. Viewed superficially, there was neither sense nor reason about the weird production. Then *why* was it constructed? It indicated tremendous toil, infinite thought, and years of care, not to mention expense. *Why?* It could be of no service whatever in the preservation of the Pyramid or the Mummy supposed once upon a time to be buried in it. Had I known nothing beforehand about the Pyramid, I should have thought its architect was an aimless lunatic. Any decent coal-mine in England is a palace of beauty in comparison with the Pit of the Great Pyramid; but the most casual observer, even if he came to the conclusion it had no meaning or purpose, would instinctively feel there was some sort of order in the madness—that this dim, dark, mysterious construction *had* a meaning. To me it spoke louder than ever before. I had seen photographs of different parts of it, but had never seen it before *as a whole*. Now I *saw* it, and it spoke with a Voice of Thunder. Was I not surrounded by dangers, disaster, symbols of ruin, desolation, and despair? And did not the Well seem to have its mouth open ready to swallow



the doomed who lost their way? And although they escaped its mouth and wandered through yonder passage in insufferable heat, was there hope of escape? None. To turn right round, leave the Pit behind, and climb up the Shaft to the King's Chamber or pass *out* of the Pyramid altogether by some other way was the only hope.

It was, indeed, *my* only hope. I crawled once again along the passage out of the Pit—lined with sand and dirt—and had to be pulled up the Descending Passage by my strong guides. It was no ordinary effort. At a certain point I shouted:

“Stop! Let me look!”

I was struck dumb with absolute amazement. I gazed up the Passage out through the Real Entrance to the skies.

It was a sublime sight.

The Descending Passage now appeared to one's vision a masterpiece of human workmanship, and when I remembered that Man worked this miracle five thousand years ago, I began to dream! If I had never read a word about the Pyramid, the perfect workmanship of this Descending Passage would have given me pause and *driven* me to believe it had a symbolic meaning. My natural and admitted prejudice I had honestly tried to suppress, but the effort broke down as I gazed at the bewildering symmetry of the structure, and gazed at the blue skies, full of beauty, charm, and peace. Oh, that these stones would speak! Their only dumb message was a perfectly chiselled line pointing to the stars.

## *Chapter Eight*

### A DONKEY-RIDE TO THE SPHINX

HAVING reached the forced entrance I was bathed in perspiration, and not allowed to emerge even into the sunshine lest I catch cold. A Turkish bath in Harrow Road, W., is not to be compared with one's condition after a visit to the Pit of the Great Pyramid.

My kind guides had arranged for a donkey to convey me over the sands to the Sphinx. I shall never forget that donkey or the ride. The way the dear lively creature seemed to hug my legs with its broad back, and the manner in which I clung to its neck when it began to run, caused me rapidly to change my latent belief in man's evolution from the ape. Lodge and Keith are wrong. I invite them to consider the donkey instead of the monkey. The way that donkey and I came together in most intimate friendship was remarkable. We had never met before, and I had never ridden any other, as far as my memory serves me, and yet I instantly stuck to it closer than a brother, with indescribable emotions, while those guides—the beasts!—were yelling, laughing at us both! The way the animal gazed at me through its calm eyes, when I was able to get off its back, seemed to say: "I met you in a previous incarnation, and have now had my own back!" Since reaching England, I have forgiven the spiteful creature, although the bones of my legs still give me pain, due to distention.





THE REV. WALTER WYNN ON  
THE DONKEY SURROUNDED  
BY HIS GUIDES

The donkey must have known where to stop, for when I dismounted (this is not the exact term that I ought to use) and turned round, having got on my feet, the Sphinx was in front of me. I had often seen a picture of it, but to see it *in situ* is quite a different experience. Carved there out of the rock the massive Image fronts you, as if saying: "I am here to be understood; what do *you* think of me?" And there to the right is the Great Pyramid—both the Sphinx and it dumb—no mark, date, or message on either, standing there in grim solitude on the edge of a vast desert, the stars over them and Eternity around them! There they have stood for thousands of years, their Faces waiting to be unveiled. Have they not waited? Yea; as if with sublime patience, and knowing that the mind of man would at the right time read their silent meaning. Countless visitors came to look at them and passed on, to report, no doubt, all over the world that they had *seen* both. I thought I saw the Pyramid's shadow frown on them and the face of the Sphinx turn angry, as both seemed to say: "Are we only stone to all ye who pass by? Think ye we were built by men having a bit of fun without Purpose or Thought? Had they no message for *you*?"

My conscience did not accuse me. I stared a long time at *both*, and did some thinking. I tried to cast my mind back into the Abyssm of Time, and saw skilled workmen day after day for many years working hard in laying stones with such precision that I could not detect the joints. An optician's instrument would be necessary. I realised vividly that it was not a *short* job they were doing. They were not in a hurry because some King would possibly be dying shortly! The mere idea became more and more untenable. I

imagined myself talking to the workmen and asking them *what* they were building, and I was not surprised to hear them assure me they did not know. They were Cheop's men, working to orders. That was all they knew. They were not allowed even to put Cheop's name on any visible part. It had crept on to a stone or two, which, therefore, were used *over* the King's Chamber, *out of sight*—something like a publisher's name is printed in small type on the *back* page of a book. And in my mental reverie they assured me they were *ordered* to be perfectly accurate in working to plan. No expense was to be spared. They had to work to the decimal parts of their measurements, and if any stone did not "fit," and thus meet the needs of the sublime structure, it must be rejected. Limestone here, and granite there—why? They knew not, but obeyed orders. Time was not to be considered. The great need was perfect accuracy. And when I saw the mass of workmen leave the border of the desert, having watched the last stone laid, and everything apparently sealed for ever, I heard them say they had been told that their work enshrined the knowledge of Almighty God Himself. And I was not surprised. Then, in my day-dream, I questioned the men who commenced the carving of the Sphinx. They, too, had to work to plan: the head of a Woman, the Face of a Man, the Body of a Lion, as if the Woman gave birth to the Man, who regulated the life and movements of the Lion.

And in my reverie I linked the Sphinx with the Pyramid as the Key to its veiled meaning. Among the nations of the Earth the Woman is known who gave birth to the Man Who rides upon the Lion to fulfil His world-wide destiny.

My guides woke me up by saying they wanted me to have my photograph taken *on the donkey*. I will not believe there was anything diabolically malicious in the suggestion, although they must have known that the picture would create in my mind in after days some tender reminiscences.

Having, however, survived the photographic operation, despite the laughter of an Egyptian policeman who got clear of the camera, and who had watched me both *on* and *off* the donkey, I settled down with Judah and the other guides to some serious talk. It was surprising to note how these old guides were more interested in any *prophetic* comment on the Great Pyramid than many people who have never seen it or read anything about it. Many of them live in England.

"Tell us," said one of them, "what you think the Pyramid is. What does it say will happen?"

I invited them to sit with me on some stones near to the Pyramid and I would tell them.

## Chapter Nine

### FACTS AND CONCLUSIONS

PROBABLY no such gathering ever took place in the region of the Pyramid. The reader is invited to imagine half a dozen Egyptians intensely interested in a *prophetic* comment on the Pyramid. They were Mohammedans, but my references to Christ seemed to give them no shock or offence. Much that I said had to be interpreted to them, but they grasped everything easily, and would have sat on and on if I had continued my talk.

"Judah," I said, "I rather think we have seen enough and reasoned enough to knock the bottom out of the Tomb idea."

"Yes," said the Chief of Antiquities, "I do think so. I have been thinking about what you said as to the *top* of the Pyramid. It is not finished off as if a top were to be put on it. All unfinished—stones standing. You have made me think much about that."

*A Voice:* "And me. Top, I think, unfinished."

"Do you know," I said, "that the top measures 286·1 inches?"<sup>1</sup>

*A Voice:* "No; what means that?"

"Well," I replied, "that measurement runs through, so to speak, the Pyramid, and Mr. Davidson calls it most appropriately *The Displacement Factor*. I do not

<sup>1</sup> This in my haste was said crudely and inaccurately. See my further explanation in the Appendix.



wish to preach to you good Mohammedans, but, as I read the history of the world, Christ has been displaced all along the line by human Governments since that Pyramid was built. Assume that the Great God you so devoutly worship wished to reveal in permanent form His foreknowledge of this fact, could He have done so by better means or in a more suitable part of the earth? It is obvious He could not. Europe and the British Isles were uncivilised, but it is significant that long before Julius Cæsar came to Britain, a race of men built what was probably a Temple on Salisbury Plain, and its precise measurements resemble the Pyramid's."

This fact was news to my audience.

"Yes," I continued, "it is true, and I have not heard anyone suggest that the stones on Salisbury Plain are the remains of a Tomb. But, leaving that point, the question is whether the building we are now looking at is a sort of Time-Chart. You showed me, Judah, where someone had recently fixed the socket at one corner of the Pyramid. First of all, does it not strike you good guides as significant that the base circle of the Pyramid gives the exact length of the solar year?"

"Yes; wonderful," said somebody behind me.

"Well; what does that imply? Surely this: the *first* thought of the Designer was concerning *exact* time. What had that to do with a Tomb and a Mummy?"

*A Voice:* "Not much; but was it an accident?"

"An accident!" I exclaimed. "What, an exact year-circle  $365\frac{1}{4}$  *anything?*"

*Another Voice:* "No! Not reasonable!"

"Thank you!" I responded. "Then if it was not an

accident, it follows that the plans of the Designer, before ever a stone in front of us appeared there, were drawn to a Time-Scale as the very foundation of the building; and, mark you, a bewilderingly accurate scale, considering that the Pyramid was built five thousand years ago. At any rate, the *first* thought of the Designer was *exact time*. That is clear, is it not?"

*A Voice*: "Sure!"

"Well, then," I continued, "we have a right to presume that all the other measurements will be equally precise, and may have had a *purpose* and *meaning* in the Designer's mind."

*Judah*: "Yes; I saw Professor Petrie take his measurements."

"I accept them," I replied, "and I have not troubled myself to take any, because that is not my job. My job was to allow you three gentlemen to keep me right end up" (laughter); "but I esteem Professors Petrie and Peet and Mr. Edgar very highly, and I am not contending at the moment as to the exact length of the inch or cubic measure. I will accept Professor Petrie's measurements, or those recently issued by your Government, and then submit that those measurements point to fixed and precise times in human history, as truly as the astronomical cycles in our sacred books, *Daniel* and *Revelation*, can be scientifically proved to be correct to the year. The measurements of the Pyramid can be worked out to the day and minute. Is that a mere coincidence?"

*Judah*: "No, it is not a Tomb. It is a symbol. It has a meaning."

"Yes," I said, "and that Antechamber has no sense in its construction at all, unless it is a Time-Chart and symbol of current history."

"What is the next date?" asked a gentleman behind me.

"May 29, 1928," I replied, "which is defined by the entrance to the Second Low Passage, according to Professor Petrie's own measurements, just as the First Low Passage defines August 4-5, 1914, when Britain entered the Great War."

"Then will war commence again next May?" he asked.

"It may; but not necessarily. The symbolism of the Second Low Passage indicates a more serious depression. It may be financial at the start. How the depression will develop we must wait to see. It will continue until September 15-16, 1936, unless the nations repent; and the entrance to the Shaft out of the Pit seems to me to indicate they had, or have, the opportunity."

"Then your mind is unchanged as to the Purpose of the Pyramid?" I was asked by someone.

"Absolutely confirmed," I replied; "I see no escape from the conclusion that the Great Pyramid is a prophecy of past and coming events. All the past dates have received an exact fulfilment, according to the symbolism. The two remaining dates will reveal their own meaning. But in the light of what I have seen I shall review very carefully certain facts. I thank you all."

These healthy, clear-eyed guides were kind enough to thank me for my impromptu talk, and conducted me to the Arab's house, where the donkey was again awaiting me. I tried by a short address to come to a clear understanding with him, because it was now dark. I have to report that the beast was politeness itself. I could hardly see my hand before me as he

safely conducted me through Mena Village to the tram track. It was a strange feeling one had as one passed in such darkness many a camel and donkey, but my donkey saw me through, only adding a little to my already somewhat bandy-legged appearance.

I bid farewell to my companions with regret, and shall always retain pleasant memories of my wonderful experiences with them. I had seen the Pyramid, the pictures of which had haunted my mind for many years. I was satisfied. It can be studied without seeing it, but a visit to it cleared up in my mind several doubts.

## Chapter Ten

### QUIET MEDITATION

I DID not mention to my guides many thoughts that passed through my mind, but when I reached Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, I carefully meditated upon many things.

The first was whether the base line of the Pyramid would lead us to the conclusion that the Displacement Factor is embodied in the Pyramid's *exterior*. Everything confirmed abundantly Mr. Davidson's general deductions.<sup>1</sup> The obvious and impressive fact about the Pyramid is its *time* measurements, and I would trust them in preference to many *historic* records. What is certain is this: that measuring up the Grand Gallery 1,914 inches, and striking from that point a perpendicular line to cut the entrance to the First Low Passage, we get the exact date: *August 4-5, 1914*. What does that imply? That the whole structure is a geometrical expression of certain *dates*. And the singular fact is that up to the present time these geometrically defined dates have registered absolutely unique events. Only *one* Christ was born and crucified. The dates of these two events are supplied by the Pyramid. But take the latest date:

JULY 11, 1927.

What happened on that day? Many remarkable things, such as the earthquake in Palestine (which may have

<sup>1</sup> Vide, *The Great Pyramid*, by Davidson (Williams & Norgate).

had no prophetic significance), but something else took place which was absolutely unique, namely, *the Failure of the Disarmament Conference in Geneva*. No such event had ever happened before in the world's history, and it has already had a significant result in America! It is true that on this date an adjournment *only* took place, due to an Irish leader's tragic death; but after what? An utter failure to agree, and this fact was the *index* and *pointer* to subsequent failure, as to which there can be no dispute. In the same way, every Pyramid date has been confirmed by an outstanding event.

I reflected that different historians may afford varying dates for the Jews' "Bondage under the Law," which dates may all differ from the length of the First Ascending Passage; but remembering that other Pyramid dates have proved correct, I would trust the Pyramid measurement in preference to contradictory historic records. One thing is sure: no history of any people has been so astounding as that of the Jews, and no religion has produced such *world-wide* effects as Christianity. Is it a coincidence that the Grand Gallery gives the exact length of time that Christianity was an evangelical power?

The longer I meditated on what my eyes had seen, the more deeply significant became other indisputable facts. The following, for instance, impressed my mind more than ever:

The Antechamber Period is a symbolic revelation of current history. It would be impossible to conceive a better. The Pit obviously symbolises *a Field of Evil Spiritual Influence*, its central date being July 20, 1926, the day on which Dherensky, the Pope of Bolshevism and the murderer of countless numbers of anti-

Bolshevists, was assassinated. In other words, the Subterranean Chamber symbolises at this very time a *negative spiritual influence throughout the world*. The measurements of the Pit prove that the field of evil influence should naturally extend from March 12, 1913, to November 27, 1939, but that its effects should be so diverted and absorbed between March 12, 1913, and August 20, 1953, as to deliver the world from its dominance by September 16, 1936. The effects were certainly absorbed and diverted on the central date, July 20, 1926. This central index-date pointed to most serious historical consequences for the Russian Communist Party. These have followed. The floor-level of the Queen's Chamber intersects the floor of the First Ascending Passage and *gives the date of Christ's Birth*. I gave special attention to this construction. Also to the fact that the beginning of the Grand Gallery marks the date of the Crucifixion. Thus it became quite clear to my mind that the geometrical and astronomical chronology of the Great Pyramid gives the day, month, and year of the Birth and Crucifixion of Jesus. This being easily proved, was it a surprising fact that the bearing of Bethlehem from the Pyramid represented the Pyramid's Passage Angle? It was obvious that these two sets of facts mutually indexed each other. What follows? Surely, that all subsequent dates would denote events *related to Christ and Christianity and subsequent history*. Is not this an immediate logical inference? Subsequent history has proved the inference to be correct. The whole of recent history has made manifest a vast field of evil spiritual influence, its two opposite points being Christ and Bolshevism. Will the remaining Pyramid dates denote events that will bring the battle to a

decisive issue? I came to the conclusion they certainly will.

As I sat in Shepherd's Hotel that evening, watching every type of Eastern people pass its front, the prophecies in Egyptian ancient literature concerning a coming Messiah seemed to become more real. Three thousand years before Jesus was born, prophecies concerning the Advent and Passion of the promised Messiah were related to the symbolism of the Pyramid. Whether it was my environment or not I do not know, but the belief that these prophecies were fulfilled by Osiris and other deities sounded hollow. And the further supposition that the fundamental truths of Christianity were derived from the pagan conceptions of previous religions appeared absurd. What took place in the world on the day when the Osirian worship flourished that in any way resembled current international events or fulfilled the symbolism of the Pyramid's Antechamber? I could recall nothing; but when events that have transpired since November 11, 1918, passed before one's eyes as on a film, one's experience in the Antechamber itself became very realistic. Especially so the deliverance of the Holy Land from the Turk in 1917. About fifty years ago Dr. Grattan Guinness gave 1917 for this event, based on a study of Daniel's prophecy. Around this event gathered all the prophecies of the Old Testament concerning the period symbolised by the First Low Passage. It was Britain that delivered the Holy Land from the domination "of the Gentiles." General Allenby struck his final blow straight opposite Megiddo on the predicted battlefield. *Was that a coincidence?*

Once again my mind wandered to the Tombic and other theories concerning the Great Pyramid. If they



were true, all its time measurements were either accidental or prophetically meaningless. This became more and more unthinkable as I reflected on what I had seen. It is not a question of whether you are an engineer in order to decide whether the Great Pyramid is a Tomb. An engineer would, of course, swiftly decide the matter by pointing out that a block of stone, if you try to slide it down a passage, will jamb in the passage unless it has at least  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch of clearance all round. But the visitor to the Pyramid needs no such knowledge. All he needs is the use of his eyes and the power to feel in his head! I thoroughly endorse every word of the following quotation from Mr. Davidson's *Talks on the Great Pyramid*?

Neither the exterior nor the interior of the Great Pyramid presents any problem that is exclusively a problem for the Egyptologist to solve. One can go farther than this, and say that the problem of the Great Pyramid is primarily an engineering problem, and one upon which only the engineer is capable of expressing an authoritative opinion. For this reason, the many capable engineers and architects who have studied this extraordinary building have, almost without exception, disagreed with the orthodox theory of the Egyptologists, i.e. that the Great Pyramid is a tomb, and that, being a tomb, it had no other purpose to serve. By such argument as this, the archæologist of the future might allege that Westminster Abbey was not a place of worship because it was a burial-place. It can, however, be clearly demonstrated that the Great Pyramid was *not* a tomb, and therefore that it did have another purpose to serve.

THE DIRECT PROOF AGAINST THE TOMBIC THEORY IS AN ENGINEERING PROOF, AND A DEFINITELY CONVINCING ENGINEERING PROOF. The First Ascending Passage, which leads from the Entrance or Descending Passage into all the inner Passages and Chambers of the Pyramid, was and is closed by a tightly fitting Granite Plug or block at its

lower or entering end. According to the exponents of the Tombic Theory, this Plug was retained loose in the Grand Gallery, or elsewhere within the Pyramid's upper system, until the death of the king. The mummy case, it is alleged, was then dragged up the Ascending Passages and deposited in the King's Chamber; after which the Granite Plug was released and permitted to slide down from the Grand Gallery into the First Ascending Passage to its lower end. Here, according to the theory, it came to rest, tightly wedged in, impossible to remove except by quarrying. In this position it effectively sealed access to the Upper Passages and Chambers. There the Plug still remains sealing the access, and entrance to the First Ascending Passage behind the Plug is gained only by means of Al Mamoun's quarried shaft, which was excavated about A.D. 800.

NOW THE PECULIAR FACT CONCERNING THIS PLUG IS THAT IT WOULD FIT JUST AS TIGHTLY THE DEPTH OF THE UPPER END OF THE PASSAGE AS IT DOES THE LOWER END. Any engineer, architect, or constructional operative knows that it is impossible to slide or push a block of stone, however smoothly dressed and accurately squared, along a passage after the passage has been completely constructed, if the block fits the passage tightly. It is a matter of experience, in such circumstances, that the block will jamb in the passage unless it has at least three-quarters of an inch of clearance all round. Even then it would have to be guided by loosely fitting side rollers, and would require very careful manipulation and centring and balancing of tackle to succeed in sliding it down 129 feet of passage, as would have been the case in the Great Pyramid. It therefore becomes obvious that the First Ascending Passage was plugged as soon as the building of it began (i.e. at its lower or entering end). The height then reached in the building of the Pyramid's masonry courses was only 17 feet. It is therefore clearly certain that the First Ascending Passage was not built to be a means of access for the builders, or for any of their contemporaries. Access to the upper passages and chambers was possible during building only so long as they were not completely roofed over. This complete sealing up took place when the Pyramid's masonry courses had reached the height of

167 feet. Half the Pyramid's bulk then remained to be completed, and over 300 feet of its height. From this it is certain that THE FIRST ASCENDING PASSAGE AND THE UPPER PASSAGES AND CHAMBERS WERE NOT INTENDED FOR ANY CONTEMPORARY PURPOSE, THAT THEY WERE NOT INTENDED FOR THE TRANSIT AND RECREATION OF THE ROYAL OR ANY OTHER MUMMY, AND THAT THE GREAT PYRAMID WAS NOT BUILT AS A TOMB.

I respectfully give it as my opinion that Mr. Davidson's statement of the case is unanswerable. I recalled the fact that Sir Flinders Petrie honoured me recently with several esteemed letters in which he says he looks upon the work of such men as Dr. Aldersmith and Mr. Davidson, who are acknowledged authorities on the subject, as entirely mistaken and their prophetic deductions as impossible. Sir Flinders tells me he "cannot accept their physical statements or their conclusions." Thus Sir Flinders banishes abruptly all these Pyramid experts. I asked our gifted Professor some questions: Here they are:

- (1) Who built the Pyramid?
- (2) Why was it sealed so effectively?
- (3) What was the source of the designer's knowledge?
- (4) Has it any prophetic meaning?
- (5) Had there been any fulfilment of its apparent prophecies?

