Karmic Visions

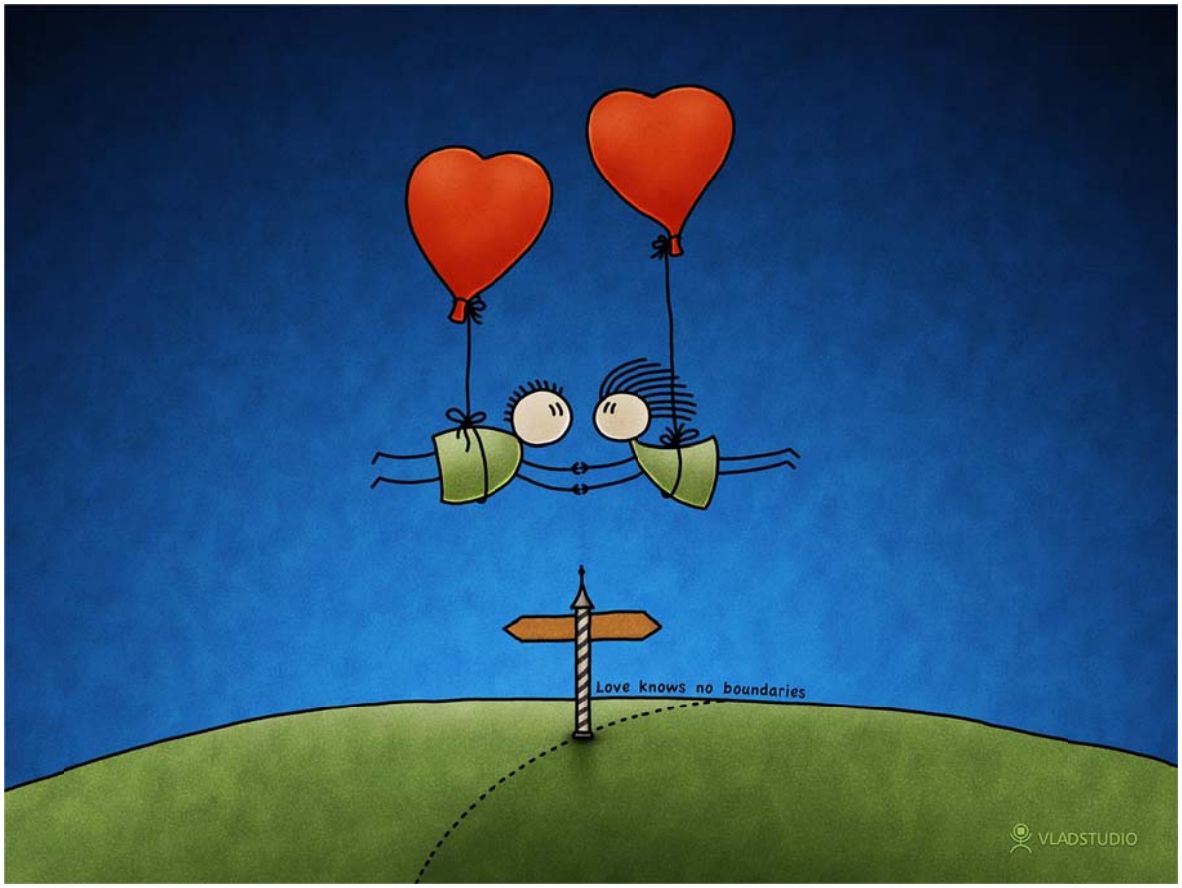
Tears of the Angels

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. . . ."[1]

[1] First published in *Lucifer*, Vol. II, No. 10, June 1888, *pp.* 311-22 (in 11 Parts), signed Sanjna, nom de plume of H.P. Blavatsky. Republished in: *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*, 2nd Series, Tappington Everard, 1842.

Oh! sweet and beautiful is Night, when the silver Moon is high,
And countless Stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky,—
While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering down the glen,
And one fond voice alone is heard — oh! Night is lovely then!
But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,
But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain,—
When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,
Where all we love is fading fast — how terrible is Night!!

— *The Lay of the Old Woman Clothed in Grey: A Legend of Dover*