



The ROMANCE *and*
PROPHECIES *of the*
GREAT PYRAMID

Genevieve Behrend

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By

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Chapter 1

Vacation Quest

IT WAS the last day of school. A number of teachers were standing in the large hall of one of Chicago's great high schools. A group of pupils paused to say their farewells to Pauline Durant, instructor in higher mathematics. Their adieux said, the students filed out; and the teachers stood discussing among themselves the prospect of securing their back salaries. A fellow teacher suddenly asked Miss Durant how she had planned to spend her vacation.

"If we receive our tardy salaries before July 20th," Miss Durant answered, "I shall be on my way at once to visit that first wonder of this marvelous world of ours, the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, the one and only prophet which has never failed in foretelling coming events of major importance for a period of nearly forty-five hundred years. They say also that those who visit the Great Pyramid with an open mind find many hidden truths there which, if adopted, will help humanity to find happiness. To me it seems that so wise an oracle should be able to indicate, too, how a Chicago school-mom could attract a good husband."

A burst of laughter came from the group. Then for a moment all was suddenly still. Could it be, each thought, that Polly Durant was speaking seriously? Polly herself supplied the answer by continuing:

"It must be a very unique situation to be so very wise and yet not be conscious of one's wisdom. That's the position of this greatest of all the prophets. And soon, with her father's consent, Polly Durant is to be off on her quest of wisdom, and, one never knows, maybe a husband."

Laughing merrily, Polly walked away, the other teachers gazing after her. As she passed down the long corridor Polly's thoughts immediately assumed a serious trend again. My mental attitude, she thought, should not be that of "if we receive our back salaries." My thought current shall change from this moment. With my will I shall hold my power of attraction in the direction that I wish to see manifested in form. How very subtle our habits of thought are, she mused. They slip in on us and take absolute possession of our mental house like a thief in the dead of night. Now I know that the law of Life is this: that as one thinks one is sure to manifest. Well, from now on no time will be lost by me. My mental picture shall be that of myself in the very heart of the Great Oracle, learning all that I am able to absorb. As she walked to the car-stop, and while she rode to her home, Polly's thoughts dwelt upon the matter closely.

As soon as she reached the house, she went directly to her room where she might be alone and undisturbed in order that she might put her mental house well in order. This Polly began to do by simply tuning her very soul in with her own conception of what God *is*; and she endeavored to hold her feeling in that place of joyous assurance while she mentally pictured herself in the different passages and chambers of the Great Pyramid. Her picture finished, Polly again brought her thought and feeling into the attitude of happy assurance.

Polly then went downstairs, and sought her mother. "Mother," she said without any preliminary remarks, "I have been on the wrong road again inside. But I am right now. From now on both of us must see me sailing for Egypt, with no ifs and whens about it. Is it not so, mother? "

Mrs. Durant agreed to do her part in the matter, and happily Polly went about her duties. Her mind still pictured facts of the Great Pyramid as she walked about the house, doing her small tasks

unconsciously. She had recently read a number of works dealing with the subject of the Great Pyramid, and she thought about some of the startling assertions she had encountered. There in the Libyan Desert it still stands, this oracle of supernal wisdom, a vast monument built by men, and in the exact geographical center of the land area of the earth.

How could those wonderful builders have known, forty-five centuries ago, she silently questioned, the extent of the land area of the earth when much of the land was still unknown at the time? Or *was it unknown* to the builders? Why, the Great Pyramid was built more than forty centuries before Columbus made his hazardous trip to our wonderful America. From what source, and in what manner, did the builders of the ancient structure draw their astonishing information? Obviously there could be but one source, that of the All-Intelligence. Those ancient Shepherd Kings who were such master builders must have been in intimate contact with that Source of All Wisdom, must have keenly realized their ability to tune their minds in with It at will. They must have been able, in some mysterious way unknown to us of today, to recognize the right key when it was passed to them from out of the Universal.

Well, Polly mused, at all events I shall know how it feels to stand upon that great mass of stone, so mysterious and silent, by whose measurements and signs and tokens all may learn much if they will but use the key to all of it. I shall try to understand some of its messages at least while my feet are firmly placed upon it.

As the succeeding days sped quickly by Polly Durant simply *knew* with her innermost thought and feeling at all times that the creative power of thought *must* manifest in outward form for her. And because of that fact she received, on the last day of June, all of her arrearage of salary; and on July 23 she experienced the thrill of triumph by landing in Egypt. Alone she had journeyed, without the slightest desire for human companionship; nor had she so much as

looked for a face that might prove friendly. The weather had been splendid, the voyage restful and invigorating; Polly was in excellent condition to really enjoy the fulfillment of her dreams. Upon her arrival in Cairo she secured, through the medium of her letters of introduction, unusually good and reasonable accommodations at one of the leading hotels, and arranged for a trip out to the Great Pyramid the following day.

One hour after her arrival in the strangely beautiful city Polly leisurely walked through the streets. She felt very much at ease, although her friends had told her that she would feel like an imprisoned spirit all alone in that city where all was so different, especially so since this was her first journey abroad. The suggestion now seemed absurd to Polly since she was experiencing exactly the contrary reaction to her surroundings. She felt as if her spirit had been suddenly released; nor was she aware of any oppressive heat such as she had understood would be the case in Egypt in summer. She was clad in conformity with the climatic conditions, and found that her mind dwelt almost continually upon the adventure before her rather than upon any awareness of discomfort.

Tomorrow she would be upon the sacred ground, the thought of which had fascinated her for so long. She would then be one of the first to put her hand upon the massive structure in which was enshrined the secrets of the profoundest knowledge of the ages. She would clamber over it, ascend to the crest high above the earth, go within it wherein was written the marvelous secret messages of the foremost minds of a dim age to those who should come long after them. She would see the many scientific wonders for herself and great would be her delight. What a stirring account of her summer's findings she would have to give her friends in Chicago upon her return late in the season.

At nine-thirty the following morning Polly stepped into the saddle of a kneeling camel for her first ride on such a beast, and was soon on her way to the realization of her fond dream. She could hardly believe the evidences of her senses that such was the case. Suddenly she was aware of a rocking sensation, very unrhythmic, first decidedly forward, then abruptly backward, and before she could adjust herself to the movement, there would come at a most unexpected moment a sidewise lurch. Soon there came to Polly a realization of "sea-sickness." Was there not irony in the thought that she had missed the dread malady of travelers for all of the time that she had been aboard ship only to have it seize her unexpectedly when upon the back of a swaying camel? She must do something about the condition immediately else she would have to dismount and find some other form of conveyance. A thought flashed through her soul that the movement of this great camel must be in tune with the undertones of the Universal, and she kept her mind consistently stayed upon that thought. Very soon, her discomfort vanished, and Polly found herself really enjoying the balance of the slow, ten-mile journey. The crossing of the historic Nile with palm-fringed banks its flags and lotus flowers, she discovered particularly interesting. And when on the opposite shore of the stream the guides pointed out for Polly the series of pyramids several miles to the westward, low, sharply angular buildings upon the horizon.

Slowly the small caravan moved onward, the pyramids growing constantly larger as the distance to them was shortened. Polly counted six of them as she approached, three that now appeared very large, in a row, quite close together, and nearby three more that were decided miniatures in comparison to their towering neighbors. The guides informed her that still three more pyramids would come into view a little later since nine of them formed a cluster there on the plateau of Gizeh. And on the site of the pyramids was reached.

A guide directed Polly's attention to the one in which she was most interested, the oldest and largest of the group, the one farthest north. A sinking sensation swept over Polly, a wave of deep disappointment. Was that great pile of utterly non-inspiring sandstone, loosely thrown together and unevenly terraced, all of a dun and lifeless shade, really the object that she had journeyed all the way from Chicago to witness?

Bewildered for the moment, Polly asked again if that were the Great Pyramid, and was informed, that it surely was. She was pleased that there were none present who knew her. She was quite alone except for the two guides and a middle-aged couple whom she believed to be Germans. She would use the power of her thought to dispel her feeling of acute disappointment. She recalled, too, that she had read the beautiful, white, limestone casing which originally graced the structure had long since been removed, some of it to be used in certain buildings in Cairo, but the greater part of it to be burned by the residents for the lime the stones contained in abundant quantity. Despite her knowledge of this fact Polly had held to the idea that the great monument was still attractive to the sight.

"Well, here we are, Miss," a guide said. He then gave a low command, and the camel upon which Polly was mounted rocked itself to its knees, almost unseating her. But the guide was on the alert; grasping Polly's arm firmly, he steadied her, and helped her dismount. How small she seemed to herself here beside this mammoth building. Really it was to her a man-made mountain of stone, solid faces of enormous scope, no windows or doors visible. In wonderment, Polly's gaze surveyed the east face. Up, up it reached in towering majesty. Polly thought for a moment. How high was it to the top? She had read the figure. Was it 486 feet and five inches? Yes, that was it, the height of the average modern office building of forty stories, or so. The guide as if reading her mind confirmed the height. And what was that great figure which

told of the weight of the Pyramid in tons? Whatever it was obviously it was not exaggerated. The weight, she recalled, was 5,273,834 Pyramid tons; and in the structure are not less than 2,300,000 individual stones, occupying not less than 90,000,000 cubic feet of space. Her flair for figures soaring, Polly became enthused; her eyes shone with intelligent light. Gone entirely, and utterly forgotten, was her feeling of disappointment of a few minutes before. How convincing to her were the figures as she recalled them. Truly this enormous monument she was scanning must be to this day the largest building ever constructed by man.

Polly followed the guide around to the north face of the Pyramid. Immediately she saw the few original casing-stones that still adhere to the face at the foundation-line, and stopped for a minute to examine them. Even to her, as one lettered in the builder's arts, it was apparent that the quality of the stones was the very finest. They were 100 inches thick, cut with the greatest precision this world has ever known, and fitted together with remarkably thin seams, yet cemented throughout with a most tenacious and durable cement which was most effectively holding, even now, after forty-five centuries of duty. How inspiringly beautiful the great building must have been originally, Polly marveled, when all four of its faces, comprising nearly twenty-two acres of area, were covered solidly with this magnificent arris.

The balance of the party came by, but they did not stop to examine the casing-stones. As they passed on Polly lingered a little longer. She was not inclined to hurry her inspection, and found pleasure in the thought that she could concentrate better if alone with her own guide. But even he talked too much, recited by monotonous rote his speech on the wonders of the Great Pyramid. Instructing him to confine his words to answering her questions; and to allow her all the time that she wished at any given point of interest, Polly moved on close beside the foundation.

Soon they came to the dark bore where Al Mamoun and his band of Arabs had driven their forced passage into the building in A.D. 820. She recalled what she had read of the incident. Mamoun had believed the Great Pyramid to be a tomb, as were the others of the pyramids; and he had the idea that this greatest of all the structures must contain an enormous treasure. He had been unable to find the one entrance, which the builders had made in the monument — oh yes, there it is, that pointed arch opening higher up on the face, some fifty feet up the slope from the foundation.

The builders had sealed the aperture too cleverly for it to be found by Mamoun, had closed it with a so perfectly that its presence was not revealed by even so much as a single joint line. So Mamoun had forcibly entered, at the cost of a great amount of hard labor, hewing and chiseling with the crude tools his workmen had, and quite by accident rather than by employment of any science had broken into the Passage-System near the junction of the Descending Passage with the Ascending Passage. And all of Mamoun's labors had been futile; he found no treasure whatever in the whole of the Great Pyramid. This one, unlike the thirty-seven others, had never been used as a tomb, in fact it was not constructed for that purpose at all. Polly found amusement in picturing to herself the great disappointment that must have been Mamoun's, and especially that of his men who had been promised a share of the loot as compensation for their arduous labors. It was no matter for wonder that the men had complained bitterly against their leader, had mutinied, and were swayed from their resolve to slay their chieftain only by his paying them in gold the amount of their wages.

"Would you like to go inside now, Miss?" the guide requested, forgetful of Polly's command of a few minutes before. Polly did not answer immediately. She felt somewhat hesitant to enter the dark recesses of the Pyramid accompanied only by her guide. Perhaps she had better wait until the other members of the party

were ready to go inside. They were not far away, and probably would soon join her. Upon second thought the idea did not appeal to her. The other people might babble all the time and thus spoil the trend of her thought when she wished to study some inner feature of the great marvel. Then she noticed five other camels grouped not far away under the care of a herdsman. The animals did not belong to her party. No doubt another group had preceded her here. But where were they? They were not to be seen anywhere on the outside. Possibly they were inside. But whether they were, or were not, she would not hesitate longer to go within, and alone with her guide. The One Great Protective Spirit which had enabled not less than 280,000 of the people of the Shepherd Kings to come into this, an enemy country, without use of implements of warfare, to spend without molestation at least fifty years in erecting this building, to call upon and secure without any trouble 100,000 Egyptian laborers to help them with their work, that Power which protected them and provided for them must still be here to protect anyone who would provide the condition for its manifestation, that of recognition. Clearly it came to Polly that there is but one mind to think about me, or to make laws over me, and that is the Mind of Divine Love, Understanding, Peace and Power.

In response to her questions the guide assured Miss Durant that a trip within was not now so very difficult, similar to a visit through a cave in a mountain, the passages low and steep in many places, but not hazardous any more due to the fact that a lighting system had been recently installed and steps cut into the floor of the passages where they were most steep and slippery. She would have to bend low in some places, and travel along in a stooped and cramped position, but occasionally they would come to a chamber where they could stand upright and rest. They would enter by way of Mamoun's tunnel rather than climbing higher up the side to the original entrance.

CHAPTER 2

Within the Heart of Wisdom

Now feeling confident that all was well, and responding eagerly to the prospect of a journey within, where she would find the true wonders of the building, Polly bade her guide lead the way. Stooping low and exercising care not to strike her head on the ceiling of the small passage, Polly and her guide slowly, carefully moved along the dimly lighted corridor, Polly reassuring herself of God's presence everywhere, in her guide as well as within herself. Soon they came to the point where Mamoun's tunnel joined the Descending Passage. Pausing, the guide explained that the downward sloping bore led down to the Pit, more than 300 feet of sharply sloping incline, with only a 47¼ inch ceiling all of the way. He would be happy to conduct her down there if she so wished. Polly expressed the desire to go and for the guide to lead. Down, down, sharply and constantly down they slowly went. An unpleasant odor soon became apparent to Polly. She enquired about it and was assured by her escort that the odor indicated they were approaching the Pit; they should be there soon, if she cared to continue. Polly wished to go on, and soon they stood upon the brink of the Pit, nearly 100 feet down in the solid rock of the plateau of Gizeh below the foundation line of the Great Pyramid. The Pit, Polly found, was a great, dark, yawning hole. The faint lights showed its ceiling to be perfectly horizontal, and its bottom very rough and uneven, its depth ranging from one foot to about fourteen feet. The guide told Polly that she might go down into the Pit if she cared to do so, but warned her that it was very damp and dismal there, no doubt almost alive with vermin, and the odors probably even worse within its depths. He explained that not one ray of sunlight, nor a single since it was first constructed, hence its dampness and abominable odors. Polly decided at once not to enter the Pit. She could see enough of it from the brink, and her other senses supplied the balance of the loathsome picture. It was no

wonder, she thought, that the Pit. She could see enough of it from the brink, stood right on the edge of it. She must not slip here if she did not wish to go down.

The sound of voices came down the Descending Passage to Polly, men's voices which boomed and reverberated through the narrow, low corridor so strangely that their words were unintelligible. Undoubtedly the men were coming down to the Pit. Soon they came into view, one at a time, stooping very low, two tourists and a guide. They were very surprised to find a woman alone there with her guide. "You are alone, Miss?" one of them enquired. "You have no other people in your party?" Polly felt even more alone as she answered in the affirmative. Sensing her embarrassment, one of the men gallantly spoke:

"The logical place for us to have met you, Miss, is the Queen's Chamber, where we have just been. It would have been fitting to have met you there, where you would have been more in your own realm. This place here is abominable, is no place for a lady." In the dim light of the cavern Polly saw him smile broadly as he added by way of explanation: "This awful place symbolizes Hell, you know, it is Hell in fact."

The other tourist, also obviously an American, said quickly: "But, my friend, you must remember that our ladies very often come right down to the brink of Hell to rescue us and lead us upward with them. Is it not true?"

The first man agreed that the statement was very aptly made, and suggested that perhaps the lady might like to accompany them the rest of the way since they had already been through some of the upper passages and had found them rather difficult. Instantly Polly felt that their plan was the thing for her to do. She accepted with thanks and a light heart. For a minute the three conversed genially together at the edge of the Pit; then, the two guides leading, they

began the slow, hard climb back up the Descending Passage. Little was said by any of the party as they climbed, each saving the breath for the exertion of the ascent. At the entrance to the Ascending Passage they paused a moment to rest; and in the brighter light of the junction Polly noted that each of her companions wore the insignia of a popular fraternity to which her father belonged, an order based upon the spiritual truths underlying the builders' arts and crafts. Now her companions seemed even less of strangers than before; there was no doubt left in her mind that she should find them trustworthy. No letter of introduction or recommendation that they might have presented could have given her greater confidence in them. The men swung at once into Polly's feeling of good fellowship. She learned that both of them were students of the foremost authorities on the subject of the Great Pyramid, and that each had a well-balanced understanding of metaphysics. This coupled with the knowledge of ancient Egyptian history possessed by the two guides, and their knowledge of the Pyramid's building, made of the group one that Polly knew she could enjoy greatly.

Up the Ascending Passage the little party started. The pathway here was just as steep as that of the one they had just left, the incline being more than 26 degrees and 18 minutes. Here, too, the ceiling was only 47¼ inches above the floor; and the discomfort of negotiating the way equally as great. Polly, noting the difficulty of one of the men who seemed to tower six feet or more, was thankful that she was a foot less in stature than he was. She was grateful also that she was not stout, as was the other gentleman; he, too, had his troubles making his way, but like his companions accepted his fate graciously and good-naturedly. The entrance to the Grand Gallery was reached. Entering into it a short way, they paused again to rest. Here they could stand erect; here they could tarry. One of the guides, tapping the north end of the Grand Gallery with his staff, indicated how that point clearly marked the prophecy of the birth of Jesus Christ.

"Wonderful, really wonderful," exclaimed the stout American. "Just think of it, this magnificent temple was built here by a race of men of whom we know very little, three hundred years before the Deluge, and more than twenty-six centuries before the birth of Jesus. Yet they prophesied both of those events, as well as all of those of importance intervening between the two dates. What a great privilege we have to be here."

"I wonder if we shall be able to take away with us when we leave this place any more than we brought in with us," remarked the other tourist. "I hope that we shall leave here much richer in knowledge and experience."

Polly listened attentively to the exchange of thoughts. She then remarked: "Of this fact we may be certain; what we call for comes to us when we use the right order of words. The Law of Responsive Life flows unerringly from the word we use; also with the gift we must accept whatever is hidden in it."

Twice the guides had indicated their desire to move on towards the Queen's Chamber, and one of them now remarked: "From here to the Queen's Chamber we move through what is called the Horizontal Passage opening off to the southward there." Still none of the party of three was inclined to accept the hint that they move on. They were all deep in thought. Suddenly the stout man, as if he had only now discovered wherein he and his friend had been remiss in courtesies, said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss. My name is Travers, Jim Travers, M.D."

"And mine," the other man smiled, "is John Lewis. I am an attorney. Both of us are from New York City, reside at the same hotel."

Both bowed their acknowledgment as Polly answered: "I am Pauline Durant, Chicago, a teacher of higher mathematics."

"How fortunate we are, Jim," Lewis said, "to have this little lady along. This Pyramid is one object whose study requires much of mathematics if one is really to understand its message. We shall probably have to call upon Miss Durant frequently to help us out in that respect. May we, Miss?"

