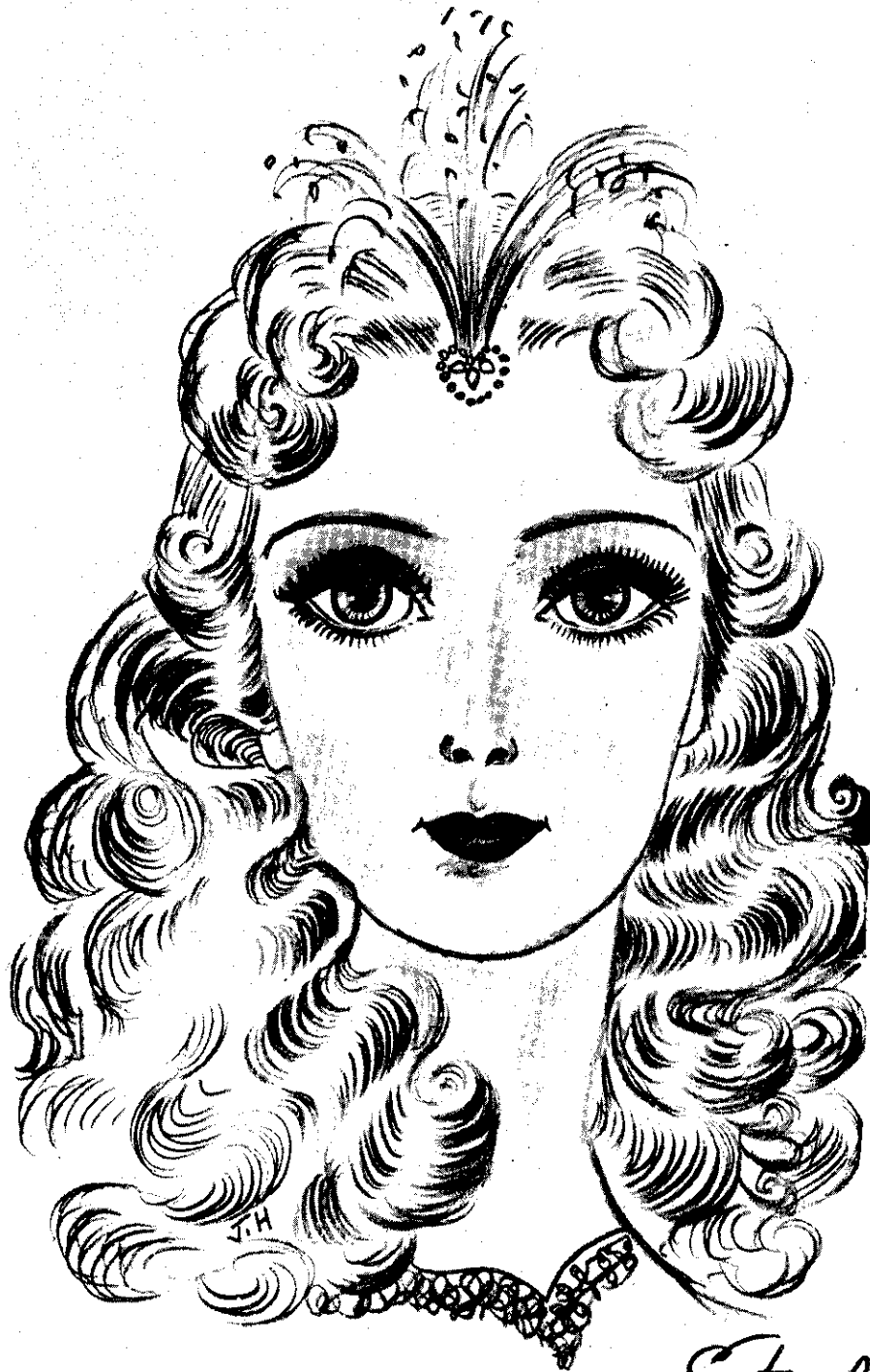




LIFE ON THE PLANETS
A Visit to Venus
The Fellowship of Golden Illumination

EUGENE H. DRAKE, Director

1014 So. LAKE STREET • LOS ANGELES 6, CALIF.



Estralon

We want to express our gratitude and thank all who have contributed to the inspirational information incorporated in this booklet.

