

*Angels weep at the sight of  
human sorrow*



## Tears for self are an overflow of the superfluous possessions of self.

..... man, proud man,  
Dress'd in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,  
His glassy essence, like an angry ape  
Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As makes the angles weep; .....

— William Shakespeare<sup>1</sup>

The soul ripens in tears.

— Helena Petrovna Blavatsky<sup>2</sup>

### Smiles of benevolence, joy, sadness, bitterness.

Smiles and tears require some examination. Jivas smile for joy and smile sadly; they weep in gladness and they weep in pain. What is the meaning of this?

The “smile of joy” has already been incidentally and briefly explained in connection with Kindness. The essential, psychological meaning of “the expansion of the features in smile” is a consciousness of “more-ness,” of “superiority.” The receiver of a gift smiles after the receipt, or, when before, then at the assured prospect of it. The giver smiles before the gift; or, when before, then at the assured prospect of it. The giver smiles before the gift; or, when after, then by sympathy and feeling of oneness with the recipient. In the first case the recipient becomes “more” than he was before. The giver feels that he is more than the object of his charity and kindness and has the power to relieve his want. This last smile, the tender smile of Benevolence, is very nearly allied and always ready to pass into the tears of pity. The “smile of sadness” also expresses the sense of superiority of him who smiles at the cause of his sadness, but without Repulsion, rather with patience, with resignation, with hope of future Love. The “cynical smile,” “the smile of bitterness,” is, of course, a near relative of the “laugh of scorn.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare: *Measure for Measure*, Act 2, scene 2, lines 117-22

<sup>2</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (GEMS FROM THE EAST) XII p. 430; [20<sup>th</sup> January.]

<sup>3</sup> *Science of the Emotions*, pp. 231-37. [For those wishing to master their desire-mind and its pendular mayavic motions, Dr Bhagavan Das' *Science of the Emotions* remains the definitive text. Sadly, it has not been kept in print. See PDF of the 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. of 1908, in our Constitution of Man Series. — ED. PHIL.]





**Those chained to previous actions rejoice and weep from life to life.**

Be of good cheer and rest content with fate. Such is thy Karma, the Karma of the cycle of thy births, the destiny of those, who, in their pain and sorrow, are born along with thee, rejoice and weep from life to life, chained to thy previous actions.<sup>6</sup>

**When frightened by the tears of pain, they seek asylum from the world and themselves in the living god within.**

When to the World's turmoil thy budding soul lends ear; when to the roaring voice of the great illusion thy Soul when frightened at the sight of the hot tears of pain, when deafened by the cries of distress, thy soul withdraws like the shy turtle within the carapace of SELFHOOD, learn, O Disciple, of her Silent "God," thy Soul is an unworthy shrine.<sup>7</sup>

**Their tears move others and propel them to action.**

The "revival preacher" will get up in his pulpit, and although what he says is the most incongruous nonsense, still his actions and the lamenting tone of his voice are sufficiently impressive to produce "a change of heart" amongst, at least, the female part of his congregation, and if he is a powerful man, even sceptics "that came to scoff, remain to pray." People go to the theatre and shed tears or "split their sides" with laughter according to the character of the performance, whether it be a pantomime, a tragedy or a farce. There is no man, except a genuine block-head, whose emotions and consequently whose actions cannot be influenced in some way or other, and thereby *the action of another be manifested or transmitted through him*. All men and all women and children are therefore *Mediums*, and a person who is not a *Medium* is a monster, an abortion of nature; because he stands without the pale of humanity.<sup>8</sup>

**Like the swan song that moves man and beast.**

Swans snort, rattle, screech and hiss, but certainly they do not sing, especially when smarting under the indignity of an unjust assault upon their tails. But listen to the legend.