"Certainly," Polly answered. "I shall be happy to help as best I may. But please don't expect too much of me, for after all my scope of mathematics is limited."

The party moved forward along the Horizontal Passage. Again the roof was only $47\frac{1}{4}$ inches high; the passage, like both the Descending and Ascending Passages, was only 42 inches wide. The three seemed unmindful of being cramped, however, and hardly noticed that towards its end, the last one-seventh of its length, the floor of the bore dropped twenty-one inches, increasing the height of the ceiling by that much. As they entered the white limestone room, that is, the Queen's Chamber, they scattered a little and admired its great beauty, the Gothic ceiling, the Great Niche in the east wall, and the symmetry as a whole. Mr. Travers brought up the subject of why the Great Pyramid had this lovely chamber, if it were not intended to have been used as a tomb for the Queen of one of the ancient Pharaohs. Between them the three agreed from the discussions that followed that such a purpose was positively not the motive for the building of the chamber.

"I am wondering," Lewis said, "if this chamber might indicate that the human mind prefers the easy resting-place. Or does it call attention to the fact that man's choice is both up and down, both physical and spiritual? For the most part we give our choosing many names, neither good nor evil; and when our choice is that of the material way we say that the abstractions of science melt into

each other. We call that fate. Now I ask you was it science or fate which had this present little company of congenial thoughts all meet here at the center of the earth's surface in this Queen's Chamber?"

None tried to answer. But in Polly's mind the thought ran: "All is strictly in accordance with the law that we individuals set in motion. There is no such thing as fate or luck." Then she turned her whole mental force towards trying to understand the meaning of the chamber. In a moment she said: "It seems to me that one might remain here indefinitely, and still not decipher all the meaning of this great work. Every fraction of an inch in the measurements has a meaning all its own."

"Oh, but I should like to know," remarked Lewis, as if thinking aloud, "the method used by the architect for his original plans, the whole process, mental and otherwise."

"Wouldn't you?" Travers answered. "Possibly he used the same method that every real thinker is using now. First he taught his own mind to accept the omnipresence of Almighty Intelligence. This accomplished, he found that the reciprocal action between the Cosmic, or Origin of all Intelligence, and man, the particular manifestation of the Cosmic, showed conclusively that the two were one, that God is man and that man is God, speaking in the ultimate sense, that each or both are the same unfailing Intelligence. Then by careful introspection maybe the architect discovered that through the medium of what we now call the intuition he could capture from the Infinite any particular information that he desired." Polly was listening intently. "Don't you feel, Miss Durant," the doctor continued, "that this Pyramid, this particular manifestation of unlimited Intelligence and Love must have come into existence through some such method?"

Polly hesitated a moment, and then thoughtfully answered: "I am not sure that I fully understand you, Doctor."

"Well then, let's put it this way. Perhaps the builder of this great monument of wisdom first established within himself an unshakable faith in God as the ever-present Source of everything, both Spirit (mind) and matter (which is Spirit in form). Then he proceeded to use his faith by calling upon the Source for what he needed to carry into effect the ideas he had previously received from the same Source."

"Thank you," Polly said. "I see now. There is, however, much room for thought in that idea."

"It seems to me," ventured Lewis, "that one of the writers on the subject of the Great Pyramid states that the architect was here on this ground for some three years before he brought his company of people here. No doubt he was meditating here, and strengthening his own confidence in the idea that *real thought is in reality knowing God*. When he was sure of himself he probably concluded that the thinker does not form conclusions from the outer world, that the real thinker forms all of his ideas about himself, and Life in all its forms, from within himself, and in accordance with his conception of God. When these facts were unalterably fixed in his mind and soul, he sent for his great host of men, women and children, of cattle sheep and mobile property. He knew that Love fills all space to those who are conscious of the fact that they need not draw arms against a neighbor, nor suffer themselves to be attacked by a neighboring people. What a happy time those 280,000 people must have had here over a period of more than fifty years spent in labor for the manifestation of Wisdom, Love, Beauty and Harmony."

"You are surely on the track of something worthwhile now, Lewis," the Doctor said appreciatively.

"I quite agree with you, Mr. Travers," Polly added.

CHAPTER 3

Prophecies Resplendent

The party retraced their steps through the Horizontal Passage to its junction with the Grand Gallery. There the guides paused to announce the measurements of the Gallery to be: Length 156 feet, nine inches, height twenty-eight feet, width at bottom seven feet, width at top three feet and six inches. Going again to its north end wall, the guide repeated that there was indicated the birth of Jesus Christ, a prophecy made by the architect and built into the structure more than twenty-six hundred years before the occurrence of the event.

"Just think that one over for a minute," Mr. Lewis exclaimed. "The great architect was so very perfectly in touch with Universal Intelligence that he knew to the very day when Jesus was to be born, and that many centuries in advance!"

"Nor is that all, Mr. Lewis," Polly interposed, "no, not by any means. Not only did he indicate with precision when He was to be born; but he also prophecies and indicates with delicate precision by geometry *the place where* Jesus was to be born as being Bethlehem of Judea! And at the time the prophecy was written here Bethlehem did not even exist; the spot where the city now stands was then a 'waste howling wilderness.' "

Mr. Travers was obviously thinking hard about these things. At length he broke his silence to say: "I often wonder where we go from here, and if one should really seek to make material manifestations while here on earth."

"Judge Troward answers that question for you, Doctor, in his great writings," Polly remarked. "It happens that the answer is one of the quotations from his works that I have memorized. It reads like this:

'The nature of the creative process is to establish a conscious union between the subjective and objective qualities of mind in the mind of the individual.' This means, of course, working towards the production of physical forms..."

Doctor Travers had been surveying Miss Durant with wide open eyes, and suddenly intruded into her recital to say: "So you are familiar with Troward, too, are you, young lady? Well, well, well, surely God does work in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. Why, both Lewis and I think along with many others that Troward is the ablest writer along metaphysical lines that this earth has produced for centuries. Now that we know that we all three speak the same language on this subject we shall really enjoy this Bible in Stone."

"Doc," said Lewis, "you are right. This is a remarkable circumstance. But do you realize that you cut in on Miss Durant right in the middle of one of Troward's finest quotations? I for one want to hear the rest of it — if Miss Durant will please oblige."

"I am sure that you know it already, Mr. Lewis," Polly smiled. "But Troward goes on to say that the concentration of the subjective and objective qualities of mind should be upon principle rather than upon a particular bodily-shape. To me this means that when we pass over from this plane in full possession of both our objective and subjective qualities of thought-power we find ourselves in a place exactly suited to our type of mind. We are then in possession of all of our mental faculties, also in possession of a form adaptable to our surroundings. I believe that Troward explains eternal life in an immortal physical body is the logical unfoldment of our evolution, and that we can transfer this immortal body wherever we wish, or step out of it altogether. When we arrive at that highly developed mental state we shall then regard all physical form as primary substance entirely responsive to our will."

"For example," Mr. Lewis said, "perhaps you are thinking right at this minute that you would very much enjoy a chair to rest upon."

Polly laughed and said, "Yes, I should enjoy a place to sit down; but I am endeavoring to hold my consciousness on the fact that the principle of harmony and rest fills all space. And, believe it or not, I am not unduly fatigued. Will it not be wonderful when we have obtained perfect control of matter, which is a lower form of intelligence, since surely all matter is Spirit slowed down to a point of visibility? Just at this moment, however, I wish to stay right here. Still I can imagine how very interesting it would be for me to be able to transport myself directly to the hotel when we have finished here, and without the camel."

They all enjoyed a good laugh. Mr. Lewis added, "Yes, or back to Chicago tonight to tell your family about the Great Pyramid, and without the necessity of a steamer." By now the little group of three felt as if they had known each other always. They again fell silent as ascent of the Gallery began. Polly's mind was busy on the truths of the Pyramid. Here, for instance, she thought, we mortals are, moving upward through the Grand Gallery, slipping and sliding, but remaining upright, steadily mounting upward through the centuries from the time of the birth of Jesus Christ. Just what does this Gallery signify, she wondered. With the birth of Jesus there came a tremendous change in the lives of men, just as here in these halls we suddenly change from a narrow, low passage to this magnificent high-vaulted chamber with a ceiling of twenty-eight feet. Through all of the Descending, Ascending and Horizontal Passages and right into the Queen's Chamber one feels as if one must advance solely by hard labor; there is no place to stop to rest. For real comfort one must advance beyond the Queen's Chamber. They had gone but two or three steps forward when Polly, who was advancing slowly, suddenly slipped backward. Mr. Lewis was immediately behind her.

"Look out," he called sharply as he caught her in his strong arms. "You are not far enough away from 'The Well' here to slip. Look there," he said as the guide flashed a light upon the Well's yawning mouth. "That black hole drops down, down, down into the depths, tortuous, steep, sharp and jagged, drops down almost directly to the Pit. This Well is the well of death; and it would be death to drop into it. In that manner does the Great Pyramid's architect prophecy to the day both the death and resurrection of Jesus the Christ, another remarkable thing that the builders foreknew."

"Oh," Polly said, a bit confused, "I shall fear no evil. God fills all space and His protecting power is ever-present. And I do thank the spirit of protection in you, Mr. Lewis, for stopping my descent. Just the same when I felt myself slipping for one second at least you could have covered my courage with a postage stamp, and not a big one like the special delivery or air mail variety either."

Doctor Travers placed his hand on Polly's shoulder as he remarked in a tone so kindly that even the guide turned to look upon him: "My dear, you will never slip very far. You are safely beyond the way that leads down to the Pit. Here we are now in this beautiful Grand Gallery, the way of the Christian Dispensation, the path to Life triumphant, and the release from the Way of the Law. Note the difference in this passage and those we have just been through. The Descending Passage leads only downward, and at a very sharp angle, and terminates in the abomination of the of the natural, or merely animal, man, unspiritized man you might say. It is the way of rebellion and death which leads to destruction in the Pit. Just 1100 inches down that Passage, from the original entrance on the north face, you observed, the Ascending Passage branches off. Strangely enough thus is written the prophecy of the Exodus and the receiving of the Law by Moses. That event represented man's first successful mass-reapproachment to Spirit after the Fall of Man. Hence the upward inclination of the Ascending Passage. Mankind was then on the upward path to redemption through the

efficacy of the Law. But that passage is narrow, low and dark, and inclined very sharply upward. Man must traverse it stooped and bent, must labor hard to ascend.

"Thus is depicted the difficulty of keeping the Law for the Law's own sake; and the fact that the Law provided only justification by faith, and in no sense salvation by grace. But the Grand Gallery here, at its north end, suddenly lifts up, sheer, the ceiling being raised from a height of only 47¼ inches to that of twenty-eight feet. Thus is marked the birth of the long-promised Messiah. By his birth Jesus fulfilled the Law; through Him salvation, freedom for all, came, and justification by the Law was superseded. But some did not accept Him; His own people rejected Him, scorned Him and crucified Him. All of those events the architect of the Great Pyramid knew would happen, and he prophesied them plainly by both geometry and symbolism. You remember the Horizontal Passage which leads to the Queen's Chamber, too? That indicates that the ones who refused to accept the Messiah could rise no higher under the Law by which they had attained to the plane of human perfection. Hence they must go into the Queen's, or Jews', Chamber. From that room there was no egress, you noticed, except by the way we entered. And even then when we came back through the Horizontal Passage we found the bore terminating here at the junction with the Grand Gallery. From that point one can only go higher by passing through this Gallery, and the Gallery is the Way of Christ. Hence to attain unto true Spiritual Rebirth humanity must accept the Christ whom they, in part, rejected. There was another very interesting thing there in the Queen's Chamber. We noted that the air passages there, nine inches square, were not cut through originally by the builders, that they came down to within nine inches of the inside walls of the Chamber, and were left sealed for the rest of the distance, Colonel Vyse discovering this fact and cutting them through in 1872. In that fashion did the Pyramid architect write what St. Paul refers to as 'the scales over the eyes of the Jew.'

"Those air passages are the eyes of the Queen's Chamber, and they were sealed by scales. Now that they have been forcibly opened fresh air enters the chamber; but prior to their unsealing by Vyse the air of that chamber was also stale and fetid from having been unchanged for centuries. Indeed did this wonderful architect of the Great Pyramid know his human nature, the exact destiny that mankind would pursue, and prophecy and theology as written and confirmed in the Holy Bible. Is it not amazing?"

"It most certainly is," Polly answered, eyes aglow with interest and enthusiasm. "Thank you so much, Doctor Travers, for your illuminating explanation of all of it. Until you interpreted this symbolism for us there were some things that I saw 'as through a glass darkly, but now I see face to face.' "

"Bravo, my friend!" John Lewis added. "I, too, am very grateful to you."

CHAPTER 4

The Great Intuitive Power of God-Men

The group turned as if to start on up the Grand Gallery. Doctor Travers, addressing his companions, said: "Next time, Miss Durant, if you just must slip, please remember that I, and not Jack here, am to be the catcher."

Lewis laughingly replied: "Well, Doc, you know very well that I have always been more fortunate than you are. Miss Durant, do you believe that the idea for this Great Prophet in Stone came from the Universal Intelligence?"

"Certainly I do. To me there is no doubt of it at all. I wonder, did the thought of it in all of its magnificence and grandeur come to Shem, or whoever the architect was, while he slept, or while he was in meditation? I wonder how he felt when some of these great ideas came floating across the horizon of his conscious mind. Did he know at once that all he needed to do was to consciously recognize his one-ness with that Supreme, Ever-Present Intelligence, that It would then flow through his own consciousness, supply him with whatever ideas he needed, every step of the way, until humanity had this grand Bible in Stone? In fact, I wonder and wonder and wonder. He must have had a supreme faith in that Parent Power whom Jesus was to later call 'Father,' which gave him the original idea for this monument; he must have had to draw from the same Source the ideas for all the ways and means until this 'altar unto the Lord,' as Isaiah terms it, was completed."

"Can you realize as keenly as I can," Travers asked, "that we are now standing on holy ground? Right on the sacred spot where the truth of the Fall and Rise of Man is shown, just as in the Bible, and that it was written here first?"

Up the Grand Gallery the party slowly went, carefully examining the stones of the sidewalls. For the first four hundred inches the stones were firm, hard, perfect, no flaws or surface scars in them anywhere. Suddenly then the stones became unsound and badly scarified. For 150 inches or so they continued thus. Noting this feature, Travers asked: "Jack, what interpretation do you put on this feature of the smooth stones for a distance, and then the badly scarred ones for a way, both of which were obviously so chosen by the architect and builders to convey some message to later men?"

Lewis thought the matter over carefully for a minute, plumbing the depths of his mind. "Well," he said, "we know, Doc, that throughout these Passages, up to the Great Step up there ahead, the unit of measurement that is the key to the prophecies is that of one inch, and that this key of one inch is used to measure one year. Now let's delve into our ancient history a bit, especially that of the Roman Empire for a few hundred years after the time of Jesus because it was under the sway of Rome that the Christian Church came and grew through its first few hundred years. Let's start with the time of the Crucifixion, let's say, or better still, with the episode of Pentecost. The first four hundred years after Pentecost the Church, despite the extremely cruel persecution of the Caesars, grew steadily, and on a firm basis. Hence the sound stones, unscarred and beautiful, for four hundred inches. But just after A.D. 400, Doc, what happened to the Roman Empire? Alaric, the Terrible, and his hordes from the north, swept into and through the Empire with all the fury and inexorable advance of a destructive tornado. Nothing stopped him, nor his pillage and plunder. Under him, and those hosts who came after him, nearly all of the Roman Empire was captured, ravished, destroyed. And with it came the very near destruction of the Church of Jesus Christ. Hence these scarred, weak, instable stones which show in symbology and prophecy the transition of the Church through a most crucial period. Does not that give you the answer, Doc?"

"It does, and how!" Travers replied, in his enthusiasm lapsing into his occasional slang.

"But that is only really the beginning of the travail that the Church bore, is it not, Mr. Lewis?" Polly asked. "Does this beautiful Grand Gallery not show the whole of the Church's history? To the best of my memory, such is the case."

"You are exactly right, Miss Durant. By the same processes, those of measurements, an inch to the year, as well as by the symbolism of the stones, their condition, etc., the whole thing is written; and, mind you, all of it was prophecy, written here many centuries before its occurrence. By way of further example, look there!" Lewis turned to the sidewalls of the Gallery. "Count those overlapping tiers of stones that compose this wall. How many are there? Seven courses, huh? All right, how many of the ancient churches were there at the time of the Apostles? Seven! The seven churches that were in Asia. Thus is shown the Seven Churches of Scripture to whom St. Paul addressed his famous Epistles while a prisoner of Caesar at Rome, awaiting his execution, also the same Seven Churches to whom St. John, the Divine, dedicated his marvelous prophecy of the Revelation."

"Is not that really wonderful?" exclaimed Polly. "Do let us go on and see what else is written. Never have I known such utter fascination as I am finding here."

They moved up the Grand Gallery a little farther. Again Lewis turned his flashlight upon the stones of the sidewall, where they joined the ramp-stones that run along the edge of the floor "Now." said Mr. Lewis, "here we are at the year A.D. 622. What happened then? Mohammed's famous Hegira. Was not Mohammed's fierce invasion of the Christian nations a terrible ordeal for Christianity? Did he not sweep through the Holy Land, Asia Minor and Africa like a scourge? And then cross into Spain and lay it desolate? It

seemed certain that all of Europe, and with it Christianity, was doomed. But for Charles Martel, the Hammer, such surely would have been the case. At Tours Martel broke the heads of the Mohammedans and destroyed any possibility of further inroads upon the Church from that source. Well, look here! See?" Lewis pointed out the prophecy of those events, showing clearly the rise of Mohammedanism and the stoppage of its ruination by Martel, all depicted in symbolism and measurements exactly as, and when, it later became history.

Polly marveled still more over the uncanny power possessed by the architect of the Great Pyramid. "I wonder," she then said, "just why we humans of today do not use those same powers. Surely we have them, innately, just as this great people, the Shepherd Kings, did."

"My observation of the human race," Doctor Travers replied, "is that we do not really use the powers that we know we have. Discreditable as it is to us as humans, I honestly believe that even a plant uses its intelligence more than we do. A plant really never loses its individuality, although it does change. But the plant changes by merely intensifying its powers, not by grossly neglecting and despoiling them as we do."

"That is a big thought, Jim," Lewis responded. "I know that you must have at some time realized how a plant constantly reaches out to fulfill its purpose; as it is nourished it is also enriched by the elements which surround it."

"Would you say then," asked Polly, "that just as the plant illustrates or manifests a power of initiative and selection at its Life-center, so has the great builder shown here how he manifested the power to partake freely of the Universal Intelligence with which we are surrounded, and then how to incorporate into himself? The plant takes unto itself only the elements necessary for its perfect manifestation. Unlike humans, it rejects the injurious

ones. And then plant life is never overwhelmed by darkness, or what to humans might be discouraging obstacles. It simply recasts, tries again and again until it appropriates completely to itself all such tests. Yet the most searching analysis can not possibly separate the different substances which go into the making of a rose whose existence seems to be the purest spiritualization of the particles of matter which have entered into its fragrant soul, all drawn from the body of the fertile earth which first imprisoned the tiny rose-seed."

"That is well put, Miss Durant," Lewis remarked. "Don't you think that the architect of these great scientific truths which we find in stone here must have felt his at-one-ment at all times with Life's Intelligent Power as it is perfected, say in the rose that you have just told us about? Did he, like the rose, draw his ideas from that great Unlimited Source as he needed them?"

"To me, Mr. Lewis, it seems that the whole structure of this Pyramid manifests its architect's power and certainty as well as his intelligence; the whole thing speaks of God's omnipresence. Undoubtedly the architect knew how to cast all of his burdens upon that Ever-Present, Living Intelligence; also he must have trained his mind to receive every thread of information necessary to erect this marvelous mirror of the important events of life from that same limitless source. Now why can't we do the same thing in our every walk of life?" Polly asked in great seriousness.