VENUS - The Planet of Affection
Anael, Star Angel
Sunat Kumara, Logos
Aramia,
Estralon,
Endros.

MARS - The Planet of Action
Samael, Star Angel
BU-----

SATURN - The Planet of Concentration
Cassiel, Star Angel
Urta,

JUPITER - The Planet of Abundance
Zachariel, Star Angel
Berasa,

Alonzo P. Mathewson, Astronomer

(Formerly Court Astronomer to King George, 3rd--now instructor of etheric realms).

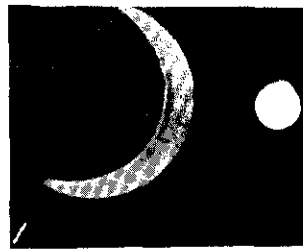
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LIFE ON THE PLANETS
OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

A Visit to Venus



Lowell Observatory

Soon after my first contact with the Venusian Commander Aramia and Estralon, his second flight commander, I had a visitation from the latter who impressed me to go to a certain desert location to be picked up.

The reader will understand that the experience related in the following paragraphs is a journey in the etheric body, not a physical, or a third dimensional, trip. Thus on a pre-arranged date I was reclining on my couch when Estralon came into the room with outstretched hand. Immediately I arose and went with her, and presently we approached a huge spaceship which she indicated to be under her command. Then she pointed upward at the planet Venus where it shone brightly in the sky halfway between midheaven and the horizon.

As we enter the vessel no doubt is lurking in my mind as to whether we can actually make a journey of such magnitude in the craft, and besides I did not have the slightest idea of how long it would take to travel there. Once inside the ship, which Estralon had named Eamna---meaning triumphant---I am shown a room in her quarters that is to be mine while I am her guest.

Returning to the front part of the ship I notice numerous bunks in even rows along its sides, presenting a solid surface when folded up and fitting into recesses so tightly that it is next to impossible to detect them. Each bunk is provided with a soft pad but no blanket; the ship is pressurized and conditioned for comfort, so evidently no covering is needed. The bunks are lowered and raised by a control button on the instrument panel; in fact, all the ship's operations are controlled from this board, including air conditioning.

Estralon is now standing in the control room watching the various panels. The operators have already taken their respective positions. At this point the most unusual spectacle that I have ever witnessed begins when Estralon suddenly inclines her head as though in silent prayer and gradually appears to be growing taller, to a height of almost eight feet; powerful waves of magnetic and electrical forces emanate in all directions from her body. As I glance around me, everyone within range of my vision has become electrified and radiant, standing at attention at specific stations. Estralon raises her right hand, moves it in a wide circle three times and brings her arm down to her side. As she does so I observe the expression on her face changing to one of commanding mein. All at once the entire vessel is filled with a bluish-white phosphorescent light. Officers and crew alike begin to glow in the light, thus becoming more etheric.

Leaning forward and taking me by the hand Estralon lifts me clear of the ship's deck as though I were no heavier than a feather. In this position I am carried to the room assigned to me, where I am put on the cot like an infant. Bending over me she softly touches her lips to my forehead and then departs. A comfortable warmth creeps through me, making me feel very much at peace, and slowly I drift off into a state of suspended animation. Not until we draw near to Venus am I disturbed or changed from that state. The condition is altered by Estralon who enters the room and touches my forehead with the tip of a finger; its light touch serves to induce me to regain my normal consciousness. Then she gestures for me to follow her. I note that her size has resumed ordinary proportions but none of the magnetism has departed. We enter the control room again and I am led to the space mirror where I stand fascinated by what I see. We are moving rapidly toward Venus. The altimeter indicates 25,000 miles (low), but it is dropping fast to 20,000, to 15,000, to 10,000, then to 5,000 miles. The cloud formation about the planet

is reflecting sunlight. In a few seconds we have passed through this cloud canopy. The ship's speed is checked to 450 miles as the altimeter shows 1,000 miles. A vast area of sparkling color is unfolded below us.

Estralon reaches over to touch one of the buttons beside the space mirror, making the picture clearer and closer. There appears a beautiful city with buildings of architectural design unlike anything on earth. It is the city of Vemain, she tells me. I can see a huge airport harboring craft of many sizes and types; some of them are in the air, others just landing and on the field. Some are large, like the one we are in, while others are smaller, of oval shape, round, disc-like, wing-like or global.