"When feeling life departing, the swan lifts high its head, and breaking into a long, melodious chant — a heart-rending song of death — the noble bird sends heavenward a melodious protest, a plaint that moves to tears man and beast, and thrills through the hearts of those who hear it."<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> *Voice of the Silence*, frag. II vs. 149 pp. 34-35

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* frag. I vs. 15 pp. 3-4

<sup>8</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (ARE CHELAS "MEDIUMS?") VII pp. 223-24

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* (THE LAST SONG OF THE SWAN) XII p. 105



**Tears are the moisture  
of sentient life.<sup>10</sup>**

**Before thy eyes can see they  
must be incapable of tears.<sup>11</sup>**

**The tears watering the parched  
soil of pain and sorrow, bring  
forth the fruits of Karmic  
retribution.**

**When thy mind rises above the  
illusion of separateness and  
remains calm and unruffled  
at all times, then the eyes  
become incapable of tears  
for self but tearful for the  
woes of others.**

No man desires to see that light which illumines the spaceless soul until pain and sorrow and despair have driven him away from the life of ordinary humanity. First he wears out pleasure; then he wears out pain — till, at last, his eyes become incapable of tears.<sup>12</sup>

Step out from sunlight into shade, to make more room for others. The tears that water the parched soil of pain and sorrow, bring forth the blossoms and the fruits of Karmic retribution. Out of the furnace of man's life and its black smoke, winged flames arise, flames purified, that soaring onward, 'neath the Karmic eye, weave in the end the fabric glorified of the three vestures of the Path.<sup>13</sup>

It is upon the serene and placid surface of the unruffled mind that the visions gathered from the invisible find a representation in the visible world.<sup>14</sup>

But most often he denies it, and in being a materialist becomes that strange thing, a being which cannot see its own light, a thing of life which will not live, an astral animal which has eyes, and ears, and speech, and power, yet will use none of these gifts. This is the case, and the habit of ignorance has become so confirmed, that now none will see with the inner vision till agony has made the physical eyes not only unseeing, but without tears — the moisture of life. To be incapable of tears is to have faced and conquered the simple human nature, and to have attained an equilibrium which cannot be shaken by personal emotions. It does not imply any hardness of heart, or any indifference. It does not imply the exhaustion of sorrow, when the suffering soul seems powerless to suffer acutely any longer; it does not mean the deadness of old age, when emotion is becoming dull because the strings which vibrate to it are wearing out.<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>10</sup> Cf. *Light on the Path*, com. I, ¶ 16-17

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.* Pt. 1, intr.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.* com. I, ¶ 14

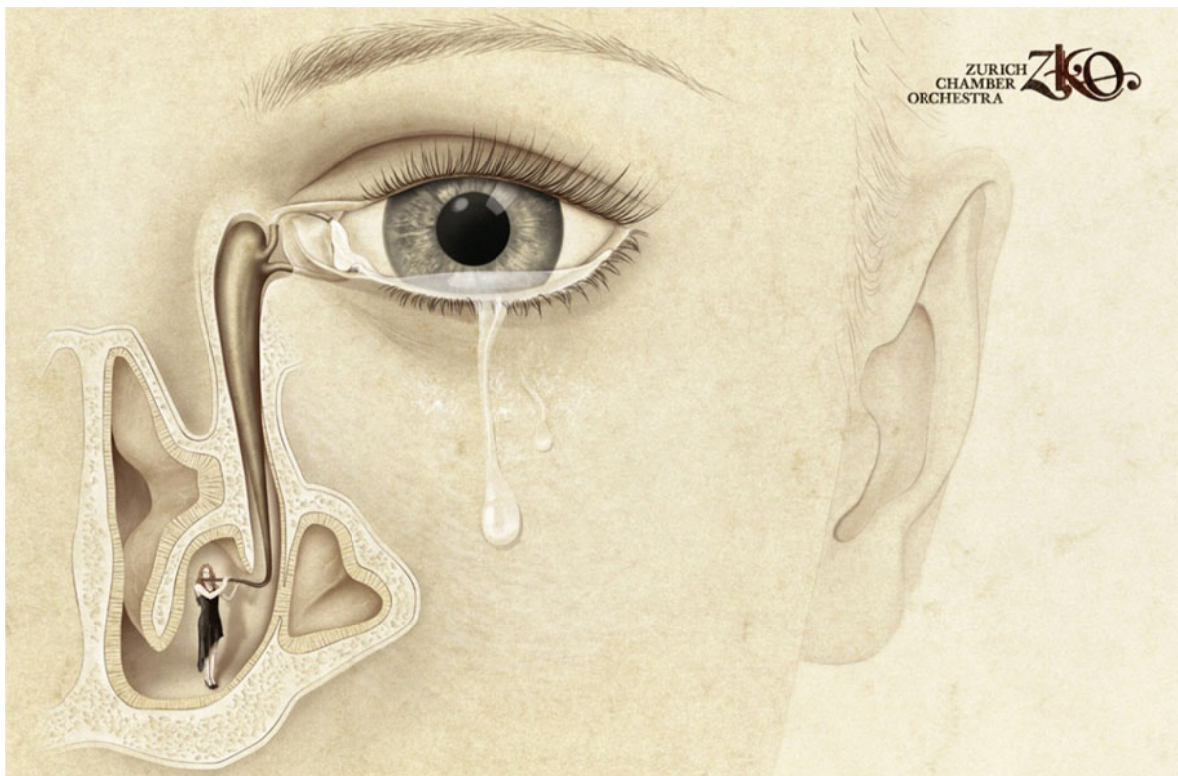
<sup>13</sup> *Voice of the Silence*, frag. II vs. 140 p. 32