"No doubt we could," answered Lewis, "if we would take the time to realize the importance of adjusting our conscious mind to the undisputable fact of a reciprocal action which goes on constantly between the individual mind and the Universal Mind which, to me at least, is God."

"It seems to me," ventured the Doctor, "that every thinking person, in a sense, recognizes that truth, Jack."

"Probably so, Jim; but what I mean is that we should really compel our conscious mind to accept the fact that it is inseverably connected with all Intelligence, just as we compelled it to believe that two and two are four. We should compel ourselves to accept the fact with such finality that there is no more argument against it from within, nor can any argument from without affect the permanency of the conviction."

"Just how would you proceed to do that, Mr. Lewis?" Polly asked earnestly.

"Well, for example," he answered, "you may see five apples on a shelf, and someone tells you that there are but four. Your conscious mind simply, but positively rejects what they have said, and they could argue with you until the crack of doom but you will still know better."

"You mean," Polly asked, "that we should in the same manner, and with the same positiveness, convince our conscious mind of its ability to *always* draw unlimited ideas of substance, health, joy, freedom, or any other quantity, from the Omnipotent Source, and notwithstanding outward appearances to the contrary, or inward lack of temporary comprehension?"

"Yes, just so. Compel the mind to hold steadily to the fact that God expresses Himself through the instrument of man's mind by *Himself becoming man*. We should convince our conscious mind, you might say, that its *direct connection with God* places us above any and all other powers, and that we can receive at all times the right answer to any and all problems that may confront us, no matter how baffling or bewildering they may at first seem to be."

"I fear," smiled Polly, "that we all need a good mental house-cleaning."

CHAPTER 5

Divine Self-Knowledge

The guides showed evidences of mounting impatience with their party because of all the conversation which they did not understand. The Doctor, sensing the fact, adroitly led Polly and Lewis on for a few steps. Stopping to examine the stones for a moment Travers said as the party stopped: "Look at this a minute, Jack, you, too, Miss Durant, please. Here again the stones are badly scarified, yes, even apparently fractured. Just what would you make of that fact, Lewis? Obviously it marks a period of great stress for the Church again, and it comes after the Mohammedan period."

"Think it over just a minute, Doc," Lewis advised. "Go back into your medieval history a bit. Was there not a period of great digression from the principles of Christ within the Church of Rome at about this time, a time when the Church waxed extremely corrupt, an age culminating with, let us say, that king of corruption, the Pope Hildebrand? Through a period of two or three centuries the condition of the Church became worse and worse; there was a separation of the clergy and the laity; the clergy was permitted lordly investments, and corruption of all kinds was rampant. At length the stench of the abominations caused a separation of the Church into two factions, the Eastern and the Western, the Greek Orthodox and the Roman Catholic. Each faction excommunicated the other; rancor, long and bitter, flared; each exposed to the light of the day and fought the purification existing within the ranks of the other; each tried to undermine and destroy the other. Right there was one of the most crucial periods the Church ever knew; hence these stones, prophecies of that exact condition. So here is shown the debility and near-destruction of the Church by selfishness and wickedness existing in high places."

"No wonder, Jack," said Travers, "that you are really a good lawyer, if I do say so myself. You are hard to beat at argumentation. You always have an answer; and they are convincing answers, too. But if the explanation that you have just given is right, let us see if the condition of the stones gets better soon, indicating the Reformation, or the rebirth of enlightenment, together with the rebirth of liberty which had been so long strangled by the Church."

"That's O.K. with me, Jim," Lewis quickly retorted. "And I'll bet you a plugged nickel against one of your awful cigars that the fact of the Reformation was prophesied here, too, and is yet plainly decipherable to this day, both in the condition of the stones and in the utterly scientific exactness of the measurements. But seeing is believing. Let's look at the stones along here from the years of say A.D. 1050 to about A.D. 1350, or better yet, down to about A.D. 1546 when the Reformation climaxed brilliantly. That period was the age of Wickliffe, Huss, Luther, and other great and fearless lights of the great Reform movement."

They stooped to examine the structure carefully. A gradual improvement in the soundness of the stones was immediately apparent as they advanced until at length when they had come to the limit of the years set by Lewis the stones were again perfectly sound and smooth. The Church had passed through its crucial years of strife and corruption, had been thoroughly purged by the Reformation, and was again in a position to pursue its rightful destiny. Lewis grinned his triumph as his two companions, although amazed, expressed their wholehearted approval of his interpretation of the symbolism and geometry involved.

For a few moments the journey onward was uneventful and the party trudged along in silence. The guides, who were leading the way, then paused and one of them announced: "This large stone that rises up from the floor you will recognize at once as the Great

Step." The two men from New York stepped aside to permit Polly to approach it as closely as she wished, then closed in beside her, one on each side. One guide mounted the stone to assist in its ascent when the party was ready to continue; the other remained below to render whatever assistance he might from that position. The height of the Great Step was exactly thirty-six inches at the sides, the party noted. But there was a deeply worn groove in the center and front side, at the north edge, where it plainly showed much evidence of crumbling and general instability. With the aid of her two companions Polly mounted the stone, was, in fact, almost bodily lifted to the top for a step upward of thirty-six inches in one stride is almost beyond negotiation by anyone from a standing start. She suddenly called the attention of the men to the weakened condition of the huge stone, even more apparent from where she now stood than from below it.

"I have read," Polly said, "that the north edge of the Great Step marks the date of A.D. 1844, and that brings us down almost to our own time. It is said, too, that the step upward here, so pronounced and great as it is, marks a great mental uplift on the part of humanity at that date. It is surely strongly indicated, isn't it? And, adopting the style of Mr. Lewis, let's look at history to find the verification of this prophecy of the great uplift. It is quite true, we observe at once, that at the date shown, and since, there has been a tremendous uplift for humanity. One might cite particularly the wide dissemination of learning among the masses, the phenomenal growth of inventive science which ushered in the machine-age, the true rebirth of the various sciences to a point where all may now be learned in them if they wish, and easily so. But why I wonder, is this stone so broken and crumbled, so obviously weak when we know that the builders had access to, and could have easily chosen, a perfect stone for this position? The ruinous condition of this one as it now is has not resulted, it's palpable, from people having passed over it and worn it away as they would a staircase that is centuries old."

"You are exactly right, Miss Durant," Lewis remarked. "This stone *has* been practically in this same weak and broken condition from the day it was selected and placed here by the builders. They chose it so deliberately, too, to tell a powerful, but most tragic, truth, and again in symbolism. We must remember that at this point we are still in the Grand Gallery, and as a consequence still studying the Church of Jesus Christ. You have remarked that here is shown a great step upward on the part of mankind through the advance of learning and mechanical science. But positively there was *not* a corresponding *spiritual uplift* on the part of humanity! This stone's condition prophecies that lamentable fact conclusively. The answer then is what, insofar as it concerns the Church? I hesitate to say it, but honesty compels one to admit the tragedy that here is shown the very great debility of the Church of Jesus Christ since the beginning date of 1844. In other words, and plainly, the Church has failed miserably in its exalted mission on earth. Jesus Himself knew that such would be the case, and before He departed from this earth spoke of the matter in great sorrow, saying that in the Time of the End the commissions of His Church should expire, that He Himself would surely come again *to be the Church* and to reign personally over His own. Could anything be written any more plainly and powerfully than that deplorable fact of the failure of the Church to fulfill its mission on earth successfully is written here? It is a shame upon humanity, we must admit; nevertheless it is true."

For a moment there was a profound silence as each of the party thought deeply about what Lewis had shown so conclusively. Then Doctor Travers boomed excitedly: "By the Eternal, Jack, the more of this great prophet we gather the more I am bowled over by its unbelievable accuracy. And the strange thing is that all that is written here is found in the Holy Bible also. There is not one point of conflict between the two; one is the exact counterpart of the other. I am not surprised that this great building is called, and most appropriately so, 'The Bible in Stone.' "

"All that you say is surely true, Doctor," Polly asserted, "and you, too, Mr. Lewis. I am overawed by all of it, in fact, somehow can not quite prevent the gooseflesh from creeping out on me as the full realization of all of this comes to me. Can you believe it — every word that is written in the Bible regarding the destiny of mankind is written here also, from before the Deluge down to the end of the Millennial Age? All that is recorded of Abraham and Isaac and Moses, all that Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, St. John the Divine, and all the other holy prophets wrote is written here, and, mind you, recorded here *first*? It was put here in stone eleven hundred years before Moses, for instance, even before Abraham and Noah. Moses having written the first words of the Bible, as well as much more of it, of course, is it not bewildering that in the Bible was *afterwards* inscribed all the sublime spiritual truths that we find here? Is it possible, do you think, even quite probable, too, that Moses secured much of his material for the opening Books of the Holy Bible here?"

"You are on the track, hot on the scent, of something very much worth while, Miss Durant," Lewis praised her. "Moses, of course, was a profoundly learned man, educated among the Priesthood of Egypt, he being the adopted son of a daughter of a Pharaoh. This golden lore that we have found written here survived, in part at least, for many centuries among the Egyptian Priesthood. That fact we know positively. But whether Moses learned what he knew and wrote from this source, or whether he captured it intuitively from the Infinite, really matters little in the end, it seems to me. The big thing is that what is recorded here agrees perfectly with what is written in the Bible, that each is a positive confirmation of the other, the two together constituting double-proof of the utter veracity of the sublime truths to be found in both places."

"Say, Jack, here is a thought that just now comes to me," the Doctor said excitedly. "Don't you remember that yesterday we were trying to unravel that deep mystery of the Shepherd Kings,

exactly who they were, where they originated, what became of their progeny, and all of that, that all trace of them should disappear from the earth as if they had been swallowed by the sea? By golly, I have the answer now! Since what is written in the Bible, from cover to cover, in both Old and New Testaments, extending over the long period of centuries, is also found here, and was undoubtedly here *first*, do we not find in that fact almost conclusive proof that the people who afterwards became the Israelites, to whom we are indebted for the whole of the Bible, were the direct descendants of the ancient Shepherd Kings? And this being true, you and I, and Miss Durant here, are also descendants of the Shepherd Kings!"

"Doc," Lewis answered thoughtfully, "you are a wonder. I am not surprised that you are New York's finest medical man. Why, man alive, you have ample material in that idea for a life-time of historical research. But jumping over the long lapse of centuries with all of their attendant detail, I agree with you wholeheartedly. You have the right answer; our ancestors were a mighty Building Race, and did erect this monument that we, their children, are now examining."

"I do not quite follow you, gentlemen," Polly said. "I am not Jewish; neither are you, to all appearances. How then can we be related to the Shepherd Kings? That is, if you believe that the Israelites were their direct descendants?"

Lewis smiled before stating: "You have given the answer yourself, Miss Durant, in the words that you have just spoken. While all Jews are Israelites, not all Israelites, by any means, are Jews. We are not Jewish, that is true; but Doc and I hold that we are of Israelitish descent, being that we are of Anglo-Saxon blood in a great part. Does that baffle you? Yes, I can see that you are still somewhat mystified. Well, here is a question for you to think about. What became of the Lost Tribes who wandered into the

wilderness and were dispersed? Much has been written of that matter in recent years; but the gist of the whole matter is that abundant proof exists today that the British Empire and its people are the descendants of the Tribe of Ephriam, and that the United States of America and its people are the remnant of the Tribe of Manasseh. Thus is answered the riddle of what became of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Tribes of Israel. If you have any Anglo-Saxon blood, and I am sure that you do have quite a quantity of it, despite the French origin of your sir name, then you, too, are in fact a descendant of that mighty people of ancient days who built this Pyramid, the Shepherd Kings."

"Somehow, Mr. Lewis," Polly agreed, "that thought rings true to me deep down within me where the One who lives always knows; and it fascinates me to hear you tell of it. I shall read something on that subject soon. At this moment, however, I am quite willing to believe you. I would consider it a very great honor to discover that I have even one drop of the blood of the Shepherd Kings coursing through my veins; for they were truly a tribe of the greatest genius this earth has ever known."

CHAPTER 6

Fulfillment of the Master's Vision

When all of the party had mounted the Great Step, and were ready to proceed with their tour, Miss Durant paused a moment to enquire: "Is not this the point where the scale of the Great Pyramid's interior is so clearly expanded twelve times more than the scale prevailing down to this point?"

"Again you are right, Miss Durant," Lewis stated. "I say you are bringing Doc and me up standing. It is a genuine pleasure to go through here with such a real student. Yes, from this spot onward, here from the north edge of the Great Step, and for all the rest of the way the scale is twelve times greater than before herein. That being so, the unit of an inch for each month prevails from here forward rather than the scale of an inch to the year that we have used down to this time. We must bear that fact in mind as we go along."

The group moved on but a very few short steps when the guide called their attention to the fact that the magnificently beautiful Grand Gallery abruptly terminated. From a height of twenty-eight feet that had existed from its beginning, the ceiling dropped sheer down, following the course of the south end wall, to a small, narrow, low bore with a ceiling of only forty-three inches above the floor, the lowest roof yet encountered within the whole Pyramid. "You will have to be careful here," one of the guides cautioned. Please stoop very low. And you two big men will probably be more comfortable, and get along easier,

if you go down on your hands and knees and crawl through here. The ceiling is very low all the way; I shall tell you when you may stand erect again, and until I say so please do not attempt it. You

might easily hurt yourselves if you do. Are you ready to go on now?"

"Not for a minute, if you please," Mr. Lewis said. "We shall tell you when to lead the way. Right here is a point of all-absorbing interest that we shall inspect for a bit. Miss Durant," he asked, "continuing with the measurements of the floor up to this point, what important event is prophesied here at the exact point where the Gallery terminates and the Low Passage begins?"

Lewis did not have to wait long for his answer. "Why, the outbreak of the recent World War," Polly said.

"Right. Suppose we think that one over a minute. Nearly forty-five long centuries before the World War occurred the architect of this marvelous building that we are in positively *knew* that there would be a time of very great woe for humanity; and he knew to the very day when it would come, and wrote the augury of it right here. That is why the Gallery suddenly stops at this point. Up here we had a high ceiling overhead, all through the Gallery that is, could stand erect, and except for the steepness of the slope of the floor, we could move along through the Gallery quite easily. Thus was shown the lightness of our burden, the easiness of our yoke, under Christ. But the Great Step, we noticed, showed the falling into decay of the Church because of man's failure to step up spiritually as he did merely intellectually, and foreshadowed a great tribulation for mankind due to his failure to have kept the commandments of Christ. Man failed utterly to keep abreast of developments with his spiritual understanding, and the practice in his daily life of the golden precepts of the Master. As a consequence man in his selfishness, both individually and collectively as nations, cornered the mass-production that came through the great inventions of men; trade-barriers were erected against the commerce of other nations; competitive armaments, born of trade-jealousies, continued madly on until the greater part

of the earth, and especially the European continent, was one vast armed camp.

Only a spark, was needed to ignite the blast that would shake the world to its foundations. In the assassination of the Austrian Grand Duke at Sarajevo the excuse for the call to arms was offered; all the submerged hatreds of years came to the surface, and the War was on. On August 4-5, 1914, England entered the conflict. And that, strange as it may seem, is the exact date marked here by the edge of this low stone. For almost fifty-two inches forward from here we must stoop and crawl and labor hard to get through; and for all of that distance there will rest upon our aching backs a great stone. Thus is shown in symbolism the awful load of tribulation that man carried for nearly fifty-two months when the World War raged. Surely man was then weighted down, and could only go forward by bearing upon his back very great sorrows and agonies. Of all the prophecies written here, somehow this one is the most overwhelming to me, perhaps to some extent because I was overseas with the A.E.F. during the War. But let us shoulder our load now, and go on. What do you say? Are you prepared for the ordeal?"

Into the low, dark bore the group entered in single file, one guide leading, Doctor Travers next, then Miss Durant, Lewis and the second guide, all crawling slowly along. At length the guide in front cautiously arose, feeling his way slowly before turning his light on to bring out the body of the thing he wished so earnestly to avoid hitting with his head or back as he arose.

"Look out just here when you reach this spot," he said. "You will see the reason when you arrive. Don't rise up until I tell you to do so; else you may split your head or injure your back." Carefully each member proceeded, and at a word from the watching guide, each arose with extreme caution. They now stood in the Ante-Chamber outside the King's Chamber. Doctor Travers, turning

around, cast a beam from his light upon the object they had so studiously avoided. There it was, the Granite Leaf. Just fourteen inches into the Ante-Chamber from the entrance to it, fourteen inches from where the Low Passage opened into the room, the Granite Leaf hung down from the ceiling to the same height from the floor that the ceiling of the Low Passage had, namely forty-three inches. In entering the Ante-Chamber, if one lifted the head too soon, or arose from a stooping position too quickly, the head would surely collide with great force against the suspended Granite Leaf. No wonder the guide had so assiduously warned them of its presence and exact location.

His light still playing upon the beautiful thin sheaf of spiraled granite, Doctor Travers said: "Now there is something else of great fascination for us. I have read in authentic volumes that the Granite Leaf corresponds to the Veil before the Ark of the Covenant, the Veil that was rent in twain at the Crucifixion in accordance with the prophecies to that effect. And, continuing his Bible corollary, here the architect put this granite veil in the exact position that it must be in to correspond to what was later written in the Scriptures. That is something more to marvel over, it seems to me."

"This wonderful, wonderful building is one continuous chain of marvels, Doctor," Polly said. "Hardly have we had time to view and think about one thing of great importance until we have come upon another as great or even greater. I wonder if one can ever really grow accustomed to this rapid-fire series of marvels that we are privileged to study today."

"It is difficult to do so, I am sure," Lewis remarked. "And to show you yet again just how much so it is, let's examine some more written events in the order of their occurrence. Doc jumped right over two or three of them in his enthusiasm to point out the Veil for you. For instance, let's stoop down here a minute, and turn our torches upon the end of the Low Passage, here where the north

wall of the Ante-Chamber rises. See the end of the low bore there? What date do you think is marked there in the Pyramid chronology? That of November 9-10, 1918. Thus does the south end of the Low Passage mark the termination of the World War, just as its other end marked the beginning of that same time of great sorrow."

"But does not the architect miss his prophecy by one day there?" queried Polly. "The Armistice came on November 11, 1918."

"Well, let's see if he missed it any," Lewis answered. "If he does it is the very first prophecy from since before the Deluge that he has erred in by even a minute fraction. What happened on the date of November 9, 1918, for example? The Kaiser abdicated. The World War was really over right then. But let's look for a moment to the next day, November 10, 1918. What occurred then? Kaiser Wilhelm fled to Holland. If his abdication did not really spell the end of the war, then undoubtedly his flight from the Fatherland did. The fighting did not cease until eleven o'clock the next morning, November 11, but that was more because of the slowness of passing the order to cease firing along the great lines of combat than to any other factor; and I hold that, technically at least, the War ended on November 9-10, 1918, just as prophesied here. Do you not agree?"

"I surely do," Polly replied, eyes aglow with wonderment. "That being so, and the Low Passage of the War period ending there, then surely the uplift of the ceiling here in the Ante-Chamber must signify something good, for here again we can stand upright and rest. But I can not figure out just why, when one has come to the end of the Low Passage and thinks that he may again rise up unhampered, there is a great granite stone hanging down from the ceiling where one might lay his skull open or seriously injure the back. Why set a trap for us, a snare like that, here at the Granite Leaf?"

"The Granite Leaf, Miss Durant," Lewis explained, "is often called the Stone of Futility, as well as the Veil."

"But still I do not quite understand. Now I suppose that I shall have to know just why it is the Stone of Futility. I hope that you do not mind explaining further, Mr. Lewis."