Beautiful parks surround the buildings, and parkways, or freeways, extend outward from the administration buildings to the farthest parts of the city. Now we can see people in colorful garb walking about or just alighting from spacecraft and other conveyances. Some are boarding other craft, others taking off at terrific speeds in sled-like ships—a very thrilling experience indeed. Some of these sleds are zooming up from the ground to alight on the tops of buildings or on the graceful archways, similar to freeways, along which they travel at high speeds, only a foot or two above the surface. I am told by Estralon that these sleds are controlled by gravatonic rays beamed from a central station.

Vemain is a city about the size of Pasadena, California, as seen from the air. It is laid out in circular form. The principal streets are as spokes running outward from the hub of a wheel. The other streets curve in ever expanding circles until they reach into the suburbs. In the central part of the city there are several levels of thoroughfares constructed with graceful arched freeways reaching out from the center, in many instances, to the outermost borders of the city.

Smaller arches join the main ones. It is along these that the gravatonic sleds are operated. This type of conveyance is the most widely used; but in going from one city to another they use an aero-car of a different design, more highly powered, much larger and speedier. These travel along the beamed air waves.

The residences appear more wonderful and exquisitely beautiful as we glide in toward the airport for a landing. Later I hope to have the opportunity of a closer inspection.

We are now coming in for a landing. Those on board are excited and alert, happily looking forward to seeing friends, relatives, and just being once more in their homeland. On the ground the Venusians appear to be watching us with a great deal of interest, having recognized Estralon's ship. They are looking up at us, waving their hands. As the ship's motion stops and it settles quietly on the field, the crew is relaxed at their stations. I observe that Estralon's face is radiant, her eyes flashing; she is becoming taller again. I feel out of place in my gab of tan slacks, light green, semi-sport flight shirt with sandals on my feet. Estralon instantly picks up my thought, shakes her head, smiles sweetly, and in a projected thought assured me that the Venusians will be greatly interested in greeting me regardless of how I am dressed.

We leave the ship by a short ramp, followed by some of the officers. Several people gather around Estralon to greet her, showering her with rose petals, then turn to welcome me, placing leis of flowers about my neck. They are tall with blond to golden hair, beautiful blue eyes sparkling with great kindness. Their faces radiate smiles as they move their arms and hands gracefully. Some of the women are wearing flowing garments of shell pink, others of light blue, light green, pearl white, lemon, orange, light purple, lavender.

ender and orchid, blended with colorful designs. They have beautiful ornaments of gold and jeweled clips in the form of butterflies, birds and flowers for their hair and gowns. Many are wearing real flowers in their hair. Some of the women have garments with sleeves only to the elbows, others to the wrist; some are low-necked with bare arms. Still others are not wearing much clothing. The children are dressed like their elders, except young boys who wear a type of uniform, the trousers fitting tightly to the leg with what seem to be zippers on one side of the calf. They have on close-fitting sandal-type shoes. The few men that came forward to greet us are uniformed, also, in a variety of colors but the design is similar; this seems to be the garb generally worn in the cities, although in their homes they wear a loose tunic and sandals, with legs bare. Sometimes they go almost nude and think nothing of it. The Venusians keep their bodies in such splendid physical condition, clean and symmetrical that I am reminded of early Greece when physical grace was truly personified.

These people appear to be highly advanced spiritually, mentally and physically. Being so pure in thought they seem to be almost angelic. Their love power is intense and blends harmoniously with the vibrations of electrical waves of energy sent out and pulsating in all directions. The women are shy, retiring, very spiritual and lovable in their gentle ways, expressing themselves in a delightful manner. The Venusian language is the most musical and pleasing spoken. The various affairs of these people are conducted with poise, grace and harmony.

I am conducted to one of the gravatonic sleds about 14 feet in length, five feet wide and with sides at least three feet in height. It can be operated either open or closed as desired. A sort of plastic curtain in a recess at the rear can be pulled out and fastened to the

frame of the sled. What an experience to be zooming upward at close to 200 miles an hour and hovering along one of the arched freeways! At such speed I wonder how collisions are avoided. Estralon explains that automatic devices put into operation the instant the sled takes off guide it accurately at a safe distance from any other conveyance or obstacle.