I received the following esteemed reply:

5, CANNON PLACE,  
HAMPSTEAD, N.W. 3.

MY DEAR SIR,

I certainly am not responsible for the way in which other writers convey a wrong impression about my conclusions.

You ask

- (1) Why built?

Khufu's pyramid is in a regular line of succession of

pyramids, leading up to it and departing from it in principle of construction. All others were tombs, and the "coffer" is like sarcophagi earlier and later.

(2) Why sealed?

All pyramids were carefully closed, and entrance concealed.

(3) What was source of knowledge?

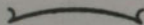
The kind of knowledge has yet to be proved different from that seen elsewhere.

(4) Any prophetic meaning?

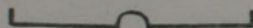
The supposed prophetic meaning depends on several assumptions. The exodus date is contradicted by history, and cannot in any case be taken as proving anything exactly.

The 1882 is now being fitted to a new meaning, because the first application failed. I cannot see any such enormous difference as might be represented by the descent from 340 to 43 inches high.

The assumption of a "Pyramid inch" is quite unproved. I have tried hard to find it and failed. The base length is *not*  $365\frac{1}{4}$  cubits of 25 inches. Even the hollowing of the core is wrongly stated; it is not



but is



a *groove* up the middle of the face to hold a superior line of stones in setting out the angle. The "boss" on the Granite Leaf can have nothing to do with the inch, as it is quite rough and vague, merely a lifting



boss, like dozens of such on granite blocks.

(5) I cannot, therefore, see any "exact fulfilments," but only a few vague coincidences on an entirely unproved unit of measure.

Pardon my being so positive. I spent years on seeking such coincidences and found dozens of others which are quite as good. On doing the whole as thoroughly as I could, there seemed no possible acceptance of any of these esoteric theories.

Perhaps you have not read the full discussion of theories in my *Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) FLINDERS PETRIE.

I trust I have done justice to Sir Flinders Petrie and those who agree with him. I need only add that Professor Peet calmly announced on the wireless from Savoy Street, London, recently, that the Great Pyramid is only a tomb. He gave no reasons, but the Man-in-the-Street would probably not want any. Two eminent scientific professors had pronounced for the Tombic Theory. The matter, therefore, presumably would now be closed. Such eminent men, scientists, engineers, Egyptologists, and students as Davidson, need not be heard or their findings noticed!

I trust I may be allowed to say with deference and respect that I know too much about the conclusions of science to be overawed by them. Mr. Davidson would say the same. Professor Petrie himself states in his book, which he kindly sent to me, that the masonry surfaces were dressed as accurately as "modern opticians' work." He ignores many records that do not agree with his own theories of chronology. But Mr. Davidson has a right to be heard in reply to Sir Flinders Petrie.

Mr. Davidson kindly sends me the following:

*Re Sir Flinders Petrie's letter of July 16, 1925.*

I nowhere represent, or convey the impression, that Sir Flinders Petrie's *conclusions* are the basis of my work. But I do state definitely and clearly that his surveyed *data*

are the basis of my own conclusions. The majority of mathematicians and engineers who have investigated my work agree that my conclusions agree with Sir Flinders Petrie's surveyed data, and that Sir Flinders Petrie's conclusions do not.

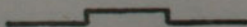
(1) The answer is Professor Petrie's expression of opinion. The Great Pyramid is the only Pyramid with passages and chambers in the Pyramid's own masonry. The Pyramid idea and prophecy existed before any Pyramids were built, and tombs and earlier Pyramids were built as a result of the existing idea becoming widespread.

(2) "Sealing" and "concealing" not identical. No one could gain access to the Pyramid's upper passages and chambers. The concealed doorway of the Great Pyramid permitted access to the lower chambers of the Great Pyramid as the concealed doorway permitted similar access in the case of the other Pyramids. Engineers agree, however, that the Granite Plug was built in, and not slid down the First Ascending Passage, and that the plug was thus built in when the Pyramid was built only 20 feet above the pavement. This destroys the Tombic Theory as applied to the Pyramid's own interior.

(3) This has been proved in the Great Pyramid: Its Divine Message, as mathematicians and engineers agree when they have fully criticized the work. One eminent Egyptologist has acknowledged that this work has placed new data concerning ancient knowledge in the hands of the Egyptologist, and that the presentation of the case could not have been more clearly made.


(4) I have recently proved what I did not see before—that Petrie's own high authoritative source, Manetho, (Africanus version) gives Menephtah's 5th year as 1486 B.C. The Egyptian version of the "incident" with Israel, discovered by Petrie himself in 1896, is dated in the 5th year of Menephtah. I need say no more in this relation.

Petrie's sketch of the groove does not agree with his statement in his *Pyramids and Temples of Gizeh*. If



as per his sketch, is a groove of thirty-seven inches deep, it

would be obvious to the eye unaided, which it is not, my own form of slope is not a curve but as



*Re the inch boss :—*

PLAN OF GRANITE LEAF

The whole of the Granite Leaf north face is cut counter-sunk with margin still left in wall supports. This is never done for handling and lifting purposes, but is clearly in this case left to show that the counter-sunk surface was purposely sunk to form the boss.

*(Signed)* D. DAVIDSON.

I then re-read a letter I had received from Mr. Davidson. Here it is:

47, PARK SQUARE, LEEDS.

In reply to your questions:

(1) From my study of Egyptian Literature I am positive that there was formerly current in pre-Abrahamic times a Pyramid Apocalypse. It may be that this work was hidden when Egypt reverted to paganism, and that it is yet to be re-discovered. Egyptian religious literature is saturated with paganised traditions derived from some such former Apocalypse. It is certain that these traditional elements refer to the Great Pyramid and its prophecy. In many cases the Pyramid's astronomical periods are correctly applied to astronomical time, but in many others are incorrectly applied, although the periods are correct. A thorough examination of the ancient literary fragments convinces me that the Pyramid Apocalypse existed before the Pyramid was built, and that this is the origin of the high regard paid to the Pyramid type of structure even before Cheops. The Pyramid's revelation *was* just as secret as the Book of Revelation. Its purpose was obscured by the growth of dogma and perverted worship.

(2) The inch-month scale is not a guess. It was first suggested as long ago as 1906 by Mr. William Reeve, of Toronto. I first tackled the question in 1911 with Dr. Aldersmith, and rejected it. I tackled it again in March 1921 to overthrow it. I began my thesis by showing how a geometrician would require the inch-month scale to be represented. I expected to show conclusively that reduction to geometrical principles would not give the required datings. It, however, did give the required datings, so that by my own principles of attack I was compelled to adopt the system, since it gave not only the war datings, but other prophetic datings left in MSS. by the late Dr. Aldersmith at his death in March 1918. It was not until 1923 that I saw the significance of Osiris as the pseudo-Messiah and "Lord of the Pyramid," and from this observed that the Osirian ritual gave "a month for a day." Now you will observe that all the geometry of the Antechamber is given in terms of days, as symbolising the functions of the year-circle. With a month for a day, we have the scale authorised. The month is necessarily the ancient pre-Abrahamic and constant Egyptian month of thirty days.

It was not, however, until the Pyramid book was published that I saw that our Lord Himself authorised the scale. I had actually, in the book, shown this without realising the significance when referred to the Pyramid's chronology.

(3) I believe that the Pyramid gives the Rapture of the Saints as lying between the dates February 19, 1931, and September 16, 1936, and that it does not specify any closer dating. I believe that the Pyramid indicates September 16, 1936, as the second phase of our Lord's Second Advent, i.e. His triumphal return as King with His Saints (including those of the Rapture). If the two phases can be proved to be almost simultaneous, then if the Pyramid gives the date of the second phase, the conclusion is obvious. But I cannot find reason to agree with those who put the two phases in one.

(4) The inch-month scale hinges upon, and is derived from, the inch-year scale, but the latter in no way depends upon the former. The inch-year scale is its own authority,



and as a mathematician I can confidently assert it proves itself. Indeed, one learned scientist and professor, who condemned the book unread, afterwards read it and admitted the scientific and astronomical coincidences to be unanswerable.

(5) I agree with you that the purpose and contents of the Pyramids were known to Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others.

Again thanking you for your letter,

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) D. DAVIDSON.

I masticated the contents of these letters before retiring to obtain a well-earned repose, and came to the conclusions that Professor Petrie had not considered important facts advanced by Mr. Davidson. Had he done so, he would have agreed with Mr. Davidson that the Great Pyramid is *not* a Tomb.

I close this chapter by repeating the questions: *What was it? Why was it built?* and with the following letter:

47, PARK SQUARE, LEEDS.  
July 30, 1926.

DEAR MR. WYNN,

Many thanks for your letter and for all you say. I am quite aware of Petrie's attitude and what he is doing, but there are many scientific men in the same circles who are more than counter-balancing his influence. These scientific men quite realise that what Petrie ignores in my book is what he cannot criticise.

Regarding your statement *re* the prediction of the beginning of the war by means of the First Low Passage. Both dates, August 4, 1914, and November 11, 1918, are clearly predicted datings relating to the beginning and ending of Tribulation, as are also the dates of the Second Low Passage and the dates of the King's Chamber, but the dates in the Antechamber between November 11, 1918, and May 29, 1928, are not predictive datings, but

Index dates, in other words, they are true dates, but the events that have to happen on those dates cannot be predicted; but when these events do happen they become Pointers to the significance of the cumulative series of events leading up to the last Tribulation.

The remark in my last letter to you applied only to these Index datings, and is in effect merely what I have stated in my books.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) D. DAVIDSON.

## *Chapter Eleven*

### FURTHER MEDITATIONS

I ROSE the next morning much refreshed, but with feelings of revenge towards that donkey! I had arranged to go to Jerusalem by the train leaving Cairo at 6 p.m. I therefore had the whole day in which further to consider Pyramid problems and facts.

To The Man-in-the-Street the discussions by Petrie, Davidson, Edgar, Peet, and others are all double Dutch. I have tried to escape the technical references that so delight these scientific gentlemen. I have tried to present the facts in language that children can understand. What Professor Petrie's contentions amount to is this: The Great Pyramid is only a Tomb, in line with preceding ones, having no time-measurements and therefore no esoteric or prophetic meaning. It was built as the burial-place for some king. He would have to wait at least twenty years before he was carried into it, although Time and Tide wait for no man. Mr. Davidson replies by saying that any such theory has no support whatever, and that all the facts are dead against it. The Pyramid is the most wonderful building in the world, "The Bible in Stone," embodying the most remarkable scientific facts, and by geometrical and astronomical means proclaims a Message to Modern Britain.

I honestly tried to banish from my mind Mr. Davidson's interpretation, and make another effort

to gaze at the Pyramid with the eyes of Professor Petrie. I failed every time! It is obviously *not* in succession to the other tombs in the district, for these are totally different, except in apparent *exterior* construction, and the difference in *interior* construction and dedication makes all the difference! Whether it was built first or last makes little difference. The other structures give clear evidence that they were built as tombs and *only* for burial purposes. The Great Pyramid, when one thinks about it, gives complete and final evidence to the contrary. At any rate, that is how the indisputable facts impressed my mind. The differences between Petrie and Davidson, as manifested in the foregoing letters, seem to me (I write only my own thoughts) to be trivial, in the light of other overwhelming and indisputable evidence, which I have already supplied in part, and now propose to supply more. But one question before proceeding: How does Professor Petrie explain the *absence* of any Egyptian hieroglyphic or dedication? And why was the name of the King never notified? But now look at other facts.

I am indebted to Mr. Edgar and Mr. Davidson for precise statements of facts which I now believe can be scientifically demonstrated. They are largely based on Mr. Edgar's measurements which agree in the main with those published by Professor Petrie.

The geographical position of the Great Pyramid is one of its most significant features. Its exact location at the southern apex of the delta of Lower Egypt enables it to fulfil the peculiar and unique requirements of the Altar and Pillar in Egypt, as spoken of by Isaiah (xix. 19); for the Pyramid, while it stands at the very border of the cultivated land of Lower Egypt,

and at the fringe of the desert which extends from it east, west, and south, marks also at the same time the geometric or practical governing centre of Lower Egypt's sectorial fan-shaped land.

Even more wonderful is the Great Pyramid's angular connection with Bethlehem, the city of David, where the Man Christ Jesus was born. The actual distance between the Pyramid and Bethlehem agrees, by a recognised proportion, with the period between the erecting date of the Pyramid and the date of Jesus's birth; and by another connected proportion it also agrees with the years between Jesus Christ's birth and A.D. 1914.

*The Builder?* All the evidences demonstrate that the real architect was God Himself. (He was the Invisible Architect of the Tabernacle and the Temple.) The inspired earthly builder was a member of God's chosen race, in the direct line of, but preceding, Abraham; probably Shem, who is believed to have been Melchizedek.

*Unit of Measure?* The inch, an even 500,000,000 of which is the true length of earth's polar axis of rotation. This inch, used in the building of the Pyramid, is practically the same length as the British inch, being only half a hair's-breadth longer.

Anciently the Anglo-Saxon inch was this identical earth-commensurable Pyramid inch. Though so small, this all-important unit of length, the inch, was *monumentalised* by the Pyramid's builders; for in the Antechamber, on the northern face of the "Granite Leaf," they sculptured in bas-relief a boss exactly one inch in thickness.

As the length of Israel's Sacred Cubit, according to the historical researches and learned deductions of Sir Isaac Newton and Professor C. Piazzi Smyth,

is an even twenty-five of these Pyramid and original Anglo-Saxon inches, there can be little doubt that this standard unit of linear measure, the inch, was handed down to us through the centuries from Israel. The cubit-length was also monumentalised by the ancient architect; for in the Queen's Chamber in the east wall he designed a large Niche, the vertical centre of which is exactly one cubit south of the chamber's vertical centre.

*Size and Workmanship?* It is the largest edifice ever erected in stone. Its height is nearly 500 feet, and it covers an area of thirteen acres, almost two-thirds of a mile round its square base. In bulk it is more than 90 million cubic feet. The workmanship displayed in this monument is marvellously accurate, and the finish beautiful.

Stones in it weighing quite 16 tons, with joint-surfaces of 35 square feet, are held together with a film-like layer of cement no thicker than a hair. Scientists are at a loss to understand how the ancient workmen made these fine cemented joints.

The Mathematical Ratio " $\pi$ " is embodied in the very structure of the Pyramid. As the figures of the decimal fraction of this ratio continue indefinitely (it has been worked out to over seven hundred places of decimals accurately, without any indication of finality), it has been suggested that " $\pi$ " is a symbol of the infinite.

*The Sun-distance?* We get the mean distance of the sun from the earth, close on 92,996,085 miles. Professor Newcombe gives 92,980,000 as the finding of modern astronomy.

*The Date of Erection?* This question is best answered in Mr. Davidson's own words in a letter to me:

As to the date of the Pyramid's construction you will see this from *Early Egypt, Babylonia, and Central Asia*, Chart No. 1, Khufu's reign, and from *The Great Pyramid: Its Divine Message*, Entrance Doorway datings. The floor line of the Entrance Passage cuts the face of the Designer's plane of the Arris edges of 2654 B.C., giving the date of the beginning of organisation in the reign of Shaaru. The perpendicular from the roof line inter-section with the same face gives on the floor line of the Entrance Passage 2644 B.C. in the first year of Khufu. The exact Entrance floor date at the real Entrance Doorway gives 2625 B.C., indicating the date of the casing being completed. You will see, therefore, that the Entrance Passage dates between the hollowing-in feature supplies the period of the Pyramid construction. This is quite in line with the symbolic intention of the Entrance Passage from its doorway, indicating the Spiritual degeneration from the date of the Pyramid's construction towards the Exodus.

*Orientation?* Both Professors C. Piazzi Smyth and Flinders Petrie agree that, originally, the Pyramid's four sides pointed accurately north, south, east, and west. Owing to the exceedingly slow, but perceptibly constant movement of the earth's surface, the orientation of the Pyramid's sides is now not absolute, being a little more than 5' (five minutes) of arc therefrom. In other words, the Great Pyramid actually proves that the crust of the earth is gradually shifting.

The earth's weight, and the weight of the Pyramid, are known to be proportionally related to one another.

The Earth's Mean Density is clearly indicated by the Pyramid. 5.7 cubic Pyramid inches of pure water at the mean temperature of 68° Fahrenheit, and 30 inches barometric pressure, is equal in weight to one cubic Pyramid inch of earth's mean density material.

Scientists have not yet been able to determine absolutely the mean density of the earth; but the most

carefully conducted scientific experiment, namely, of Professor J. H. Poynting in 1877, published by the Royal Society of London, practically confirms the above-mentioned indication of the Pyramid, being 5.69.

The Earth's Cubical Bulk, as distinct from its weight, and the cubical bulk of the Pyramid, are also proportionately related. And the surface area of the earth is symmetrically agreeable to the dimensions of the Pyramid.

The Mean Temperature and barometric air pressure best suited for mankind are ideally indicated by the King's Chamber; for in this masonry-protected apartment are all the scientific advantages of a cave deep down in the earth, that is, stability and little variation in temperature, but at the same time the correct elevation above sea-level to give the desired mean air pressure of 30 inches.

*Biblical Times and Seasons?* The correct chronology of ancient and modern history, with all the prominent dates, are most accurately corroborated by the inch-measurements of the Pyramid's passage system. The absolute agreement of the inch-lengths of the various passages with the years of the chronological periods, both sacred and secular, is one of the most remarkable features of the Great Pyramid.

On all these main points all the students of the Pyramid agree. I am not, therefore, asking my readers too much, when I request them to believe that such a building was reared for a special purpose. They can have no doubt, whatever, at least so it seems to me, when they measure the significance of the descriptions of the Pyramid that will follow.



## *Chapter Twelve*

### THE GREAT PYRAMID IN BROAD OUTLINE

THE facts I have stated in the previous chapter are taken from the writings of men who took measurements in the Pyramid as carefully as Professor Petrie. I have only space to state a few more facts. The Great Pyramid is in Egypt, the only country where the perfect Pyramid is found. It is a stone building with a square base, with four triangular, sloping sides, meeting in a point exactly above the centre of the base. There are over thirty of these monuments erected along the western bank of the Nile, but not one of them compares in importance with the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. There are "Seven Wonders," but this is the greatest. It has survived the rest, by enduring "the shocks and shoals of Time." It throws the results of the modern engineer's art into the shade. Its workmanship and skill, its vast bulk, its exact fitting of tens of thousands of its immense parts, some of them weighing sixteen tons each, together with its miraculous design, suffer no comparison. It is not surprising it should be called either the Miracle or Bible in Stone. Only fools will laugh at our effort to master its symbolic message. The longer it is studied the more clearly it is seen to be an inspired product of divine genius. Its scientific and other revelations were not common knowledge in the day it was built. Think of the time it has taken man by laborious

research to arrive at a near approximation of the size of the earth, the distance separating us from the sun, the duration in days of the solar tropical year, the lunar month, the number of years in the precessional cycle of the equinoxes, and many other marvellous discoveries! Yet they are all *built up* in the Great Pyramid. Who gave the designer his information? Is it possible he obtained it by means of psychic messages, in the same way as Moses built the Tabernacle and David the Temple? Why not? What if God Himself decided to convince His creatures in our own day that He exists, and all things are known to Him and are working harmoniously to a grand consummation? And what if He enshrined in the Pyramid as His proof the scientific truths which our scientists have taken thousands of years to establish? This is our claim for the Great Pyramid. It was completed two decades before Abraham was born. It has stood the ravages of five thousand years. And it has held hidden within it measures and angles containing a prophetic history of the world, not known until the history itself was recorded.

There is one significant fact which must not be lost sight of, namely, had it not been that the British and American peoples had preserved their inherited Anglo-Saxon measures, especially the inch or 25th part of the Sacred Cubit, the world to-day would not have known that the Great Pyramid, by its dimensions exterior and interior, corroborates the ancient chronological records of Israel with the many prophetic times and seasons based upon this chronology.

The much vaunted French Metric system of weights and measures, supposedly "scientific," but not really so, could never have unlocked the treasures now

known to be built into the great stone Sign and Witness in Egypt.

The French scientists recognised that to be "scientific" in the highest degree necessitated their basing their system of measures upon the size of the earth; but they unfortunately neither adopted the correct method of doing this, nor did they rightly estimate the dimensions of the earth.

It is because this is so well understood that Sir John Herschel and Professor C. Piazzzi Smyth, and very many competent authorities, have, and do, oppose the adoption into Britain and the United States of America, and all their colonies and possessions, of the French Metric system. It is not because these authorities object to the *decimal* system, which has much to commend it, but to the faulty methods, and erroneous measures, of the French Metric system. As the basic number of the Great Pyramid is ten, the whole system of measures in, and connected with, the Great Pyramid is essentially a *decimal* system.

We here quote from the speech addressed to the Boston Society of Engineers by Mr. Charles Latimer, Chief Engineer of the railway in Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.:

It is true, indeed, that our weights and measures in the present day require some remodelling; but how shall it be done? Not by uprooting all our traditions, cutting ourselves loose from the past. No, we must come back to the perfection of olden sacred history, and of that religion which proves that our race is not the result of a spontaneous natural development [not by the process of natural Evolution], but that man came from his Maker a living soul.

But where shall we find such perfection? I answer in the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. For within that grand

primeval pillar of stone have been found the standards of weights and measures, so earth and heaven commensurable, and so assimilated to our own ancient and hereditary system, that it does seem as if the Almighty Himself had given to us an inheritance, to be kept precisely for the emergency of the present day and hour. . . .

Shall we, indeed, find our units, as well as standards of weights and measures there? I can confidently answer that they are there. The inch is there, the yard is there; our Sabbath is there; Christ is there; our past, our present, yea, perhaps our future.

I am only wishing for the time being to inspire confidence in my readers that those of us who study the Pyramid as students of Biblical Prophecy are not cranks. We believe that Isaiah xix. 19, 20 (perhaps, if your Bible is not too dusty, you will turn up that passage, and Jer. xxxii. 18, 19) has a meaning of deepest importance for Britain and America. At least, a study of the Pyramid, when you once get into it, will prove as interesting as baseball, football, and cricket.

