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SUBLINE LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE
GREAT PYRAMID OF GIZA.

Dr. Talmage begins a series of sermons
entitled, "From the Pyramids to the
Apostles," following and illustrating
the truths of Scripture.

PYRAMIDS, Oct. 12.—The vast
congregation at the Brooklyn Tabernacle
this morning was delighted by an ex-
quisite rendering, by Professor Henry
Eyre Brown, on the new origin of
Dante's second voyage in St. Dr.
Talmage's sermon was the first of a
series he intends preaching on his
current tour, entitled, "From the Pyramids
to the Apostles, or What I Saw in
Egypt and Greece Confirmatory of the
Scriptures." His text was Isaiah 48, 12, 29.

"In that day shall there be no altar
to the Lord in the midst of the land of
Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof
to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign
and for a witness."

Isaiah no doubt here refers to the
great pyramid at Giza, the chief pyra-
mid of Egypt. The text speaks of a
pillar in Egypt, and this is the great
pyramid ever lifted; and the text says
it is to be at the border of the land,
and this pyramid is at the border of
the land; and the text says it shall be
for a witness, and the object of this
sermon is to tell what this pyramid
witnesses. This sermon is the first of
a series of sermons entitled, "From the
Pyramids to the Apostles, or What I
Saw in Egypt and Greece Confirmatory
of the Scriptures."

We had, on a morning of December,
1889, landed in Africa. Amid the howling
beastmen at Alexandria we had come
down and taken the rail train for
Cairo, Egypt, along the banks of the
thoroughly harnessed river of all
world—the river Nile. We had, at
midnight, entered the city of Cairo, the
where Christ dwelt while staying
Egypt during the Herod's persecu-
tion.

It was our first night in Egypt.
Destroying angel sweeping through
the city, but all the stars were out,
and the air was filled with angels of
light and angels of light, and the air
was as an American June. The
morning we were early awake and
the window, looking upon palm trees
in glory of foliage, and upon gar-
den of fruits and flowers at the very
in when our homes far away are
filled by black skies and the last
of the forest has gone down with
a squall.

But how can I describe the thrill of
expectation, for today we are to see
what all the world has seen or wants
to see—the pyramids. We are mounted
for an hour and a half's ride. We
pass on amid bazaars stuffed with rugs
and carpets and curious fabrics of all
sorts from Smyrna, from Algiers, from
Persia, from Turkey, and through
streets, where we meet people of all
colors and all parts, carts loaded with
garden productions, peasants in gowns,
women in black veils, Bedouins in long
and seemingly superfluous apparel,
Janissaries in jackets of embroidered
gold—out and on toward the great
pyramid; for through there are sixty-
nine pyramids still standing, the pyra-
mid at Giza is the monarch of pyra-
mids. We meet camels grunting under
their load, and see buffaloes on either
side browsing in pasture fields.

The road we travel is for part of the
way under cover of awnings, and by
long rows of eucalyptus and tamarisk,
but after while it is a path of rock
and sand, and we find we have reached
the margin of the desert, the great
Sahara desert, and we cry out to the
dragons as we see a huge pile of
rock looking in sight. "Dragons, what
is that?" His answer is, "The pyra-
mid," and then it seemed as if we were
living a century every minute. Our
thoughts and emotions were too rapid
and intense for utterance, and we rode
on in silence until we came to the foot
of the pyramid spoken of in the text,
the oldest structure in all the earth,
four thousand years old at least. Here
it is. We stand under the shadow of
a structure that shuts out all the earth
and all the sky, and we look up and
strain our vision to appreciate the dis-
tant top, and are overwhelmed while
we cry, "The pyramid! The pyramid!"

"AFRAID OF THAT WHICH IS HIGH."
I had started that morning with the
determination of ascending the pyra-
mid. One of my chief objects in going
to Egypt was not only to see the
base of that granite wonder, but to
stand on the top of it. Yet the nearer
I came to this eternity in stone the
more my determination was shaken.

A great height has always been to me a
most disagreeable sensation. As we
descended at the base of the pyramid
I said: "Others may go up it, but
not I. I will satisfy myself with a
view from the base. The ascent of it
would be to me a foolhardy undertak-
ing."