A control panel with dials and buttons is affixed to the dashboard of the sled, which has no wheels and no foot throttles or brakes to manipulate. Push buttons release gravatonic energy picked up for motivation as well as to guide the sled and control its speed. Energy is beamed along the freeways for each car to pick just what is needed for its operation. No gasoline, oil or batteries are required. The comfortable seats are made of a soft plastic-type material set into a metal form shaped to the contour of the body.

After speeding along for some 100 miles, as I should have judged on earth, we leave the elevated freeway and zoom down to ground level onto a wide courtyard-like space beside a spacious dwelling. Its central part has two stories with the rest single-storied in the shape of a crescent. The center section extends forward about 20 feet beyond the curved lines of the adjoining wings. The extreme tips of these wings, forming the outer ends of the crescent points, extend out at least another ten feet.

The Home of Estralon.

In front of the attractive dwelling, which Estralon says is her home our gravatonic sled gently comes to rest upon the landing strip. The group that had greeted us at the airport followed in sleds which were now alighting alongside and back of us. Beyond us, to one side I saw a large oval pool that on earth would have been used for a plunge. Two small fountains on each side of it sprayed glittering streams of water into the pool, and art-

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istically arranged beds of colorful flowers grew around and between the pool and the foundations.

The lawns are covered with a pinkish, blue-green grass, the blades of which are strange to me. The flowers are of such hue and shape that it is difficult to describe them. They resemble snowflakes in pattern, are radiant in color and dewy in texture. Their delicate fragrance is wafted upon the breeze blowing softly around the spot. The trees are not tall, hardly 15 feet in height; they are colorful as are the shrubs and plants. One does not see as much vivid green in the foliage on Venus as on earth, but yellow and lavender are much in evidence. Gorgeous rose bushes flourish among the other flowers which are interspersed by beautiful ferns.

The Venusians inform me that the impending Golden Age on earth will bring many startling changes in the foliage of trees, vines, shrubs plants and flowers; also a sublime expansion in the personalities of its inhabitants will take place as the harmony of peace and brotherly love abides in the unfolding consciousness of the superior races that are destined to occupy the earth.

As we enter Estralon's home through an arched doorway, the glass doors swing open at our approach and close after we have crossed the threshold. The dwelling is built entirely of materials different from any to be seen on earth. They are composed of certain substances impervious to wear, time and weather. The building appears as though it were quite recently erected. I am informed that it is very old according to Venusian time.

They use a great deal of colored glass or a plastic-like material in their buildings.. The windows are all of this kind of material, tinted in pastel shades. The trimming on their homes is ornate and delicate in design, yet not what we would call "gingerbread" on earth.

We pass through a short hall into a circular room having no ceiling; it is open to the sky and light. Entrances to a number of rooms lead off from this room or inner court. I am conducted to one of these rooms. It is quite simple in its appointments. The walls are shell pink. I look out of the window at beds of flowers and shrubs, a panorama of color. Several trees bearing fruit are near. Some appear like the earthly peach, others like the California orange, with several that resemble our plum and cherry. Little elfish figures flit as birds do among the trees and flowers, garbed in all colors of the rainbow. Birds of brilliant plumage alight on them and their songs are very sweet to hear.

There is a couch on one side of the room with a golden silk coverlet on it. A chest of drawers of some light wood, or it could be plastic. It is light in weight and highly polished. The drawers have gold knobs. Opening one of them Estralon takes out some silken garments, a tunic, with trunks to match of pearl shade, with a gold zipper from the ankle to the middle of the calf, and a pair of golden sandals. Handing them to me she said;

"Put these on when you have rested sufficiently. There is a fount of running water here!"

She pushed a button and a panel moved back along the wall, revealing an oblong bowl of this same plastic-like material into which a continuous stream of scented water descends.

She showed me how it could be shut off and started by pressure on a button by the side

of a lotus flower, from the center of which the water ran in a single stream or in many fine streams by pressing another button just above the lotus. By pressing a third button a liquid perfumed soap was ejected. The ingredients used to perfume the water prevented any dirt or stains remaining in the bowl, as it was spotless.

After this demonstration she turned to me and putting her hands on my shoulders gently pulled me toward her. She kissed me softly and departed. Again that peaceful glow enveloped me and the warmth of the contact remained as if she had left part of her personality entwined in my aura.