I find the belief that the Pyramid was only a tomb is a great hindrance to the perception of the truth it embodies. No doubt other Pyramids were tombs, for mummies have been found in them. Yet we can prove that Cheops, the accredited builder, was not buried in the Great Pyramid. His name is found on the masonry blocks, but his tomb is a thousand feet away from the Pyramid. It is not without significance that in January 1926 the tomb of a wife of Sneferu was found (according to Mr. John L. Balderston, Special Correspondent from America, in his dispatch to the London *Daily Chronicle*, dated January 11, 1926) under the shadow of the Great Pyramid. Let us listen to what Mr. Balderston reports. He says:

Under the shadow of the Great Pyramid, mightiest and most mysterious of all the works of man, the curtain is still lowered on the drama to be played out within a few days.

It is my privilege to turn up the footlights.

No boy king, forgotten before he had been buried a hundred years, lies in the yet unopened sepulchral chamber found last March by the Harvard Boston expedition.

In a sarcophagus of alabaster, under a canopy of solid sheet gold, surrounded by his treasures, his "everlasting house" still inviolate, his monument perhaps a share in the Great Pyramid, one of the most powerful monarchs the world has ever known is believed to repose.

The Tomb was later found to be that of a wife of Sneferu, but the description of the burial-place differs entirely from the Great Pyramid, in which no mummy was discovered but a *lidless* coffer in a chamber perfectly ventilated. And in connection with this point of ventilation hangs a tale. It has the profoundest significance. Why should it be ventilated? The other Pyramids are not. We simply assert at this point that there is not the least evidence to show that Cheops, whose name has been found on some of the masonry blocks, even intended it to act as a tomb. I go farther: neither he nor the hundreds of thousands of men employed to build it knew the *ultimate* purpose of the matchless structure. History, actual facts of Man's journey in this world, have alone elucidated the mystery, and will elucidate it further, and all men will see it before the end of 1936.

The unsuspecting visitor to the Pyramid might feel he had been in a sort of glorified coal-mine! He is quite surprised when he is informed that it is an allegory in stone, which contains special secrets for Britain and America during the period 1914-1936.

If my reader will study the subject by means of many books now on sale, he may not agree with all the writers say, but he will surely come to the conclusion that the Great Pyramid was not a Tomb. And this conclusion will introduce him to a sea of Prophetic Wonder.

## Chapter Thirteen

### A PAUSE

BEFORE relating my experiences in Palestine, it will be a help to my readers to insert at this point certain conclusions about the *purpose* and *meaning* of the Pyramid which have been arrived at by the author of *The Great Pyramid: Its Divine Message*. Mr. Davidson's work is fairly well known, but I have to repeat that to the Man-in-the-Street it is unintelligible. Its technical language, heavy style, and vast historical *data* make it an impossible book for the average reader. Yet its contents demonstrably prove that Mr. Davidson is a master of his theme. He may not be right on every point, but his latest findings, as reported in the *Morning Post*, are of the utmost importance, and I make no apology to my reader for laying them before him. I cannot give them all, but here are a few of the utmost significance:

It is essential that the reader should understand at the outset that the belief that the Great Pyramid expresses a Divine revelation is not a figment of twentieth-century imagination. This belief is as old as the Pyramids, and permeates the literary traditions of ancient Egypt and Babylon, as well as the traditions of early Christian Egypt and the Medieval Mediterranean. Communicated through the cults of medieval knighthood, the essential themes of this ancient belief have been woven into the ritual of many modern speculative cults. In fact, it is no exaggeration to state that these themes have persisted through five thousand

years of continuous history. Nor is it any paradox to say that the belief in the Divine revelation expressed in the Great Pyramid preceded that particular form of structural expression. The Enoch elements in the various traditions will be seen to account for this, and also for at least three Pyramids having been built before the Great Pyramid.

(1) Although several Pyramids were built before the Great Pyramid, and many Pyramids after it, none of these others display the remarkable properties of the Great Pyramid. The originally securely sealed internal passages and chambers of the Great Pyramid enshrine the essential message of its revelation. No other Pyramid built before or after the Great Pyramid contains any *internal* system of passages and chambers, and literary tradition has nothing to say concerning a Divine revelation in any other Pyramid. On the other hand, the essential themes of the literary records and traditions relating to the Great Pyramid's revelation have received authoritative countenance in the prophecies of the Old and New Testaments.

(2) The theme of the revelation enshrined within the Great Pyramid's system of passages and chambers is identical with the Scriptural Messianic allegory of the Stone Kingdom. In this allegorical structure the Messiah is not only the "chief corner-stone," but the "headstone of the corner," qualifications that can apply to no structure other than a Pyramid. This identification clearly explains the existence in early Egypt of what Professor James Breasted defines as "Messianism one thousand years before the Hebrews."

(3) In accordance with the high purpose for which it was designed, the Great Pyramid was built to stand for thousands of years, not only as a token of the supreme monumental skill and accuracy that its master-masons could achieve, but also intentionally as an intellectual challenge to the beholder of later ages to arouse in him a speculative interest in the purpose of such perfection in workmanship. Emblematic of that mystical building, so well and truly laid, it was originally perfectly oriented and raised in perfection, in simple form, within five points; rising course by course, in the hands of its master-



masons, from within its four accurately oriented base corners, to its fifth point or apex, emblematic of the Messiah, the Lord of Resurrection. Such is the theme of the Egyptian texts and traditions concerning the Great Pyramid, as an eminent Oxford scholar, Mr. Marsham Adams, was the first to prove to demonstration from the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*. Such also is the theme of the Scriptural allegory of the Stone Kingdom.

(4) The ancient Egyptian tradition, preserved in the Coptic account of the Akbar Ezzeman MS., states that the vision revealing the purpose for which the Great Pyramid was to be built was Divinely given three hundred years before the Deluge.

(5) The ancient Egyptian tradition (preserved in the Coptic account of the Akbar Ezzeman MS.) mentions the same vision, but gives the Great Pyramid as the repository of the prophecies. The account states that the Great Pyramid contained:

“The wisdom and requirements in the different arts and sciences . . . the sciences of arithmetic and geometry that they might remain as records for the benefit of those who could afterwards comprehend them.

“ . . . The position of the stars and their cycles, together with the history and chronicle of time past, of that which is to come, and every future event which would take place in Egypt.”

A scientific investigation of the features of the Great Pyramid, and of the ancient Egyptian references to the Great Pyramid, proves that the Great Pyramid is the structure to which the above tradition refers.

(6) During the past twenty years a treasure-store of records appertaining to the early history of Egypt has been accumulating in the world's museums and libraries. In these records the same background is discerned as has been disclosed from the traditions, and the chronological framework is the same.

(7) From the masons' inscription over the King's Chamber in the Great Pyramid we discover that the upper  $42\frac{1}{2}$  million cubic feet of this Pyramid were built during the last seven years of Cheops' reign. This is a surprising achievement in an age that the late Sir Gaston Maspero

placed, paradoxically it would now seem, in *The Dawn of Civilisation*.

(8) Petrie's survey and reconstruction of Stonehenge show that the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -aroura circle is precisely internal to the outer ring of stones. Petrie confirms the connection by stating that the diameter of this circle is an Egyptian measure. He also finds the  $\frac{1}{2}$  Sacred Cubit of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches in ancient Britain and Medieval England. Petrie also finds that the height of the axis of the outstanding 35th course of the Great Pyramid's masonry is the diameter of the  $\frac{1}{4}$ -aroura year circle, monumentalised at Stonehenge. The top and bottom surfaces of this 35th course are respectively one Sacred Cubit above and one Sacred Cubit below the axis of the course.

(9) The co-ordination of the ancient Egyptian, Babylonian, and Hebrew traditions has established the precise form of the original tradition concerning the Great Pyramid. This takes us back to an age a thousand years before the Hebrews. In that age, however, we find the Messianic prophecies—later promulgated in the Hebrew Sacred Books—already in circulation throughout the ancient world. In the same age the Hebrew sacred system of measures and the chronological system of the Hebrews were already in use. All this points to an origin that one cannot fail to associate with the progenitors of the Hebrew race.

(10) Confirming this inferred connection, the traditions concerning the Great Pyramid refer its origin to a branch of the Adamic race, and supply its principal dimensions in terms of the system of measures of the Adamic race. Our co-ordination of the various elements of these traditions has proved that the building of the Great Pyramid was attributed to a member of the Adamic Dynasty of Noah.

(11) As indicative of the deep spiritual significance attributed to the Pyramid symbolism from the first, we find that of the three Pyramids built prior to the Great Pyramid, none was built as a literal tomb. Zoser's royal tomb exists at Bet Khallaf, and the keepers of Sneferu's two Pyramids refer to them as "the *keba* (or Spirit) Pyramids of Sneferu." Egyptologists, in consequence,

now believe that these earlier Pyramids were cenotaphs and not tombs. It would seem that a ceremony of symbolic burial and resurrection was enacted within these earlier Pyramids. For, as Marsham Adams has pointed out, the lidless sarcophagus in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid is referred to in Egyptian religious literature as the symbol of "the open tomb," emblematic of the promised Messianic Resurrection. Professor Waddell has shown that this is the common religious theme of Asiatic Messianic literature—woven into the contemporary pagan literature—during the thousand years of history that preceded Abraham.

(12) The Egyptian priests told Herodotus much concerning the building of the Great Pyramid that archæological investigation has proved to be true. They said that Cheops (Khufu) was not buried in the Pyramid. The masons' dated records over the King's Chamber confirm this. These records prove that the Interior Passages and Chambers were completely blocked up and sealed in the 17th year of Khufu's reign. Other contemporary records confirm the Nineteenth Dynasty Turin Papyrus statement of twenty-three years for Khufu. Khufu, therefore, lived six or seven years after the interior passages of the Great Pyramid had been sealed up.

(13) All this explains why the Great Pyramid contains no text, carving, or picture concerning any element of Egyptian life or religious ceremonies or beliefs. There is no official inscription; and the only unofficial record of the period was not intended to be seen, but was left by the masons, crudely sketched in ochre, on the blocks built in above the roof of the King's Chamber. This inscription was only exposed as the result of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century excavations into the masonry over the King's Chamber. No known fragment of the Pyramid's external casing contains any inscription.

(14) The reader must have realised by this time that the overwhelming mass of archæological evidence supports the early traditions concerning the builder of the Great Pyramid and the purpose of its building.

(15) That the hollowing-in of the core escarpments was intentional, and not the result of dilapidation or weathering,

is proved by their existing regular mean slope, and by the thickness of the base casing stones in relation to this regular mean slope. The demolition of the casing stones up the sides has certainly widened the apparent extent of core hollowing-in giving the latter a groove-like appearance under careful sighting.

(16) If, then, the apex-stone had to be rejected owing to an error on the part of the builders, this means that the square platform prepared for it was too small to receive it. If the apex-stone platform was built too small at its correct level, then the Pyramid's base square circuit was built too small *by the value of the Displacement Factor*. No other reading of the facts would satisfy the allegory.

(17) The most recent evidence therefore shows that the Great Pyramid monumentalised, in the form in which it was built, the complete allegory of the mistake of the "builders." It was certainly originally set out to have its case corners on the square circuit of 36,524 P. inches as is shown by the masons' setting out base length on the South Side surveyed by the Royal Engineers and by Sir Flinders Petrie. The outstanding new fact is that the Egyptian Government Survey confirms the value of my Displacement Factor precisely. This value was published by me a year before the new Survey was made. The whole theme of my work on the Great Pyramid relates to the significance of this Displacement Factor, not only in connection with the Great Pyramid's base, but throughout the whole of its interior, in innumerable scientific applications. The reader will therefore understand that the new Survey strengthens the value of these demonstrations by bringing the allegory derived from them into complete harmony with the facts concerning the structure as a whole.

(18) The Great Pyramid's science is established in the form of a geometrical treatise on the science of Creation. This is certain from the single simple law according to which all the elements of the Pyramid's science are expressed in terms of the Polar Diameter inch, the number of days in the solar year, and the geometry of the circle. All the Pyramid's external and internal measurements are expressed in these terms. Owing to this fact the absolute intended

distance of any measurement in the Pyramid's passage system can be calculated to the minutest microscopical fraction of an inch, or to a degree of accuracy impossible in tape measuring. The tape measurements, however, confirm the intention of the calculated measurements in the majority of important cases to  $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch, and in other cases to  $\frac{1}{10}$ th of an inch.

(19) The Great Architect's "working drawings" in the Great Pyramid are for the "building" instruction of the British Race. The Great Step "Millennial Circle" gives *the early morning* of August 5, 1914, when Britain entered the Great War.

(20) The Tribulation, however, is indicated as to be resumed on the night of May 29, 1928.

To many of my readers the foregoing quotations may seem hard to grasp, but if they will take the trouble to study a few elementary books on the Pyramid, I am convinced that they will not only arrive at Mr. Davidson's conclusion concerning May 29, 1928, but clearly perceive that all the events taking place among the nations to-day are leading up to the fulfilment of the Pyramid's prediction. That date will bring *some* event—it is impossible to say what—which may not be *revealed* on that day, which event, however, when it becomes known, will prove that we have entered the Last Tribulation of the world's history. All men will then know why the Great Pyramid was built, even Professors Petrie and Peet. For it must be clear that even if all the nations desire peace, they could not be adopting worse methods than the current ones to obtain it.

## Chapter Fourteen

### TO JERUSALEM

IF our reasoning concerning the Pyramid is correct, the Holy Land is of thrilling interest to the student of both. This will become clearer as we proceed.

St. Paul "went up" to Jerusalem. I beg to tender to the Great Apostle my belated congratulations. My experience in 1927 was sufficiently trying. St. Paul's is beyond my imagination. I assume he travelled by caravans, or by means of a few camels and donkeys and guides. Other travelling mercies vouchsafed to him are not stated. What the eye does not see the heart seldom yearns for, and St. Paul had not seen a railway train. At any rate, he had never been kept waiting for one about three hours at Kantara, with a newspaper boy following him up and down the train asking him to buy magazines he did not require. If this had happened, I feel sure his quarrel with St. Peter would have been considerably sharpened.

However, having reached Kantara from Cairo we did really start for Jerusalem at last. It is true it took some time to get through the customs. My box, for instance, was one inch more than "Regulations" permitted. Charge: 6s 10d. If that inch had not been there, charge: *nil*. This was interesting. Then some Health Officer charged me a fee for proving I had neither typhus, smallpox, nor malaria. I paid him with thanks. Then a boy offered me *The Times* for 5d.

I paid him, and he stood a long time expecting "a tip." They have the strangest ways in the East. To kill time I took a short drive, not more than half a mile, and the driver proved in a strange way that I had gone three, charging me six times the sum he ought to have charged. To stop him making a noise about it, I paid with beautiful docility of manner. When I was at Port Said, I paid my boat-fare to reach the shore. On the way the boatman's memory failed him—bless his dear Egyptian heart!—and he took up a second collection. This is a thing I cannot do on Sundays or any other day. All the people in the boat gave him the benefit of the most beautiful verbal sentiment. We were all moved emotionally, except that boatman. His stoical self-control would have enabled him to take a third collection, and then offer thanks to Allah. I soon discovered that these dear unselfish dwellers in the Near East possess very striking attributes of character.

But to return. Such amazing instances of refined kleptomania did not close my eyes to the wonderful country I had now entered. *Kantara* means in Arabic a "Bridge." In olden days it was the ancient crossing of the caravan route between the two lakes by means of the rather higher limestone ridge which divided them. Now, after five thousand years, we still see a bridge, but it spans the Suez Canal. I was fascinated by the sight of great liners, not to speak of small craft, passing up and down the Canal alongside *Kantara*, with their brilliant headlights flashing ahead over the desert. Weird, solemn, awe-inspiring. The Suez Canal is an engineering miracle of the modern world; but as I sat on a stone and looked across the bridge and over the surrounding country, I had visions. It

was by this very crossing that Abraham, Joseph, and Jacob travelled from Palestine into Egypt to reach the region of the Pyramids I had just seen. The Veil of Time seemed to lift, and I saw these three great figures in my imagination pass me to fulfil an unknown destiny. In their loins did they not carry the miracles of history? Tired probably beyond measure, fronting the desert, on on—eyes gazing at the Eastern stars, these three men were taking part in a mysterious World-Drama and fulfilling a Time-Scale foreknown to the Infinite Mind. I saw them go past me across the bridge—three earnest men with calm mien, making their way, not knowing whither; with flickering intuitions in their hearts, perhaps, that there was a veiled meaning in their wonderful lives? The sand is blown in their faces, the sun blisters their skins, the water to quench their thirst becomes less, but their faces are towards the land of the Pyramids, with a God over them who made the heavens. On, on, night and day, carrying unborn heroes and nations with them. Look at them! Are they not potentially carrying Britain and America? The Pyramid answers, Yea! Thus the centuries are woven together by Mystic Divine Fingers. We gaze daily at the passing picture on the World's Film, but the eye that sees how History is evolved from the Womb of Time will observe a line of other great men and kings following these three Patriarchs across the mystical Kantara Bridge.

We are such stuff as dreams are made on;  
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.

Man's history in this world is not an accident. A British Empire does not spring into existence and



spread its wings over the Earth without any Inspiring Cause. Every tree has its roots—invisible, life-giving; and as I sat that night outside Kantara Station I felt I was in touch with the *roots* of human history. No surprise to me that the Great Pyramid should indicate the history of Israel in its First Ascending Passage, and that the Face of the Sphinx should stolidly gaze eastwards. For did not the three progenitors cross this bridge to dwell near the immortal monument? They go wandering *there*. Was that an accident in the Plan of the Ages? I could not come to such a conclusion. In my imagination I saw Europe begin to develop because a mysterious race of people made their way through it to the British Isles, and afterwards to America, and then travel on to hold the gates and colonies of the world. It is an historic fact. Is it not a wonderful spectacle, think you? Not an accident, if you think about it. And the link to it all? Those three Figures crossing this Bridge at Kantara to go into Egypt. Empires and thrones have fallen since then, but the descendants of those three men hold the wealth of the world in their hands in A.D. 1927. The Great Pyramid built in the wrong place, did you say, where nobody can get at it, and therefore it is absurd to suppose God Almighty made a prophecy by means of it? Such is the reasoning of a recent writer. A poor shot at the facts, methinks! The place chosen for the building of the Pyramid is the only one suitable on the Earth. The entire subsequent history of the world's international life starts at this "Corner of the land of Egypt."

For who, I asked, in my dream on Kantara Bridge, is coming across now? Lo! The Holy Family! This Woman carries a Babe in her arms, and Joseph is

behind and before her all the way. It was over this very crossing, beyond a doubt, and along this very track that Jesus went to and from the Valley of the Nile, on which, if you take a boat, you get a magnificent view of the Great Pyramid. In the old Coptic Church in Cairo a spot is covered where it is said Mary took refuge with Jesus until Herod was dead. I visited this church. The report may be legendary, but there is absolute historic evidence that the childhood of Jesus was spent under almost the shadow of the Pyramid. I emphasise this fact and other facts by repetition, because their significance is obviously profound in relation to Pyramid study. Would the recent writer we have referred to have built the Pyramid in Fleet Street, and caused Jesus to be born in London about 1,927 years ago? It did not happen so, because the Almighty is exceptionally gifted with insight and knowledge. The Pyramid was built, and Jesus was born in the right place at exactly the right time.

Can the reader in his imagination sit with me and watch Jesus cross the Bridge at Kantara to go into Egypt? It is the most suggestive sight in Man's history. Abraham, Joseph, and Jacob represent the First Ascending Passage in the Pyramid; Jesus is seen in the Grand Gallery; and He is still crossing strange Bridges to get to His Chamber of Rulership. He has passed over Bridge after Bridge through all the ages. International sand-storms have veiled His march to Power, but Kantara shall be the symbol of His triumphant journey. Ride on, Thou Prince of Peace! The desert of the nations will offer Thee little water to drink, but Thou shalt cross the last bridge, and turn back to see Pharaoh and his host in the sea!

Perhaps, after all, the delay of the train was not waste of time. We had been in touch with the Past and Future, and seen a distinct link between the Bridge at Kantara and the Great War, between Jesus and modern Russia! The world's history, we dare confidently to repeat, is not an accident, and the Great Pyramid proves the fact.

It is difficult for us who live in the West to realise what has happened in Palestine. It was our armies, aided by the magnificent Egyptian Labour Corps, which made this railway. It is the latest *recent* demonstration of British genius and tenacity. Our soldiers called it the "Milk and Honey Railway," but they found little of both as they proceeded, and therefore named it "Desert Railway." Many blockhouses and entanglements are to be seen all along the line. Everything points to the wonderful change that has taken place since the British routed the Turks. Talk about the fulfilment of Biblical Prophecy! The persecutions, desolations, "treading-down," and the "abomination" of former days are visible on all hands. But during the last ten years a miraculous change has taken place. There is an old tradition in South Palestine that the Turks would hold the country "till the waters of the Nile flow into Palestine." An almost impossible contingency! But it was eventually effected by General Sir Archibald Murray. Our train crossed many recent battlefields in Palestine.

A place of remarkable interest (to me at least) was Khan Yunus. The tower of the mosque-fort was built here by the Egyptian Sultan Barqûq in the thirteenth century. It was here that Napoleon had a remarkable escape. He conducted his campaign all along this route. His main army went ahead of him and turned

off accidentally into the desert. Napoleon took the main route and thus missed them. He rode straight into the market-place surrounded only by his staff. To his surprise he saw a number of Arabs hastily mount and gallop away. They thought it was the French Army! Had they waited and captured Napoleon the subsequent history of the world would have been changed at Khan Yunus. It seemed to me that this escape by Napoleon was not an accident, any more than the escape of Jesus from Herod. The facts of human history often seem to turn on accidental events. Montaigne had a special eye for them. But when one stands back from the details of history, and the varying ripples of its ocean, one can see it moving as a great sea to definitely predicted ends. It is this truth that the astronomical and geometrical symbolism of the Great Pyramid enables us to understand. And no histories illuminate it better than those of Palestine and Egypt. *Napoleon was part of the predicted course of European history.* Both Bible and Pyramid reveal the grand fact that events are not accidental. Napoleon was *not* captured at Khan Yunus.