But after I had given up all idea of
ascending I found my daughter was de-
termined to go, and I could not let her
go with strangers, and I changed my
mind, and we started with guides. It
cannot be done without these helpers.
Two or three times footpaths men have
attempted it alone, but their bodies
came tumbling down unrecognized
and lifeless. Each person in our party
had two or three guides or helpers. One
of them unraveled his turban and tied it
around my waist, and he held the other
end of the turban as a matter of safety.
Many of the blocks of stone are four or
five feet high and beyond any ordinary
human stride unless assisted. But two
Arabs to pull and two Arabs to push,



have directed it. All astronomers and
geometers and scientists say that it
was scientifically and mathematically
constructed before science and mathe-
matics were known. From the inscrip-
tions on the pyramid, from its propor-
tions, from the points of the compass
remained in its structure, from the
relative position of the blocks that
compose it, scientists, Christians and in-
fide have demonstrated that the be-
lieg who planned this pyramid must
have known the world's sphericity, and
that its motion was rotary, and how
many miles it was in diameter and cir-
cumference, and how many tons the
world weighs, and knew at what point
the heavens certain stars would ap-
pear at certain periods of time.

Not in the four thousand years since
the putting up of that pyramid has a
single fact of astronomy or mathe-
matics been found to contradict the
wisdom of that structure. Yet they
had not at the age when the pyramid
was started an astronomer or an archi-
tect or a mathematician worth men-
tioning. Who, then, planned the pyra-
mid? Who superintended its erection?
Who from its first foundation stone to
its capstone erected everything? It
must have been God. Isaiah was right
when he said in my text, "A pillar shall
be at the border of the land of Egypt
and it shall be for a sign and a wit-
ness." The pyramid is God's first
bible. Hundreds, if not thousands of
years before the first line of the Book
of Genesis was written, the lesson of
the pyramid was written.

Well, of what is this Cyprian moun-
tain a sign and a witness? Among
other things, of the preponderance of
human work compared with the brevity
of human life. In all the four
thousand years this pyramid has only
lost eighteen feet in height, one side of
its square at the base changed only from
seven hundred and sixty-four feet to
seven hundred and sixty-six feet, and
the most of that eighteen feet taken
off by architects to furnish stone for
building in the city of Cairo.

The men who constructed the pyra-
mid worked at it only a few years and
then put down the trowel, and the com-
pass, and the square, and lowered the
derrick which had lifted the ponderous
weights; but forty centuries have their
work stood, and it will be good for
forty centuries more. All Egypt has
been shaken by terrible earthquakes
and cities have been prostrated or
swallowed, but that pyramid has defied
all volcanic paroxysms. It has looked
upon some of the greatest battles ever
fought since the world stood. Where
are the men who constructed it? Their
bodies gone to dust and even the dust
scattered. Even the sarcophagus in
which the king's mummy may have
lain is empty.

So men die, but their work lives on.
We are all building pyramids, not to
last four thousand years, but forty
thousand, forty million, forty trillion,
forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. For
while we wield the trowel, or pound
with the hammer, or measure with the
yardstick, or write with the pen, or
experiment with the scientific battery,
or plan with the brain, and for while
the ear hears, and the tongue speaks.
All the good words or bad words we
speak are spread out into one layer for
a pyramid. All the kind deeds or un-
kind deeds we do are spread out into
another layer. All the Christian or
un-Christian example we set is spread
out in another layer. All the indirect
influences of our lives are spread out
in another layer. Then the time comes
when we put down the implement of
toll and pass away, but the pyramid
stands.

The twentieth century will not rock
it down, nor the thirtieth century, nor
the one hundredth century. The earth-
quake that rocks this world to pieces
will not stop our influence for good
or evil. You modestly say, "That is
true in regard to the great workers
for good or evil, and of gigantic gen-
tles, Miltonian or Tallegranian, but
not of me, for I live and work on a
small scale." My hearer, remember
that those who built the pyramids were
common workmen. Not one of them
could lift one of those great stones.
It took a dozen of them to lift one
stone, and others just wielded a trowel
clicking it on the hard edge, or smooth-
ing the mortar between the layers. One
hundred thousand men toiled on these
sublime elevations.