"Surely not. Let's turn again to measurements and the dates that exactly correspond thereto, and see what is revealed. Resuming the measures, and still at the scale of an inch per month, we come to the north edge of the Granite Leaf here on the date of July 20, 1919. Does that date mean anything to you?"

"Yes. For one thing that was the date upon which the peace-treaty that ended the World War was signed by the participating powers at Versailles."

"And you have put your finger directly upon the answer, Miss Durant," Lewis enthused. "But you do not quite see how a peace-treaty could be a stone upon which one might break the head, huh? Well in the light of further study I do. The pact was only called a peace-treaty. In absolute reality it was a war-treaty. The nations which had triumphed over the Central Powers, although at a frightfully dear cost, were full of extreme rancor towards their erstwhile enemies. The victors, by means of the treaty practically destroyed their foes. The vanquished, being helpless, were compelled to accept the so-called peace. Although the potion was a bitter one the Central Powers were obliged to swallow it. The peace then was an instrument of force applied to a vanquished foe. Instead of ending the War it merely delayed the day of final reckoning. Rather than being a peace the treaty is one of the greatest breeders of war the world has ever known. And from that treaty will surely come, as indicated in the King's Chamber which we shall visit later, another war far worse than the last one in its destructiveness, a war which will almost wipe out what we call

civilization. The treaty was futile, utterly so, hence this Stone of Futility upon which humanity may break its head. Not only did the great architect know that there was to be a World War in the Twentieth Century, and the exact length of it, as well as the dates of its outbreak and of its close, but he also knew, as proved here, that the so-called peace-treaty which would terminate it, historically speaking, would in reality not be a peace at all but rather a hotbed for germinating another, a longer, and a more disastrous war at a later date."

Lewis' pessimism was infectious because of the profound feeling he put into it. To Polly he seemed to be bearing upon his brawny shoulders, which were now drooped, the weight of all the miseries of the world. Somehow Polly thought of Jesus standing again on the Mount of Olives overlooking Jerusalem, voicing His heartbreak, as quoted in St. Luke 13:34. "Surely," she finally said, "there must be some hope for mankind, Mr. Lewis. Is there not some way that another and a greater war than the recent one may be avoided?"

"Your answer is written a little farther along here in this Great Pyramid," he said. "We shall find it a little later. Yes, the greatest of wars, one which is yet to come, the Armageddon of the Bible, could be avoided, the Pyramid teaches; but it won't be because the world is not yet willing to pay the price of eliminating it beforehand. But for the moment let's forget that, and study this Ante-Chamber proper for a bit. After the Stone of Futility, then what? What do you make of this room, Doc? Perhaps you are not so gloomy in your philosophy as I am."

"To me. Jack." Travers said in great seriousness, that is hardly the point just now. My philosophy, probably, is just as pessimistic as yours. But I do not allow my emotions to run riot with me like you do. After all, you know, I am your personal physician as well as your friend; and I brought you over here on this trip to give you a

rest. You are not standing at the bar now, remember, fighting the cause of some accused person whom you know to be innocent; so why take the matter so much to heart? You must be more impersonal about it, especially in its reactions upon you. So I shall talk a little now, and show you the art of being coldly analytical and utterly impersonal in our study of this marvel of marvels."

"O.K., Jim," Lewis answered with a forced smile. "I assure you that for the minute at least I shall just listen."

"Well, to me, Jack, this Ante-Chamber represents perfectly what I know it to be, the period of the Truce in Chaos promised us by Jesus before He left this earth. Looking ahead down the ages, He saw what was to come, saw it plainly and with great sorrow. He said that in the Time of the End the earth would be visited by a tribulation greater than the world had ever known; and that except intercession were made with the Father there should be no flesh left. But He said that intercession would be made by Him, for the sake of the Elect, and that as a result there would be a break, a letup, in the chaos."

"Doctor," Polly asked, "are you not referring to that passage in Matthew 24:22 where Jesus said: 'Except those days shall be shortened, there shall no flesh be saved: but for the Elect's sake those days shall be shortened?' "

"That's it exactly, Miss Durant. Thank you. Please note that the War began in 1914, ended in 1918, and that this Ante-Chamber ends, too, in 1928. But after a bit we shall see that beyond this Ante-Chamber is yet another Low Passage that does not end until 1936.

All this means what? That if this Ante-Chamber were not put in here between the two great woes, for the last Low Passage that lies ahead there signifies another woe, the earth's period of chaos

would have continued unbrokenly from 1914 until 1936, twenty-two years of constant tribulation. Do you, does anyone in fact, think that mankind could have withstood twenty-two years of the troubles we bore during the World War? Absolutely not; certainly in that event there should have been no flesh left on earth."

"But who are the Elect, Doctor? Are the Elect the ones who have learned to attune their minds with the Great Universal Parent Mind, and who move along in conformity to Its Laws? Are they the ones who as a consequence of their recognized relationship with the Father Mind will come out of this Ante-Chamber, and go forward in peace and happiness through the troublesome times that lie ahead? Is that right?"

"That's the answer I make of it," Travers said.

"And you can ditto that for me," remarked Lewis. "Shall we leave the period of the Truce in Chaos now, and see what awaits us further along?"

CHAPTER 7

Supreme Power Over Death and the Grave

They lined up near the dark, low passage that opened in the south wall of the Ante-Chamber. One of the guides was again in front; and he warned them that again they must stoop very low, or crawl, and for a greater distance than in the War Passage. Polly Durant was immediately behind the guide. As she started to stoop beneath the low stone, only forty-three inches above the floor, she said: "Let us remember as we come here that only those who know God will get through this low place."

"Right you are," Lewis answered. "Let's get our minds in sensitive attunement." There was an expression of deeper feeling written on his face as he looked at Polly than one might have expected after so brief an acquaintanceship. To be sure there had been minutes of communion of soul with soul, time which could never be counted in terms of the clock. It was a matter of two souls meeting and recognizing each other; and only conventionality kept them from now expressing more definitely their attunement. The Doctor touched Lewis lightly on the arm, and smiled knowingly as Jack gave him a searching gaze.

Beneath the low stone the party now slowly moved, and for a much greater distance than when beneath the other one. Whereas the other bore had been only a little more than four feet long, the present one was almost eight and one-half feet. The distance covered, each arose at a word from the guide, and together they now stood in the magnificently beautiful King's Chamber. Throwing the beams of their lights about the walls they saw that the wonderful rose-pink granite, of which the whole Chamber was made, reflected the shafts until the walls seemed to glow with the rosy light of a beautiful dawn. So full of the great beauty of the room were they for a minute that no one spoke.

Then the Doctor, standing at Polly's side, breathed softly: "Truly this is the Paradise that it was built to represent." For answer Polly only smiled. But she looked at Lewis rather than Travers. "Yes, Jim," Jack murmured with great depth of feeling as he smiled back at Polly, "this exquisite Chamber really is Paradise." Unconsciously Lewis moved a step nearer Polly, and stood very close to her. Mere discussion could no longer hold out against a growing inclination within him. His whispered words broke through the dam of reticence, and Polly heard him ask: "Can you see yourself in these mirror-polished walls of rosy light as I see you?"

Without evidence of surprise Polly turned to look frankly into his eyes as she said: "I wish that I might see myself here and now as I long so much to be."

The wise Doctor appeared to know nothing of what was transpiring. Together with the two guides he was patiently examining the open, lidless coffer which rested on the floor nearby. He now called the attention of the others to it. Tapping it lightly, almost reverently, with his steel knife, he showed how the granite of the coffer walls rang with a mellowness like that of a bell. "Isn't that beautiful music?" he asked. "And you can sit here on the edge to rest, Miss Durant, if you wish. What a crime," he added as he pointed to a spot where a great piece had been broken or chipped out of a corner of the coffer, "that some unappreciative, despicable souvenir-hunter has been let in here to chisel off and carry away chips from this beautiful stone which is such a glowing symbol of immortality."

"No more death," Lewis said, "for those who are able to keep their eyes and ears and hearts stayed on God until they reach this spot in the evolution of mankind. That is the promise of the empty coffer; and it is a condition that soon shall come. Just think, in this wonderful, scientific Bible in Stone we find the history of all souls, written in mathematics and symbolism, from the first movement of

Spirit in matter and in man until the time of man's triumphant entry into the consciousness of eternal, joyous life."

"Wonderful indeed," murmured Polly.

"Really glorious," said the Doctor.

Lewis rose to his feet, and slowly walked to the far side of the great Chamber. In a moment Polly also arose and took a deep breath. "How sweet and cool and fresh the air is in this rose-tinted hall," she said.

"Naturally, Miss Durant," the Doctor said. "Here you are in Paradise, you know; here is written the story of the Millennial Age. It seems to me that a visit to this wonderfully complicated, and yet simple edifice would convince the most skeptical soul that ever lived that its purpose is to point the way to absolute freedom for the human soul."

"And that is salvation, true salvation," remarked Polly.

"This monument," Lewis said, "has convinced some of the scientists who have come here to study it."

"That's true," Polly answered. "It is reported of one of them who is now a very devout man that he came here a hard-boiled agnostic, and that he stayed and studied until he also was convinced that the whole Pyramid is a message direct from God, the One, Ever-Present, Creative Intelligence, to man, His highest work. As I stand here in this sacred spot my mind is filled with wonder. Will the human family, for instance, let itself profit from this personal letter which is written in the most certain language of mathematics, and in the most enduring form, stone? Will humanity read the message and abide by it as being one from God who loves us always? Will all of us from today forward let the simple teaching of Jesus find a

resting place in our mind and heart until we finally understand with Him and rejoice ? To me the burning question is: just how may one proceed to acquire the Christ-Consciousness?"

Both the Doctor and Lewis thought the question over for a minute before the latter answered: "Personally it seems to me that the Christ-Consciousness is a feeling, an absolute conviction, of our one-ness with all of Life, an abiding belief so deeply rooted that no circumstance or condition could tear it loose."

"Yes, I know, Mr. Lewis. But if one does not now have that assurance, how would one proceed to get it?"

"I would suggest study, that one think and think and think again. Then try constantly to put what little conviction we gather in that way into practice by refusing to let our attention wander from the goal our hearts and minds were aiming at. I would study and think until my whole soul was saturated with the ideas of God's willingness to operate through me as His own idea, my individual mind?"

"Would that," asked the Doctor, "bring one a healing of — say, Bright's disease?"

"Such would not be my intention, Doc, not my conscious intention at least. My whole purpose would be to train my mind to find the Father within me, that All-Loving, Always-Understanding, Responsive Power which could and would give me an answer say to a complicated problem in engineering, or a point in law, say a knotty problem I had never encountered before, or even heard of. But as I think about the matter trustfully, certain that the Father will reveal the answer to me, the solution would appear on the mirror of my mind which with my will I have steadily held up to Him."

"But," persisted Travers, "still you might have Bright's disease."
"Not on your life, Doc, after you have reached that state of consciousness. Then the disease that one might have had in the beginning of their desire to *know God*, and not simply about God, the attainment of that consciousness would automatically cleanse the whole body and it would be vibrant with perfect health."

"The art then, Jack, in the case I mention, would be to utterly forget the disease by keeping the mind stayed on Him at all times and under all circumstances? Could this mental discipline be accomplished by a well-developed will? Would the displacement of the disease, of any disease, be gradual I wonder?"

"I am sure, Doc, that you have encountered more than one such case in your wide practice."

"Surely. All physicians have. But they do not always understand in what way the change came about."

"Then you feel, Mr. Lewis," asked Polly, "that the whole thing is to form the mental habit of always looking within one's own Divine, Intelligent Self for every answer to every problem?"

"Yes, Miss Durant."

"But I do not think particularly, Jack," Travers argued, "that that form of training the mind necessarily built this Pyramid."

"Meaning just what, Doc?"

"Well, this abstract study is a little deep for a practical mind like mine. I am not sure just what I do mean, rather just how to put what I mean."

"Doc, what I am trying to get at is this. I mean that the man, or men, the mind, or minds, who built this Pyramid, or any other enduring thing, must seek the Fountain of Intelligent Life for Its own sake, just to know what it is and not for the purpose of performing a cure, or to obtain release from the bondage of poverty. In other words, does not the establishment of the Christ-Consciousness within one depend upon one's first establishing deep down within one's self a desire to know God for the sake of knowing? It seems to me one's purpose must be a single-track one. Don't you think so? And when this habit of thought is once firmly formed and really established I feel sure that the ideas which fit our every need, whatever it is, just come to us, and we awake to the realization that just because we have sought and found the Father within the ways and means for the fulfillment of our desires come to us along with the ideas themselves."

"I still can not be sure, Jack, that I gather what you mean. Why does one so often, when really trying to do one's best, yield to the temptation to be the worst?"

"You know the answer to that one, Doc."

"No, really I don't think that I do."

"Why did you do what you did not intend to do that time; is that it, Doc?" Lewis laughed. "Why, that's easy. Because at the last moment before doing it you really could not think of anything better to do. Honestly, that is your right answer, Doc."

"Shall we go down now?" intruded one of the guides.

"Oh, not yet," Travers said. "Let us have time to thrash this thing out first."

Polly asked: "Would your remedy, Mr. Lewis, be to build up habits of thought so strong that nothing, no surprise action on the part of someone, could shake you loose?"

"That's it. When your thoughts have been diligently trained let a surprise emergency appear and your whole conception of God is right there instantly. Nothing can force a negative reaction from you, try as it may to lasso you. The word habit, of course, is a bit confusing, probably because, as James shows, the word habit is usually employed in connection with bad habits like the drink habit, and so on. Forming good habits seems at first to really require much more attention than making bad ones. Yet if one will steadily build the habits of thought one desires to live by, rehearse them often, and use every opportunity to utilize them resolutely, one will soon find that he has *self-control* taken root in the brain and entire nervous system, and the good that you do *you do* even more readily than ever you did the evil that you would not do. But just now I am sensing a suggestion from somewhere that I should stop the habit, a bad one, of talking too much."

"Perhaps," said Polly, laughing, "the suggestion is coming from one of the guides. As for myself I am greatly interested in all that you have been saying."

"Maybe," the Doctor said, "we have gotten too far away from the subject we were studying, which I believe is the Great Pyramid, and not the power of good and bad habits. Let's get back where we were. What do you say?"

"But where were we, Doc?" Lewis asked. "If you know off hand you beat me."

"We were discussing immortality, were we not? Yes, that's it. Then I'll start the conversation in that direction again by saying that on September 19, 1936, I should like to be right here in this wonderful

King's Chamber again. Do you think that the human family will actually realize by then that they are at last, after centuries and centuries of failure to attain that coveted goal, on the road to the point where the whole human race may really have eternal life, here on this earth, in this body?"

"Well, the unfailing prophet who built this Bible in Stone," said Lewis, "teaches plainly that such will be the case, not probably for all of the human family by 1936, but for the first of them by that time, and actually *for all* by 2001. At the time that we come from under the last Low Passage into this Chamber, September 19, 1936, we are then in the Holy of Holies, the sanctuary of those who love Him. As for myself I believe that the near approach of immortality for men, as indicated here, is implicitly true."

"And," asked Polly, "wars, disease, death and sorrow can never enter here?"

"Not for those persons who enter this Chamber, meaning spiritually, of course. They shall escape from all such things through their joy in living in close contact with God in deeds as well as in thoughts. For such as enter here there will be the beginning of the certainty of immortality. Here they begin their triumphant march to victory over the old arch-enemy, death."

"But," Travers queried, "shall we realize where we are headed? Or shall we simply, as the *Rubiyat* says, 'Trust the potter that made you; he's a good fellow; he knows?' "

"You are getting close to bed-rock, Doc, in your last question. That's it, I think. If we simply and really do our very best at all times as we go along, we shall make the grade all right. Do the thing at hand to the very best of our ability; live our highest ideals every minute, also to the best of our ability; and then the Potter

will supply everything to make a complete and perfect expression of Life."

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," Polly said, "but would you think me a hopeless materialist if I were to intimate that the inner man who lives in me is making a valiant struggle for recognition just now?"

The two men laughed; the guides smiled. Travers glanced at his watch, and said: "Why, no wonder, Miss Durant! Would you believe it? Ten minutes of two o'clock. Power of suggestion, I suppose, I am very hungry, too. And we really should go over the outside of the Pyramid, and climb to the top of it, before returning to Cairo."

"Is there any place nearer than Cairo," Lewis asked the guides, "where one might get a morsel of food?"

"Sometimes," one of them answered, but there was not much of encouragement in his voice. "Sometimes some of the natives camp outside for three hours or so around noon with a fair luncheon, especially when they know that several people are visiting here when the notion comes to prepare some food for a little profit. There *may* be something to eat outside today; someone may know that we shall come out of here hungry."

"Hungry?" Polly repeated with emphasis. "Yes, in every sense of the word."

All involuntarily moved towards the low entrance to the King's Chamber. There each turned to look upon the beautiful large room again, and, single-file, they went into the low passage. Following one of the guides, Lewis went in first. Reaching back with his hand, he said to Polly: "It might help you through here if you will give me your hand." She was happy to extend her small hand to

him. Through the dark bore they crept; in the Ante-Chamber they paused just long enough to glance over all of it again; then through the next low passage which marked the World War period they continued. For the whole of the distance Polly and Lewis kept their hands clasped. At the Great Step Lewis descended first, and crooking his long, sinewy arm, invited Polly to be lifted down by him. She accepted graciously, and he handed her down with ease. Still hand in hand, the two started on down the Grand Gallery, more than 150 feet of slippery footing. Doctor Travers smiled to himself as he followed; evidently the two ahead were utterly forgetful of his existence, for the time being at least.

Voices other than their own sounded down the Gallery. Soon the descending group met another party of four and a guide, on their way up the Gallery. Among them was the German couple who had accompanied Polly out from Cairo. Lewis' guide said something in Egyptian to the one conducting the ascending group, and received a reply in the same tongue. The former then said in English: "As you Americans say, we are in luck Ahmed says that food is ready outside!"

"That is joyful news, thank you," Lewis answered jubilantly. "Who said that we'd have to go to Cairo for lunch?"

"Und I can say," shouted the German man, who had overheard the guide's remark, "that the meal iss goot! I know; I have tried it!"

"Thank you, too, friend," Lewis replied. "Now we have double assurance."

CHAPTER 8

Climbing to the Summit of Wisdom

Looking back at the entrance to the Great Pyramid from which they now emerged, Lewis said: "I should like to turn right around, and do it all over again. Would you mind, Miss Durant?"

Polly laughed and said: "Not until after I have had an agreeable understanding with my inner man, Mr. Lewis; and I believe that I should prefer to climb to the top, going all over the outside, before going within again. Would that suit you as well?"

Miss Durant was the first to see a wisp of smoke curling up from a portable camp stove which was stationed near where their camels were herded, the stove also attached to a camel which supplied the motive-power. A native came towards the party, samples of his wares extended in front of him, their warm and appealing fragrance reaching the nostrils of the hungry group. Polly nodded to him, and motioned vigorously for him to come to them. Lewis made doubly sure by shouting to the white-clad native to come on, and to hurry.

"You see, Miss Durant," Lewis said, "the message that you sent into the Universal was captured by this native cook, and all of us are saved from starvation. Please be my guest, and you, too, Doc, to a perfect luncheon, served right here on this sacred ground in the shadow of the Great Pyramid."

"Thank you, I shall be happy to accept," Polly replied.

"And that goes for me, too, Jack," Travers said.

The native was now at hand. Each of the three sampled his food as he indicated by fluent signs that he was ready to serve a meal to the

party in his brightly-colored lean-to near his stove, the sides of which were rolled up to admit the air and the top of which made a welcome shade in which all could sit as they dined. Soon all three of the party sat down upon the ground beneath the tent, laughing happily about the absence of chairs or stools. While the meal was in no sense a banquet prepared after the American fashion, it was savory in its way and sufficient to satisfy the appetites that had been clamoring for attention.