Even the Great War, despite its ghastly features, produced some real humour. The train passed a place called *Deir El Belab*. Here an enormous rail-head camp existed through the summer of 1917. The name means "House of Dates." Our soldiers had little reverence for this classical phraseology. They called it "Dear Old Bella."

But their delightful humour was quickly linked to significant tragedy. It ought never to be forgotten by Britishers that this railway, built first by Sir Archibald Murray and then by Lord Allenby, in their campaigns of 1915-1917, was at the cost of ten thousand British

soldiers' lives—an average of twenty-seven lives for every kilometre. To the left of Deir El Belah one gazes on a big cemetery. The bodies of our men from all the scattered battlefields have been gathered in the main centres. I confess to having had moist eyes as I doffed my hat amid the graves on the Mount of Olives. So beautiful, so charmingly kept, bathed in the glory of the sunshine that wraps the "hills round about Jerusalem." It was the same with all the cemeteries I saw. People who were on "Tour" seemed to pass in and out of them without much thought, but I heard a Voice say not far from the sacred eminence: "I am not come to send peace, but a sword"; "I have many things to say to you, but——!" These words haunted my mind as my eyes continued to twitch. Brave lads these! The silent, sublime Voice of Britain near the place where One spoke from a Cross. Sleep on, my brave ones! You have a place, and a right to it, in this Land of prophetic meaning. You have not died in vain, my young heroes. Did you not represent a "Nation" that has brought forth the fruits of the Gospel of the Crucified One? Verily; Britain has a right to be here. She was ordained by Almighty God to burst the foul boil of Ottoman rulership. All the prophecies of the Bible and the Pyramid would be false otherwise. No one who lost a son or relative or friend in the Great War need weep. It, and the current history of the world, are working out a predicted "Mystery of God." Dr. Grattan Guinness, fifty years ago, announced, after studying the astronomical cycles in the Book of *Daniel*, that the Holy Land would be delivered from the Turk in A.D. 1917. This fact cannot be stated too often for the benefit of people who doubt the truth of Biblical and Pyramid Prophecy.

The graves near Khan Yunus and elsewhere are the solemn and pathetic seals to the prophecy. When the "Mystery of God," as St. John defined it, is finished, our young nobles, the real aristocracy of English blood, whose bodies rest in Palestine, shall not go unhonoured. Rest, dear boys! We wait to see you again.

With such thoughts and feelings we leave our sons' graves behind us, but every mile we traverse reminds us vividly of the symbolism of the Pyramid's Antechamber. Unless many of us are utterly deluded, the message of the Pyramid is mainly addressed to Britain between the years 1914-1936. It defines her as the instrument to effect the rebuilding of the world, but, incidentally, as the chosen means by which Palestine was to be delivered in 1917 from "treading down of the Gentiles."

Does Palestine contain at this moment indisputable evidence of the truth of these combined Biblical and Pyramid prophecies? We all know that Jerusalem was delivered in 1917, but the point we raise is this: does Palestine now, ten years after the Great War, contain proofs of Britain's struggle and victory? The answer is in the affirmative.

We will try to supply part of the proof of this remarkable fact in the next chapter. We ask the reader to note the Biblical connection of the places around which our soldiers fought their battles.

## *Chapter Fifteen*

### GRIM EVIDENCES

THE average reader needs no evidence that Palestine has been the part of Mother Earth which has made the nations and rulers of all ages jealous as to its ownership. From the days of the Philistines, in the region of Philistia (from which word we get the origin of the name "Palestine"), down to George V of England, Epyptians, Greeks, Romans, Crusaders, Saladin ("Salah ed Din"—"Restorer of the Faith"), Richard I of England, and, last of all, General Allenby, have fought to possess it. For the first time in human history, Britain, as Britain, now owns it. Will it ever pass out of her hands? Never. Russia and Turkey, and possibly other Powers will try to wrest it from her. They will fail. The British Empire will fall to pieces before surrendering Palestine! And Britain will do right. Her control of the Holy Land is the predicted climax of a "Mystery of God," to use again St. John's unfathomable phrase in the Apocalypse, the finish of which will soon be reached. Every trace of Britain, therefore, in Palestine is an eloquent, silent comment on inspired Biblical Prophecy. Visit the famous "Waddy Guzzy." There you will see many remains of trenches, sand-bags, and wire entanglements all along this part of the line. Look yonder about a mile away on the right! Do you see that derelict tank "War Baby," knocked out

by the Turks in the first battle of Gaza? Yes; that is Gaza. Does it speak to you, my dear old Dry-as-Dust? Can you hear its Voice out of the still Eternities? Has it any message for Fleet Street? Strange, is it not, that up yonder hill, to the right, Samson carried the Gates of Gaza? Do you perceive the shadow of things to come? The warp and woof of History are woven in the Looms of Time. Watch Samson! (Judges, chap. xvi.). He has come to Gaza. He sees a harlot and goes with her. But the world—of which Gaza is a microcosm—happens to be a Whispering Gallery: more deadly in its effects than the modern wireless! The Gazites suddenly wake up. They have heard something. "Samson is come hither." Get round the house, stand at the gate of the city all night, as silent as mice, and in the morning we will kill the Strong Man.

Are *you* awake, my reader? Are you listening in this year 1928? Samson rose at midnight, took the doors of the gate of the city, bar and all, upon his shoulders, and carried them up to the top of that very hill there. Strong Samson! But Delilah can sap thy strength. She can cause the Philistines to put out thy eyes and bring thee down to this Gaza, bound in fetters of brass, to do hard labour in prison, and then cause thee to afford good sport to three thousand men and women who worship their god Dagon. The Strong Man, despite his weaknesses and sins, handled the pillars of the House in Gaza with effect, and his dust still lies in the vicinity. We will leave the reader to make a full application of the story. One thing is certain: Whatever the ancient Strong Man was morally, and whatever Britain may or may not be, our Boys proved to be "The Strong Man" during



the war in Palestine. Pass through the ruins of Gaza and look out on the left side. The Turk—the Philistine of modern history—effected terrible destruction during the battle at Gaza. He seized all the wood, roofs, ceilings, floors, doors, windows, or anything else he could lay hold of (as if he were a Samson of old) for fuel and trenches, in order to kill a *modern* Samson he was now fated to meet. Our Boys came along to this Gaza and shelled the Philistines, by way of a change. It was a costly effort by the modern Strong Man. In Gaza is a big British cemetery containing 3,257 graves. Noble Boys these, we will repeat. Their bodies repose in sacred soil. A great King smote the *old* race of Philistines on it, “even unto Gaza, and the borders thereof (2 Kings xviii. 8). Let the Britishers who claim these lads as their sons be proud! They live now in an Invisible World, and know that Hezekiah rose against the King of Assyria, and, with sword in hand, smote the foe of God’s People, “even unto Gaza.” And then over the graves of our British heroes I thought I heard the Angel speak to them in their young manhood and say: “Arise! and go . . . unto Gaza” (Acts viii. 26). They arose and went, and there in Gaza Britain has set her seal for ever *against* the Turk.

In the Antechamber of the Pyramid lunar datings are defined proving the connection of the British “builders” with the Ottoman Empire. It was this Empire that came to an end, not Turkey, in 1917. That Empire ended as and when predicted, and these dear fellows of ours, whose bodies lie at Gaza in sweet peace, the stars smiling on them, and the warm sunshine kissing them, helped in the sublime consummation. We would be the last to glorify war, but as

we saw in Palestine the resting-places of British blood and bones, we envied the dead. All honour to them!

It is not without significance that Allenby's General Headquarters were within an hour's motor drive from Gaza, and the intervening country which he captured contains Ashkelon, Ashdod (or Azotus). It was in this region that the Ark of the Covenant made history. (See 1 Sam. v. 1-10; Isa. xx. 1; and Zeph. ii. 4.) I am not giving a Bible Reading, and *your* Bible may have so fallen to pieces through constant use that you may not be able to read these texts; but I would get a new one if I were you, and discover the *British* in it. *The Times* and *Daily Mail* are nowhere in it for interest. For instance, look at this place we are passing. It is called Yebnah. In *Joshua* xv. 11: *Jabneel*. Presently we shall be entering the borders of the Tribe of Dan, and if you look on the ridge to the right yonder among the trees, you will see a house with a Tower. Allenby stayed here for many weeks, during the deliverance of Jerusalem in 1917. And look! here are flourishing and well-cultivated Jewish colonies. Their names are quite old-fashioned: Rehoboth, Richon-le-lion, etc. And you, my good friend, belonging to the Rationalist Free Press, see nothing in it all? Everything that takes place, simply takes place in aimless fashion, and, as the German says, *passes*? Everything comes all right, if one waits. Many things are only strange coincidences, etc.? Thus, with a dose or two of such sweet soothing syrup, the veiled meaning of historic facts is fatally misunderstood.

Strange language—"the Ark of the Covenant!" What has "The Ark of the Covenant"—made thousands of years ago—to do with the Stock Exchange, England, New York, Moscow, and places of that sort?

What has Gaza to do with Fleet Street, or the Sphinx with the House of Commons? Why go to Ashdod to debate the merits of the League of Nations and its consultations at Geneva? Ah! my excited, flint-headed friend, it does look and sound out of date and funny, doesn't it? But, you see, I pause in deference and in love among these British bones at Gaza, because some people once lived here who did not make religion a matter of scientific logic-chopping. They really believed there was a God Who was not a liar, and One Who would keep His word. It is true their notions were not up to date. They believed *you* had to believe in a God—Who made the Universe—and if you did not, or began to rule the world wrongly, He would some day bring the Ark out of the wood and write the clauses of His Will in Blood and Hell Fire at Gaza! A most superstitious and hopelessly God-intoxicated set of religious fanatics—these Hebrew Prophets? Of course; but those 3,257 graves at Gaza are not fanatical. They contain the Will of the Highest Power written in the Blood of Britain.

And what mean all these Jewish colonies? Ten years ago they were not here. Is the Sphinx unveiling his face in Egypt and Palestine? Is the ferment among the nations of the earth gradually revealing its secret to the modern mind? Will the last battle of the world's history be fought in Palestine? And will Christ—the Living Ark of the Eternal Will of the Great Architect of the Universe—emerge from the Wood to rule the Earth, and rout for ever the modern Philistines? Are these graves at Gaza prophetic? Only a slight and insignificant episode in the universal and endless drama, did you say? Then better were it that the curtain fall for ever on a cruel cosmological farce. But

before I reached Jerusalem I felt, as never before, that the old Hebrew seers had had visions, and the builder of the Pyramid had received psychic messages. Who could pass Ramleh with its big British cemetery, not far from Jerusalem, and believe that history is an accident? No man can do so who has mastered Hebrew Prophecies. In Ramleh over three thousand graves for British soldiers. If you cannot shed a tear, then hats off, Gentlemen! We stand on Holy Ground. These graves are not here by accident.

As we pass through the Vale of Sorek, we see the station buildings that were erected by the Germans during the war. Here some fierce fighting took place, two Turkish trains were captured, and a huge ammunition dump was exploded in November 1917. Look at that old Turkish Railway branching off to Beersheba and the Sinaitic desert, *for the projected attack on the Suez Canal and Egypt*. But yonder is the Valley of Elah where little David slew Goliath (1 Sam. xvii. 2, 52).

The German and Turk made a somewhat imposing Goliath, but another little "David" appeared in 1917.

We have no space to deal with other features of the journey to Jerusalem; but before reaching the ancient city we must gaze at the land that knew *The tribe of Judah*. It was the home of the ancestors of our Rothschilds. The Judean hills are absolutely sublime. I have gone by train around, and in and out of Majuba Hill and Spion Kop. They impressed the mind with their size rather than their beauty. Not so the Judean hills. Here, surely, the Sweet Singer of Israel could find inspiration for his immortal psalms. But what shall we say of a place called Bittir, within an hour's run of Jerusalem? Turkish trenches of November and December 1917 are there. They seemed

to be dug to advertise the great "Seven Times" prophecy of the Hebrew Seer, which works out exactly to the year 1917.<sup>1</sup> This place, Bittir, was the scene of heavy fighting. And was it not the scene also of the last stand and terrible slaughter of the Jews under Barchochba, when attempting to gain their independence in A.D. 134?

This was during the reign of Hadrian. The ruins of their fort, still called "The Hill of the Jews," can be inspected nearly opposite the station, among the trees on the hilltop. From this point we have to climb 600 feet before reaching Jerusalem. It was, indeed, not without significance that in *such* a spot the defenders of Israel should reappear, with effect.

Our first glimpses of the Great City, as seen from the carriage windows, made such a mental impression upon us that we reserve our record of it for the next chapter.

<sup>1</sup> See Guinness's *Approaching End of the Age and Light for the Last Days*.

## Chapter Sixteen

### AT JERUSALEM

As I approached Jerusalem, the sunshine lighting everything up with glorious effects, my feelings were inexpressible. Gazing—or trying to gaze—both ways at once in the train as it slowly made its way through the environs of the City, my mind was haunted by the words: “And I, John, saw the Holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a Bride adorned for Her Husband.”

I had seen pictures in England of the *old* Jerusalem of Christ's day, of which no conception can be formed when one is outside its walls. But here on both sides of me beyond its walls, and around them in every direction, a *new* Jerusalem was growing! Yes; *growing*, as if the Fingers of the Invisible were moulding everything *outside* the walls—where Christ was Crucified—into beautiful buildings, glistening in the sun. Not finished yet. No. Roads rough; this building being erected; that house left half done; the gardens waiting to be trimmed up, and the recently planted trees asking you to be patient; but not a jerry-built structure could I see. Every stroke well-considered; no crowding; no rush or hurry marking any effort. The whole conception rounding itself into perfect shape. Give the builders until September 1936—the *greatest* Pyramid and Biblical date—and the human race will have the opportunity of seeing the most

delightful city in the world. At least, I will venture that prediction. For to me, when later I stood on the Mount of Olives and imagined that the wealth of the Jews had been used to realise the dream, I saw a City arrayed as a Bride for Her Husband.

Naples from the heights above her Bay, and Sydney Harbour as it is approached from the sea, take a lot of beating, but they lack the "mountains round about Jerusalem" which are kissed with the glory of the sun. We must remember that these builders have only had ten years to alter the "desolations" of many centuries. Now look at the Government House in which that political genius, Sir Herbert Samuel, evidently did some thinking. Then run your eye along the road and behold the work connected with St. George's Cathedral. No quick march here. Men will study these structures one thousand years hence, and see that their British builders must have had an eye on the Future. Observe that Jewish University on the Mount of Olives. And not only at Jerusalem, but far away at Haifa the same Mystical Fingers have been and are at work. The whole of Palestine is undergoing a mysterious transformation. The Bride will be ready in time for Her predicted Husband.

During my busy week in Jerusalem, this prophetic interpretation of the change I beheld became increasingly clear. Think of the oppression and lack of initiative that stamped the rule of the Turk! Reflect on the fact that the British and the Jews have only had any real chance to alter things since 1918. Now look round. Verily, it would appear as if this *New Jerusalem* were being let down out of the air—not an insignificant fact in the modern life of the world. A few years hence, when the builders have done some

more work, the thin drapery, which veils the Invisible Purpose of it all, will fall away, and men shall see the New Jerusalem that has come down as if from Heaven! This is no rhetoric, but fact: the literal fulfilment of Biblical and Pyramid prophecies. Was not a great man once asked what proof he had that a God ruled the affairs of men, and did he not answer in two words: "*The Jews*"? Some of us are prepared to endorse the answer.

I left St. George's Hostel early in the morning to enter the Damascus Gate in order to walk about the ancient city. It would be carrying coals to Newcastle to describe it in detail: its narrow streets, smells, camels, donkeys, flies, men and women of every race under the sun, and almost every phase of merchandise, all huddled up together, as if the place were a crowded auction-room in the back and narrowest streets of the East of London. This was one's first impression, but in the course of the day one's thoughts, if one were given to thinking, underwent a change. Mine did.

My very able guide led the way down what was called a street, through this passage, past that building—a dreary walk, yet full of a certain kind of fascination. Not a tree, flower, or blade of grass. Dingy, dark shops—their front doors almost touching those on the opposite side. A camel here lying down to have its back loaded; there a donkey struggling with a burden that ought to have been placed on its driver's back for a whole day as a punishment; yonder a man knocking flies off new-baked cakes. A most bewildering scene! The halt, the lame, and the blind still to be seen, while here comes a Franciscan Priest; there a minister of the Greek Orthodox Church; behind him a Jewish Rabbi; not far away that



stalwart, broad-minded British Chaplain, the Rev. Steer; and last, but, of course, not least, a forlorn Baptist Minister. None of us spoke to each other. That would be unchristian and contrary to social etiquette. I ought to except the British Chaplain, because he would talk to anybody, but I noticed that the Franciscans never recognised him, and as to the Jews, they seemed still disinclined to have anything to do with the Samaritans. When I entered one of their Synagogues, instead of saying "Glad to see you—come in!" they all gazed at me as if I were a curiosity from the South Seas. I walked out and stood in one of the busiest streets for some time.

Then the inner significance of it all began to dawn on my mind. Jesus worked here. He was followed by similar crowds to those that now surrounded me. They mocked and laughed at Him *here*. He had nowhere to lay His head—worse off than I! But He never grumbled about the conditions of His "sphere of labour." He was taken round these streets, or some exactly similar to them, with a Cross on His back. Not far away is the Garden of Gethsemane. He shed drops of blood there. I solemnly resolved to return to England and never complain, whatever difficulties I had to face. I contrasted my surroundings with the beauties of the Chiltern Hills. I cast my mind over the seas and saw Chesham, The Lee, Wendover, The Chequers. I recalled the sites of the Chesham Parish Church, and the United Free Church, two of the most beautiful in Britain; I entered the ancient church at The Lee—for ever associated with the name of Liberty—and then walked amid the graves at Wendover Church. The contrast was that between Vauxhall and Heaven! But Jesus worked in this contrasted

Vauxhall, and moved among such crowds—a Visitor from Another World!—speaking words that were taken up in the wings of the wind and carried to all men. I seemed to see and hear everything. The New Testament was history, not legend. But lest I be misunderstood, it should be added that the Jews and Mohammedans I saw were kind, hospitable, and cheerful among themselves, and very keen in business matters. Little children found room to play as they laughed in these streets. In a word, everything before me made many parts of the Bible live again.

So far, however, I had seen little. My guide, a cultured Palestinian, who could speak English well, was very patient, as I stood looking apparently into space, and he did not fail to try to show me everything of importance. Suddenly I found myself standing in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is built over the reputed site of the crucifixion, and the tomb in which Christ was buried. This site has led, and still leads, to endless controversy. Ferguson locates it in one place, Gordon in another, and Tradition in this Church of the Holy Sepulchre; but, kindly note, the controversy itself makes the reality of Christ's life and death absolutely unquestionable. The date when the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was built also proves that the Gospel records existed long before the age of Constantine. I went all over the church with strange emotions that I will not describe. I sat outside and gazed at the wonderful pile. The splendour of its internal decorations makes its external architecture appear small in comparison, but by means of it the imaginative mind could leap the centuries and watch the first Christians in real earnest as they set the seal upon their faith—this seal in front of me

still telling of the age of Constantine and thrilling times long before.

A very intelligent-looking man was sitting near me, who seemed anxious to talk.

"Beautiful day," he said.

"Yes," I replied; "are you from England?"

"No," he responded with a smile, "I am a Mohammedan. I live in Palestine; but I know England well. I was educated there."

"Oh!" I ejaculated, "how interesting! Would you mind me asking you a few questions?"

"Not at all! Shall be delighted to answer, if I can."

"Thank you so much," I said; "have you read the Bible?"

"Yes," he replied. "A marvellous Book."

"Do you believe Jesus Christ ever lived?" I asked in subdued voice.

He started.

"Do I what?" he replied in animated tone. "Why do you ask the question? Why don't you ask me if I believe Mohammed lived? I heard a fool in Hyde Park once, and he said the story about Jesus was a Solar Myth, and I walked away laughing. Would the Mosque of Omar be there without a Mohammed? And would this church be here if Christ had not died? I am not a Christian, but I trust I have common sense. Did not Emerson in his essay on *Immortality* tell about Carlyle pointing to a church in Scotland, and remarking 'Christ died, and that built that Church.' Yes; no doubt. Ask me whether David and Solomon lived, or whether Solomon built a temple yonder."

I felt I had almost offended this Palestinian Mohammedan, but was delighted to meet him. This was my opportunity.

"Don't misunderstand me, please!" I said. "I am out here to study certain things in relation to Christianity and the Great Pyramid."

"Well," he said, "you can take it from me that your New Testament, broadly speaking, contains a true record of the life of Jesus. Certainly, He proclaimed a great religion——"

A pause.

"Perhaps the greatest——"

Another pause.

"I don't believe in two Gods, though. How can God have a Son? The antics of these Franciscans are all humbug, but much that your critics of the Bible have to say is silly to us on the spot."

"Can you give me a case in point?" I requested.

"Yes," he replied. "I heard one of them say the New Testament was full of contradictions, and he gave as proof the differing statements in it as to the departure of Jesus from the world. One says He left the world on the Mount of Olives yonder; another that He led them *out to* Bethany. Silly criticism! You go towards Bethany to reach the Mount of Olives. A quibble! I heard another lecturer ask whether Jesus said: 'Blessed are ye poor,' or 'Blessed are the poor in Spirit.' *Why not both?* We have plenty of both poor and proud here! I make little of what you call your Higher Critics. We Mohammedans revere the great religious characters of the Past: Moses, David, Jesus, and many others. The Bible is history, but what I call the antics of the Romanists here are not the real things Jesus taught. Humbug! His religion great——"

A pause.

"Perhaps the greatest. But——"

Another pause.

"Your talk is most interesting, and I thank you," I said; "but I believe in Christ, and yet I hardly think you state the truth of His Godhead as St. Paul stated it."