<sup>14</sup> *Mahatma Letter* 11 (65) p. 64; 3<sup>rd</sup> Combined ed.

<sup>15</sup> *Light on the Path*, com. I, ¶ 16



If life has not taught it to him, if he is not strong enough to teach himself, and if he has power enough to demand the help of a master, then this fearful trial, depicted in *Zanoni*, is put upon him. The oscillation in which he lives, is for an instant stilled; and he has to survive the shock of facing what seems to him at first sight as the abyss of nothingness. Not till he has learned to dwell in this abyss, and has found its peace, is it possible for his eyes to have become incapable of tears.<sup>16</sup>



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<sup>16</sup> *Light on the Path*, com. I, ¶ 23



## Only Compassion's pure waters can sweeten the Ocean's bitter waves

Angels weep at the sight  
of human sorrow.

How grand, how mysterious are the spring nights on the seashore when the winds are chained and the elements lulled! A solemn silence reigns in nature. Alone the silvery, scarcely audible ripple of the wave, as it runs caressingly over the moist sand, kissing shells and pebbles on its up and down journey, reaches the ear like the regular soft breathing of a sleeping bosom. How small, how insignificant and helpless feels man, during these quiet hours, as he stands between the two gigantic magnitudes, the star-hung dome above, and the slumbering earth below. Heaven and earth are plunged in sleep, but their souls are awake, and they confabulate, whispering one to the other mysteries unspeakable. It is then that the occult side of Nature lifts her dark veils for us, and reveals secrets we would vainly seek to extort from her during the day. The firmament, so distant, so far away from earth, now seems to approach and bend over her. The sidereal meadows exchange embraces with their more humble sisters of the earth — the daisy-decked valleys and the green slumbering fields. The heavenly dome falls prostrate into the arms of the great quiet sea; and the millions of stars that stud the former peep into and bathe in every lakelet and pool. To the grief-furrowed soul those twinkling orbs are the eyes of angels. They look down with ineffable pity on the suffering of mankind. It is not the night dew that falls on the sleeping flowers, but sympathetic tears that drop from those orbs, at the sight of the Great HUMAN SORROW. . . .

Yes; sweet and beautiful is a southern night. But

“When silently we watch the bed, by the taper’s  
flickering light,  
When all we love is fading fast — how terrible is  
night. . . .”<sup>17</sup>

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<sup>17</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (KARMIC VISIONS – VI) IX pp. 329-30 [& quoting from *The Ingoldsby Legends* by Thomas Ingoldsby (nom de plume of Rev. Richard H. Barham), *The Lay of the Old Woman Clothed in Grey: A Legend of Dover*, 2<sup>nd</sup> Series, Tappington Everard, 1842.



**Their tears impart their virtues  
to precious stones and metals.**

[In an article on the “Mystic Lore of Gems and Crystals,” the writer says that some of them were called the “tears of the Gods,” and states that “among the ancients, rings or talismans formed of each stone and metal,<sup>18</sup> with certain ceremonies, at the times when their respective ruling stars were strongest, were venerated as possessing all the virtues of the planets under which they were formed.” To this H.P.B. says:]

The above is of course the superstition of the occult tradition. Comparative study in this field of research has yet to be attempted, when it will be proved that there is a true scientific basis in the widespread belief in the virtues of the “tears of the Gods.”<sup>19</sup>