Following the meal the three sat where they were a while, leisurely smoking cigarettes. Doctor Travers began to humorously soliloquize on how he was ever going to "negotiate" the outside of the huge Pyramid to its top. Indicating the rather ample proportions of his waistline, he laughed and said: "You see, I carry quite a bit of excess baggage here. And in the time allotted us before we start to climb, I hardly see how I can scale myself down to your lithe frame, Lewis. You rascal, this is one time at least that I sincerely envy you. And besides I have eaten too much the past few minutes. Oh me, oh my. But, by golly, Jack, you can't laugh at me that way. I'll be with you when we reach the top, and while you puff and blow, I'll be as much at ease as if sitting in the stands at the Polo Grounds watching a good game. The best method of assault on those impregnable ramparts there, which seem to loom up like Gibraltar, would be this, I think, Jack. See if you agree. One of the guides will lead the way; Miss Durant will follow him, you right in her wake; then I will come along, followed by the other guide. In that way I will have both you and a guide above me to pull and tug on my dead weight, and the other guide below to push me astern. Then if I, in addition to all of that, scratch and dig in with both my hands and toes, I'll make the grade. Is it not so?"

"In that fashion, Doc, you'll come through with flying colors," Lewis laughed.

The group rested for an hour before undertaking the ascent of the outside of the Pyramid, laughing and talking merrily like a small party on a holiday they stood at the base for a minute, each carefully scanning the route the guide indicated that they would follow in scaling the great structure. Travers glanced at Polly, who now stood looking off into the distance with a far-away expression of dreamy meditation. "A penny, no a dollar, for your thoughts, Miss Durant," he said.

Polly was startled; but she smiled and answered: "Oh, I was merely making a mental companion of the remarkable peace and quiet of this sacred place where there is every evidence of ageless repose, and comparing it with Chicago where, regrettably, there is always far too much evidence of haste. The architect of this complete lesson in Life which we are studying here surely planted well in this spot the seeds of eternal growth which spring from the fertile soil of silence and perfect repose. This is a very great contrast with Chicago with its awful noise and hurry. Is that thought worth a dollar, or merely the penny that you first offered?"

"Easily a dollar, and especially if you will tell me what you think causes the curse of hurry."

"Do you think my opinion on that subject worthy of that sum, realizing as you must that I have spent practically all of my life in the atmosphere of haste that is Chicago?"

"That very fact, Miss Durant, causes you to be all the more competent in giving a splendid answer."

"Perhaps it does, Doctor. Well, my idea of hurry is that it means certain maladjustment. The mind that hurries feels sure that it has made a mistake in some form, or else it regrets its undertaking and wishes to dispose of it quickly. That is the way it seems to me; and therein lies the evil of haste."

Mr. Lewis had finished his conversation with the guides in time to listen attentively to the latter part of the exchange of thoughts between his two companions. "Old man hurry, huh?" he said. "He is the Devil. If a person is properly adjusted to his surroundings and opportunities, and realizes keenly his true relation to the outer world, he can easily carry what others think are great burdens, and indulge in almost endless activities, without any trace of agitation or haste, or so much as the loss of an hour's sleep. It seems certain to me, for instance, that our great President, Franklin D. Roosevelt, is just such a man. What say you?"

"Agreed to be the very same," Doctor Travers answered stoutly.

"To use your own words," said Miss Durant, "I answer ditto to all of that."

Turning to Polly, Lewis asked: "Now that we have settled that question with finality, are we ready to mount to the top of this venerable old mountain of wisdom?"

"I am ready and eager," Polly smiled.

"Ready and fit are the words for me," Travers boomed.

Lewis appeared very thoughtful as he and the guide assisted Miss Durant up the first step. In his mind he was certain of one thing; haste should not lift its head once in undertaking this task of climbing the Great Pyramid. Polly was atop the first terrace; Lewis then climbed up; and he and the guide on the stone beside him, assisted by the guide below, soon had Doctor Travers on the ledge with them. With that efficiency which is born of laboring without hurry the party scaled the terraced sides of the twentieth tier of stones before pausing for a rest. First looking down the slope to note the distance they had made, and then turning their glances upward to determine how much of the building's incline there was

yet to climb, they were silent a minute before Polly remarked: "If my heart were not so firmly set upon seeing the Nile Valley from the top of this great height, and on stepping upon the same stones which the wonderful artisans of the Shepherd Kings put into place with such amazing science, I doubt if I would quite have the courage to attempt this feat. But a definite and positive intention, or purpose, with a lure beyond always beckoning one onward, can make any rugged climb smooth and easy."

"Why, you are doing splendidly, Miss Durant," Lewis encouraged her glowingly. "In fact, you are a perfect mountaineer, and shall make it in great style. My sole worry on this trip is poor, old, fat Doc," he laughed. "You will get to witness on this climb some of the miseries I have patiently borne for years with him. We go to the Adirondacks, or Catskills, almost every summer; and in just two or three days of hiking up there," he goaded pleasantly, "Doc wears out a half-dozen good alpenstocks and as many pairs of shoes, as well as adding years to my age in helping him along, even in the easy places."

"Do you, as a school teacher, Miss Durant, know our American slang?" Travers asked. "If you do, my answer to Jack is: Oh yeah? Sez you!"

On up the side the party went, with very few periods of rest, during which the two men continued their exchange of laughing taunts. When about half way up, Lewis once irked the Doctor a little; and as they continued Travers surprised his friend by assuming the lead position before Lewis was aware of his intent; and from there onward the Doctor, to Polly's apparent delight, steadfastly clung to his commanding post, next to the forward guide being the first to place a foot upon the flat crest of the huge edifice. They all sat down upon, or leaned against, a few of the large stones which line the rim of the flat platform, some twenty feet square, that is the top of the Pyramid, the apex stone which once brought its crown up to

a sharp point being absent in this day, if in fact it ever were put in place.

"Well," Travers crowed in triumph, "with *me* setting the pace for the last half we made it, and in record time the guide says, in spite of the fact that I had to spend half my time coming to the rescue of my invalid friend, Jack. Let me test your pulse and respiration, boy," he teased. "I'm worried about you. I should hate to feel that I had been foolish in letting you undertake this hazard. If you should pass out on me, I would have a devil of a time finding another gullible patient like you that I could implicitly depend upon to meet my office rent every year."

"So that's all I mean to you, huh?" Lewis parried. "After all these years I am just now finding out that you are a Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. But he who laughs last laughs best, they say. Just wait, Mr. Hyde, until I get back to New York, and put through for you, and win of course, that whale of a suit you had me file for you against that mammoth holding company on some of your blasted, old defaulted bonds. The bill that I will render you then, and sue you for if you don't come right across, will meet my office rent, and buy and maintain that yacht I have always dreamed of, for the rest of my life; and, Doc, I am going to live forever, mind you, for immortality is coming to us mortals soon, says this unfailing prophet!"

Polly's laughter rang merrily; the inscrutable guides smiled. "Mr. Lewis," Polly asked, "when you get that yacht will you invite me to one of your parties aboard — that Doctor Travers is to pay for? I am sure that I should enjoy a cruise on your dream ship very much indeed."

"Of course, Miss Durant," Lewis replied. Nor was his tone one of an idle jest. He continued with deep feeling. "That's the picture I have had in mind for hours today."

"Aw. shucks." Traverse scoffed, "let's change the subject. It's obvious that I shall not be invited to *that* party! I have been looking my clothes over just now; there is not a rent in them, nor a spot on them. But look at yours, Jack. One knee of your trousers is all agape; a button is missing at your belt-line; and your whole appearance is that of a mechanic after coming out from under a greasy car that he has been working on for two hours. How did you get up here anyway? By crawling?"

"In climbing to the pinnacle of wisdom, Doc," Lewis answered seriously, "one should have no thought of clothing."

"Nor of muscles, or breath, my friend," Polly added. "It is worth any price, however great. N'est ce pas?" It was not that Miss Durant felt fatigued; all sense of pressure, little that she had been aware of it anywhere in the ascent, was gone. She now stood upon a large stone, and looked about eagerly. A sense of exhilaration surged through her whole being; her thoughts for the moment were far away. She pondered whether her being on this lofty summit, 485 feet above the foundation line, together with such a wide expanse of shimmering view of desert and of the fertile valley wherein civilization was cradled for centuries, had suggested to her fruitful imagination her present thoughts concerning the great totality of Life, of which she felt her individual life to be so much a part, a perfect part of the great whole. "Great Father of Wisdom," she breathed to herself, "hold this individual expression of Universality that I am in right and sound relationship with Thyself always. Let me always have depth of root in the soil of Thy Intelligence; and give me always the joys of breadth of interest in, knowledge of, and relationship with the whole of Life. Just now I feel that I know the totality of all things is involved in every minutest manifestation of Life, just as perfection of detail is involved in the completeness and splendor *of* the whole. Right now I feel that if I can hold my conscious mind in touch with the totality of things I shall be, and always remain, within the law of

upright and sound living." Another moment Polly remained silent; and then she said aloud: "Ah, but this air is wonderful!"

The sound of her voice brought Lewis to her side. "I have been studying your face," he said in a note of great admiration. "To me it seemed that surely your thoughts were being shepherded in green pastures, beside still waters. Were they?"

"Oh, how can I put into mere words what I feel? I can only say that at this moment I feel in complete and absolute unison with all of Life, and that my whole being thrills to that awareness."

"That includes me, does it not?" Lewis asked hungrily, the light of intensity dwelling in his eyes.

"Yes," Polly answered without embarrassment. "Do you believe, Mr. Lewis, that Universality becomes clear to us only through the perfection of the individual?"

Lewis smiled as he realized how adroitly Polly had shifted the sail and still had kept it set to the breeze. But instead of speaking further of that just now, he asked: "Can one ever really know his own country until he knows the world? Can one ever really know himself until he is able to expand himself into all of humanity?"

"Admirably put, Mr. Lewis," Polly lauded him. "As for myself I am sure that never before in my whole life have I felt as well acquainted with my true self as I do right now. It seems to me today as if I have certainly touched the greatest of all the arts, the art of right living. Have you ever listened attentively to the different strains of music made by the play of the wind through various kinds of trees? There is one strain among the sighing pines, another among the rustling oaks, and still a different one, just as beautiful as the others, among the stately, swaying elms. That rhythmic quality in nature, that softly-flowing, liquid movement

seems to me to embrace all of Life; and once one's conscious mind is fully attuned to it one feels a thrill of great joy surge through one, perfectly *en rapport* with the harmoniously-flowing stream of gently forceful Intelligent Life. And when thus in at-one-ment with It, *all things are really possible unto one.*"

CHAPTER 9

Happiness

Before Lewis could voice the thoughts which stirred so deeply within him Doctor Travers called: "Do come over here, and look at the shadow this mountain casts. Speaking in the same vein that Miss Durant has just used, and which I could not help overhearing, I can say that just now, I, too, feel that I am most sensitively attuned to the same power which sustains the whole of nature. And let me tell you, folks," he enthused, "it's one grand and glorious feeling!"

Lewis was loath to break the hold of the spell which he felt enmeshing Polly and himself. She, too, seemed inclined the same way. Addressing Lewis, the Doctor added: "I beg your pardon, old boy. But looking at this shadow will not break the witchery of the spell; on the other hand, it will intensify it. Just look at it! I have thought several times before that this Pyramid was a very large building, especially when climbing up here a bit ago; but, look at this shadow — why, it seems to fill all out of doors! I wish that my wife could see this sight; she loves light and shadow so much."

A great sadness overspread the Doctor's countenance as Polly, unaware of any of Travers' personal life, asked him: "Did she not come with you from New York, Doctor?"

"No," he answered mournfully. "I regret very much to say that our tastes are not generally in accord."

"I am sorry," Polly said with deep sincerity. "Please forgive me, Doctor. But do not tell me that your wife misunderstands you."

"No, I shall never say that, Miss Durant." Doctor Travers was very solemn. "No doubt the trouble is that she understands me too well."

But I do wish so very, very much, that she would see what few strong points I have rather than dwelling always on the many weak ones."

"May I say, Doctor, that 'if we wish to be understood, we must understand?'"

"Yes, I know," Travers replied. "And if I may quote also, I will say that 'if we think our thought is powerful, our thought *is* powerful.' So, if I wish my wife to understand, and God knows I do, then I must always *know that she does understand.*"

"Troward again, I believe," Polly remarked.

"Yes. Troward is wonderful. Try to live by that great philosopher's principles of Life, and all is well with you."

"I take it from your statements of this morning, Miss Durant," Lewis broke in, "and from what you have said here this afternoon, that you know Troward well."

"You mean the man, or his books, Mr. Lewis?" Polly queried.

"Either, or both," he replied.

"I study Troward's books diligently," said Polly, "of course, because of their sterling worth to me personally. And I know his only personal pupil quite well. I have been in her classes in Chicago, and have studied with her privately, too, although not nearly so much as I hope to do some day, and soon. And I am fast beginning to understand what has been taught me through those sources. I am sure, for one thing, that if we permit our *attention* to be held on misunderstanding we get only misunderstanding. In other words, we get from Life the things that we most habitually think about,

and look for; and they come to us in the forms that we have conceived them in our thoughts."

"That is very true, Miss Durant," Travers admitted frankly. "It is a difficult lesson to learn from practice in Life, but it is a true one, a very true one. Would you mind turning on still a little more light for us? You see, Lewis and I have not had the advantage of personal study with one who knows Troward thoroughly through having been his only personal pupil for many months of intensive pursuit. We read for ourselves, and discuss what we read among ourselves; but no person, however intellectual he may be, can grasp that great philosopher's true thought from merely reading his writings, or studying them, regardless of how deeply. One may think that he knows, may even believe himself to be an authority of the first water on Troward, only to discover, when he comes into personal contact with one who really does understand him, that the reader has only skimmed the surface and knows very little, if anything, of the verities of Troward's great works."

"But I am no authority on Troward, Doctor. I can say in a few words, however, what I truly believe to be fully in line with his teachings. That is, that I feel this measureless, fathomless Creative Energy which clothes all of nature with incomparable beauty, as if with a gorgeous garment, *has made man master of himself*, if he will be, has endowed man with the *qualities of initiative and selection*, enabling him *to accept or reject whatever he will*. This, I believe, man does through the constantly unfolding knowledge that he is vitally and inseverably related to a Living, Intelligent Universe, into which he is free to enter at will with his mind, and draw therefrom just what he will, just as a seed rooted in the ground draws to itself from the soil and atmosphere whatever is necessary for its complete and perfect fulfillment, and which yet in no way infringes upon the same privilege of its neighbor. Thus does the acorn provide the oak; and side by side in the same plot of earth you may see a violet, a rose and a lily, also possibly some

corn and pumpkin vines. Each takes from the self-same soil only what it needs to reproduce itself, without infringement in any way upon the other. This wonderful *privilege of the freedom of selection* must include man as completely as it includes the things of man's world, and doubtless more so, due to man's being endowed with a higher degree of intelligence."

"That is surely splendid, Miss Durant," Lewis answered. "But getting away from the matter in the abstract and getting down to the concrete, leaving the thing in generalities and putting it into specific terms, suppose I am longing for greater freedom, feeling that it would mean for me greater happiness. Then what would I do? Just how would I proceed?"

"It seems to me that in that case I should take a short cut directly to my goal, right into the heart of the element of happiness. My powers of intelligent selection would guide my feelings and influence my acts accordingly. Happiness would then develop in me because it would see itself individualized in me, manifesting specifically in my whole life."

"In other words," Travers asked earnestly, "you would waste neither time nor strength in endeavoring to take unto yourself anything that was not directly related to your happiness? Anything which your individual happiness could not assimilate? Do you feel that one may add to his knowledge *of* happiness, or anything else for that matter, without adding to his power to *be* happy?"

"Easily so, Doctor; just as one may know a great deal *about* God, and still not really *know God at all*."

"Thank you, Miss Durant. You have been very kind. I am catching a faint gleam at last; and when I later think about what you have so kindly given of yourself I know that I shall find a shaft of genuine

illumination. But undoubtedly I have tired you in my eagerness to know more. Shall we descend now?"

"Thank you; but I am enjoying it up here aloft very much," Polly said, "and growing, too. I should be quite happy to remain here until we have rounded out fully this thought we are now discussing. That is, if you would like. Shall we stay?"

Polly included Lewis in her inquiry by turning towards him. She found herself standing much closer to him than she had realized.

"Barkis is willin'," he said readily as he smiled down at her.

"Same here," Travers replied. "I find myself growing also. It seems really quite wonderful to me how we three kindred spirits should have met here, and not have shied away from each other. We shall never lose sight of each other for long again, shall we? What do you say, Jack? Your mouth is open."

"First, Doc, I want to say 'Amen' to what you have just said. After that I am not so definite in my thoughts. But I might remark that to me it seems that one may gather up a lot of junk in one's mind, and mistakenly call it knowledge, when in reality it is only vague and meaningless generalizations. I, too, believe that one may add vastly to his knowledge without adding one whit to his power, because, primarily, the knowledge is not used. Such minds are much like some houses that a person enters. These houses have been furnished with things gathered from all over the globe in an effort to make an interesting home. But the occupants have overlooked the main essentials of a true home, harmony, order and individual good taste. These globe trotters often have a private museum that is well worth while; but they do not in any sense have a true home."

"That's right, Mr. Lewis," Polly approved. "Yes, in their endeavor to have a happy home they rely upon *things*, forgetful of that outstanding truth that love and happiness come not by searching the far places of the earth *but by growth from within ourselves*. Happiness cannot be gathered by jumping frenziedly from one place of interest, or amusement, to another; it must be patiently assimilated and absorbed from the seed of it deep within one's own heart. Things, it is true, may give one *cause for* happiness, but not the pure joy itself. If one wishes true and ever-abiding happiness, one should understand his own personality; one should know his own type of mind, and accept for it only those things which are vitally related to it; one should learn how to gracefully reject as well as accept. In fact, I think that rejection plays as important a part as acceptance in the art of selection as related to a fully rounded and happy life."

"By the Breath of the Most High, Jack," Travers enthused, "there is certainly a mouthful of wisdom for you, and from one little woman it is remarkable! Never in all my gleanings of books have I found in all of them combined a dissertation on happiness that gave me as much as she has said in just a few words. Have you?"

"Never, Doc, really never! Honestly, Miss Durant, you have just made some magnificent observations of true happiness. I shall treasure them always. But, may I draw you out still more on the subject, please? Then your idea is that joy is developed within one's self and not contracted from the outside, say, as the measles are?"

"Yes, that is it. To me it seems that any soul which *can conceive of happiness already has the germ of it within*. All he needs do then is to develop that seed by the steady recognition of the fact that it *is* his. Expect it to grow and flourish as you would expect a seed to grow if you had planted it in the prepared soil. Confidently expect that seed germ of happiness within you to draw to itself from

anywhere and everywhere all that it requires to manifest itself fully and completely."

"But," Travers said, "let's deal with a person, let's say, who is narrow, lonely, sorrowful, as a specific case. In that example just how would you proceed?"

"The whole purpose of Life itself, in whatever form it manifests itself, it seems to me, is that of enjoying itself. Then *if* the person whom we are citing now would really think, and not just think that he thinks, *if* he would *consciously relate* his thought and feeling with the *whole* of Life rather than confining his every thought to the misery upon which he believes that he has a monopoly, *if* he would stop attaching so much importance to his own small and stulted feelings, and try, just really try, to realize exactly *who he truly is*, that one would find all the joys of life within his own soul. There is little doubt that when one inwardly sees only his immediate personal affairs, and the affairs of his small neighborhood, his life is narrow, warped, limited, and usually very unhappy. But even a faint glimpse of the glory that is the Universal gives perception, and to him perception fast becomes conception; and if he would follow that into its wider scope he would soon be guided into that state of real happiness for which he had longed but had not yet known due to the fact that he himself had stood in the way of himself all of the time. Once in possession of the broadened vision, his former ideas would seem unreal and absurd to him; his sense of proportion would be greatly freshened and invigorated by the consciousness of his absolute relationship to the totality of all things. I sincerely believe that *all the joy Life has to give is ever-present with each one of us, and is ours merely for the taking*. But we must *take it!* Yes, just as we would drink from a sweetly-flowing fountain of cool water if we were thirsty. The water does not come to us; we reach out and partake of it. So it is with the joy of Life; it is ever-present, ours for the taking."