"Oh; indeed!" came the reply, "but Paul said He was God, as I read him."

"I think not," I replied. "Jesus represented Himself as *a visible manifestation of God in the human body*. St. Paul said Jesus was 'born of a woman,' but nevertheless the Image of God. *You* are a spirit here and now—a good one I am sure—but you need your physical body to manifest. Why could not Jesus be *full* of grace and truth, and the *fullness* of God manifested in a human body?"

"I never heard it put like that before," he replied; "but I must go. I often sit here in the afternoon. Perhaps we shall meet again. Good-day!"

And the mysterious talker was gone. But I made up my mind to meet him again if there was a chance.

## Chapter Seventeen

### SUBLIME MOMENTS

BEFORE we proceed farther, I must ease my conscience as to the work in Jerusalem of the Franciscan Brothers. I quite understood my Mohammedan friend, but he did not close my eyes to the value of what the Roman and other Churches in Palestine have accomplished through the ages. Christendom owes them all an unspeakable debt of gratitude. They have guarded and enshrined the sacred places in such a way as to render the historicity of the New Testament records for ever indisputable. Is that a small achievement? As the only true Baptist now living on the earth (this, as Artemus Ward would say, is "a yoke"), following in the steps of my ancestors three hundred years ago, who believed in liberty of thought, speech, and action, I would go to Palestine, if I were a young man, and build a great United Free Church in order to expound the contents of St. Paul's Epistles. This would blow up much religious rubbish I discovered in the Holy Land. But not a Free Church visible! I did see a small Baptist Church built by the Americans out somewhere near the Jordan, but I could not get into it. No chance, as far as I could see, for my Mohammedan friend to hear New Testament fact and truth expounded from the Free Church standpoint. When I wished to worship God in *my* way, not a Baptist, Wesleyan, Congregational, or Presbyterian

Church visible! Shame! You have gone everywhere with your cocoa, cotton, woollen, and dyed stuffs; with your brass and tin and boots and whisky, alongside the missionaries; you have built big houses and churches in England and America; you have swanked and rolled about in cars in London and New York and other places, but you have forgotten to *begin at Jerusalem*—the Earth's centre and vortex for all the races of mankind. And when my thirsty soul needed to sing on the Mount of Olives with my fellow Free Churchmen, such hymns as "Jerusalem the Golden," "Rock of Ages," "Abide with Me," "How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds," "In the Cross of Christ I glory," and "Blest be the tie that binds," you drove me empty away to find what spiritual food was possible in following the Franciscans round the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, being invited to hold a long tallow candle in my hand, while you were at home still attending to the cocoa, the brass, the tin, and the whisky. I "barred" the candle, but I heard music and singing by the Romanists and at the Russian Orthodox Church that will never fade from my memory. All honour to them and the clergy at St. George's Cathedral! I think a lump in the throat would have stopped me singing if in the humblest Baptist Church, built near to Calvary, I could have joined hands with only twenty of my fellow-believers—I mean the genuine sort on which the best life of Christendom has been built—and sang:

Jerusalem, my happy home;  
 Name ever dear to me:  
 When shall my labours have an end  
 In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
 And pearly gates behold,  
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
 And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,  
 Around my Saviour stand;  
 And soon my friends in Christ below  
 Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
 My soul still pants for thee;  
*Then* shall my labours have an end,  
 When I thy joys shall see.

It sounds sentimental and soft, no doubt, my dear religious millionaires—I will omit the names—to tell you of that possible lump in my throat, but if you had stood with me on Mount Zion one evening and watched the sun set, you would understand why I pay a tribute to *other* churches. Very good of Rockefeller to send that two million to Cairo, but will he now build a Baptist Church at Jerusalem to allow a wandering Tourist a chance to get a *Free Church Vision of the Cross*?

I feel better now. I hope all the brass, cotton, tin, cocoa, oil, and whisky enthusiasts have enjoyed my affectionate observations. *Begin at Jerusalem*: preach the Gospel *there* in every language on earth. It gives you the chance. Christ saw it all!

The reader may see no connection between the foregoing remarks and what is known as Gordon's Tomb, and the sublime moments I spent there. The connection is intimate. Never before had I received



proof of the *historical* correctness of the following passages (John xix. 38-42, and xx. 1-18):

And after these things Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, asked of Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came therefore, and took away his body. And there came also Nicodemus, he who at the first came to him by night, bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about a hundred pounds weight. So they took the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the custom of the Jews is to bury. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new tomb wherein was never man yet laid. There then because of the Jews' Preparation (for the tomb was nigh at hand) they laid Jesus.

Now on the first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, while it was yet dark, unto the tomb, and seeth the stone taken away from the tomb. She runneth therefore, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the tomb, and we know not where they have laid him. Peter therefore went forth, and the other disciple, and they went toward the tomb. And they ran both together: and the other disciple outran Peter, and came first to the tomb; and stooping and looking in, he seeth the linen cloths lying; yet entered he not in. Simon Peter therefore also cometh, following him, and entered into the tomb; and he beholdeth the linen cloths lying, and the napkin, that was upon his head, not lying with the linen cloths, but rolled up in a place by itself. Then entered in therefore the other disciple also, which came first to the tomb, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead. So the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary was standing without at the tomb weeping: so, as she wept, she stooped and looked into the tomb; and she beholdeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had

lain. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. When she had thus said, she turned herself back, and beholdeth Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turneth herself, and saith unto him in Hebrew, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith to her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended unto the Father: but go unto my brethren, and say to them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and my God and your God. Mary Magdalene cometh and telleth the disciples, I have seen the Lord; and how that he had said these things unto her.

We have quoted the passages in full in order that the reader may read them several times. Whatever may be said on behalf of the traditional site, one thing is certain: the Gordon Tomb fulfils every item stated in the foregoing records. It is the Tomb of a rich man; a family Tomb; a garden is there, the Tomb is in the garden; the surroundings of the garden might easily in consequence of their formation have been called *The Place of a Skull*. It was here where Eusebeus asserts that the Romans executed their criminals. The old walls of the City left the Gordon site *outside* with a road along which people could walk and wag their heads at the dying Christ. The door was so made that a circular stone would enclose it and could be rolled away. By stooping down myself, as Mary and Peter did, I saw quite clearly where the Body might be laid. This sight was possible by means of an aperture in the roof of the grave, which resembled inside a square room in which one could stand. No



#### THE GARDEN TOMB

*The doorway has been heightened to permit the visitor to enter. Notice the opening above it to the right through which a direct view of the Body could be obtained*



similar grave has been discovered in the remains of *ancient* Jerusalem. Peter and John could *run* easily along the *level* road. John looked in, without going in, and "saw the linen clothes lying." Peter entered the tomb as I did. What a Vision had I seen what he saw! He beheld the linen clothes *so* lying that the napkin was "wrapped together in a place by itself," apart from the clothes, and the position of the clothes convinced him that the *Risen* Body of Jesus had left the clothes undisturbed. A rather convincing proof of His actual resurrection.

Now, I am not contending that the Gordon Tomb is the Tomb in which Christ was buried, although the evidence in its favour is very strong, but I am submitting that Gordon's Tomb is there as the incontestable proof of the historic accuracy of the passages quoted from St. John's Gospel, which Matthew Arnold regarded as "sermonic." Furthermore, it verifies the latest psychological researches; dematerialisation and rematerialisation are demonstrated scientific facts. The passages we have quoted are the most wonderful of all the records concerning the Resurrection of Christ. How our Lord and Saviour wrought this miracle (as we call it) we know not, any more than Edison can tell us what a drop of water is; but water exists, as do the passages we have quoted, which no fictional writer could have conceived. How could the body of Jesus have been stolen or taken away, *leaving the clothes lying as Mary, Peter, and John saw them?* Three credible witnesses. What writer of fiction could have imagined *such* a Tomb with two Messengers from Another World in it giving directions to possible visitors? Who told them to *sit* inside—and there was room—until some

callers had arrived? How was it known that some visits would be made? Did the "Angels" speak in what we now term the Direct Voice? Did they talk as human beings, and were they acquainted with Galilee and the country round about them? The whole story would read as the weird product of somebody's imagination were it not for two things open for any man or woman to see and prove: Gordon's Tomb and modern proven psychological phenomena. We shall give later on further evidences of the historicity of St. John's Gospel. The Synoptic Gospels are historic or deliberate forgeries. In the light of facts we shall relate, the latter hypothesis is transparently absurd. One remarkable result of my visit to Palestine was to open my eyes to the fact that the *apparent* contradictions and varying records of events in the New Testament are the greatest proof of the Book's historical character. Jesus lived, was murdered, and rose from the grave. It was a sublime moment when I stood in the Garden of Gordon's Tomb.

It will be impossible to give all the evidences to be obtained in Palestine of the truth of Biblical history. In this and subsequent chapters the most important can only be reported. But if these can be fully substantiated, it follows, surely, that all the others are at least credible.

Now, the Gospel story centres principally around Bethlehem, Nazareth, Capernaum, the Jordan, Galilee, Bethany, Sychar, and Jerusalem. We can only touch on these and a few other localities; but as far as Jerusalem is concerned the two places of transcendent interest to me as a child, and afterwards as a student of the Bible, were the Garden of Gethsemane and "the Place called the Pavement" in front of Pilate's



THE SCARP OF CALVARY  
*The Garden is on the left of the photograph*





Judgment Hall. Does substantial evidence exist of the truth of the records about them? If so, the New Testament contains no religious romance, but very solemn history. Let us try to measure the facts.

The British Chaplain kindly accompanied me to the Garden of Gethsemane. To enter it one has to gain permission. The Franciscans wisely preserve it intact. It is not large. It is situated at the base of the Mount of Olives, east of the brook Kedron, and adorned by groups of olive-trees of such antiquity that it is certainly not improbable they waved to and fro in the wind on the very night of our Lord's last agony. One has only to read the New Testament in this Garden, or on the Mount of Olives, to *see* the history unfold before one's eyes. Yonder is the Pool of Bethesda, the Pool of Siloam, the "Field of Blood," the pillar of Absalom, and the beautiful Pool of Hezekiah, but we limit our remarks to the historic Garden. The gang that approached Christ becomes almost visible to one's imagination, and the road that led to Caiaphas's House is clear to one's view. In the darkness that must have plunged the Garden into a sphere of Diabolical Wickedness, when the glare of torches throw grinning shadows in every direction, only a little imagination is needed to enable the visitor to see Jesus rise, from an old tree (still there, whose roots remind one of the fabled Tree Igdrasil, about which Carlyle loved to write), to receive the kiss from Judas. And in the light of the matchless record, verily the Figure of Christ emerges as that of a Divine Being. No ordinary event this in the world's history, related with such matchless simplicity and accuracy. I sat under the tree that one feels instinctively sheltered the Great Soul in His final

Agony. The subsequent stream of the history of the human race seems to take its rise in this Garden. Watch the Calm and Sublime Man leaving the Garden amid Hell-Fire torches, and with the yells and laughter of an infuriated mob ringing in His ears. What has He done? Spoken the Truth. That is all; but as I stood near the Garden one evening in the darkness I realised, as never before, why the Great Pyramid defines the exact year, day, hour, and minute when He was hanging on the Cross.

There can be no doubt that many things shown to the Pilgrim in Palestine are catch-penny inventions; as, for instance, the impression of the *foot* of the *Risen* Christ on the Mount of Olives. This and other things need no discussion. They are not credible; clearly *incredible*; and we leave them to speak for themselves. The New Testament is eloquently silent concerning them. Not so the Garden of Gethsemane. The evangelists give their readers a perfect picture of it, and the ghastly procession that was formed within its walls. Its very trees still seem to wave in the night air as if in grief! The stillness of the spot, the brilliance of the overhanging stars, the creeping human figures in the darkness, the lurid effects of artificial lights in the distance, all seem to combine to recall the ancient Tragedy, in which a Man went forth, His face stained with drops of blood, to die in order to save the race of men who murdered Him. Agony? None like His. It was the agony of murdered innocence. I left the Garden of Gethsemane quite convinced that the New Testament story was absolutely credible. It stood out in every detail as if pictured on the Film of Time with Eternity as its background: great, solemn, lurid, sublime.

Leaving the Garden of Gethsemane, I reasoned that, if the New Testament story was true, there must be some remains in some form of "The Place called the Pavement," and of Pilate's Judgment Hall, although there could be no doubt that the Jerusalem of Christ's day had been in parts covered over by the accumulation of sand and soil. The old walls of the city had changed, and over and over again the City itself had been razed to the ground—burnt, sacked, and many other things. It would not follow, therefore, that the New Testament record was false even if I failed to verify these two items in it. They certainly had a profound relation to the main object of my investigation; and I was very anxious to see something, at least, of their remains.

My Palestinian guide had no doubt about their existence. He took me to the Ecce Homo House. He was convinced that underneath it the Pavement and Hall could be seen. We knocked at the door and gained admittance. I examined everything to be seen with the greatest care. I did not fail to address many questions to the lady who became our guide, and had a ready reply to my every question. A church is built over the site, the old walls of the Judgment Hall being part of it.

"There," said the nun, "is where Pilate sat and Jesus stood; and now I will show you the Pavement."

We went lower down, and here I saw the most convincing proof of the Evangelists' story to be seen, probably, in Jerusalem. The Pavement had been excavated. Our guide lifted a mat from off one stone which proved that the soldiers, she said, *played the game of Hop-Scotch*; but all down the Pavement the marks of the horses' feet were still visible. Here the

Crown of Thorns were planted on the Head of Christ, and through one door it was clear He would pass to His doom—and glory. As one stands on that Pavement, the sacred records become incontrovertible.

I stood on the Pavement in solemn thought. I heard Pilate with a sneer ask Jesus: "What is Truth?" And the answer of the Divine Victim seemed to echo round the walls of the wonderful building. The answer has echoed along the corridors of the ages, but it still passes deaf ears.

## Chapter Eighteen

### MY MOHAMMEDAN FRIEND AND ANOTHER

I WAITED my opportunity and visited again the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I met again my friend. Another gentleman sat with us. As I did not feel it quite the thing to inquire as to the identity of either, I will name my Mohammedan friend, for the purposes of reporting our conversation, by the letter *M*; the Unknown Stranger by the letters *U. S.*; and the reporter by *W. W.*

*M.*: "Ah! here you are again! Glad to see you!"

*W. W.*: "I am sure it is a pleasure to me. I had several other questions I was anxious to address to you."

*M.*: "Good! Our last conversation made me think. You know, I don't see why a Perfect Man should not be born into the world, but do you think He would institute all this idol worship that goes on in here? Not He! Humbug! Look at them with their candles, kissing this, that, and the other in there!"

*W. W.*: "My friend, I went round the church during the Franciscan service. It certainly made me feel they were seeking the Living among the Dead, which the Angel told them not to do; but we must be tolerant. They keep alive a great fact. There is no truth of more importance than that of human survival."

*U. S.*: "Excuse me, gentlemen. I am a stranger to

you; but that is how I look at it. I look at this old church and feel that Christ was no Fiction. It carries us back—back!”

W. W.: “I am indeed glad you have spoken. Will both of you tell me what you think of two things in the New Testament? First, its recorded miracles by Christ; and second, His prophecies.”

Silence—a long silence.

M.: “You go to the heart of the problem.”

U. S.: “They are not recorded as having taken place *before* or *since* the time Jesus lived.”

M.: “No; I’ve often thought of that. How could anybody dream such things?”

W. W.: “Have you ever heard of the *natives* of Palestine in the past denying their truth?”

M.: “I never have, that is, nobody anyone need take any notice of. If anybody here believes Jesus lived, it is the Jews. They have cause. Of course, they don’t take your view of Him!”

W. W.: “But one of their leaders has recently written a remarkable tribute to Him, has he not?”

M.: “Yes; calls Him one of *their* heroes. You Christians don’t make enough of Him, I think. All great men baffle the ordinary mind. There is always something phenomenal about them that makes the average mind doubt their works. Shakespeare never wrote his plays, and later on, perhaps, Burns will be a Myth—Bacon or Sir Walter Scott wrote his poems! Some people cannot believe what we believe about Mohammed. He was the Prophet of God. But Jesus?—ah! His miracles? Why not? Would almost every place in Palestine be stamped with a record of them if nothing happened? A whole country and people deceived for two thousand years? Don’t believe that.

He lived here. Things happened. Yes—things happened, but I see no reason for all this humbug that goes on in here. Humbug, I call it.”

U. S.: “Yes; but you have not answered the gentlemen’s inquiry about Christ’s prophecies. One of them came true. Have you been to the Wailing Wall, as they call it?”

W. W.: “Yes; and was profoundly impressed as I saw all classes of Jews from all parts of the world kissing the foundation-stones of the Old Temple. I suppose all of you agree that your Mosque is built on the site?”

M.: “Certain; and I also agree that Christ’s prophecy about it came literally true. He was a wonderful Being. I don’t think He was born like you and me, or died as we shall.”

W. W.: “That is a great admission.”

M.: “Why? Shakespeare got something at birth not given to me.”

U. S.: “Yes; when I was at College in England I often regretted I was not the author of *Hamlet*. If Shakespeare had *that* given to him, why should not Jesus have the power to predict the Future?”

W. W.: “Did He predict it?”

U. S.: “He did about the Temple; and the Christians here maintain His other prophecies are being fulfilled now. I don’t know what to think. They make a lot of Jerusalem being delivered in 1917, and the fact that Jesus told His followers to study the *Book of Daniel*.”

W. W.: “Are you a Christian?”

U. S.: “I am an independent thinker on all these subjects. I am now living in Jerusalem, but since 1914 I have been very interested in Biblical Prophecy.”

M.: "It is certain the whole world is in a strange state. You may not think it, but it would not surprise me to see Jesus return to this City. They say He will. The Jews believe their Messiah is coming, will come. It is a great belief. These people in here, with their candles and vestments and bowings and kissings will be out of work if He does. It makes me laugh. Humbug, I call it."

W. W.: "And yet, friend, you have made remarkable concessions as to the Person of Jesus. I am a Baptist, right at the other end of things from the Romanists, but I honour them for preserving what surely are sacred spots, and I confess that as a Baptist I knelt on the spot where they believe the Cross was built. I read the meaning of the whole Creation in the Cross of Christ. Do you believe He was buried here?"

M.: "What does it matter? Either here or very near here—that for certain. The idea that the New Testament could be all *imagined* in the fourth century—silly! I don't make much, as I told you, of the Higher Critics. They quibble about texts. There are contradictions in the Bible; perhaps some interpolations. But look!—as a student here of *all* religions, I will tell you how I look at it: if someone murdered me to-night, and buried me in some way in a few days' time, there might be varying reports as to the *why* and *when*, but nobody would doubt the *fact*. In the same way, do you suppose anyone would assert I had raised a dead man if I never did it, or that a number of people saw me round about here for forty days after, if there was nothing in it? Unthinkable! The idea that Jesus lived among a superstitious race is all wrong. The Jews are not superstitious. We are not.



The Arab race is not. We have all got our delusions, like you English. But the idea that the New Testament is a book of fiction is, I repeat, silly. Many things in it would be *orally* transmitted, but that is a characteristic of many things here. Among the Kaffir races things have been orally transmitted with great accuracy for thousands of years. It is when words get printed that trouble commences. But no Biblical criticism could make me believe that Jesus was *not* born in Bethlehem, did *not* live in Nazareth, and was *not* crucified in this city. If I could believe *that*, I would disbelieve in all historic records. Another delusion is that the Jews of Christ's day were an uneducated race of people in this country. No! They could read, write, speak with fluency. Did not Peter do so on the Day of Pentecost? They took a record of that speech. Why should not John make one of all Christ's words?"

U. S.: "Exactly; but you run away from Prophecy."

M.: "I am not speaking as I do simply as an act of politeness to our Christian friend on his first visit to Jerusalem. I am not a Christian, but I am a student of right criticism."

U. S.: "Yes; but what I want to know is whether the gentleman believes in Prophecy."

W. W.: "I do. I have just come from the Pyramid. I have studied Biblical and Pyramid Prophecy for forty years."

U. S.: "What about the League of Nations?"

W. W.: "The greatest thing that has ever happened in the world's history, if the nations repent; but they are discussing peace in terms of war."

U. S.: "And suppose they don't repent, what then?"

W. W.: "A resumption of the world's tribulation in some form in 1928."

A long silence. Then:

M.: "When do you leave the city?"

W. W.: "Next Monday, to go to every part of Palestine."

Mutual farewells brought our conversation to a close, but although this book may never be seen by my Mohammedan friend, I shall never forget him and his arrestive words. I may not have reported exactly every word he said, for I took few notes, but my record contains his precise thought. Seldom, perhaps, has such a conversation taken place within the premises of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I gave one look—probably the last—at its dome, shaken and split by the earthquake on July 11, 1927—the one date denoted by the Pyramid for that year. This fact may have no prophetic significance, but I remembered it as I returned to the narrow streets of the Holy City.

## Chapter Nineteen

### THE DAWN OVER JERUSALEM

ON the one Sabbath day I spent in Jerusalem I resolved to rise early and see it from the Mount of Olives and Mount Zion. "The dawn of God's own Sabbath" surely "broke o'er the earth" that morning, and on my own soul. The grand scene was so fascinating in the beautiful sunshine that the "Mountains round about Jerusalem" became the Temple in which I worshipped the Great Creator. I seemed to hear music to be heard in no Temple made with hands. I sat most of the time on the Mount of Olives, near the reputed place of the Ascension, the spot on which it is predicted that Christ's feet will again stand. I sat as in a daydream.

I ask to be allowed by the reader to record my thoughts. I was vividly impressed with the fact that this chief City of a tiny country—so difficult to reach, in such an inaccessible part of the world, especially in olden times—was the *fons et origo* of European and American history. Actually so. It had given us the Greatest Book in the world. Countless millions of souls had journeyed into Eternity singing the "Songs of Zion," and listening to numberless sermons based on the thoughts that were first of all written within easy distance of these hills and dales. And throughout the world at that moment men were worshipping a Man Who was crucified yonder. Great churches,

sublime music, glorious art had been inspired by events in this out-of-the-way country, which had given birth to hymns that had comforted men as they faced death, both on battlefields and beds of pain:

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes.