Almost immediately after her exit a child about ten years old entered with a goblet of refreshing juices for me to drink. This I did and as I drained its contents I drifted off into a very restful and peaceful sleep.. During this sleep I had flask-back visions of Estralon appearing in my dreams. Upon awakening they remained with me and then it was that I realized she had been appearing to me previously in this manner to build up a light protection for my etheric body to function in.

I am surprised how well the garments fit. These Venusians seem to know more about me than I do of myself. They read your thoughts so easily and anticipate your requirements in such a natural way that one is a little mystified.

Estralon enters as I am musing about this garbed in a sheer golden lacey gown, revealing the lines of her figure. With one of her dazzling smiles she greets me and says;

"Come!", leading me into the large central room.

Before me is a large table spread with many kinds of fruit and goblets of gold, filled, I imagine, with refreshing juice concoctions they

know so well how to mix. The people who had greeted us at the airport are standing at one end of the table talking and turn smiling as we appear, coming over to us.

The women are wearing sheer lacey gowns -- which are most colorful. The men are in tunics and sandals, their legs bare. Different kinds of belts are worn with these tunics, -- of gold, silver, some with beautiful gems woven into the fabric.

First, I am presented to her mother, who takes me in her arms and gives me a very warm greeting. They call her 'Lomara'. Her gown has long flowing sleeves and the skirt falls away in graceful lines, all pink and lace. At her neck is a circle of sparkling gems. She is young looking and beautiful with an inner radiance difficult for me to describe.

In turn, I am introduced to her father, Sarayoma; of striking appearance, an individual who looks to be about 26 years of age, but he must be older. The youthful appearance of the Venusians is astounding. They live so graciously. Even the elderly people have very few lines in their faces. They carry themselves with such dignity and grace that they seem to radiate only youth.

A sister, a little taller, than Estralon, is next introduced to me. One can see the resemblance of relationship. She looks more like her mother while Estralon favors her father.

Estralong says,

"My sister, Vashita."

She greets me affectionately. Her gown has a beautiful blue bodice, bare mid-section, and

the skirt is sheer gauzy pink with freshflowers fastened on it with golden clips. Very beautiful indeed.

The child of ten, who brought me the drink on arrival, is now presented. Her name is 'Asmara'. She holds up a lei of flowers and as I bend over so she can put it around my neck, she kissed me on the cheek. She is a small child, very sweet, well mannered and has a look of brilliance.

Barasam, the brother of Estralon's mother is now introduced to me. He is a doctor. I am told he is an instructor in the hall of healing. It is referred to here as the Temple of Radiant Health, designated as the "Temple Ra-virdant". Later it is my privilege to go to it and learn something of their methods of healing.

His wife, whom they call 'Rosura' meaning lovely, greets me warmly with a gentle hug.

Estralon has a brother but he is absent, being on a trip to Jupiter.

We gather around the table. Each one selects the kind of fruit that appeals to them. I am told to do likewise. So, I take one kind that resembles our peach, which they call 'Wassma' It is very tasty. Then I take a goblet. The juice in it is a combination of several fruits. It is stimulating and refreshing.

As I cannot speak their language I can only listen to their delightful tones, thought I am becoming quite sensitive to their thoughts, grasping telepathically the meaning of their words. They are discussing how nice it would be for me to visit some of the interesting places in the Capitol City.

Being a representative family in the city I am told that her father, Sarayoma, is the Head

of the Council of Elders that has in charge the functions of government. It is like our state governments, with Sarayoma being the governor.

While Sarayoma is talking with members of his family, Estralon and I walk out to the car-port where she takes me over to where a trim aero-car is standing ready to go. Presently Sarayoma and Barasam join us. After we are all seated in the aero-car Estralon adjusts the various instruments, regulating our speed and the automatic control that keeps the car at a safe distance from other forms of aerial conveyance. With a final wave of our hands we zoom up to one of the beamed airways along which we travel at a terrific rate of speed, it seems to me. Certainly we must have been moving at a minimum rate of 500 miles an hour, judging from the way the buildings on the ground looked as we passed above them.

My companions were laughing musically at me when suddenly we swooped downward in a wide arc and came to rest directly in front of the administration building. An attendant comes up to us as we are alighting to drive the aero-car over to a parking area consisting of a number of levels.