"I believe I see now, Miss Durant, just what you mean," Lewis said. "Your idea is to go straight to headquarters in your quest of happiness, or of anything else you want, letting that inner source supply whatever is needed for the completion of the manifestation. When I first spoke of the matter it seemed to me that a sense of freedom was all that would be required for me. But now I know that is not all, thanks to your most capable exposition. I wonder if both of you now feel in this very air, for instance, the same sense of exhilaration that I do. I seemed to have slipped entirely out of my individual self directly into the Universal. At this very moment I am fully in tune with all of the happiness that my soul can possibly absorb; and my gratitude for it is generously mixed with a feeling of enthusiasm. Is that the way that you two feel?"

Both agreed that they did; and Polly added to her answer the question: "Who was it that once said: 'Just to breathe is a beatitude'?"

"I do not know," Lewis answered, "but, quoting Doc's expression, whoever it was he said a mouthful." His companions laughed, and Lewis smiled: "Well, that's the way I feel about it now at any rate. We have so much air below us, perhaps, that we are able to sense an inner freedom, much, I fancy, as the bird does. 'The bird is in the air; and the air is in the bird,' one might say. Every element has its poetry; and the rhythm of the air, I am sure, must be the wonderful song of true liberty."

"There you are, Miss Durant," the Doctor remarked. "Jack, you see, has the liberty he asked you for right here and now."

"He certainly has; and I hope that he is conscious all of his freedom does not come from the air below and around him. As for me, it is not that alone which gives me such a sense of happy liberty."

"What else?" Lewis asked. Pointing his finger to his chest, he queried: "Are we contributing a little, perhaps?"

"Indeed you are," Polly answered, with a slight emphasis on the "you."

"Now just what I should like to figure out is this, Travers asked: "Exactly how did we, Jack and I, attract all this good fortune that we have had today, with especial reference to Miss Durant?"

"Why, that's simple, Doc. It's not at all abstruse. And you can't figure it out?" Making a mock gesture of importance, Lewis said: "I shall condescend to inform you, Doc. I myself attracted the charming Miss Durant."

"Why, you big humbug!" the Doctor snorted.

"I deny the allegation, your honor," Lewis replied. "And if you don't believe what I have just said, suppose you tell us how *you* did the trick. One of us must be responsible for the fact of Miss Durant's being here."

"Just a minute before you come to blows, gentlemen," Polly laughed. "Perhaps little I attracted both of you here."

"No," Lewis answered, "that can hardly be; that is not according to rule. We were out here first; then you came along. How did it happen? Why did it happen?"

"I shall be very interested in knowing the answer, too, when you have found it," Polly said. "Then I shall always try to feel as I did this morning, and do now."

"The very same?" asked Lewis. "Why not stay right with us all the time and thereby avoid unnecessary labor?"

"That would be real joy, thank you. Perhaps I shall. Who knows? Already we have started three different times to descend from here, if I remember correctly; but still we are lingering. So why not tarry still a little longer? Before we leave, and while the shadows are getting longer and longer, I, for one, should like to know just how each one of us can absolutely have, here and now, that elusive happiness which we have been talking so much about, and which, I hope, we have sensed today. After all, is that not what each of us wishes most?"

"Agreed," Doctor Travers said. "If you like, I shall go first. I know exactly why I am unhappy, or the one reason why I am the most unhappy at least. I do not want to bore you with family history, Miss Durant; but, as I have said, my wife is not as happy as I should like to see her, and that means I am affected with the same malady. Now on this trip to this wonderful spot, it would have made me very happy to have had her with us, if she should have enjoyed coming. But-----"

Travers drew a long breath, and exhaled it with an audible sigh. "Well," asked Polly, "are you not happy to have her do whatever she most enjoys doing?"

"Oh, yes, of course," he replied. But his demeanor was in no wise convincing.

"After all," Lewis offered, "it's the same old story, isn't it? Each of us, it seems, feels that his or her happiness depends entirely upon the thoughts, words, acts of another, whereas happiness is only either dwarfed or expanded by our mental reaction to what goes on outside of us. The main reason that I have never married, I suppose, is that I have never met a woman whom it seemed to me would be, or probably could be, happy with me as I am; and I have always lacked either the inclination or the will to mould my character to that of another. Selfish, isn't it? And selfishness is the

one big hindrance to development of happiness in nearly all humans."

"So," Polly asked, "one of you is unhappy because he is married, at least to the wife he now has; and the other is unhappy because he is not married. Is that the situation? If that be true, gentlemen, just what would you advise me to do to find happiness? If I remain unmarried, I shall not have it: and if I marry, still I shall not have it. So what? Heretofore when most unhappy I have tried going for a walk alone in the deep woods, provided, of course, there was time for it. Shall I continue doing that? It works always for me. So shall I retire, and become a hermit who shall spend the rest of life in the forest? To the woods I go when I am fatigued, or lonely, or sad. There in the solitude with only trees, great trees, for companions I immediately feel a healing balm. The pleasure that comes to me from being among the trees, with their always-royal welcome, is so very keen and real that were it not so holy a communion it might be called almost sensuous. Soon I feel as if I had found myself after a long period of wandering; or had come to my normal self after a siege of delirium. In the woods it seems easy for me to realize my oneness with all of life. I lose all sense of separation, and come into intelligent relation with all the different forms of life about me; for me solitude is essential for real thinking, and I find it in its very purest essence in the heart of the woods."

"Heaven forbid," Lewis answered, "that you shall have to continue that all of your life. Don't the noises of the woods, such as they are, disturb and distract you?"

"Not at all, if they are normal to the woods. They soothe my nerves, which the city discords have irritated until they are jangled; they rest and refresh my soul. There alone do I find the true measure of myself, and set myself anew to perform the work I am called upon to do. I look at myself in my mental mirror, and see

myself happy. I partake freely of the living waters, my whole feeling is refreshed. I realize that my capacity for happiness is exactly measured by my capacity to incorporate it into my character. In other words, at such times I feel that *I am happiness*. Then I am able to return to my human family and give to them, not my simple acquirements, but my real self."

"But," asked the Doctor, "where can a Chicago school teacher find woods? In Lincoln Park?"

"Yes," Polly said. "But there in the heart of the city there is little of real solitude. But in Michigan and Wisconsin there is plenty of forest. And they are easily accessible for a weekend trip. To me it seems that each person really owes it to their soul development to take some time for solitude, to *make* a place in their life for seclusion and silence in order that each may learn the better how to take from the elements of Life those things for which one has an affinity, letting all other things alone. It seems to me that the Principle of Intelligent Life Ever-growing in me, the God in me, often says: 'Come *alone* unto Me, and get better acquainted with Me. Realize Me; believe in Me. Once you become really acquainted with Me you shall see Me everywhere in everything. Give Me, Life and Love, your attention always; and I will keep out of the garden of your mind the weeds of anxiety, fear, discouragement, criticism. Do this, and I, Joyous Life, will show myself unto you, in you and through you as happiness unlimited.' "

"You surely do have a wonderful philosophy, little lady," Lewis said earnestly. "And by that I do not mean just a creed which you idealize but do not live by. From the intensity of the feelings that you have put into your words I know that you do live the very truths which you have just uttered. But let's suppose for a moment that one can not go to the forest at will, but that one does have access to a lovely garden of flowers. Could one adjust one's self to

that situation, and glean from a quiet stroll among the blossoms the same truths that one gathers so abundantly in the woods?"

"I can not answer from my own experience there. But in that event I should surely try to realize that the Same Power which pervades the solitude of the forest manifests Itself in another form in the rose as Beauty and Fragrance; and certainly these stimulate admiration and joy in the beholder. For me it might be difficult at first to adjust myself to the changed environment because I find in the great, towering, symmetrical trees such wonderful bosom companions. Yet surely the same Power which sees Itself as fragrance and exquisite beauty in the rose also admires Itself through self-recognition in man. If one would recognize that self-contemplation is the action of the One and Only Creative Life upon Itself, then surely one would realize that all Life needs in order to bring all of its joys into more and more perfect manifestation in its individual action (you), is your attention to it, and to have faith in it. Cultivate Life, and Life will grow and blossom into perfection in you."

"Thank you, Miss Durant," Lewis said with appreciation. "I think that I get your meaning now. And now, as much as I dislike to recognize the thought, shall we be getting back to Cairo? One more look at the long, immense shadows of this man-made mountain, and I suppose it is then down we go."

"It would seem that such is the case, Jack," Travers said ruefully. "I see that our camels are waiting down there."

The party arose and made ready for the descent of the long slope of the Pyramid. Aside, Lewis asked his friend: "Have you understood, Doc, Miss Durant's fine lesson in metaphysics?"

"Not entirely, Jack. But there is nothing like planting the seed, knowing that it will surely grow. And she surely planted the seed deep in my soul."

Lewis followed the lead guide down the first step of the slope. Turning around, he held out his hands to Polly. Without restraint she resigned her whole weight to his strong arms as he lifted her into them. "Do you feel afraid?" he asked.

"Not in the least," Polly assured him; and the brightness in her eyes as she smiled told her feeling even more truly than her words. "God's spirit of protection in you is just as reliable as it is in me. He will never fail me; I trust Him."

Lewis did not attempt to reply. He was content to exult silently in the glow of happiness which surged through him. After a moment he called to Travers: "These are tall steps in places, huh, Jim?"

"I find them fine for me, Jack."

Little more was said by any of the party all the way down to the foundation. The descent was quite fast and uninterrupted. Safely on the ground again, Lewis walked with Polly to where her camel awaited her. "We have surely taken our time here in and on this wonderful prophet's abode, and have exchanged our thoughts quite freely. But we were never strangers, were we? I hope that you have enjoyed it as much as I, Miss Durant."

"You certainly have not seemed at all strange, or even a new acquaintance to me," Polly answered. "And I have enjoyed your company thoroughly."

Lewis glowed with pleasure. But before he could respond, some Arab beggars accosted them. Both Lewis and Polly gave them a coin. Helping Polly to mount her camel, Lewis hurried over to his beast, and with Travers was soon alongside her again. One of the guides suggested that the camels would move along better, and with better behavior, if the party went in single file, his animal leading the way. In the order he directed the line was soon formed,

the three tourists immediately behind the lead guide, the other guides bringing up the rear. They had gone but a short distance when Lewis called out: "Oh, beautiful country, and the air that covers you, please convey to Miss Durant an invitation to dine this evening in Cairo with me."

Polly's laugh came back to him clear and sweet; also her one word, "Accepted."

Travers shouted: "And so do I." All laughed together.

Further conversation was not easy. The camels were anxious to get to their evening meal, and moved along quite rapidly, the discomfort of riding them increasing with their lumbering speed.

Chapter 10

Romance and Visions of the Night

When Polly Durant stood in front of the mirror in her hotel room, she was very surprised to note that her hair was very much disarranged, her nose agleam from lack of powder together with exposure to the desert sun, and her face somewhat smudged. For a fleeting moment, in fact, she was almost horrified; and then she smiled to herself. "Oh, well," she mused, "when a woman goes all day, or nearly so, without even once looking into her vanity mirror, she is either careless or — interested." It was not difficult for Polly to answer which of the two was the case with her; and she happily hummed a song as she quickly dressed for dinner. There was, she realized, only time to dress, and little time for introspection. Nevertheless, dressing was more or less of a habit, and she could both dress and reflect upon the day's events simultaneously. Her every reaction to the happenings of the day gave her a pleasant sensation, even the memory of climbing up the long, steep side of the Bible in Stone. In fact, it had been a perfect day for her, the outstanding one of her life, she was sure.

With a grace that is quite uncommon to women Polly was dressed, and in the hotel lobby ready to keep her appointment right on the minute which had been designated. Doctor Travers met her; and in just a minute Lewis came forward with a bouquet of exquisite flowers. He presented them to Polly with a warm, broad smile as the Doctor said: "I told him to bring them, Miss Durant." A merry twinkle was in Travers' eyes.

"You are both most kind, and very thoughtful," Polly answered. "They are so beautiful. May I take them to my room, and put them in water, before we go in to dinner?"

The two men acquiesced readily. Polly went at once to her room. As she put them in a jug-like vase full of water, she selected one flower from the bouquet, a gorgeous lotus, she was quite sure. Trying its color against her gown, she found that it blended perfectly; it seemed the one thing which was needed to make her costume complete. In a moment it was pinned securely to her garment.

Miss Durant returned to the lobby. The two men awaited her, and ushered her into the dining room. It was almost eight o'clock, yet the room was full of diners. Fortunately Doctor Travers had reserved a table before going out to the Great Pyramid that morning, a table which commanded a view of the room.

Polly exclaimed her joy as she saw another lovely bouquet on a low stand close by where she was seated, and her bright blue eyes swept the room with its soft lights and men and women in evening clothes. All of the guests seemed happy, a few quite gay, as they laughed and talked in what Polly recognized as at least a half-dozen languages. "What a beautiful and interesting picture," she remarked. "I had hardly fancied that there would be so many tourists here, at this season at least."

"They are always here, at all seasons," the Doctor said. "And, Jack, do you realize that you and I are the most fortunate men in the whole room?" His eyes returning to Miss Durant, he continued: "While Jack and I are always good company for each other, we both are keenly aware of the pleasure and honor you bring to us by dining with us."

Polly smiled her great pleasure, and as her eyes sought those of Lewis to include him in her thanks she felt a flush quickly overspread her face because of the light she had surprised in his countenance. Turning again to the Doctor, she said: "You can perhaps imagine how happy it causes me to be to have company at

dinner. I must have unconsciously invoked the approval of my lucky star when I decided to visit the Great Pyramid today."

"That's exactly what I think, too," Lewis said enthusiastically, "except probably in a different form."

"Now that we are away from the Pyramid, and here on familiar ground," Travers asked, "just what is your present reaction to our visit, Miss Durant?"

"Never," she said, "have I spent such interesting, delightful and fleeting hours. I still feel a bit dazed, I might say. Of one thing I am sure, however. My initiation into the mysteries will be developed to its fullness. It may not bring me a pyramid in form; but it will bring me a pyramid of wisdom and happiness."

Her gaze again shifted in the direction of Lewis, and was held for a few moments by his own. The conversation drifted into general channels as the dinner was served, and was held there throughout the hour, travel, foods, reminiscences holding the attention most. The dinner over, the three went into the lobby; and without noticing where their steps led they soon stood at the edge of a beautiful garden. The air was redolent with the perfume of many flowers. A full moon rode serenely low in the east. The moonlit garden held a lure that was irresistible. Extending his arm to Miss Durant, Lewis smiled and then looked at the garden, inclining his head in that direction. Polly smiled and nodded her approval. Doctor Travers went through his pockets thoroughly, and asked that he please be excused to buy some cigars, although Polly saw the tips of three Havanas in the breast-pocket of his coat. Travers' sly wink told his friend that he should see him later in the lobby.

For an hour Polly and Lewis wandered through the oriental garden, each attuned very closely to the other. At one point where they had to step across a small brook a foot or so wide Lewis took her hand

to assist her; and when on the other side he did not make any attempt to release her. Neither did she try to withdraw her hand. Their hands were still interlocked when they returned to the edge of the lobby. Only then did they seem aware of the existence of any people other than themselves. Doctor Travers saw them enter, and glowed with pleasure as he observed the warm light in Lewis' eyes and the slight flush which showed in the face of Miss Durant. Travers hesitated to move from his chair, did not wish to intrude himself. But plainly they were seeking him; their eyes swept the lobby, from chair to chair. Just as they saw him he arose and approached them. For a minute the three talked together; then Polly said: "Good night. You have given me a most delightful day and evening, both of you."

She extended her hand to Doctor Travers, then to Lewis. The latter did not simply press it. Again he held it, gently yet quite firmly, as he looked deep into her eyes and said: "Good night, Miss Durant. My heart sings because of the joy you have brought me today. And I do hope that you may give us the pleasure of coming with us on a trip up the Nile tomorrow — by boat this time, not by camel. Won't you? We shall be gone only for the day, shall return here again at evening."

Lewis released Polly's hand as the Doctor cordially repeated the invitation, and spoke of the happiness that she could bring them by going. Polly accepted, again bade each good night, and went to her room.

Whereas, each, Polly, Lewis and Travers, prior to their arrival in Cairo and their trip out to the Great Pyramid, had planned to spend but two or three days in that vicinity before going on to other points of interest, hardly before they were aware of it they had spent a fortnight together in the locality of Cairo. So congenial and happy had been their first two days they thought it quite impossible that any more days spent in the company of each other could prove

as interesting and pleasant. Yet it seemed to all of them that each day demanded yet another together; and although at first they did not quite see how their itinerary could be so flexible, they, without inconvenience to themselves, made no plans beyond Cairo. The decision to lengthen their stay first came about on the trip up the Nile the second day. They had cruised along leisurely and happily, going continuously southward up the river and stopping here and there at some point of interest, until the day was more than three-fourths spent. Realizing then that a return to Cairo the same day would mean a late arrival there, they had agreed among themselves, in answer to the suggestion from Doctor Travers, to continue on up the river the following day to the First Cataract, and then return in the same leisurely fashion to the city.

The group was sitting on the steamer-deck the second day on the river, their conversation devoted to various things of interest to them. For a moment their voices had stopped and each was silently thinking when Polly suddenly asked: "Doctor Travers, where do you suppose the builders of the Great Pyramid got the money necessary to build such a great monument? It must have cost many fortunes. Just think, much of the material, and there is a very great quantity of it, came from a distance of three hundred to four hundred miles."

The Doctor appeared startled; he was surprised that Polly's thoughts had wandered so far from the beauty that surrounded them to so prosaic a thought. But soon he replied: "They were *very, very* rich, those Shepherd Kings, you know, Miss Durant."

"Yes, Doc," Lewis interposed, "but in all probability they were not rich enough at the time of conceiving the idea to erect so large a structure, and of such magnificent materials. Yours is a very practical thought, Miss Durant, one which I have never seen in print, nor heard anyone discuss, with reference to the subject of the Pyramid. The source of the money for the building really is a very

important factor. It is true that the architect probably captured his ideas relative to the plan of the building, and the materials to use, directly from the Great Universal Mind. But the wherewithal for the construction, where was that to come from?"

The three friends were very thoughtful as they sat in their luxurious chairs and floated down the beautiful river. It was some little time before any of them spoke. Then without turning his head Lewis continued: "Many a man, you know, has captured wonderful ideas, but could not finance them. Just how did they get the money to build the Pyramid?" The question came almost as if Lewis were thinking aloud.

After another brief pause Polly answered: "As I understand the law of demand and supply from the teachings of Jesus and Troward, the solution comes from one tuning one's mind in with what one really wants; and then the Great, Intelligent, Creative, Universal Mind supplies ideas, which, *if used*, soon manifests into its outward form the thing one wishes."

"But," asked the Doctor, "how can one be *sure* when one's mind is really in tune with all supply?"

"By the *feeling*," Polly replied.

"It seems to me," Lewis said, "that the *one great thing necessary* is for one to realize always that every physical thing *has its origin* in its corresponding spiritual idea. The realization of that fact starts a corresponding quality of Creative Power flowing in the particular direction one wishes, and by all the laws of subjective mind it will never stop short of a perfect manifestation. When one really realizes that simple fact, 'then the whole Creation around us is a standing evidence that the *starting point* of all things is in thought-images, or ideas; for no other action than the formation of such images can be conceived of Spirit prior to its manifestation in

physical form.' Your hat, your clothes, your house and your money, all had their *origin in thought*. Even the quality and the pattern of the fabric of which your clothing is made had its beginning in thought. You see that?"