I thought a great deal more than I can put into words. Had Jerusalem been an accident, an incident in human history, or did it, when rightly understood, unveil the Face of the Sphinx? Did the Woman give birth to a Man who had ruled and was still ruling the Lion? Was it an accident that Christ predicted the Fall of Jerusalem, and that it took place on August 4-5, A.D. 70, thus prefiguring a Greater Tribulation by exactly 1844 years, on August 4-5, 1914, clearly defined in the Great Pyramid? Is it accidental that the terminal dates of what Jesus called "The Times of the Gentiles" are given in the Pyramid as from December 12, 1917, to September 16, 1936, and that Jerusalem was delivered on the former date by British forces?

Such thoughts passed through my mind on the Mount of Olives that Sabbath morning; and then I passed into another daydream. As in a film—the Film of Time on the Reel of Eternity—I saw the history of this City, at the Earth's centre, pass before my eyes. It must have existed 2,000 years B.C., the Salem, probably, of Melchizedek. Then I saw Joshua storm it. David comes along and drives out the Jebusites. Thereupon up rises a fortress, and Jerusalem becomes the capital of the Kingdom. It is adorned with many edifices, all eclipsed by Solomon's Temple. Now the Divine judgment falls upon the City. Look at its conquering hosts in succession: Egypt, Assyria,

and Babylon. Down with Jerusalem! Raze it and its Temple to the ground; plunder it of its wealth; carry off its people into captivity! Plunge them into woe and degradation for seventy years! Harass, burn, and slay them. But look, back they come, and up grows the Temple again out of its ashes. This is 515 B.C. But who comes here? Ptolemy Soter, who carries numbers of its inhabitants to Alexandria. Poor creatures! Watch their weary limbs as they struggle through the desert and the heat. Once more, however, Jerusalem is destined to be delivered from the yoke of the stranger by the patriotic Maccabean chiefs in 165 B.C. But now behold! Her independence vanishes as a dream. The Roman Empire swallows up the Holy Land. Its marks can still be seen. Then, at the height of Rome's power, Jesus enters upon the scene as the Messiah, to be denied and rejected by His own People—the greatest tragedy of human history.

Now look again. In forty years the last vestige of Jewish liberty has disappeared. The armies of Rome, under the leadership of Titus, are pouring into the City, storm and capture it. The year is A.D. 70. Horrible! The details of the siege must be left to Josephus, or we must refer to Belgium during the Great War. And now in A.D. 136 Adrian destroys the City, ploughs up its surface, and raises in its stead a Roman Colony. Surely the Jerusalem of old has gone for ever, buried in the darkness of the Past?

No; Jerusalem is indestructible. The Romans named it *Ælia Capitolina*, but its name returned to it, and Jerusalem regained its importance. Had it not witnessed the miracles and death of Christ? Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, founded the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the City remained

uncaptured until A.D. 636 by the Moslems. It would appear it has now passed for ever under the heel of the Mohammedan persecutor? Yes; it looks like it. Dreary centuries pass. Christian pilgrims have to witness open and studied degradation of localities which had for them an unspeakable charm. Once again it is delivered by Godfrey of Bouillon, and once again overthrown by the great Turkish Sultan, Saladin. This is A.D. 1187.

A long pause. Our eyes wistfully watch to see what happens next. Nothing seems to happen. Through the centuries earnest men read their Bibles, feeling not a little pain that the country that gave birth to their Saviour was ruled by the Mohammedan. No hope of any deliverance, apparently. The atrocities of the Unspeakable Turk need no recital. Mr. Gladstone might plead. Nothing can be done.

But there was a student of the Greatest Book who, I again repeat, in the year A.D. 1888, wrote a prediction, namely, that in the year A.D. 1917 Jerusalem would be delivered from the Turk. Of course, everybody who knew nothing about Biblical Prophecy passed on with a smile, remarking that "the most fatuous thing in the world is Prophecy."

But now—see! Who is that walking calmly through that Gate? General Allenby. Representing whom? The British Lion. Did the Sphinx smile that day? Was Dr. Grattan Guinness correct? Did he make the prediction based on a Biblical false exegesis?

My daydream ended, but the Antechamber of the Pyramid began to speak, and its Voice will yet be heard by all men.

## Chapter Twenty

### BETHLEHEM AND THE PYRAMID ANGLE

SOME memories never fade. The ride to Bethlehem with Mr. Steer, Mr. Crawford, his wife and child, and Mrs. Landrey, a friend of theirs, will be, I hope, an eternal memory. Mr. Crawford is a clergyman of the Church of England in Jerusalem. His mind is full of information concerning the Holy Land. It was a great pleasure to hear these highly cultivated men talk about the sacred places as we rode from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. I never heard them express, even confidentially, the slightest doubt as to the authenticity of the Biblical records.

"You have only to use your two eyes in this country to see that the Bible gives you *history*," said the British Chaplain.

"I feel so," I replied.

"Certain," said Mr. Crawford.

We left Jerusalem from the Jaffa Gate and began to descend into the upper part of the Vale of Hinnom, below the west walls: the probable site of the visit of Sennacherib's messengers—Tartan, Rabsaris, and Rabshakeh—who "stood in the conduit of the upper pool" and called to Hezekiah's representatives—Eliakim, Shebna, and Joah—on the walls (2 Kings xviii. 17-19, etc.). The keen Biblical student could almost hear the echo of their voices. Every wall, gate, stone, road, mountain, valley, stream, tomb, and

monument of this wonderful Land seems haunted, to the man who has ears to hear! No *dead* country this, resembling some dead language, only to be understood by means of lexicons; but a part of the world, blazing even at midnight with Celestial Lights, to one who has eyes to see them. Dull enough, probably, to the man who gazes at them *with his eyes out*, but solemn as Eternity, as stars forming a Rainbow, to the sincere mind.

Look! Our car is now traversing the upper side of the Plain of Rephaim or "Valley of Giants." David fought two battles here with the Philistines (2 Sam. v. 17-25). Can you see in your mind's eye the Poetic Giant dashing into the fray, his eye flashing with Eternal Fire? A battle here between God and the Devil, Heaven and Hell; can you watch it as in a film, or is the scene only a Plain to you, with no meaning? The reader will allow me humbly to remark that I "saw" the battle out there on the Plain as truly as I "saw" Cromwell and his army at Dunbar. We read the inner meaning of the world's history when we get behind its geographical embodiments. These become the physical Body that enshrines its soul. Woe unto us when the Vision is *soulless*!

"There is the Well of the Magi, Mr. Wynn," said Mr. Crawford, pointing to the roadside on the left.

Ah! Maybe only a beautiful legend, but not without a profound significance. Pause before you brush it on one side. The old Tradition relates that when the Wise Men had come thus far from Jerusalem, as they stooped to draw water, they saw, far below, the reflection of the Star of the East which had guided them on their journey as far as Jerusalem, and now



appeared to them again. (Matt. ii. 7-10). A legend, did you say? A poetic fiction? Not so. The East had contained some very remarkable men for untold centuries before the Advent of Christ. They built the Pyramid, which enshrines in part their revealed knowledge of the stars; but the Pyramid embodies a great Inference. The range of their information is now buried in the Abyss of Time. This legend of the Well of the Magi was at least very arrestive to one onlooker that morning. What if the whole Creation moves around Christ as its Centre, while the Pyramid and Sphinx are the visible symbols of His *ultimate* rulership of the world? St. Paul gave Him this position; and maybe the Tradition tells of Wise Men who knew more about the stars than we do, even in the year 1928, and who read their prophetic meaning. We will indulge in silent thought as we gaze at this Well. We will not forget also that our wisest men on the London Press are writing articles calling the world back to Bethlehem and Nazareth. The Star still shines, and right over Fleet Street. "Back to Bethlehem!"

Yes, my brothers, you are the Wise Men of modern journalism; and perhaps you can imagine my feelings this morning as I reflect, at sixty-two years of age, that fifty years ago I listened to the lessons of Miss Mary Whittard—a beautiful character—in Salem Baptist Sunday School, Cheltenham, when, as a boy of twelve, I was ignorant, argumentative, combative, and even then used to worry the dear lady with sceptical questions about the supposed "legends." But here I was at sixty-two nearing Bethlehem, with the "legend" theory of things visibly fading.

"Look to the right," said the British Chaplain,

“there is Rachel’s Tomb, where Jacob’s wife died in giving birth to Benjamin.”

Yes, sure enough, there it was! *Can we be sure?* Well; Christians, Jews, and Moslems all venerate it alike. It would be rather difficult to get stronger confirmation, for if they could disagree they would.

And now, a few yards farther on, a road branches off on the left into Bethlehem itself, and leads straight to the Church of the Nativity. Let no reader ask me what I felt. If ever I was quiet in my life, it was that morning. I linked up this city of Judah with Elimelech and Naomi, Boaz and Obed, Jesse, David, and, *at the exact predicted time*, our “Blessed Lord Jesus Himself,” as the Bishop of Jerusalem truly named Him. I stood and linked the ages together, *through Him*. Would that Church of the Nativity be there, or St. Peter’s in Rome, or St. Paul’s in London, or Spurgeon’s Tabernacle at Newington Butts, or the City Temple on Holborn Viaduct, if some Marvellous Event had not happened in this little town? I thought not. My Mohammedan friend was right. This is the place to read Ruth i. 1-2, 19-22; 1 Sam. xvi. 1-13; xvii. 12-15; 2 Sam. ii. 32; xxiii. 13-17; 1 Chron. xi. 15-19; Micah. v. 2; St. Luke ii. 1-21; St. Matt. i. 1-18.

Maybe my reader will not object to lay aside his daily paper for a few minutes, turn to these passages, and thus try to obtain the historical retrospect and perspective vision in which I indulged that morning. The greatest events of Man’s Journey on this Planet centre around this spot. Yes; the Great War, and the coming evolution of the world’s life which we are destined to witness. A Child was born here who stimulated Shakespeare’s deepest thoughts; roused in Handel his *Messiah*; enabled Milton to write

*Paradise Regained*; stirred in Bunyan's brain *Pilgrim's Progress*; caused Luther to write a few books—with results; and, if we think long enough, was the root cause of the French Revolution and Russian Bolshevism. A Child Who, if the world will not accept Him as the Prince of Peace, has come to send a Sword on the Earth. Verifiably so, by all the records for two thousand years. If Earth will not welcome the Light flashing here from the Invisible, if devils rebel against Heaven—then let the Fires of Hell burn on the Earth in order that the pollutions of the damned may cease to be. When I subsequently sat above Bethlehem during the night hours, such were my night-thoughts.

Dark thoughts, did you say? Not as dark as the Realities of International Life. "Back to Bethlehem?" Yes, by all means; the sooner the better. For here in Bethlehem, my brothers, things appear clean and quiet. A holy calm reigns around us and throughout the Land. No tramp of soldiers' feet, no sound of bugle or of drum. It is as if the Angels descended as on Invisible Staircases chanting their songs of Peace and Good Will. But beyond us is the City of Siloam—the most wicked place in Palestine, they tell me; and Jerusalem swarms with men poles apart in their sympathies; while away in the great centres of Japan, China, and India humanity heaves with a strange discontent; and in the West, Moscow, Berlin, Paris, London, New York, and Chicago resemble so many wasp-nests of military noise and dangers. The wasps are ready to buzz and sting at any moment! Cities of moral poison and sulphur. The rich eat their dainties while the poor elbow their withered bodies into the grave. Look at those lame soldiers

hopping along the streets begging for bread. This Babe in Bethlehem was born to stop that, but the Governments of the world have not allowed Him to do so, and when the only sensible method of ending it is advocated, your French Minister calls the proposal "Nonsense." Such a verdict sounds horrible in my ears, as I sit under the stars at Bethlehem. Does the Babe intend to see the travail of His Soul? It would appear not on the surface of things, for M. Briand, who pronounces the verdict of "Nonsense" on Total Abolition of Arms, requires vast standing armies to ensure the decisions of the Peace Makers—the foulest logical contradiction ever uttered by a responsible statesman in the modern world. But it measures the distance we have to travel between Paris and Bethlehem.

"Back to Bethlehem?" Yes, by the next boat, though you have to scrap all your military assets to get there, unless you prefer to sit in your War Offices and listen to the Fires of Hell roaring in the distance. Look at the world your War Engines have produced. Have you eyes to see it? Have you sufficient manhood left to *feel* it? Or are you only economic machines, calculating how to tax the millions of workers to keep up a system of diabolical legalised murder? I love this Bethlehem. I do not love your walking clothes-murderer, with his spurs and feathers. Midnight in the great cities of the world, with their millions of artificial lights, their smoke and smells, their roar and noise, their traffic that cannot rest—with their Vanity, Misery, Poverty, Prostitution, Asylums, Thieves, and Gaols—what think you of it, my lords? You sit in your safe rooms and manipulate what you call "the Affairs of State," yet "the Affairs"

up to the year 1914 did not lead to Bethlehem, but a Ghastly International Nightmare, on which the Prince of Peace will not congratulate a mother's son of you. You play a chess game, with men as pawns. And think you no Day of Judgment comes; that no God presides over the world which is committed to you? Do you wish to know what causes the type of social system we live in? It is war, competition, hatred. If the Man Who was once a Babe in Bethlehem held your office He would abolish all of them. And you could do so if you wished. The countless millions spent on war, made out of the blood and sweat of the poor, could make this world a Heaven, but your Policy turns it into a Hell. This is what I see and feel to-night over the City of Bethlehem.

We have not, however, seen anything in this sacred place as yet, or drawn from it our greatest conclusion. There is no need to describe in detail the Church of the Nativity, which covers the manger in which Jesus was born. Sufficient to say that everything has the stamp of genuineness upon it.

What interested the present writer most of all was the Field of the Shepherds. Mr. Steer kindly conducted me to the back of the church to take in the view. Having read before my arrival the record in Luke's Gospel, chapter ii., the scene became arrestive, for it has, as I read the story, a direct relation to the Pyramid's predictions concerning Christ. Let us consider carefully and dispassionately the facts.

One mile from the Church of the Nativity is a little plain, in which, under a grove of olives, stands the bare and neglected chapel known by the name of "The Angel to the Shepherds" (*Angelus ad Pastores*). It is built over the traditional site of the fields where

St. Luke asserts that the "Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

Now, it has been asserted by men who ought to have been able to appreciate the recorded phenomena (after their studies of the books written by Sir Oliver Lodge), that St. Luke wrote purely legendary matter in his first two chapters, or that someone, in an age later than the Apostolic, *added* them. For daring sceptical criticism, I suggest that this supposition cannot be beaten. More surprising still, it was advanced by a well-known spiritualist in a controversy in which I took part in *Light* some years ago. Don't forget, please, a leading spiritualist—for whom I have real esteem as a man—took up that position. Had he been a supporter of the Rationalist Free Press, or a follower of Joseph McCabe, I should not have been surprised. But for a spiritualist to——!

I contended for the historic reality of the record, being an evangelical believer and a true Christian spiritualist. I was therefore intently bent on an examination of St. Luke's record while I was on the spot. First of all, this can safely be said: anyone who will look over the wall at the back of the Church of the Nativity will feel at once and instinctively that Luke ii. 1-20 is either true in every detail or a deliberate forgery; but if he tries to establish the latter hypothesis his own eyes will beat him at every point. What does St. Luke say? That a decree was issued by Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed. I can believe this, for the modern Cæsars have kept the game up during my life from Randolph Churchill down to his son Winston. It runs in the blood of all of them. I have reasons for knowing there is no

fairy-tale about Luke's first statement. That *everybody* was taxed I can fully believe. Even Philip Snowden had to come into line. Joseph and Mary did not escape. Jesus came under the influence of the Cæsars and Cyreninses. Certainly, they come down on all of us with their long legs and sharp claws! When Mary reached Bethlehem, the pangs of birth seized her: a perfectly natural possibility if she had to travel from Nazareth! Joseph, of course, asked for a room in the only inn in the town. No room. The Child had to find a bed in the manger. The foundations of the inn are still there, and the manger speaks for itself. So far, the idea of legend is absurd. But now comes the startling piece of information, so startling, indeed, to many clever men (even spiritualists in London, who ought to know better) that they turn the record down and cover it with the word "legend," as if, forsooth, a legend could be manufactured without a background of fact! In the case before us, however, St. Luke definitely relates—and truly—certain things that actually took place. What were they? A Spirit Messenger "came upon" the Shepherds, and the "glory of God" shone around them. "They were sore afraid," like people I have watched during similar phenomena. The Angel told them not to fear. He was not the Devil. They need not be frightened. He brought them good tidings of great joy, which should spread from them and that field to the entire human race. The Angel materialised sufficiently to become visible to them, and spoke in what is called by Sir Oliver Lodge the Direct Voice. A wonderful psychical light surrounded them, and they were told that in *that* city on *that* day a Child had been born. Who was He? A Saviour, the predicted One, the Lord! No

ordinary statement this! Any proof? Yes; this is the sign, the *proof* of the spirit-message: Of all places in the City, you shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, *lying in a manger*! Then suddenly the shepherds heard a multitude of Invisible Beings singing. When these "angels" had "gone away" from them into the air (the Greek word for *Heaven* means *the air*), the shepherds began talking to each other. They had no doubt as to what they had seen and heard. Had some trick been played upon them? Well; as sensible men, they decided to put "the sign" to the test. They would become psychical researchers and "Fear not."

Now, look at that road which winds up from the Field straight to the inn. Can you in your imagination see them wending their way to it to test the truth or otherwise of the Spirit-Message? Do you see them *running* in their state of excitement? "They came with haste." No heresy-hunters and religious persecutors these men, but souls in earnest trying to test the Truth they had heard from the Invisible World. *They found what they were told they would find.* And having proved with their own eyes and ears what the Angel had told them, "they made it known abroad," as Sir Oliver Lodge and others have made known similar facts. And everybody gasped in wonder. They would! But where does the legend come in?

There is no legend about it.

"Is St. Luke's story regarded here as fact?" I asked the British Chaplain.

"Undoubtedly," he replied.

And why not? It is up to date with proven psychological phenomena. I have heard "the departed" speak in the Direct Voice, and Invisible Beings sing in London. The Bible is always ahead of supposed "New Revelations."



I asked one man how he accounted for the "legend" recorded by St. Luke.

"Because it happened," he replied, "never before or since."

The "Irishism" made me smile for days.

And now to the most impressive fact about Bethlehem: A straight line drawn north-eastward from the Pyramid at an angle of  $26^{\circ} 18' 9'' \cdot 7$ , will pass through Bethlehem, 233 miles distant, *at the exact part of the City where Christ was born.* The angle is the exact angle that runs through other parts of the Pyramid. How does that fact impress your mind?

Is the world on the way to Bethlehem to embrace and worship the Prince of Peace? The rulers talk of peace and prepare for war. The Pyramid angle points to another policy. The Signs of the Times do not point to Bethlehem. It is possible that the warlike ambitions of America have a veiled purpose which only Time can explain, but Mr. Baldwin is quite sure that if the British Navy and Army ceased to exist the League of Nations would collapse. (See *Daily News*, December 21, 1927.) M. Briand, as we have seen, goes one better. Indeed, the theory now is that if you refuse to fight in case of necessity, *war is certain.* Then why weaken your arms? Strengthen them. But against whom? Members of the League? Which are the hostile nations to Britain in the League? Has Russia's offer of peace been tested? *Who* would rob us of our Colonies? *Who* asks that Britain be rendered impotent? The problem is: Can *all* nations be influenced to abolish arms? As long as arms exist their existence is the perpetual menace to peace. They lead away from Bethlehem to Babylon. So speaks the Great Pyramid. So spoke the Man of Nazareth.

## *Chapter Twenty-One*

### WELLS THAT SPEAK

MUCH could be said about the Wells of Palestine, and in one respect two of them seemed to me to hold such an important relation to the Great Pyramid that they demand a short chapter.

Jerusalem possesses only one small spring, and depends entirely for its annual supply of water on the rain which falls in the winter season, and is collected and stored in rock-cut cisterns under every house. During the war water was pumped into Jerusalem from Kantara. The Royal Engineers did splendid work, directly after Allenby's liberation of Jerusalem, by rapidly setting up pumping engines, laying a long line of pipes, and getting a supply of water from pools fifteen miles away. The three journeys from Jerusalem to Hebron, Beersheba, and Jericho are packed with historic references: Solomon's Pools; the Canaanite city, Beth Zûr (Josh. xv. 58). Halhûl, 3,400 years old; "The House of the Friend," the name by which the Arabs still speak of Abraham (Isa. xli. 8); Hebron, where Sarah died and was buried; the wilderness where Saul hunted David; Beersheba, reminiscent of Hagar and Ishmael; and many other events and things on which comment is not needed. But a little way out of Beersheba are to be seen three ancient wells, probably originally dug by Abraham. One of them is  $9\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter

and about 70 feet deep. Jacob's Well, on the road to Nazareth, is another (Gen. xxxiii. 18-20, St. John iv. 5-43). These are certainly the most certain sites in Palestine. All Christian, Jewish, and Moslem traditions assert that here is Jacob's Well. The mouth of the well is cut out of one stone, and is probably the original well-mouth. Kindly note that the depth of the well is 80 feet, and the diameter 9 feet. The village beyond is Sychar, whence "the Woman" came to draw water. I not only drank the water out of this well—the purest and most refreshing I ever tasted—but I brought a sealed bottle of it home. It is an inestimable treasure, because, as I shall prove, it is the silent answer to Matthew Arnold's theory of the sermonic character of St. John's Gospel.

It was the workmanship exhibited by the wells that made me stare. Here was work done over four thousand years ago, and it stands to-day solid, uninjured, great. Think of it. Does this finished workmanship remind you of anything? Who built these wells 80 feet by 9 feet? Look at these stones—fashioned, finished, fitted—defying the shocks and shoals of Time. As I watched the Priest of the Church that covers the well drop a tray with candles on it down—down to the running stream eighty feet below, I stood amazed. The structure of the Well is perfect, as truly finished as the Descending Passage of the Pyramid. Did the race of men who built the Pyramid build this well? Visit both, and do some thinking. A vision of it left no doubt in my mind. A very simple type of thing in comparison with the Pyramid? Yes; but who made the cement that is between those stones? Who fitted the stones so exactly? The same skill that is displayed in the Pyramid appears here.

