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We Are Stars.

Why worry about anything? From Chicago comes the light of truth, that luminous truth for which men have sought through the ages. According to this new prophet we are not mere human beings that we have supposed ourselves to be. We are stars in the sky, eternal illuminators of the firmament. Our mortal body is but the crystallization at the end of the rays of our own particular star. As such we transcend all passion, emotion and intellect. We are male and female. Black and white, big and little, and every other pair of opposites that confuse the mortal mind are cancelled.

It is not the intention here to discuss the creed of Frater Achad, "Master of the Temple of the Great White Brotherhood."

We assume that the Frater eats, drinks, sleeps and knows the value of the American Dollar. His crystallization would not exclude such mundane material habits and knowledge. Doubtless his disciples will become numerous enough to keep him astrally fixed where he can witness the cosmic parade of suns, planets and lesser stars. Always there are plenty of fools in the world ready to adopt a new faith or tackle a new cure-all medicine.

But faith in something seems to be a fact imbedded in the human consciousness, or, perhaps, it should be said, in the human sub-consciousness. This faith in a future existence, according to such authorities as William James, Sir Oliver Lodge, James H. Hyslop and Maurice Maeterlinck, cannot be justified by the reasons advanced by any of the religions or by any textual sources. But, they insist, nevertheless, that it has a right to a scientific standing. They hold that the subconscious mind, working through all, enunciates the truth not capable of being established by the conscious mind.

Perhaps they are right. But who knows? Shall the mortal ever know? And why should he ever know this side of the veil Thanatos holds between us and whatever Afterwhile may be? We know that love and service here may win great reward. Why not be content with that knowledge.