**And by Divine Compassion,  
They irrigate the fields of  
charity immortal.<sup>20</sup>**

[PS 63] “. . . Because of the uproar of the fear and power of the Self-willed One, my Power has failed me. I [Pistis-Sophia] am become like a separated Daimōn (*idios daimōn*) dwelling in Hylē, in which there is no Light, and I am become like the Counterfeit of the Spirit,<sup>21</sup> which is in the Hylic Body, in which there is no Power of Light; and I am become like as a Decan alone in the Air.<sup>22</sup> The Projections of the Self-willed One compressed me mightily. And my Syzygy said to itself: ‘Instead of the Light, which was in her, they have filled her with Chaos.’ I have devoured the Sweat of my own Hylē, and the Anguish of the Tears of the Hylē of my Eyes (3), that they, who afflict me, might not take what remains.”

Note 3 [*The Tears . . . of my Eyes.*] É.C. Amélineau in his *Essai sur le Gnosticisme Egyptien*, p. 303, in tracing this idea through Egyptian imagery, writes as follows:

“Among the invocations addressed to the Sun, or rather in the enumeration of his various transformations, we read the following: ‘He who creates the water, which issues from his interior, the *image of the body of Remi*, the weeper.’ ‘Tears play an important part in the Egyptian religion,’ says É. Naville, in explaining this text, ‘and especially in that which concerns creation.’ He then quotes

<sup>18</sup> Cf. “Orpheus teaches how it is possible to affect a whole audience by means of a lodestone; [Gesnerus, *Orpheos apanta*, s.v. *Magnes*, p. 321.] Pythagoras pays a particular attention to the colour and nature of precious stones; while Apollonius of Tyana imparts to his disciples the secret virtues of each, and changes his jewelled rings daily, using a particular stone for every day of the month and according to the laws of judicial astrology. [Philostratus, *Life of Apoll. of Tyana*, London, 1809, III, xli.] The Buddhists assert that the sapphire produces peace of mind, equanimity, and chases all evil thoughts by establishing a healthy circulation in man.” *Isis Unveiled*, I p. 265

<sup>19</sup> *Blavatsky Collected Writings*, (MISCELLANEOUS NOTES) XII, p. 382

<sup>20</sup> Cf. *Voice of the Silence*, frag. I vs. 62 p. 13: “These tears, O thou of heart most merciful, these are the streams that irrigate the fields of charity immortal. ’Tis on such soil that grows the midnight blossom of Buddha more difficult to find, more rare to view than is the flower of the Vogay tree. It is the seed of freedom from rebirth. It isolates the Arhat both from strife and lust, it leads him through the fields of Being unto the peace and bliss known only in the land of Silence and Non-Being.”

<sup>21</sup> [Note 1] The Counterfeit of the Spirit (*Antimimon pneumatōs*), is one of the principles in the formation of the Soul, in which fabrication, each of the five Planetary Rulers has his share. This work is completed by administering to the Soul the Draught of Forgetfulness, or Lethe-potion, which is brewed from the Sperm of Evil, and incites men to all material lusts; this is the evil genius of man, a sort of spiritual substance surrounding the Soul.

<sup>22</sup> Note 2 [*Decan alone in the Air.*] Compare page 107, “I am like as Hylē, which is sunken; they have driven me hither and thither, like as a Daemon in the Air.” The Middle Region of the Air is spoken of as in the Paths of the Way of the Midst, which is below the Sphere. For the term Decan, see *Pistis Sophia* 14 (7).



several examples taken from unpublished texts from the tomb of Rameses IV, which we borrow from him. In one of these the God is prayed to as, the ‘weeper,’ and asked to give life to the ‘king’; ‘O weeper, thou powerful one, high in the realms of Aukert, give life to the King’ . . . He also receives this invocation: ‘O thou, he who forms himself by his tears, who hears himself his own words, who reanimates his soul, reanimate the soul of the King.’ Finally in a famous text known as the text of the four races, men are thus addressed: ‘Ye are a tear of my eye in your name of Retu, that is to say, in your name of men.’ . . . This doctrine is still more clearly affirmed in a magic papyrus translated by Dr. Birch, where the tears of different Gods are represented as the matter from which issue flowers, incense, bees, water, salt, etc. ‘When Horus weeps, the water which falls from his eyes, grows into plants, which produce a sweet perfume. When Su and Tefnut weep greatly, and water falls from their eyes, it changes into plants which produce incense . . . When the sun weeps a second time, and lets water fall from his eyes, it changes into bees, which work . . . When the sun Rā becomes feeble, the perspiration falls from his limbs, and changes into a liquid . . . his blood changes to salt. When the sun becomes feeble, he sweats, water falls from his mouth and changes into plants.’”