If one of those granite blocks that I
just touch with my feet on this Decem-
ber morning in 1889, as the two Arabs
pull me and the two other Arabs push
me, could speak out and tell its history,
it would say: "The place of my nativ-
ity was down in the great stone quarry
of Mokattam or Aswan. Then they
began to bore at my sides, and then to
drive down great iron wedges, crushing
against me till the whole quarry quaked
and thundered. Then I was pried out
with crowbars and levers, scores of
men putting their weight on the lever-
age, and I was hoisted with wheels that
ground under the weight, and many
workmen had their hands on the cranks
and turned until the muscles on their
arms stood out in ridges, and the sweat
rolled from their dusky fore-
heads."

"Then I was drawn by long teams of
oxen, yoke after yoke, yoke after yoke.
Then I was put on an inclined plane
and hauled upward, and how many
iron tools, and how many human arms,
and how many beasts of burden were
employed to get me to this place no
one can tell. Then I had to be meas-
ured and squared and compassed and
fitted in before I was left here to do

my stint work of thousands of years.
And only know how many hands were
bent in getting me from my geological
cradle in the quarry to this entombed
state of immemorial ages.

AWFUL RESULTS OF LITTLE MEN.
My hearer, that is the autobiog-
raphy of one block of the pyramid.
Cheops didn't build the pyramid.
Some how masses in the world's twi-
light didn't build the pyramid. One
hundred thousand men built it, and
perhaps from first to last two hundred
thousand men. So with the pyramids
now rising, pyramids of evil or pyra-
mids of good. The pyramid of drink-
enemies rising ever since the time when
Noah got drunk on wine, although
there was at his time such a super-
abundance of water. All the scientists
of the ages adding their layers of sin
until the pyramid overshadows the
great Sahara desert of desolated
homes and broken hearts and de-
stroyed eternities. And as the pyra-
mid still rises, layers of human skulls
piled on top of human skulls and other
mountains of human bones to which
the peaks reaching unto the heavens,
hundreds of thousands of people are
building that pyramid.

So with the pyramid of righteousness.
Multitudes of hands are toiling
on the steps, hands of infants, hands
of old men, hands of the feeble, hands
of the strong, hands of the weak, hands
Some changing a trowel, some pulling a
rope, some measuring the sides. Lay-
ers of palms bowed on top of layers of
sermons. Layers of prayers on top of
layers of holy sacrifice. And hundreds
of thousands coming down to sleep
their last sleep, but other hundreds of
thousands going up to take their place,
and the pyramid will continue to rise
until the millennial morning glides the
completed work, and the toilers on
these heights shall take off their aprons
and throw down their trowels, crying,
"It is finished."

Your business and mine is not to
build a pyramid, but to be one of the
hundreds of thousands who shall ring
a trowel or pull a rope or turn the
crank of a derrick or cry "Ho, ho!"
while lifting another block to its eleva-
tion. Though it be seemingly a small
work and a brief work, it is a work
that shall last forever. In the last day
many a man and woman whose work
has never been recognized on earth
will come to a special house. The
ecclesiastical council, now in session at
Washington, its delegates the honored
representatives of fifty million Meth-
odists in all parts of the earth, will at
every session do honor to the memory
of John Wesley, but I wonder if any of
them will think to visit a farland for
the memory of humble Peter Bohler,
the Moravian, who brought John Wes-
ley into the kingdom of God.

I rejoice that all the thousands who
have been toiling on the pyramid of
righteousness will at last be recognized
and rewarded—the mother who taught
her children to Christ, the Sabbath
teacher who brought her class to the
knowledge of the truth, the unpretend-
ing man who saved a soul. Then the
trowel will be more honored than the
scepter. As a great battle was going
on, the soldiers were ordered to the
front and a sick man jumped out of an
ambulance in which he was being car-
ried to the hospital. The surgeon
asked him what he meant by getting
out of the ambulance when he was sick
and almost ready to die. The soldier
answered: "Doctor, I am going to the
front. I had rather die on the field
than die in an ambulance." Thank
God, if we cannot do much we can do
a little.