In this civic center area many imposing buildings are grouped. They are pointed out to me and I am deeply impressed with the use to which each is put. On my right stands a magnificent temple devoted to spiritual instruction. Near it is the Temple Ra-Virdant, or the Hall of Radiant Health. On the far side of the Temple of Illumination is the Temple of Music. I am drawn irresistibly toward the latter when I hear and feel the vibratory tone waves impinge upon my consciousness. The music thus transported on the air fills one with a sense of joyousness, lifting ones spirit into a heaven of inspiration. Later, to my delight, I visit the Temple of Music.

In a few moments we all enter the Administration Building, which is constructed of white quartz with a thread of gold running through it. The first room that we enter in this building is where continuous televised reports are received from various parts of the planet. Some of them have to do with weather conditions. Others are from space craft belonging to the interplanetary patrol, and detailed reports from the airport identifying any important personages arriving or departing. Some of these persons are from other planets, and some from other cities. Several of the reports deal with a distant area where those beings that are part human and part animal live. They are watched very carefully for evidence of any disturbances, which are quickly corrected and controlled with the utmost kindness.

Operators sit in front of these instruments and when anything comes in that demands the attention of an officer of the Supreme Council, it is flashed to that individual and placed in an electronic recorder should the officer not be in his department at the time. Telepathic word is then sent to him wherever he is, so he can tune in with the recorder at any time to pick up the report.

When a message has been flashed from a patrol ship that a craft from another planet is approaching and word has been exchanged of the craft's intention to come to Venus, an escort ship is sent out to greet it and conduct it to a proper landing area, where a welcoming group will meet its arrival, similar to a landing at Honolulu. Some of the ancient customs of Venus are still retained by the old civilizations of the south seas—the greetings, the wreaths of flowers, and the charm of their people.

Should anything develop of a serious nature, such as the intrusion of a space craft, or crafts from another solar system that cannot at

once be identified when a request for identification is ignored, then other patrols are alerted and word is televised to the Supreme Council. With all this urgent activity no one becomes excited, for the Venusians are so poised and have learned the tasks of life so well that they are able to conduct their affairs with the utmost harmony and dispatch.

The quarters of the Supreme Council is where we go next. On the wall beside the council table is a long tube of light through which important televised messages are constantly moving; they can be seen and easily understood, and just now they are the reports referred to previously. These messages are channeled from the central televising chamber.

The Supreme Council is composed of seven members of whom Sarayoma, the presiding elder, is warmly greeted by the other members as he enters the chamber. Two of the elders, who serve as advisers to Sarayoma, come forward to be introduced to me. Seldom is a being from earth presented to the Venusian Council; therefore, I am highly honored. The other four council members are of lesser rank. I meet them next---and Barasam and Estralon are cordially greeted by all.

A place is made for us to watch the channeled reports moving along the tube. As I watch the flashing news messages the broadcast in lights at 42nd Street and Broadway in New York City came to my mind. There the words were flashed in lights but here all the reports are in color and picture form, with a sound track giving conversation and sound.

Every planet, it seems, has its own particular problems requiring solution by those in authority. I am amazed at the smoothness with which each detail is handled and decisions are made, without delays, debates or hurried consultations. If the advice of other department

heads is sought, a button is pushed, a signal flashed, and a reply is received. If one of them is requested to appear before the council, his aero-car lands on a platform just outside of the chamber and he enters through a doorway on one side of the room.

While I am in this chamber I observe all the members of the council turn toward this door. As it swings open in comes a very striking person, tall and handsome, wearing the uniform of a space officer. Estralon flashes the thought to me: "This is my brother Estaudar. He is just in from the planet Jupiter."

Turning to me without any hesitation, Estaudar hands me a message from Berasa, the Tall Master of Jupiter. Of course, I am delighted to have word from him, but it surprises me that he knew I was visiting Venus. Yet I am more astonished to see Estaudar followed by a being with white wings extending about two feet above his shoulders and reaching almost to his ankles. I think I must be imagining his presence but he continues to walk toward the elders.

The visitor's neck is long and his features extremely sharp, his eyes penetrating. Estaudar graciously introduces him as a messenger from the planet Uranus; he conveys his message by telepathy. Estaudar had brought him from Jupiter, where he had arrived from Uranus with a communication for the Planetary Council meeting at the Jupiterian capitol; then he came on to Venus to give his superior's message personally to Sarayoma. It was so important that it could not be flashed over the regular channels.