Compare also the “Sweat-born” of *The Secret Doctrine*.<sup>23</sup>

**Only Compassion’s pure waters  
can sweeten the Ocean’s  
bitter waves.**

Know, O Narjol, thou of the Secret Path, its pure fresh waters must be used to sweeter make the Ocean’s bitter waves — that mighty sea of sorrow formed of the tears of men.<sup>24</sup>

**And lift the veil of darkness  
from the material world.**

Let thy Soul lend its ear to every cry of pain like as the lotus bares its heart to drink the morning sun.

Let not the fierce Sun dry one tear of pain before  
thysself hast wiped it from the sufferer’s eye.<sup>25</sup>

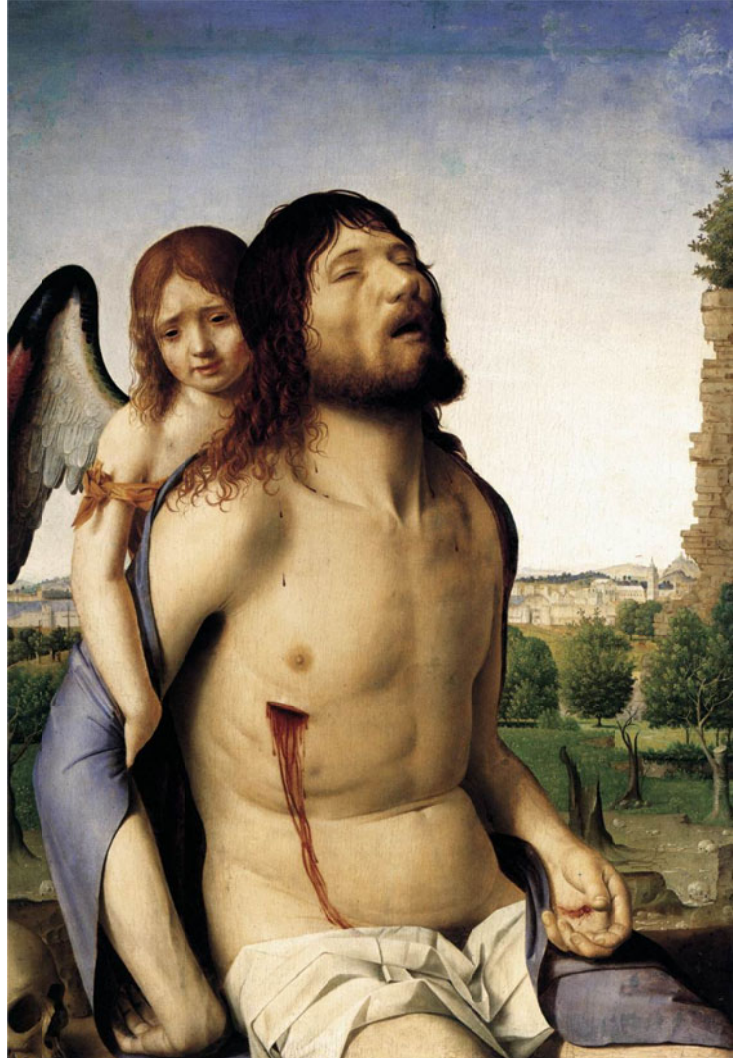
<sup>23</sup> Blavatsky *Collected Writings*, (COMMENTARY ON THE PISTIS-SOPHIA) XIII, pp. 45-46; [on PS 63, note 3.]

<sup>24</sup> *Voice of the Silence*, frag. III vs. 290 p. 67

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.* frag. I vs. 59-60 pp. 13-14



But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart  
and there remain, nor ever brush it off, until the  
pain that caused it is removed.<sup>26</sup>



Christ supported by an Angel (1475-78)  
Antonello da Messina, Museo del Prado, Madrid

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<sup>26</sup> *Voice of the Silence*, frag. I vs. 61 p. 13