"Yes, we surely do understand that," came from Polly in a clear voice. "And I take it that you feel as Troward says, 'that our thought force forms a powerful magnet which attracts corresponding forces until the thought really manifests itself in form.' So then it is one's mental attitude which brings to us, or keeps from us, not alone happiness and health but all outward things as well."

"Right again," exclaimed Lewis with a bright smile. "The mind undoubtedly is the instrument through which the Universal Creative Intelligence specializes Itself; and *it does not lose any* of Its Intelligence, or Its Creative Power, as it takes particular form in the human mind. Jesus surely knew that great Law of Mind, and said in effect that all things are possible unto Me, because the Father (The Great Creative Energy of Subjective Life) in Me, He doeth the work."

"Granted the absolute truth of what you say, Jack," Travers replied, "I still ask just how can one tune in with that Power and be *sure* of an answer? I mean just what mental and physical attitudes are necessary?"

"If I may be pardoned for using a personal experience, Doc," Lewis said, "perhaps I can explain better. After I was graduated from college, and admitted to the bar for only a short time, my father passed away very suddenly and I became the head of the family. The fact that I had a diploma hanging on the wall and had a comfortable office did not attract clients, and I needed money very much. I sat in my office alone one evening almost in despair. I finally began repeating over and over 'Father, glorify thy son.' After a while my answer to the prayer came. It was as if some

person spoke these words into my ear in a voice of music: '*Son, glorify thy Father!*' Immediately everything within me seemed to be hushed, stilled, and I realized that I was so far within that every material thought was shut out. I actually felt the touch of God's Presence there, just as clearly and surely as one knows from the sense of physical touch whether a thing is smooth or rough. From that time forward, I began to earnestly study the interaction between the individual mind and the Universal Source of it. It seems to me that the quickest and surest method of contacting the Unlimited Supply is to first find a spiritual prototype for every existing thing."

"Just a minute, Jack. What do you mean by that?"

"Well, the prototype for anything is the fundamental purpose of the thing. The prototype for an automobile is *progress*; for these nice chairs in which we are sitting now the prototype is *comfort*, or *rest*; for money, to my mind, the prototype is *substance*. The underlying substance of all things finds expression in the symbol of money. I thought about these things in this way at the time I was speaking of a minute ago. And as I thought and meditated upon the fact that the All-Powerful Intelligence of God fills all space, and is present in its entire totality at any point in space that I chose to fix my thought upon (I found that in Troward's books), it soon became evident to me that by my thought I created a nucleus in my mind which acted as a mighty magnet, drawing to me ideas, which if I followed up, the corresponding physical thing soon appeared in my life. My degrees alone could not draw clients to me; but the powerful magnet of the nucleus, which my thoughts had formed, did do so. In a very short time, and in an unusual way, I had my first worthwhile case, my client being a large railway company. I would like to tell you about it more fully some time."

"Why you big rascal," Doctor Travers said, "you have known the secret of attracting 'gold as dust and the gold of Ophir as the stones

of the brook' for all these years, and did not tell me!"

Lewis laughed, and looking at Polly, said: "You would see the joke in that remark, too, Miss Durant, if you knew how rich my doctor is, and mostly my good money."

All three laughed together. But Polly did not wish to leave the subject at this point, so she asked: "Did you make a mental picture of how much money you wanted, Mr. Lewis?"

"Yes," he replied. "After I had made my mental contact with the Universal through meditation, then I made my mental picture by actually counting the money that I wished to have just as I would if my material banker had handed it to me through the cashier's window. It is now quite clear to me that the interaction between the individual and Universal Mind is a reciprocal action, never-failing, and based upon the laws of subjective mind. If one will give that thought careful consideration, it will not be difficult to *prove* what Jesus told us: '*Ask believing that you have and you shall have.*' When you have in your mind as a mental fact just what you wish to come into manifestation in form, and absolutely believe in the unfailing responsiveness of the Power of God, then you *know* that you ask and receive, that you knock and the doors of wisdom and supply are opened to you. As a rule a person makes the great mistake of trying to figure out where the supply is coming from. Objectively a person cannot know where the supply is coming from. So let the All-Creative Power supply its own ways and means. It knows the ropes. Your job is to sit mentally tight and *know* that all the substance you can want is even then trying to get through to you. You will soon see the light break. 'God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform,' For myself I am sure that God is an Ever-Present, Never-Failing, Responsive, Creative Power who gives us more than we dare ask when we approach Him according to His immutable Laws."

"I know that you are right, Jack," the Doctor praised. "I had no idea that such things were in you, my boy. I wonder if I may tell you and Miss Durant a wonderful dream that I had just after I got back from the War. My mind was very greatly troubled over many things, and one night I had a wonderful dream. Shall I tell you about it? Or shall we give our whole attention to this beautiful scenery now, and let me tell the dream some other time?"

Lewis nodded vigorous support of Polly as she answered: "This is just the time and the place, Doctor, to hear an interesting dream. Do tell us about it now, please."

"Well," Travers said thoughtfully, "in order for you to understand the dream I must first give it a brief prelude; so I shall begin with that, and then continue right into the dream. Let me say now that had I understood the proper interpretation of that dream, as being my direct answer from the Great Parent Mind to the call of my bewildered brain for peace, had I realized that the dream was a sublime explanation of the difference between seeing Life through *consciously* looking at it through the glasses of the Divine Spark within and seeing it through the physical senses only, my life would have been spared much sorrow and limitation. But today I understand, as I look back upon the incident, I understand as never before that *surely* God does work in mysterious ways His wonders to perform! Just think, for example, how wonderful it really is for the three of us to be here today with me privileged to tell you what to me was the first of God's wonders in my personal life. But now to get into the prelude and the dream proper. In the World War I served as a Colonel, not in the Medical Corps as you might assume, but rather with the Field Artillery. I wanted line action, and not to serve as a surgeon in a base hospital somewhere. And I surely got all the action that I craved! Heaven forbid that I ever experience more of it! Very often in making our preparations for an attack, preceded by a terrific bombardment, we would first have the aviators fly over, and far behind, the German lines to secure

photographs of the whole terrain. As a rule the flyers were successful in getting pictures of part of the territory we wished to study, and sometimes they would have exceptionally good luck and get all of the territory on the films, all that we wished. We would have the films developed, fit them all together like a jig-saw puzzle, and then study the pictures through very powerful glasses. In spite of very clever camouflaging on the part of the enemy, we could often pick out on the photographs important battery positions, ammunition dumps, communication trenches of great value to us, and things of that nature. Then we knew the location of the spots to bomb from the air, or to concentrate the fire of our longer-range guns upon in order to inflict the greatest possible damage upon Heinie when we loosed our fury upon him.

"I came through all of that hell in pretty good shape, thank heaven; and, as I said a minute ago, I was very troubled one night about the difficulty I was experiencing in readjusting myself to peace time surroundings and pursuits. I went to bed greatly distressed; and sometime in the night I dreamed that once again I was studying a composite photograph of the enemies' lines and the territory back of their lines. My glasses revealed the most horrible picture of desolation that I had ever seen. Everywhere in the picture that I looked there was only utter ruination, the ground all about was scarred and pock-marked with shell holes until it looked as sterile and desolate as the worst desert one could conceive of, as bad as a highly magnified sector of the lifeless moon. The stark remains of individual houses, and of small villages, all demolished and charred from fires, were scattered over the landscape; nor could I scarcely tell which plots had once been forest and which had been fertile fields of grain. It was all worse, really, than the 'abomination of the desolation,' inconceivably horrible. I was sickened with the picture, yet I kept searching with the glass very dutifully. Then suddenly as I looked the figures of many men seemed to move across the scene. I looked again and again, rubbing my eyes between times in unbelief of what my sight reported to my mind.

But the men *were there*, many men, young men in the flower of life, two lines of them moving grimly towards each other. In a minute they met, what part of them had not already fallen to earth writhing in the agonies of their death struggles. At length it seemed that not a man remained standing; all were dying frightful deaths; yet none of them was able to actually die. None lay still in death, but kept right on suffering, writhing, cursing, screaming.

"I could stand the hellish horror of the scene no longer. I removed my eyes from the glasses, and buried my head in my arms, retching awfully, ill almost unto death it seemed to me, and praying desperately for the horror to be removed from my presence. Almost at once I heard a voice speak close beside me, as if some person stood there and had leaned over me to comfort me with his words. The voice, I'm telling you, my friends, was sweeter far than any music I have ever heard, or ever hope to hear. It said dulcetly: 'Here; take my glasses and look at the picture through them!' In my dream I looked up, startled almost out of my senses. Everything all about me was dark as midnight, save just one thing. There beside me I saw in profile a beautiful head, the upper part of a body, one arm and one hand, all in outline only, a contour that glowed effulgent all over like an electric-sign or me Neon-variety, a bluish-green outline. I admit that I was terrified until I felt my heart would burst. But quickly the vision beside me spoke again, saying: 'It is I. Be not afraid. I am God. Look at the picture through my glasses!' Still I hesitated; still I was terrified; and additionally I did not wish to look upon that field of awful horrors again. My every sense revolted mightily at the thought of it; I sickened still more at the gruesome prospect. But yet again the Figure beside me bade me look. I took the glasses from His hand, and although the pitch darkness intervened between me and the photograph in front of me, I trained the glasses upon the panorama. As I moved to do so, my revulsive illness subsided completely, and forthwith. Even in the darkness I could see the picture as clearly as if it had been noonday. I was awe-stricken to see a misty cloud move across the

face of the scene, to give way in just an instant to such a holy vision as I never expect to see again, even in a rapturous dream.

"The scene was no longer a battlefield at all. Instead it was a great garden which was more beautiful than Eden could possibly have been. The view was that of Paradise itself! Great, towering, verdant trees studded a lawn that was like a vast carpet of green velvet. Fountains played their rainbow-colored streams upon the scene. Flowers of every conceivable hue and kind, and of gigantic size, grew in riotous profusion almost everywhere. And again the figures of humans moved across the field. But what different people they were! Name of God, what a glory I beheld! This time the people were grouped in couples, in every instance, without exception, a man and a woman, and I saw myself and my wife among them, not as we are here on earth, but transfigured as were the others. Their arms intertwined and about the waistline of the other, the couples walked slowly and happily through the garden in the cool of the evening, the men were superb specimens, great, strapping, handsome, young fellows, the ladies also young, vital and as beautiful as angels. The faces of all of them were aglow; a halo encircled each head; and in their wonderful eyes there shone a light of love such as I have never seen on earth. I was utterly dumfounded, stricken speechless, and unable to move, even to blink my eyes. I could only keep on gazing, and marveling, and praising God in silent adoration with all of my heart and soul. I filled my whole being with the magnificent revelation! And in that instant the Voice beside me, the Being whom I had forgotten in my delight in the heavenly scene, said to me: 'Do you see, son? *Through MY glasses you see nothing but LOVE!*'"

Only profound silence greeted the sublime finish of Doctor Travers' dream. The three souls seemed fused into one, and the one seemed aware of its presence in the Holy of Holies. None seemed to dare speak lest the beautiful spell be broken; any spoken word,

whatever it might have been, should have profaned the atmosphere of ineffable peace and sublimity.

CHAPTER 11

True Companionship

Before the river-tour was finished the party had arranged for another up the valley by train as far as Luxor, with way-stops to visit and examine the thirty-seven other Pyramids of Egypt. That accomplished with great pleasure, other days were spent in visiting Alexandria; and in tracing the invasions of Alexander and Napoleon across the land. Still more time was utilized in poring over whatever records they could find and decipher correctly in the joy of tracing for themselves the route of the Exodus out of Egypt under Moses to the point where the Israelites had crossed the Red Sea. During all of the time Polly and Lewis grew constantly closer in their contacts and ripening romance; nor was Doctor Travers in the least unhappy about it. On the other hand he was genuinely pleased, and proved almost a genius in the art of inventing excuses which would remove him from the party for an hour or two at a time in order that his companions might not be conscious of his presence. When alone with Lewis at night Travers never mentioned the ripening friendship of the former with Miss Durant unless the subject were first mentioned to him, and then only to sincerely compliment his friend upon the wisdom of his choice, and to encourage him to pursue the matter more assiduously, to "make hay with the charming Miss Durant while the sun of your opportunity shines brilliantly."

All too soon the vacation ended for Polly, and the hour when she must depart was at hand. On their daily trips throughout the period in Egypt it had seemed to both Polly and Lewis that an understanding existed and grew stronger each day; yet no words directly to that effect had been spoken. In her heart Polly never wondered just why Lewis did not voice the words that would give her the opportunity to tell him that she would be happy and honored to become that the All-Intelligence had influenced and

guided them to each other; the big question between them had already been silently asked and as silently answered within their hearts many times; and each knew it was so. Never in her life had Polly felt so much at-one with Life, with God, the Good. Never had she known a time when she was more sure of God's guiding influence through her feelings, her senses, her imagination, her intuition. She knew that she was really in tune with the Infinite; and everything responded perfectly to her depth of happy assurance. Even now when the time of physical separation, for a while, had come she did not really feel saddened. She knew that she loved, and that in return she was loved as sincerely and deeply. The "good-bye" that they must now say she knew to simply be "au revoir." Both men went with her as far as Alexandria where she was to go aboard ship. Travers, continuing his uncanny facility in making himself absent from them at such times as he deemed best under the circumstances, went wandering around the port-city alone. Returning to the hotel in time "to see Miss Durant off," he found the two awaiting him in the spacious lobby. Together the three went to the docks; and again the Doctor disappeared for a few minutes. He came back to them just a minute or two before Polly must walk up the gang-plank. The three went aboard. Lewis, knowing that but little time remained for him at present, suddenly took Polly into his arms and kissed her warmly, tenderly. The Doctor grinned broadly as he asked: "Miss Durant, is there not something that Jack should tell me? He is a most secretive ruffian; he has not told me a thing, you know. And I am always a great stickler for doing the right thing at the right time and in the right way."

Polly laughed happily, and suggested that Travel have a look about him and see the flowers, the fruits, reading matter, as well as the numerous souvenir gifts she had collected in her travels about Egypt with Lewis. Then she added: "Doctor, if I were a bride this minute, you could not be more right."

For a moment Travers feigned great surprise, lifting his eyebrows questioningly. Growing very serious then, he enthused: "Miss Durant, it has been a very great pleasure to have had you with us. And this happy news which you now give me makes of the whole thing a bright spot in my life which will remain with me always. I wish for you with all of my heart and soul only the greatest happiness. And when we are all back in our native land I hope to have Mrs. Travers meet you, and learn to love you as I do. Just as soon as Jack and I are alone, I shall quiz the gentleman more closely; and if he confesses what I know to be true then my parting thought for you, my dear, is that God will bless you both always."

A steward passed among the passengers and their companions, shouting: "All visitors ashore!" Lewis tenderly kissed Polly again, and as he and Travers went ashore she smiled after them with a half-serious, half-happy expression. She did not linger on deck for a last view of her fiancé and friend; instead she went directly to her stateroom. There she found more flowers, and a package which was very neatly wrapped and tied prettily with ribbon. She opened it at once. Her heart gave a few extra, and violent, beats as she found within a letter for each day of her voyage, and beneath the last envelope a very beautiful Egyptian Bracelet. She put the latter on immediately, and tucked it beneath the end of her sleeve. There was also an extra envelope filled with full sets of the numerous kodak-pictures which the group had taken on various occasions, and these latter, she soon learned, were from Doctor Travers. With the views he had enclosed a very gracious note. Polly then busied herself arranging her room. Calling a steward, she had some of the flowers transferred to her table. Soon the dinner-gong sounded, and Polly dressed and went into the dining-salon. She had been given a place at the Captain's table, at the immediate left of the commander. The Captain was not present; but his second officer occupied the place and kept the conversation running in perfect style. To Polly the ship seemed full of charming people; and she marveled that she did not feel as much alone as she had felt that

she would. After dinner Polly joined a group in a few games of bridge, danced twice with two of the officers, and retired to her room. Lewis' first letter to her was dated for today. Quickly she prepared to retire; and as she awaited sleep she read the letter over a number of times, her heart thrilling to the message.

Polly awoke the following morning feeling very refreshed. Almost at once as she thought back over the events of the past few days her mind and heart were filled with joy and gratitude. At the same time she was conscious of a sense of wonder, perhaps a touch of awe. To her it seemed as if everything her soul had longed for had come to her out of her act of courageous faith in doing happily the thing she had been most influenced to do. It really had required an effort on her part, had taken no little amount of faith, to take what little money she had and go to Egypt alone. But thanks to Doctor Travers and Lewis she now had more funds left than she had anticipated, due to the fact that the two of them had consistently paid many of her small expenses over the happy period of their association. And the joy of having met John Lewis, and to love him as she did and to be loved by him! She had almost decided before leaving Chicago that there was not such a man as Jack in all the world. But now her heart sang with joy as she knew that she was to marry one her that she had the promise of a good husband and a lovely home of her own; her friends at school would also rejoice with her.

But for the fact of Lewis' letters, and some of the reading matter that he had provided, Polly's second day aboard might have proved a little lonely and long; but, thus equipped, she had enjoyed the day quite well. That evening at dinner the Captain of the vessel was present, and greeted her cordially. He asked if she were comfortable and enjoying the voyage. Upon Polly's assuring him that she was both, he smiled and said: "Then I am very happy. You see, Miss Durant, you have been placed in my personal care for this voyage by an old friend of mine, and a new friend of yours, I

believe, Doctor Travers of New York City. I trust that it will not prove an unpleasant experience for you."

Polly looked at him seriously a moment before answering: "Not at all, Captain, thank you. I feel that it will be a very pleasant experience for me, since Chicago school teachers are quite unaccustomed to being cared for by anyone. I hope that you will make due allowances if I should become a real charge to you."

All who heard Polly's answer laughed with the Captain. It was obvious from her refined face and whole demeanor of excellent character that she was merely being courteous to the officer in exchange for his solicitude about her welfare. The captain then turned the attention of the other diners away from Polly by mentioning a very big and fine catch of fish they had taken aboard at their last stop. Some of the fish were to be served for dinner this evening, and he hoped all would enjoy the treat since the catch was very choice. The conversation drifted on happily through the meal, all participating in it at some stage due to the gracious and apt manner in which the commander drew each into the circle by his initial remarks to them. All present at the Captain's table had their after-dinner coffee in the salon upstairs where there were cards, some very good music and dancing. Polly's evening was quite as her last one; she danced twice with the commander, played cards a bit, and talked for a longer time than she thought with some ladies about her trip to the Great Pyramid. It was eleven-thirty before she sought her room and retired.

CHAPTER 12

Glad News of Six Weeks

The days of the return voyage sped by. Soon Polly Durant was on the last lap of the trip from Newfoundland to New York, thence by train to Chicago. Her father was at the station to meet her, her mother having remained at home since some of Polly's friends had gathered there to welcome her. Polly greeted her father lovingly; and when they were in his car alone she beamed upon him as she showed him her exquisite bracelet. The expression on her face told her parent the balance of the story more powerfully than words could ever have done. He put his arms around her in a loving embrace as he said: "You will tell mother and me all about it, won't you, dear? He, whoever he is, must be just so, you know, in order to have our sweet girl."

Polly knew her father thoroughly, and knew just how to first proceed to warm the cockles of his doting heart regarding her engagement. So she said: "Well, Dad, he is a Democrat and a thirty-second degree Mason! How is that to begin with?"