Later I learn that word had been received by the planetary patrol to the effect that a second hydrogen bomb had been exploded on earth. This information had been received by a patrol from Uranus and relayed in code to the planetary patrol. From what I am gathering telepathically a council of the elders of the planets of our

solar system will convene immediately somewhere in space or on Jupiter.

Sarayoma turns to Barasam and Estralon, giving her a message for his wife. Then, placing a hand on my shoulder, he telepathically tells me that he is turning me over to Barasam during his absence.

Estaudar, the Bird Man from Uranus and Sarayoma leave together on the patrol ship which Estaudar had used. With a swish they are gone. All of us gaze upward until they recede from sight, then follow them a while in the space mirror.

Barasam, Estralon and I quit the Administration Building for the Temple Ra-Virdant. We enter a laboratory devoted to color therapy. Here both children and adults are reclining on tables while color rays are being concentrated on their bodies. In another section the bodies are immersed in receptacles of an oily fluid, with various color rays moving over them. These tubes are for rejuvenating the individual cells of the body. Now I understand partly why the Venusians appear to be so youthful and ageless. There is practically no illness on Venus due to the specialized instruction given in the temple on diets, breathing, concentration and methods for re-energizing and re-vitalizing cell structure.

Some of the instructors are demonstrating breathing and accompanying exercises. The mental concentration of breath through the various organs and cells of the body is somewhat like Yoga breathing practices. Others are giving instruction in concentration and telepathy, how to receive guidance from the master cell in the brain, how to pick up perfect thought and learn to use it in daily life.

We do not create thought, for thought has been present on every planet from the moment of creation. Thoughts are merely expressed by

the brain. When the perfect thought is presented by the master cell, the individual is functioning on a high plane of consciousness as it was intended. All types of inventions, designs and ideas picked up by the people of earth are just rediscoveries of thoughts planted on earth when it was created.

Other instructors demonstrate the values of various types of food on Venus. There are many kinds not found on earth; also, how to combine the juices extracted from these foods---fruit and vegetables---for the best effect on the body.

Venusians never eat flesh food. Long ago, hundreds of their years, they ceased to eat the flesh of animals or other living creatures. When they stopped the carnivorous practice, they ceased to slay their fellow men, thus ending all forms of strife and warfare.

The Venusians have classes composed of those who are being trained to be instructors to go to different parts of the planet to teach the basic principles of health and their practical application.

After spending considerable time in this temple we went to the Temple of Music, where the master teacher there was introduced to me. He shows us a spacious chamber where I am astonished to meet many of the great musicians, formerly of earth but now incarnated on Venus and receiving more perfect instruction in this temple.

It was a joyous experience to be able to meet those who had passed from earthly life to a higher more wonderful expression. Their faces were similar to their earth pictures, only more luminous and beautiful. Smiling with joy Franz Liszt came over to greet me, followed by Johann Bach with Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, Wagner, Brahms, Berlioz, Tschaikowsky, van Suppe, Sibelius, formerly of Finland, Rimski Korsakov and Mous-sourgsky, formerly of Russia.

Here come George Gershwin and other modern composers such as Stravinsky. There are musicians from China, Tibet, India, Egypt and other countries of earth, all studying the music of the spheres and New Age compositions for earth. Some of these artists are to be returned to earth in their etheric bodies to inspire younger people to become better channels for the music to be used more widely in the impending New Age.

The great master in charge of this temple says to me that music for our earth is being projected into the consciousness of all those they can contact on earth, receptive to their vibratory thought waves. Thus, they hope to lift our music to a much higher tone frequency and in this way assist in its purification.

Next we are taken to some seats near by, and soon we have the pleasure of listening to a beautiful and exalting symphonic treatment of some New Age scores. Hundreds of musicians were participating, using instruments the like of which I have never seen on earth. The marvelous tones and mighty crescendos are beyond my humble power of description; but I can assure you that the exaltation produced was so radiant that the effect upon my consciousness remains to this day.

As we are leaving the Temple of Music we are cordially invited to come often, and during my visit to Venus I did avail myself of the offer.

Sound therapy in the form of melodious music is widely used on Venus. It is encouraging to observe that it is being introduced on earth along with color therapy.

We now step into our aero-car for the return trip to the home of Estralon. On arriving there we find her father and brother had just returned from their mission to the Federation Council.