The Egyptians never built Jacob's Well, that is certain. Then who did? Obviously either Jacob himself or the race to which the old Patriarch belonged. Marvellous men. I doubt whether our modern builders could even now build Jacob's Well *as it is built*. As to the Pyramid, no mechanical devices known to man in A.D. 1928 could rear it. As one gazes at it, and *thinks* about those huge stones cemented together perfectly hundreds of feet in the air, one stands back utterly baffled. Theories? Oh!—plenty. One is that numberless slaves heaped sand up—up—up, and the stones were placed on rollers, then fitted so exactly by means of the rollers that it requires optical instruments to detect the joints. We will not comment. Some things come within the realm of logical argument, others do not. It is evident that the builders of these Wells and the Pyramid had machinery with which to work that is beyond even our imagination, while the secret of such an item as their cement is buried out of our sight. After five thousand years I had difficulty in extracting a bit of it from between two great stones. Verily, the hypothesis that Almighty God built this "Pillar" by special inspiration becomes more and more credible. I saw tourists look at it and Jacob's Well with a vacant stare and pass on. This is not the way to solve the mystery of the Wells, The Pyramid, or the Sphinx. They are a challenge to human thought.

It would appear as if Christ desired to bring Jacob's Well into prominence, for He preached His greatest sermon on it. We have not circumnavigated that sermon yet. As I sat on the Well I recited mentally St. John's record of Christ's visit. I never read anything so natural, so completely fitting the environ-

ment. Strange to say, as I sat there a woman came to draw water from the well with her water-pot on her head. But she suddenly vanished. Did the Samaritan woman still give plenty of room to a supposed Jew? Despite her regretted disappearance, I recalled the great scene, familiar to all my readers (John iv.). It grew in wonder; but two things in the marvellous story impressed me more than ever: the assertion that *she*, the Woman herself, knew that the Messiah was coming; and Christ's reply: "I that speak unto thee am He." These two things embody the meaning of the Sphinx and Pyramid.

Now notice other remarkable matter-of-fact items in the historic account of Christ's immortal sojourn at Jacob's Well. The Well is on the estate "that Jacob gave to his son Joseph." The proof? A little farther on you will see a small white dome. It is Joseph's Tomb (Josh. xxiv. 32). The Well is just the place anyone would sit on, if weary. The Well-head makes quite a comfortable seat, especially at the sixth hour—midday—when I arrived there. Is there a veiled meaning in verse 4?—"And He must needs go" . . .? Had He not gone, would the world's attention have been drawn to Jacob's Well? It was here He made the most bewildering claims. He could give Living Water—springing up into Eternal Life. He was the predicted Messiah, and the hour would come when men, to worship God, would cast away the visible embodiments of worship, and find Him only in Spirit and in Truth: the most revolutionary utterance ever heard in the world. But if my reader will drink deep at the Pyramid Well of Divine Revelation, he will find that it embodies geometrically, astronomically, and symbolically every statement Christ made to the

Woman. It stamps and seals the exact days of His Birth and Death. It leads you into His Chamber on His return to the world. It is empty of every sign of visible worship. It leaves you to find out for yourself *its Spirit and Truth*. It throws the mind forward to a reconstituted society. The Sphinx verily unveils its face on Jacob's Well: the Woman, the Man, the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. Is it a mere fancy, an accident?

To me that day, as I gazed at Sychar and then at the Well, John's *history* became as vivid as the Thames Embankment on a summer's day. No need for Christ to write any book. Off the Woman rushes up the hill to Sychar, blazes abroad every word Jesus had uttered, brings Him into touch with the City's leading men, who get converted, and thereupon Palestine will soon become a Whispering Gallery. The Messiah had come!

From this Well words went forth to the world that will yet destroy the worship of the Nile and Ganges, together with every idol in any church. Rotten religious organisations will come to an end. Men will worship the Great Architect of the Universe in the Chamber of the King.

Thus the Wells spoke to me of Christ, the Bible, and the Pyramid.

## *Chapter Twenty-Two*

### ANY GOOD OUT OF NAZARETH?

WILL the reader try to accompany me in his imagination on a trip to Nazareth? It will take about four hours to reach it from Jerusalem, but the time will flash by, because every inch of the road is packed with interest to the Biblical student. Benjamin, Saul, Samuel, Bethel, Mount Gerizim, Sinai, Shiloh, the ancient Shechem—it is now called Nablus—and Jacob's Well—yes; they are all there, and every Biblical account of them reads true to fact. The remains of Ahab's "Ivory House" (1 Kings, xxii. 39) are still visible. Now, as we go along, look. There is Nazareth among the hills, surrounded by sites of astounding interest. Hermon, Carmel, the plain of Esdraelon, and many other places. The ghosts of Issachar, Jezreel, and many others seem to haunt the land. Verily in this little country, with its new-born Jewish colonies, one could behold the drama of the world's life imaged as a microcosm. Above all, the vast Plain opposite the ancient Fortress of Megiddo, where Armageddon has yet to be fought, was of absorbing interest. All the armies of the world could gather within its triangular formation. If one looks to the right, Nain is seen on the left slopes of Little Hermon. Endor, whither Saul went to consult, not the witch but the "woman" at Endor, before his last fight and death, is further to the right, behind the slope. And

now Nazareth appears straight ahead on the top of the hill overlooking the Plain on which it is predicted the world's final battle will be fought, and on which all the nations of the earth will gather. What a spectacle! The scene *without* any armies is superb; what it will become when the prophecy is being fulfilled—which it will be—is quite beyond human imagination.

The effect of all these scenes upon one's mind is more than one can be expected to describe. It was simply overwhelming. As the car climbed a 1,000 feet into Nazareth, the Field of the coming Armageddon came radiantly into view, with a new Jewish Colony visible at the bottom of the hill.

I reached the Galilee Hotel about one o'clock, and during the afternoon sat on its verandah, waiting for the sun to set a little before visiting the traditional sites. Having seen the Carpenter's shop, the Synagogue, and the other places familiar to the readers of the New Testament, I returned to the verandah—to think. Everything was real and natural. The foundations of the Carpenter's shop are still there. Joseph must have known that here in Nazareth seclusion as well as safety could be secured for the Child "born of the Divine Spirit." Away from the glitter and noise of wealth and notoriety Jesus would grow up in poverty and manual toil. Not pauperism, but manly effort. Here He *grew* in body and mind, within actual and easy sight of the aforesaid predicted Field of Battle. This simple fact was surely enough to make anybody think. He must have stood very often where I stood amidst these hills and streets and gazed across to Megiddo. Did He see the *final* issue of His life *there*? As He gazed on these encircling



heights, familiar to Him in their least and every detail, did He think about the prophecies He Himself would make hereafter concerning Himself? Did the Veil of Time withdraw itself, and did He see as in a picture the things foretold by the prophet Daniel, and decide to remind men of them? This beautiful Nazareth, high up above the Plain, with its small gardens, rich olive trees, and stately palms, doves cooing and birds twittering and flying about, while flocks of sheep and goats dot the slopes and the Plain below—this is the place where Jesus lived.

There is the Well—the only one ever known here—to which Mary and her Child would certainly have to come. The formation of this well, as truly as the massive stones at the base of Solomon's Temple, continue to remind one of the builders of the Pyramid. And would not Jesus laugh and play in these streets as the children are laughing and playing now?

And as I gazed from the hotel verandah I saw the Mount of Precipitation. There are really two hills, and it is a disputed point from which of the two the Jews tried to cast Christ down; but all Nazarenes agree it was from one or the other, and both are close together. You could see plenty of chances to hide treasure in fields. Any number of sparrows were flying about and seemed to "fall to the ground." The soil round about was of *all* sorts. Camels and mules in abundance. I did not watch a midnight wedding party, but was told that this Eastern custom is very impressive. Oil for lamps is still needed there, and would be hard to get if you happened to find yourself without any late at night. If a young man left his father at Nazareth to see the world, he would have to walk a

long way before he got where he could see it, but when he came back his father would be able to see him a long distance off—the air is so clear. I was very interested in a hen and her chickens. She gathered all of them under her wings directly the stranger approached. There was plenty of selling of birds taking place in the market, with the children dancing about in it. Nazareth has its blind and maimed. Beggars are everywhere. I saw hundreds of birds come and lodge in the branches of a big tree outside one of the churches. If anybody needed a loaf of bread at midnight in Nazareth he would have to do some hard knocking at his neighbour's door. Up yonder, on the hillside, you can see a sower sowing seed. It would be quite possible, when it becomes dark, for some enemy—unseen—to spoil the crop. Labourers come and go from the vineyards. As to making bread, and mixing leaven with the flour, you could behold it going on everywhere.

Verily, Nazareth is the New Testament in actual form and substance! A Great, Divine Man lived here once. He grew up apparently just as other children did. He said things that baffled His Mother, who remembered everything! Ethereal Fire was burning in this Boy's brain. Can you see Him sitting in that kitchen reading the Old Book? Do you notice how His eyes light up as He reads about Noah's Flood, Jonah in the Whale's Belly for three days, and all the prophecies from Moses, the Psalms, and the Prophets, concerning a Being Who was to enter the world at Bethlehem and live in Nazareth? Day by day He works, with His eyes open, watching, thinking. He does not unveil His Being to these people in Nazareth; His time has not come yet; He has His

reasons. As He carves the wood and swings the hammer, He is thinking, dreaming, preparing *Mystical Plans*. But to His neighbours He was only "Joseph's Son."

As Shakespeare built up his works out of visible, and Dante his poem out of invisible, things; as Bunyan wove out of dream-stuff the Garments of Eternal Truth; as Handel sat in touch with all the angels and wrote the Hallelujah Chorus by means of a few musical notes, so this Carpenter watched the shepherd, the sheep, the lambs, the goats, the camel, the mule, the beggar, the woman with her meal, the runaway son, the sparrow, the birds, the trees, the sower, the seed, the hidden pearl, the wedding, the late arrival, the midnight rush for bread and oil, the return of the runaway, and all the ordinary facts of the daily life of Nazareth—thinking, carving, dreaming. And out of all this raw material to work with, He moulded marvellous parables and stories, chiselled every word, nailed down for ever every phrase, and measured the exact length of every sentence. Then He stepped out of the Carpenter's shop and carried Mystical Saw and Gimlet with Him; strange Nails and Hammer in the Bag on His shoulders. Behold the Man!

I beheld Him wander over and beyond the Plain of Armageddon, stopping here and there in this village and that city to utter His sayings and recite His Parables, all relating to His own Personality and Kingdom, until the Man-in-the-Street could repeat them by heart. No need to write a book. Wherever He goes a crowd follows Him—listening. He returns to their village or city, and they beg of Him to tell them again one of His tales. The Divine Verbal Artist

is always ready. Had He not prepared His sublime repertoire when He worked in yonder shop? But He had never spoken in Nazareth yet. So I see Him in my reverie coming along the road—coming home. What a reception He ought to have! I observe Him as He pauses in the market-place, and He begins to talk to the men and women He had played with years ago (Matt. xiii. 53-58), accompanied by His parents and brothers and sisters. The people begin whispering, laughing, doubting, and at last they take hold of Him to lead Him to the top of one of those two hills, there to end His impudent and mad career. "They were offended in Him." They would be, as dogs bark at the moon because it reflects the blazing light of the sun. Bark on! Howl on! Kill Him! Ye blind and mad!

Not yet, my vanished, would-be murderers. He will be living a long time hence—when you have been lost and become unrecognisable in the dim vistas of Time.

The verandah of Galilee Hotel, Nazareth, will be remembered by me as one of the oases in the world's desert. The Curtains of the Unseen seemed to separate, and the Mind of Jesus took outline. Its wings spread into the Infinite, having folded the world to itself in an inseparable attachment. Does Nazareth, as I sit here, while the sun sets, even yet know the Being who lived in it? Plenty of noise in the market-place. They still pipe and dance.

It was when thus chewing the cud of my own silent thoughts that night swiftly fell on me, and the lights of the hotel were turned on. Nazareth was in darkness, and all became quiet and still outside. A gentleman came up to me:

"Well, sir," said he, "and what do you think of Nazareth?"

"I have done more thinking on this verandah in a few hours than I have often done in as many weeks," I replied, "and it would be helpful to hear your opinion on many things."

"Go ahead!" he exclaimed.

"May I ask you whether you are a Christian?" I inquired.

"Yes; I am, if anything. I am also a German. My people go back in Palestine for a long time. I know all about it."

"Good!" said I, determining to use the Pauline method of guile. "Then, of course, you know that the New Testament is not historically reliable? No one by the name of Jesus ever lived here."

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Who says so? It's news to me."

"Yes, it is so. Jesus is a Solar Myth. The story of the Myth was revised and circulated in this country in the fourth century. They dressed up somebody they called Jesus in the garments of the religion of Osiris. The yarn about His death is a mystical adaptation of the Sun's disappearance at the end of the year. The Sun's visit to Martha and Mary through their front door at Bethany led to the resuscitation of Lazarus—the spring!"

The gentleman laughed like a schoolboy.

"It's no good you laughing," I went on, being as serious as possible. "An American scholar has written a book on the subject. A lot of clever men I know in London agree with him."

"Do they really?" he said drily. "I hope you don't."

"Well, I confess it's rather difficult after what I have

seen. Everything is so real, actual, natural. It is exactly what the New Testament reports," I responded.

"Exactly; it is history. We smile here at the dispute over which hill it was they tried to throw Christ down, but you can rely on it it was one of them."

"Yes," I said, "it looks like it. The words 'the brow of the hill' are perfect as a description of *either* hill. It looks like a brow—enlarged—of a man's head."

"Yes," replied my very intelligent friend, "but I will tell you something more wonderful than that. In Christ's day, all the people who lived here were Jews. They certainly tried to kill Him. To-day, not a Jew lives in the place. How about that for the *wheels going round?*"

"Astonishing!" I exclaimed. "The most remarkable thing I have heard in the country."

"It is so. Most of the people are Christians," he continued, "but not a Jew! The Jews cannot do business here. Does not that fact strike you as having historical significance? They have founded a colony, but it is outside on the Plain."

"Then you have no doubt about the truth of the New Testament records?"

"Not the slightest," he replied. "What you reported just now is silly. Jesus lived here and was crucified in Jerusalem. The whole country from end to end gives the proofs of His life, work, and death. Have you seen the Carpenter's shop?"

"Yes."

"Well," he answered, "is that a fake? Are any of the traditional sites fakes? Go and look at them. There are some things, as I tell you, that we can smile at, but the outstanding facts as reported—no."

Then the gentleman left me.

Strange to say, I once again came into contact with the Unknown Stranger I had met in Jerusalem, and we truly communed together.

"You know," I said, "amid the currents of sceptical thought in England, and in fact all over the world, it is difficult to preach with confidence the Christ as He is described in the New Testament."

"Why?" he asked.

"Well," I replied, "take the latest I have seen: Dr. Rendel Harris says 'they'—I don't know who the 'they' are—dressed Christ up in the clothes of Osiris. The doctor is a scholar."

"I don't care who he is," snapped out the Unknown Stranger, "what he says is ridiculous. What?—Paul, the Jew, dress up Christ in Egyptian Myths?"

"But," I answered, "is not the phrase, 'This is the Body' part of the Osirian belief?"

"Well, what of that?" came the swift reply. "Why should not Jesus adopt the saying with one great change, 'This is *My* Body'?"

"Certainly that makes a great difference," I remarked.

"The longer I live in this country," he said, "the more sure I am that we are reading history when we read the New Testament. I take little notice of critics who have never been here. There may be mistakes, contradictions, and all the rest of it; but ask any *intelligent* Jew in Jerusalem whether Christ lived. I never heard one say he didn't. The question, therefore, at once arises—*who was He?* Very strange, is it not, that a Child should be born yonder in Bethlehem Whose thought has survived the German Empire and many thrones? Who is the most arrestive and

powerful Man in the world to-day? Jesus Christ. I don't know who you are, sir, but I suggest that you think over that. You are interested, you said, in Prophecy. Jews dressing Jesus up in the clothes of Osiris!—what next? And if Jews didn't do it—*who did?*”

I retired to rest with many thoughts, amid which I was sure of one thing: the Voice and Power of Jesus were stronger in Nazareth that night than they were when the Jews tried to “cast Him over the brow of the hill.”

All was peace as I slept soundly near the Carpenter's shop.



### Chapter Twenty-Three

#### TRAGEDY ON THE ROAD TO GALILEE

ONE hour's car-ride from Nazareth brings you to the Sea of Galilee, otherwise Tiberias. It need hardly be said I took the journey. It was indeed a lovely morning; but something happened about two miles from the market-place that will haunt my mind to the day of my death; and yet nothing occurred throughout the whole of my Tour that gave me a deeper insight into the present power of Christ in the souls of those who believe in Him. Over and over again I was impressed with the belief, as I have stated before, that my experiences were *arranged* for me.

Two women, with sleeping children in their arms (the children being well wrapped up), requested us to allow them to go part of the way. The driver of the car was a Nazarene, and could not speak a word of English. The women got into the car, looking haggard and pale. When about two miles from Nazareth, a number of women and children tried apparently to rush the car, and seemed to demand possession of the sleeping babies inside. The cries and yells of the women and children in the road still ring in my ears. The car slowed down.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked the driver in a frightened tone.

He mumbled something, pointing to the babies,

which I did not understand, and forced everybody away from the car by driving on. Then the yells and cries recommenced at the back of us.

I came to the conclusion that the two women had drugged and stolen the children wrapped up in their arms. I repeatedly tried to get the driver to explain things to me, but he failed. He commenced quite calmly to mention names of the places we passed, as the two women behind me sobbed, and, to my astonishment, began to sing a lovely hymn. This puzzled me more than ever.

About four miles from Nazareth we came to a desert sort of place, and the women asked to get out. They did so, and sat down on the sandy ground with great tears rolling down their faces.

Again the car went on and, although deeply moved by the scene, I tried to forget it. There was plenty to attract my attention. On the left was the village of El Mashhad (Gath Hopher of Josh. xix. 13 and 2 Kings xiv. 25), the birthplace and home of the Prophet Jonah. The name Nebi Yunis is still used for the old tomb on the top of the hill there. Then came Cana of Galilee, the Horns of Hattin straight ahead, and now, suddenly, the Sea of Galilee, one thousand feet below us.

What a sight! How beautiful! A lake of matchless blue, surrounded by glorious mountains. I simply sat and gazed at the lovely sight in wonder, and then asked to return to Nazareth, which I did in silent thought.

When we reached the market-place I told a man, who had spoken in English to me that morning, all about the two women.

"Yes," he said, "very sad; the women and children

on the road were only expressing sympathy. The two women were Christians, *each carrying her dead child!*"

I had a shock.

"And where were they going?" I inquired.

"To find a place of burial," he replied.

"And were they singing hymns to Jesus?" I asked.

"Yes."

"How far is Nain away?"

"Not far," he answered (see Luke 7-11 *et seq.*).

"And do you think their faith in the Jesus Who once lived here is such that they believe He can raise their dead children?" I asked.

"Yes, sure!" he swiftly responded.

When I reached the hotel again, I went through every detail of my short but tragic experience, and felt instinctively that the greatest problem in the world is that of human survival. To those two Nazarene women Jesus of Nazareth, nearly two thousand years ago, had solved it for them. *He* was living, and would hear their cries. They would sit down on the roadside, in the lonely desert, and send up their prayers to Him. They would sing to Him, and pass their babes into His arms. They were natives of Nazareth. Think about it. Luke tells us Jesus raised a widow's son not far away.

## Chapter Twenty-Four

### PLACES OF INTEREST

BEFORE we leave Nazareth for Haifa and Mount Carmel, it will be a pleasure to report a few details of the four hours' drive to Jericho by road. Starting from Jerusalem, the Mount of Offence (1 Kings xi. 7; 2 Kings xxiii. 13) is seen on the right. Looking up the valley on the left, the top of the hill is the probable site of Bethphage. Then about two miles from the Holy City we run into Bethany, the home of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus.

Whatever may be thought about New Testament records by clever men in Germany and elsewhere, there is no doubt in the minds of the natives of the little town as to their accuracy. They show you with naïve simplicity where Lazarus lived, and the tomb from which he was raised by Jesus. One thing became instantly clear: this was just the place where the Divine Teacher would find rest for His Body and Mind. I read again John xi. It is a wonderful, entrancing story, which we have heard so often that it seems to have lost its power over us. What made me believe its every detail? A simple statement made in ver. 20:

Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him.

And the following in ver. 30:

Now Jesus was not yet come into the town.

Very simple, isn't it? Yes; but if ever you see Bethany, read the entire account of Christ's visit to it, and then cast your eye down the road from the site of Mary's home. You will never afterwards doubt the reality of the reported incident. Another point (ver. 38): *the Tomb was in a cave*. Go and look at it. A stone "lay upon it." Different from the Tomb in which Jesus lay; but now note the profound significance of ver. 44:

And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with gravecloths: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus said unto them: Loose him, and let him go.

Jesus was bound in the same manner as Lazarus, but no human being loosed *Him*. Yet we are told that when St. Peter looked into the Tomb in which Christ was buried the clothes, with napkin apart from them, were lying *exactly as they did when the Body was inside them*. The minute differentiations make the two records historical. No man could have imagined or invented them. The dematerialisation and rematerialisation of Jesus are thus vividly contrasted with the raising of Lazarus, and an actual inspection of Gordon's Tomb and the type of tomb, with a stone "on" it, in which Lazarus was buried, leaves no doubt in an unprejudiced mind that in reading the Gospels we are reading not legends, but simple statements of events that took place. And if my reader thinks I overdo this point, he must remember that I have suffered for forty years in consequence of sceptical suggestions from many people. I am now convinced that these clever critics are wrong. When one has made allowance for false conjectures as to certain sites, a thousand things remain in Palestine before one's eyes that make

much of the New Testament criticism I have read worse than ridiculous. Christ worked what we call "miracles." How He worked them we know not, but the descriptions of them fit in so naturally with their physical environment that it requires a great believer to *doubt* their truth. And their truth is directly related to the Message of the Great Pyramid. If Jesus was not what He claimed to be, our reading of the Pyramid's message is all wrong. We shall see. Time will swiftly show.