He beamed happily and laughed heartily. "Fine," he boomed, "Fine! That is wonderful as far as it goes. But there still must be much more. What is his name? Where is he from? What does he do?" The questions came in rapid-fire, each following the other before Polly had an opportunity to answer one.

"His name is John Lewis, Dad. He is from -----."

Her father, in his enthusiasm, cut into Polly's answer. "Lewis, huh?" he asked. "Well, that's a good old American name. That's good, too."

"Yes, and he is much more wonderful than the name, Dad. He is a lawyer, and has an office in New York City."

All the way home hardly any other topic of conversation came up. Polly was eager to talk at length about her fiancé. She and her father had always been the best of pals, and he proved a better one than ever to her now. Just as they drew up in front of the house the father said: "When will Mom and I get to see him, Polly? How soon is he coming to Chicago?"

"Oh, very soon," Polly laughed. The car stopped. Her mother was at the door of the automobile to greet her fondly; and she saw two of her friends on the porch, smiling and waving to her. She kissed her mother eagerly; and as they broke their embrace, Polly slyly showed her the circlet on her wrist. "My engagement bracelet, mother," she said very softly. "Does that make you happy, dear?" For answer her mother embraced her and kissed her again and again, the tears gleaming in her beautiful, blue eyes.

Polly's friends greeted her happily at the door, and some within the living room. Greetings exchanged, Polly asked to be excused in order that she might change her clothing. Her friends insisted, however, that she should not do so. "You see," one of them said, "we are all in our street-clothes. We came like this because, after your father and mother, we want every minute of your time to hear about your wonderful trip. School will open again pretty soon now, and you will be too busy for us then."

Polly agreed not to dress. Soon she had a chance to speak to her mother, aside and under her breath. Immediately she asked the one question which had been burning within her. "Is there any mail for me, mother?" she whispered. "From Europe, or Africa?"

A happy light in her eyes, Mrs. Durant smiled broadly and held up three fingers to indicate the numbers of such letters on hand. Not

for many months, if ever, had she seen her beloved daughter so full of joy and animation.

The party continued until quite late, the house ringing with laughter and gaiety. At times Polly went into considerable detail about her trip, and its many wonders; but never did she once intimate that she had met any man in whom she was the least interested. Her father and mother joined in the merrymaking also with light hearts, the two of them proving a genial and gracious host and hostess. At length the friends said their farewells and departed for their respective homes. One arm around his wife, and the other encircling his daughter, Polly's father signified his wish that the child tell them all about her engagement and her fiancé. But her mother came to the rescue; and stated that surely Polly must be very tired. She should really retire now in order that she might have a night of restful sleep. She could tell them of her joys tomorrow; mother had every confidence in her wonderful daughter, and in her wisdom and judgment; the fiancé was undoubtedly one of the finest men in the nation. Mother could be content in that knowledge until Polly had enjoyed some rest; tomorrow would do.

Kissing both of her parents goodnight, Polly went to her room. There on her desk was her summer's collection of mail, neatly piled into a high stack. Polly could not restrain a burst of low laughter when she noted that the three letters from Jack were right on the top of the heap, and in date-order. Her dear mother possessed an uncanny intuition; and there was no doubt in Polly's mind that when mother had observed Lewis' bold script on the envelopes she had known instantly that her daughter would treasure those letters when she arrived home, would be anxious to have them first of all; hence they should be arranged at the top of her mail, just as Polly now found them.

Although the hour was late, Polly decided that she must read at least one of the letters before retiring. She opened the first envelope eagerly. The letter was written from Alexandria, and bore date of the day following her having embarked from that point. The salutation was one of tender endearment; and the letter, after telling of his joy and pride in his wonderful Polly, told much of the general news and Lewis' plans for the near future. Traverse and he had decided upon quite a vacation while they were away from their business ties; they were to tour parts of Europe quite extensively now that they were so near; but they must not stay away too long, of course, now that Lewis had found his beloved Polly; they would surely be home before Christmas. He hoped that they, Polly and he, might spend Christmas together; in fact they just must do so; any other course was unthinkable for him; and he devoutly hoped that she felt the same about the matter. "Could any human-being," he wrote, "if they were acquainted with our wonderful experience, longer doubt *the existence and absolute responsiveness* of an Ever-Loving, All-Intelligent Father who presides over the destinies of His children? Does it not seem to you, beloved, that you can easily trace in memory the guiding influence of an All-Powerful Love, almost from the moment that you first decided upon taking the trip to Egypt to visit the wonderful Pyramid?" He could, he said, easily trace the whole thing in his mind; and now his feeling was one of pure joy and adoration, tinged deeply with impatience to be with his beautiful Polly again, and for all time. To Polly the whole of the letter was a radiant gem that set her heart to beating rapidly. Her spirit soared. Again she could almost feel his strong, warm hand clasping hers firmly and tenderly as it had that beautiful, moonlit evening in the garden of the hotel grounds at romantic, unforgettable Cairo. Again, too, she seemed to be borne up by Jack's great love for her, borne up strongly and sustained, just as he had carried her with tireless ease and grace and tenderness down the slope of the Great Pyramid. Polly dwelt for a long minute upon God's wonderful goodness to her; her heart was, and would forever be, most grateful to the Father who lived in her. Yes, dear Jack, she

thought to herself, how truly was I influenced and guided by that Invisible Intelligence that is called God. Her mind once more at the Pyramid she recalled how the capstone of it was missing, and how her fiancé had told her that the missing cornerstone represented, as was written in the Scriptures, the "stone the builders rejected." Deep within her inmost soul she now breathed a prayer: "Oh, Dearie Dad, my Wonderful Father," she thought, "help me always to remember, in my every thought, word and deed, to remember and recognize the Stone the Builders Rejected. Help me in my work in order that I may always really see the Christ in every human being I contact, especially those dear children at school, whose minds are at the most critical formative stage."

Polly was suddenly aware of someone moving through the hall towards her room. It was her mother, she knew, from the sound of the footfalls her leather heeled slippers made. Rapping gently on the door, her mother called softly to her and entered the room. Mrs. Durant was an understanding soul. She did not scold her daughter for remaining up so late; instead she fondly petted her a moment, and said very sweetly: "I know how you feel, dear. I understand. I was once your age, you know, was just your age when your father first came into my life. For me there was nothing else in life but my wonderful Hiram; there isn't yet, dear, just my Hiram and you. If you feel that way about your Jack, then he is the one for you, honey."

"Yes, mother darling, he is the only one for me; he's so wonderful in every way. And he taught me so many beautiful and sublime things there at the Great Pyramid. I have been living all of them over again now as I read and thought about his sweet letter. One thought in particular surges through me now with a compelling force. It is this: I do so much wish to always teach the principles of Jesus to myself until His thoughts have become habits of thought for me, and my conduct in my hourly life will be His conduct. Life has been so wonderfully kind to me, mother dear, that I wish

always to bear witness of the fact of the actual manifestation of the Spirit of Creative Life acting through my individual life. Really, mother, I am born again. My eyes really see now because my mind perceives all things clearly. Love is everywhere. Anyone can know and enjoy it."

"Well, well, darling," her mother smiled knowingly.

"Is that the way you felt, mother darling, when you found dad and he found you?"

Her mother kissed her fondly again. "Yes, my dear one," she said with great feeling, "it was very much the same; and, as I said before, I still feel like that."

"And after all of these years, mother," Polly breathed aloud.

"Yes, my sweet, after all of these years." There was a breath of deepest reverence in the elderly lady's tone.

"How wonderful, mother."

"It is wonderful, dear, very wonderful. Surely God is good. But now, honey, we must come down to the prosaic and practical. You must go to bed now. Friends are coming for luncheon tomorrow. You may sleep late; I shall call you in time for you to dress and prepare for lunch. Goodnight, precious child; sweet dreams to you."

CHAPTER 13

Bon Voyage

Dolly Durant awakened early. Her sleep had been deep and very refreshing; she did not feel that her hours of slumber had been in any sense too short. She heard a songbird trilling happily in one of the shrubs beneath her window. "Sweet little fellow," she murmured as she sat up and reached for the other two letters from her fiancé, "sing on, sing always! I know how you feel; I feel the same way. You are singing to your mate; and here in my hand I have two wonderful songs from my mate. I shall let him sing them to me now."

Polly opened one of the letters and read it through avidly. For a few minutes she held it in her hands, snug against her bosom, as she thought about its many wonderful passages. It really did make a song for her; it had the soul-qualities of the song of the skylark. She then opened and read the second letter that remained. It was even better, she concluded, than the others, impossible though it seemed that such could be true. It read:

"My beloved wonder-woman:

"You will never cease, my darling, to be my one wonder-woman. I am talking to my other self now, my other and better self, called *you*. With you absent I find myself feeling constantly that I am only half here. At one time in my life, in fact almost at all times until God gave me you, I felt that no unwelcome thought could ever find lodging in my mind. No doubt, dearest, you are asking me right now if the incomplete thought is really unwelcome, if it is not a normal feeling, and if I would like to feel abnormal. That's just it, and yet it isn't it, my own beloved. We mortals have told ourselves so often, so tragically frequently, that loneliness and sorrow are normal, natural

emotions, have really believed it when the *object* of our happiness was not visible. But in our saner moments, if we think at all, we know that devastating loneliness and bleak unhappiness are the abnormal things. To me it seems that if we really wish with all of our hearts and souls to be a true *cause for happiness* to others, which means the same thing for ourselves, we shall make every effort to be a perfect manifestation of joyous, ever-happy, complete Life.

"Ah, my dear, I feel better now, just through having confessed my slip from abiding grace. That, together with my effort to be one with you in all things, lifts the vibration high in me. You are divine in your comprehension, wonderful Polly; you will understand fully your 'strong man's' weakness. N'est ce pas? Truly, dearest, when my feeling of one-ness with you is properly balanced, I do understand and *know that we enter the kingdom of Life and Peace through the gateway of Love*. My love for you, adorable woman, gives me a true sense of what love, as love, really means. Waves of emotion shall never again drive my ship of peace mercilessly about in the hurricane of uncontrolled thoughts. If we use the Principle of Life correctly, it does pay enormous dividends; if we use it improperly, we pay a terrible toll. When I left the city to come on this trip my mind was set inflexibly upon one determination, that of realizing fully before my return that Intelligent Life does fill all of space, and that it is *always responsive* to the individual intelligence which recognizes it as being altogether good. I resolved to see happiness in everything and in everyone. Do you realize, my wonderful one, how my heart is now veritably flooded with appreciation of the great dividends I have received for that one effort?

"It is so abominably hot here in Cairo today that Doc and I have decided to go for another boat-trip up the Nile.

Yes, one just like the one we had when you were here, my own — only this one will not prove half so happy, except that I may feel your presence here anyway, just as I often do. Next week I have invited you to leave here with me, to come with me into the stillness and joy of great trees, a pleasure and a boon to the soul with which I was unfamiliar until you taught me its great efficacy as a panacea. You have accepted, you say? Thank you, dear. So on Thursday of next week, remember, we shall set sail from Alexandria, bound for Marseilles; thence to the glory that is said to be the Schwarzwald. Silently joined by His Presence, we shall tarry there in the Black Forest for a week, wandering among the great trees, and drinking in the peace and strength and companionship of the Infinite which pervades that solitude. Then, if you will but continue to accompany me, and I know that you shall be delighted to do so always, beloved, we shall go to still other places for several weeks, and then turn our faces toward Chicago. The thought comes to me now, dearest, of returning to Cairo and the Great Pyramid next winter as one. Shall we?

"Dearly treasured one, this letter is growing too long. So now just let me say it in this way in order that your beautiful eyes may discern and your memory ears may hear: No other person lives, or has lived, who keeps such perfect step with the glory and majesty that is the best of me that you do. And my one outstanding resolve is to give you cause for greater joy than you have ever known. Tell me again, dear one, shall we come back here next winter as one? Please ask your Divine Father; and I shall be knowing that the very best Life has to give is *ours*. I feel your dear, charming presence here with me now. My soul lives in the depths of yours forever. I love you.

"JACK."

Polly Durant went through her morning toilet as in a daze, her mind far away with her lover. When dressed, she glanced at the little, ivory clock on her desk and noted that there was ample time before luncheon to write fully to her Jack. She wrote and dispatched to him a letter which read:

"Man among men:

"Your every word is vibrant with love and depth of feeling and life, clasped fresh and succulent close to the roots of my being where my life is a true plant of nature. My soul takes from the soil and atmosphere of your precious words all the nourishment it requires, or can possibly absorb. In fact all which now belongs to me by reason of my absolute affinity with you my soul drinks in as the things of earth take in the rain and sustenance they crave. My heart is ever grateful to God for its contact with a man of such pure, sound, sweet nature. As I read your dear letters over and over it occurs to me that surely you must spend all of your time towards thinking of good and beautiful things to do and say for me.

"So often my thoughts return to our many delightful and instructive exchanges of ideas. Just now, for instance, my mind and heart are filled with your splendid ideas of how man grows to the perfection of Life, as taught in the magnificent King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid as being the eventual destiny of all mankind, just as a fruit ripens to become the finished expression of Life in a tree. Towards that mission *all of its forces converge, and its vitality is absorbed in the production of a perfect fruit.* That idea of yours regarding the manner in which man absorbs his world into himself, in its essence that is, so that it *enriches and truly liberates him,* is beautiful and inspiring to me. You make of it so much a vital, rather than a mere mechanical,

process. It is quite apparent to me now that your letters convey the truth of your ideas and ideals to me better than did your oral explanations, wonderful indeed as were the latter. I realize more fully each hour that that growth within requires time because of its very nature of being so vital. In the same way the perfection of God's Life in man comes only by long-continued, and for the most part unconscious, processes of inner, or soul, growth. The one great purpose of my life now is to grow along with you, our whole lives intertwined each with the other, until I have become what I shall do my best to always remain, the true complement of what I see you to be. I wish also to establish within myself, within my inmost soul, a *conscious relation* with the Order of Life as it surrounds me; and to do so perfectly that every contact with It disciplines, informs, broadens me, my eventual goal being that *I am always in conscious harmony with Life's exalted purposes*, wherever and however I may see them. This state of being I know will lift me above the changes of fickle external fortune and into the constant happiness of the physical manifestation of Life in me.

"You, my prince, have mastered the art of living. You have a clear understanding and a perfect execution of the nature of the possibilities contained in the materials of the mind. These you reform and combine with a wonderful plastic freedom, or with the inspiring ease of the Universal Creative Energy Itself. You have learned to look upon the world about you as being God's world, through which in all of its functions there is constantly expressed the Intelligence of Loving Life. Who was it, dearest one, that once wrote: 'The master of a department is not he who has its facts at his fingertips, but rather he who *commands its inward power and has the secrets of its perfection written deep within his heart*'? Whoever it was that conceived that magnificent thought must have had you in mind at

the time; for it fits your endowments perfectly. Some men see nothing but the outer shell of things, the part which is fragile and not enduring; but you *always discern the sold of things, the real part of things, that which is indestructible*. And to you nothing is common. You stand in such vital, conscious relationship to your time and opportunity, to all of humanity, that everything is uncommonly grand to you. You have caused your soul to ripen; therefore you are conscious of possessing the highest and the best, and that only. Tell me, my wonderful, wonderful lover, was the task very, very arduous? Or did the toil of the process soon *become mere play by that transformation which causes any task done by the intention of a free and trained will to be only the joyful outflow of one's natural energy and force*? I was going to ask you when in Egypt just how long it had taken you to come to that point of ripened wisdom where you now are. Such a knowledge as you possess of your true relation to Life, so deep, so rich, so strong, could only have been secured by the *consent and action of your whole being*. Your vivid imagination, your reason, your will, your schooled emotions, those things could not have come to you from memory, or from a method of trial and error, but only from your *having put forth at all times the resources of your whole soul*. Thus have you definitely established a living relationship with the God that you were endeavoring to understand and know.

"I wish so much to be what I see you to be, to be as I know that you must desire me. For that reason my thoughts have you on paper here; and when we meet again you will explain it all for me. Won't you, dear? I am living in happy, very happy expectation of what our lives together may be when they are soon united for the rest of our journey down the fragrant lane of flowering Life. I know that my school-work shall take on a new joy for me this autumn, and that the hours shall never drag and wear

me down as they used to do. Results in every way shall be better than before; and all of it is due to you as you are, and as I first knew you in Egypt, in and upon, and under the shadow of, the Great Pyramid.

"It is only a short time now until you shall be here; and until such time as you come you will carry me with you wherever you go. Whatever you enjoy I shall enjoy with you, even though the vast ocean does seem to separate us. Thought can leap the ocean instantly, can loop the world in a minute fraction of a second. Therefore we are not now separated in spirit, nor shall we ever be. Yes, soon now you shall be here; and this will be the very happiest Christmas that I have ever had. My mother and father send their loving thoughts to you, my dear one. Oh, yes, I have told them all about you, and how wonderful you really are, and they are blessing you as their own son. I feel my hand in yours now just as clearly as I did when you were helping me to mount to the lofty pinnacle of Wisdom in Stone. Do you remember how you had to pull? But we did arrive at the crest, and the joy of it all was the greatest this Life has brought to me down to that time.

"I sincerely hope that you may not find this missive too long. Let us learn together, dearest, that *Life is a cumulative, inward growth* as well as a cumulative power of outward productivity. God is with you; my great love surrounds you, for it is with you, all of it, always.

Your very own,

POLLY."

Polly Durant felt her very soul fully in attunement with Love as she finished her letter to "the only man."

"It's strange," she mused, "how just putting one's thoughts and feelings into words will refresh one and make one feel so much better; one feels not only in tune with the person to whom one has written, but with all of Life as well."

Polly addressed and stamped her envelope, and went to the corner to drop it into the mailbox. As she returned a happy refrain ran through her mind; and she began to hum it.

When her school began, Polly did not write to Lewis every day; she wrote only each Sunday. It required most of that day for her to put on paper for him her many thoughts of him of the preceding week. In happy anticipation the weeks passed. For her all was joy, a delight which increased as the close of each day brought her happiest day of all the nearer. Polly had given the school-board notice of her resignation, effective at the beginning of the Christmas holidays. And almost before she was aware of it, it seemed, Christmas approached. Between closing her term of school-work, shopping for her husband-to-be, and for her trousseau, she was very busy. Then at least a week before she was really expecting it, there came a radiogram from at sea: "Am landing at New York tomorrow. Leaving at once for Chicago. Simply must see you. Shall not hinder, but hope to help. 333. Jack." The three treys at the close of the message made Polly's heart sing for joy. They were the code of her fiancé and herself, which when interpreted meant always: "I adore you." Lewis had originated the code for them.

On Saturday Lewis arrived, ten days before Christmas. And two days before the holiday Doctor Travers came, accompanied by Mrs. Travers. Polly and the latter were just like sisters almost at once, Polly showing her the many beautiful things which were

arriving daily, and telling her in very confidential terms how very happy she was to marry the one man in all the world to her.

On Christmas day, Polly and Lewis were married. It was a home wedding. Mr. Durant had the library of the home decorated to represent the King's Chamber in the Great Pyramid. There were only a score of guests; and all of them understood why, when performing the ceremony of union, the minister stood on one side of the empty Coffin, the symbol of eternal life, and Jack and Polly across from him on the other side of the Coffin.

The ceremony over, and good wishes expressed, Polly went upstairs and said "au revoir" to her precious parents, who, together with her friends, found in Lewis an ideal husband for their beloved Polly. Within half an hour the bride and groom were entraining for a honeymoon to Egypt. Their hearts full of glad music as they talked of the mysteries, prophecies, and especially of the romance, to be found in that great Oracle of Wisdom in Stone, the Great Pyramid of Gizeh, they were happily on their way.

Why don't you visit the Great Pyramid? It is sure to bring joy to your soul. May we all learn to know God's messages better, and live to realize the true happiness that Life holds for each of us.

THE END