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The visit to the Temple of Wisdom, or Temple of Spiritual Philosophy, enabled me to understand better the great part that Venus plays in the family of planets.

The Instructor had this to say which will be interesting to all I feel sure.

"Every planet is under the law of motion, its revolutions reveal different angles. Your earth telescopes reveal much, but it can be turned or focused on only one small bit of the luminary under observation. There are discrepancies not of any serious damage to the growth of understanding, but there are some which must be corrected by those in position to know better. Being here on the planet you can be given information that will correct some of this misunderstanding. No mind can arrange these dissimilar views in a coherent manner."

"You have seen the people living on this planet. You have been told of some who formerly lived on this planet now reincarnated upon more advanced celestial bodies.

"Some of your astronomers still say; 'Venus is not inhabited now, possibly it was in the past, but all forms of life have been eliminated now.' This you know is not true. You have seen for yourself. You have observed our undersized being--little people, such as you have in Africa. These compose our working classes. Some of them are very intelligent. Others are like little electrified animals. The ruling class you have met are not all like them. The latter are comparable in intellect with those of Jupiter, Saturn and Mars."

In answer to a question;

"How are the inhabitants of Venus able to transmute discord into harmony," he replied.

"The little people you have seen are merely the workers. Each of them is like a charged battery of electric power. There are those of higher mental poise whose minds direct these working forces. These leaders by virtue of their great understanding and love are able to direct the activity and thought of these workers in a greater understanding of not only the laws governing this planet, but also the laws controlling the relationship of the planets with one another."

As already described, the people, the leaders, I have met were most benign, most solicitous for my comfort, most appreciative of a returned compliment, but their sole interest appears to be the transmutation of vibrations that they are receiving from all the planets in their own wave-lengths. They are very refined and polite but apparently more absorbed in universal love than in their own private love affairs. In their largeness of vision the personality appeared lost. Their's is the purer, higher type of affection that will do for others, live for others, even die for others.

Some of these leaders are tall, slender and have a peculiar willowy movement that is exceedingly graceful. Many of the men are not as robust or as masculine-looking as those of earth. They are more like our ideas of poets and dreamers, but they see with "vision" and use their mentality to bring peace and good-will to all on their planet, and send their thoughts of love and peace to all planets and to all people.

"When you hear people say that Venus was once inhabited but bears no signs of life now, you must dispute the statement. Life may have become extinct on some planets, but not as yet Venus."

"From schools here enlightened minds go to influence the minds of those who are ready for

more understanding, for greater spiritual instruction. Many are re-incarnated on other planets to become leaders in all departments of life, that the unity of the planets be preserved. Great leaders from this planet and Mercury have always been sent to the earth and to Mars in every age to lift those living at that time to higher levels of expression and taught the wonderful principles of the greater spiritual life. These higher teachers who are given the task of selecting these ambassadors for this work do not select by their own intuition. The seal of approval comes from a higher source. As John was selected for preparing the way for your Teacher Jesus, by birth and centuries of instructed traits, so are those in our great schools of Understanding selected by Divine Wish to be the bearers of good tidings to the sons of men on the various planets.."

"So you may understand what an honor we account it to be chosen and allowed to go to the earth, or any planet, and teach the will of the Great One whose coming is of so much more importance than ours. It is a sorrow to us when you of earth, who should understand the higher work of the spirit, are content with the small petty teachings of those who fail to teach the lessons for the training of the soul. Always there is joy throughout the spaces when any individual's spirit comes into unison with the Great Plan. When a soul tries to say; 'Here am I, O GOD, may Thy Will become my will'. That soul is then in unison with the Great Plan. That soul becomes another sweet note tuned to the harmony of the Divine orchestra and hears the music of the spheres.

"How long a planet will remain inhabited, no one knows. Time fades away and 'a thousand years are as one day.' We hear marvelous stories which have been handed down to us from those in contact with the farther planets; many are almost unbelievable. As the

mind of an infant cannot comprehend the mind of a philosopher, so the mind of those whose tiny span of life on your earth followed by even centuries of life here, cannot comprehend the minds of those so long over in the fairer lands of other planets of other solar universes.

"Farther than mind can conceive (for the immensity of atmospheric space is inconceivable) there are stations, or planets, of such magnitude and evolvment that your mind, even our minds, cannot grasp the greatness or the wonderousness of what we are told."

"Come visit me again soon."

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