I left Bethany feeling that here again the Veil of an Invisible World was drawn aside in order that men might get a faint glimpse of its glories. The road on which Martha met Jesus was, indeed, sacred to any mind that measured the greatness of the words:

Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died!

Dear and beautiful Martha! Thy feet trod this road, and thy voice uttered such words on it. The Christ rebuked thee tenderly over domestic matters, but He flashed light into thine eyes from off the Invisible Seas. Thou wert not stone-blind as are millions to-day. Thy feet were standing by the Open Coffin in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid.

Farewell, sweet Bethany! After crossing a small bridge at the sharp bend of the road, we see on the left the "Fountain of the Apostles." The significance of this road is in the unquestionable fact that it follows the ancient route of two thousand years ago. Palestine is not a country of To-day, or Yesterday, but one whose every outstanding feature leads the mind back over undated tracks of time.

A remark by the driver of the car, and *Notes for*

*Travellers*, by the Bishop of Jerusalem,<sup>1</sup> made me wake out of my mental reverie.

"Yonder is the Inn of the Good Samaritan," he said.

Believe me, I was all eyes. I have met so many thieves and so few Good Samaritans in this world that I was longing to see the road to Jericho, and discover, if possible, whether the immortal parable Christ uttered to the lawyer had a genuine *geographical* setting. It is there—perfect. Every detail of the scene, as reported by Jesus, is matchlessly accurate. An inn, or khan, has stood on this site from the earliest days. The one that was here in our Lord's day, no doubt, often afforded Him food and shelter. A branch road to the left is the old road to Jericho, very steep and rough. At this point I "saw" "the man" among the stones, as a Priest passed over to the other side to *rush* to his duties, and a deacon got away as fast as possible to move a vote of sympathy with the bleeding man's relatives. It was so real that I was irreverent enough to laugh. But when I "saw" another type of man with a human load on his donkey's back coming up the hill to the inn, I had a vision with moist eyes of what would wipe away all the tears of the human race. Every parable of Jesus is based on the geographical and social life of Palestine. There is nothing imaginary or legendary about it. What He said is a spiritual deduction from natural phenomena. Even a lawyer could not fail to understand Him. Is it not strange that men naturally addressed Him as "Master," "Lord?" The Great Pyramid makes Him the "Lord of the Year," "the Circle of the Messiah,"

<sup>1</sup> A most valuable booklet, to which I am indebted.

the Vanquisher of Death, by means of wonderful symbolism and geometrical construction.

We are now certainly going "down the road to Jericho." We have descended to the level of the Mediterranean at Jaffa. The road here emerges into a great plain. To the right and left of Jericho lie the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The three centres hardly need any comment. It is sufficient to say, once again, that the Biblical references to them are obviously correct.

But the *form* of baptism that is still adopted in the River Jordan greatly interested me. Fifty years ago the *form* of baptism was a raging question. A picture is extant showing John the Baptist *pouring* water on the head of Christ—a very amusing production after a visit to the spot.

"We take our candidates to the Jordan to be baptised," said the British Chaplain to me, "when we cannot conduct the service in the Cathedral, where we fail at times to get the water required. We have a right baptistery, however, in the Church."

"That is most interesting," I observed, without further comment.

Near the river a Greek has kept a tent-bullrush sort of open-air restaurant for twenty-five years. I asked him *how* baptisms were conducted.

"By dipping the candidates under the water," he replied.

Let no man dare to charge me with being an unorthodox Baptist from this date!

The old walls of the old Jericho are still there in a fallen condition, to which the recent earthquake seemed to have added a finishing touch. The Dead Sea is dead enough. Not a fish in it! Swimming is



almost impossible. It is a mass of liquid salt. I brought home a small bar of it.

The three places appeared to symbolise a dead world, a consecrated Christ, and a fallen social system. At every point the Sphinx seemed to unveil its face and reveal the meaning of the Pyramid.

## Chapter Twenty-Five

### STANDING ON MOUNT CARMEL

I LEFT Nazareth for Haifa to take train for Port Said, to return home on the *City of Nagpur*.

One more scene only calls for a brief description. It is Mount Carmel.

A fine view of it is obtained from the Plain as one enters Haifa. I shall always feel indebted to the kind proprietor of the beautiful and commodious Windsor Hotel, Haifa, for taking me to the top of it in his car. At the top of its eastern side is a Greek monastery. Just below it, in a natural amphitheatre in the hill, is the probable site of Elijah's great contest with the priests of Baal (1 Kings xviii. 17 to the end). A spring is there which has never been known to run dry, so that there was sufficient water to throw on the altar. The place is still called in Arabic "El Muhraqa"—"The Sacrifice."

From the Plain one would think the Mountain was a deserted place. As a matter of fact, it seems to be dotted all over with splendid residences. Nevertheless, its rugged grandeur remains, and my blood tingled a little as I envisioned the great prophet making his deathless defiant challenge. His voice still rings in the modern world. It has yet to be decided who is to rule the earth, God or Baal. And that is the sublime Message of the Great Pyramid from Base to Apex.

## Chapter Twenty-Six

### A TRIBUTE TO GENERAL ALLENBY

FULL justice has not been done to Lord Allenby. The Palestinian campaign was not a "slipper and coffee" affair. It meant hard fighting. The Turk was not a coward. Africa is an easier country for warfare, in some respects, than Palestine. The Judean hills seem to roll as the waves of the sea, and every form of warfare could be violently manifested by a firmly entrenched enemy. But Britain had her man, who gave another proof of the law that rules this world, namely, you can have everything *minus* the man—with calm, steel-like persistence and determination—and a million fussy efforts on your part will only end in dismal failure. We had our man, backed by the finest British blood, and the black pall of Ottoman smoke rolled away from the Holy Land. Think of that railway laid from Kantara at the cost of ten thousand British lives. No ordinary task that. And there was no ex-German-Emperor-swank about Allenby, no "Holy Ghost" mockery of the enemy. He fought on until he walked quietly into Jerusalem to get its keys—one of the most remarkable events since the days when a well-known king reigned in Babylon.

Was it a mere incident in the world's historical drama, think you, when the Ottoman Power in Jerusalem and Palestine fell to Allenby's British sword? Whatever the reader may believe, I cannot

read man's life on this earth in any such way. The history of the Ottoman Empire (not Turkey as Turkey) is minutely sketched in Biblical prophecies, and that Empire ceased in the exact year foretold and on the exact dates geometrically defined by the Great Pyramid. Are such facts coincidences? It surely requires a great believer to credit any such hypothesis.

It was a unique and a momentous moment when Jerusalem fell. From that hour Germany and her friend, the Turk, hopelessly lost the war. A solemn hush fell upon the world. All men felt that a mysterious *something* had happened. It was part of the "Mystery of God," the end of which has yet to come; but we have seen the first phase of its completion, and Lord Allenby was made the honoured instrument of its achievement. The present writer has not the privilege of his lordship's personal acquaintance, but I cannot lay down my pen without paying this poor verbal tribute to valour, heroism, and courage displayed by a great Britisher. And his lordship will never forget the stuff of which those lads were made whose bodies rest in sacred soil. Are we not told that Divine Feet shall yet stand there? Verily, I thought I saw the Holy One in tears as these Boys of Britain faced Him with a smile. Rest, ye brave, until we stand all together again in a New Jerusalem, whose walls shall glitter in the sunlight of Universal Peace.

It is when we gaze at the world-wide results of Allenby's work that it begins to dawn upon our minds *why* the Pyramid was built near to it, and *why* the Sphinx looks over the desert in the right direction. Its Message is clearer than the stars, deeper than the seas. The Holy Land fell to Britain—the British Lion—at the predicted moment.

## *Chapter Twenty-Seven*

### GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS AND CONCLUSIONS

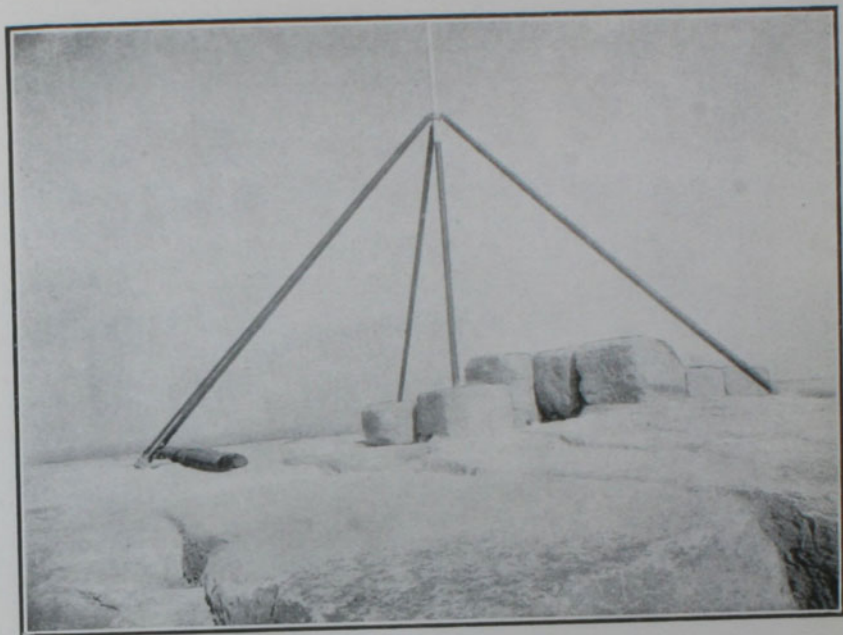
WE have travelled far together, and have been compelled to miss a thousand things, but we can at least gather up a few fragments of thought that remain, and state some conclusions at which we have arrived as the result of our tour.

We have, we hope, reported sufficient experiences to establish the unquestionable fact that in reading the Bible we are reading history. Allegory, parable, legend? Yes; they are all to be found in the Bible, but even these are brilliantly lit up when their geographical setting is understood. All over the world I have met scholarly men who seem to regard the contents of the Bible as phantasmal and unreal; but since returning from Palestine every book in the Sacred Volume has seemed to live again; and as to its prophecies concerning "desolation," and the return of the Jews and Israelites to Palestine, one has only to visit Palestine to see their fulfilment with one's own eyes. Is it a negligible fact that within ten years Jerusalem has known Sir Herbert Samuel in a palatial British Government House, while through the land, as far as Haifa, Jewish colonies have sprung up, and so many Jews have tried to get back to their sunlit historic home that there is not room to receive them? Is it a mere passing phase of things that a grand Jewish University has been built on the Mount of

Olives? Are such events to be despised? The fact is we have been watching, since 1914, a profound change in the world's history and life. The Bible is not some dead sort of thing to be placed in the British Museum. It is still "the Sword of the Spirit," and its Message to the modern man is far more reliable than the forecasts and *obiter dicta* of the Materialists.

A second point: if we have not completely shattered the Solar Myth and Osirian Theories concerning the Carpenter of Nazareth, we shall remain for ever in despair as to being able to do so. We can, however, relieve our own mind by saying that our visit gave us overwhelming proof not only of the historical truth of the New Testament documents, but also the reality of the Pyramid's Revelation of Christ's birth, death, Return, and Ultimate Rulership of the whole world.

A third phenomenon: we have seen that Palestine enshrines in a hundred different ways the psychological phenomena of Christ's life, and the one great fact that emerges from them is *the survival of human personality*. This brings Christianity right up to date with the best and most fearless scientific research. Such a remark could not be made in reference to any other religion known to man. All religions have *theories* of survival, but they are not the Christian ones of which Jesus Himself supplied the personal proof. We have not to get back to Christ, but run ahead on the modern road to Emmaus to catch Him up. We are still staring into the Tomb thinking He is *there*. No; He is *not* there. He has risen. That is the Message of Christianity to every bereaved soul. Christ rose as a Person, an Individuality, with a Memory and human affection. He had not forgotten Thomas



THE TOP OF THE PYRAMID

*The improvised triangular structure shows the point to which the Pyramid would, when finished, have been built*





and Peter. Jesus imaged the change wrought by death. The empty coffer in the King's Chamber is the sublimest symbol in the Pyramid.

Thus we reach our final conclusion: The Great Pyramid at Gizeh is, to use the current phrase, the Bible in Stone. If it had been built in any other place than that in which it is built, I should have doubted its prophetic significance. For instance, had it been built five thousand years ago where Bouverie Street now stands (an utter impossibility, by the way), with the Sphinx on the Thames Embankment, looking towards Whitechapel, it would seem to me that a large number of clever lunatics had wasted their genius. But it was built on a rock that enabled it to survive Earth's tremors, winds, and heat, and at a spot near to the place where the world's Greatest Tragedy took place, and at a spot from which a perfect angle can be struck, its North-East side passing through Bethlehem. Is that, I ask again, a coincidence?

We have seen that the Great Pyramid could not have been used as a tomb. *What, then, is it?* A marvellous and matchless symbol of the Displacement of Christ in the government of the world. It will not do for Professor Flinders Petrie and others to sweep the whole problem away with the remark: "It is a tomb." After we have allowed for the possibility of minute differences in measurements, what is now known as the Displacement Factor in the Pyramid's construction is such a conspicuous and obvious feature of it that the conclusion to be drawn is an immediate logical deduction. The verified, substantiated, and admitted measurements admit of no other.

This Displacement symbolism seemed to me to be absolutely demonstrated by the *Top* of the Pyramid.

It has always been assumed, without the least proof, that the Great Pyramid was *finished*, that is to say, that a perfect headstone once rested on the present top of it. Nothing prejudiced my mind more than this idea in favour of the Tombic Theory. But the more I studied the building on the assumption it was a Tomb, the less I could believe it was one. Yet if it was, on the other hand, a huge symbol, *inter alia*, of the displacement of Christ in human affairs, surely any Head Stone placed on the present top would contradict the whole of the symbolic Prophecy? For it is clear that "the stone which the builders rejected" has become "the Head of the Corner" only in the prophetic sense.

I therefore determined that I would examine carefully the *top* of the Pyramid. Did the present top give any proof that a "Corner Stone" had ever been placed on it? I was determined to answer that question. Unfortunately, I could not reach the top in person. Hence I arranged with my three guides to take photographs of it from two points. As far as I could learn, such a thing has never been done before. I present the two pictures to my readers. When I reached England I handed them to the best builder I know, and simply asked him:

"What would you say of that building?"

He looked at it carefully, and then said: "Not finished."

That was all.

What does the reader say?

When I gazed at the photos the symbolism grew clearer.

"When the Son of Man cometh, will He find faith on the Earth?"



THE TOP FROM ANOTHER ANGLE



Yes; a few "living stones" East and West. This may be only a fancy, but no one, surely, can look at these photos and conclude that any "Corner Stone" was ever placed on the top. If it was, where is it? Why were those loose and unfitting great stones left there? The human imagination cannot enable us to decide how they *got* there, at a height twice as high as the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. But directly we study the present Top as a symbol, in the same way as we study the Pit, we get a Vision.

Christ has yet to rule the world. The Stone rejected by the builders has yet to be placed on the Top—not an easy matter. The surface is not a smooth one; there are many stones that will have to be fitted into it or be removed. It is difficult to imagine how these stones, *waiting* on the Top, can be removed or thrown down. They seem to say: "We wait here patiently—watching—anxious to see the building completed and perfected. We have suffered the wind and rain and heat for long centuries, but we wait in hope—unmoved."

I turn away, and look again into the face of the Sphinx, and the Vision has unveiled its meaning. I gaze again at the Top of the Pyramid, and I hear Isaiah and Jeremiah speak again (Isa. xix. 19, 20; Jer. xxxii. 18, 20), while the words of Zechariah ring in my ears:

Who art thou, O great mountain? And he shall bring forth the Head Stone thereof with shoutings, crying, "Grace, Grace unto it!"

I bid the reader farewell. May you and I live to join in the shout.

APPENDIX I

30 11-27

Jude Fayid  
c/o G. P. O.  
Mena  
Gama Pyramids  
Sairo  
Egypt

Dear Sir

I am sending today, four large Photographs  
taken from the top of the highest Pyramid  
(Cheops) which you asked me about. I hope  
sincerely that you will let me know whether  
you like it or not, when you receive same.

I hope you had a nice journey back to your  
home and hope you are feeling quite well.

I remain yours sincerely

Jude Fayid

The above letter proves the genuineness of the photos,  
and that the Chief of Antiquities understands English  
fairly well.

## APPENDIX II

### THE TOP OF THE PYRAMID

THE work of Mr. Davidson, the gifted author of *The Great Pyramid; Its Divine Message*,<sup>1</sup> has been to effect an astronomical and geometrical demonstration of the Great Pyramid's measurements, based on the highly skilled surveys of Professors Smythe and Petrie. The Year-Circle is undoubtedly the essential mathematical theme of the whole design of the Pyramid, and that theme is what Mr. Davidson terms *its Displacement Factor or value*.

Now, this Displacement Factor (286·1), with all its scientific applications, signifies the operation in human affairs of Jesus Christ, Who is "The Head Stone" and "Chief Corner-Stone" rejected by "the builders" in the Pyramid Allegory of Scripture, since a Pyramid is the only structure in which the "head-stone" is also the "chief corner-stone." If one thing is clear it is this: the world-builders have built for at least 5,000 years *without* Christ. The "living-stones" at the Top of the Pyramid wait to be grafted into the structure. This can only take place at the "Restitution of all things." Thus I read the symbolism of the Top. The builders "rejected" the stone. There is no evidence that they replaced it and finished the structure. This, however, has been the assumption, and if it were true, the Allegory would vanish.

Let us look into this matter with unprejudiced minds. The Pyramid base circuit is defined by two squares, the inner one of which is 286·1 P. inches less than the outer one. This is simple enough to comprehend. But this Displacement Factor of 286·1 P. inches is an important geometrical value of the whole Pyramid. It serves many purposes that can only be understood by careful study.

<sup>1</sup> Published by Williams and Norgate, 25s.

The one supreme fact denoted by the symbolism embodied by the Displacement Factor, both outside and inside the Pyramid, is that the spiritual and physical condition of the world will never be righted until Christ is, in reality, the Head Corner-Stone of it.

It must be understood that the present *Top* is not 286·1 inches from any existing point to any existing point of it, although my rough-and-ready talk to the guides certainly left that impression, which I now wish to make clearer. When the sides of the Pyramid, *as they were designed to be*, are carried up to the highest course level, the distance of these sides *from the centre* at that level is 286·1 inches. My photos probably show the 201st course, and it will be said that no engineer, architect, or builder would draw the conclusion as to the structure having been left unfinished or finished after eleven centuries of dilapidation, vandalism, and weathering, built 5,000 years ago. But whatever these gentlemen may say, I am gifted, like Sam Weller, with two eyes, and my reader can use his own to see the Top of the Pyramid by means of my unique photographs. What has the weather done for *some* of the points? Look at them. They are practically as they must have been *left*. Vandalism? By what means? For what purpose? Where are now the removed stones, if removal is conceivable?

My aim is to emphasise the Allegory of Displacement. The Top of the Great Pyramid is the supreme illustration. The builders made a mistake. Their base square was 286·1 P. inches less in circuit than the square corner to corner circuit of the Great Architect's design. The base level is the pavement level. Each built course upwards to the Top was 286·1 P. inches circuit short of the intended circuit. The Apex Pyramid was formed as designed, but had it been placed on the 203rd course, as built, it would have been overlapping by the amount of difference in the two circuits, viz. 286·1 P. inches. It was therefore "rejected" in consequence of the builders' error. Could any fact make clearer the Scriptural Allegory of the Stone Kingdom and many elements of classical literature dealing with the same theme? What sense would there be in



Christ's reference to Himself as having become the stone which was "rejected" if they *replaced* it with one of their own, and thus rectified their own mistake? Surely the obvious symbolism would have been destroyed by the act.

Necessary excavations have made a re-survey of the Pyramid's base possible, and it proves that the Pyramid, as built, represents the mistake of the builders which led to the rejection of the Apex Stone. Q.E.D.! Why jump to unproven hypotheses as to the structure being finished? I respectfully submit there is no evidence. The symbolic Message of the Pyramid is *not* finished. It will be.

The Pyramid of the world's governmental life will be complete when Christ—the Displaced value—takes His proper place as the Governor and Head of it. The world's builders rejected Him and reject Him still. And that is at this moment the silent Message heard in the Egyptian desert by ears that can hear.

### APPENDIX III

IN Professor Petrie's letter to me (p. 71 *et seq*) it is said that the height of the Grand Gallery is 346, and that of the First Ascending Passage 47 inches, this giving a difference of 299 inches between the two heights. But in the one case we get the *vertical* height, and in the other a height *perpendicular to the sloping floor*. Hence the Professor does not give the difference between the two roof lines. This difference is exactly 286·1 P. inches, the Pyramid's Displacement Factor. The only accurate measurements ever taken of the Grand Gallery's vertical height are those of Professor Piazza Smyth's. The mean of his fifteen measurements he gives as 339·2 British inches. Both Smyth and Petrie give the *vertical* height of the First Ascending Passage as 52·8 British inches. The floor line is continuous through both passages, and the vertical distance between the two roof lines is therefore 286·4 British inches, or 286·1 P. inches. It should be added that the 1925 Egyptian Government Survey gives the built square base circuit as 286·1 P. inches (the Displacement Factor) less than the year circuit value of 36,524·2 P. inches.

Do not these cases obviously prove intention? Are we to conclude that this marvellous Displacement Factor, which characterises the exterior and interior measurements of the Great Pyramid, was merely an unintentional accident in its construction, a coincidental variation in plan? The supposition is unthinkable. But directly one postulates inspired intention, what light is instantly flashed on human history and the Person of Christ!