REMEMBERED—AND FOR WHAT?
Further, carrying out the idea of my
text, the pyramid is a sign and a wit-
ness that big temptations are not the
best way of keeping one's self affection-
ately remembered. This pyramid and
the sixty-nine other pyramids still stand-
ing were built for sepulchres, all this
great pile of granite and limestone by
which we stand today, to cover the
memory of a dead king. It was the
great Westminster abbey of the an-
cients. Some say that Cheops was the
king who built this pyramid, but it is
uncertain. Who was Cheops, anyhow?
All that the world knows about him
could be told in a few sentences. The
only thing certain is that he was bad
and that he shut up the temples of
worship and that he was hated so that
the Egyptians were glad when he was
dead.

This pyramid of rock, seven hundred
and forty feet each side of the square
base, and four hundred and fifty feet
high, wins for him no respect. If a
bone of his arm or foot had been found
in the sarcophagus beneath the pyra-
mid, it would have excited no more
veneration than the skeleton of a camel
bleaching on the Libyan desert; yea,
less veneration, for when I saw the car-
cass of a camel by the roadside on the
way to Memphis, I said to myself,
"Poor thing, I wonder of what it died."
We say nothing against the marble or
the bronze of the necropolis. Let all
that sculpture and fluorescence and ar-
gumentation can do for the places of the
dead be done, it means will allow it.
But if after one is dead there is nothing
left to remind the world of him but
some pieces of stone, there is but little
left.

Some of the finest monuments are
over people who amounted to nothing
while they lived, while some of the
worthiest men and women have not
had above them a stone big enough to
tell their name. Joshua, the greatest
warrior the world ever saw, no monu-
ment; Moses, the greatest lawyer that
ever lived, no monument; Paul, the
greatest preacher that ever lived, no
monument; Christ, the Saviour of the

THIS MAN IS BLOWING VERY HARD, BUT
DON'T GET SCARED, ITS NOTHING BUT WIND.
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As in Egypt that December after-
noon, 1889, exhausted in body, mind
and soul, we mounted to return to
Cairo, we took our last look at the
pyramid at Giza. And you know
there is something in the air toward
evening that seems productive of
solemn and tender emotion, and that
great pyramid seemed to be humanized
and with lips of stone it seemed to
speak and cry out:

"Hear me, man, mortal and immor-
tal! My voice is the voice of God. He
designed me. Isaiah said I should be a
sign and a witness. I saw Moses when
he was a lad. I witnessed the long
procession of the Israelites as they
started to cross the Red sea and Pharo-
ah's host in pursuit of them. The
falcon and the eagle of many cen-
turies have brushed my brow. I
stood here when Cleopatra's barge
landed with her sorceries, and Hypatia
for her virtues was slain in yonder
streets. Alexander the Great, Seso-
stris and Ptolemy admired my propor-
tions. Herodotus and Pliny sounded
my praise. I am old, I am very
old. For thousands of years I have
watched the coming and going of
generations. They bury only a little
while, but they make everlasting im-
pression. I bear on my side the mark
of the trowel and chisel of those who
more than four thousand years ago ex-
pired. Beware what you do, oh man,
for what you do will last longer after
you are dead! If you would be affec-
tionately remembered after you are
gone, trust not to any earthly com-
memoration. I have not one word to
say about any astronomer who studied
the heavens from my heights, or any
king who was sepulchred in my bosom.
I am slowly passing away. I am a
dying pyramid. I shall yet lie down
in the dust of the plain and the sands
of the desert shall cover me, or when
the earth goes I will go. But you are
immortal. The feet with which you
climbed my sides today will turn to
dust, but you have a soul that will out-
last me and all my brotherhood of
pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for
God! With the shadows of the even-
ing now falling from my side, I pro-
nounce upon you a benediction. Take
it with you across the Mediterranean.
Take it with you across the Atlantic.
God only is great! Let all the earth
keep silence before him. Amen!"

And then the lips of granite hushed,
and the great Giant of Masonry
wrapped himself again in the silence
of ages, and as I rode away in the gather-
ing twilight this course of sermons was
projected.

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Where plenty reigns and art is treasured,
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