

## TOMORROW

With the coming of each new day, new pages are added to the history of the world. Everywhere industry responds to the command of progress; the old must make way for the new, and every day new souls are born to take the place of those departed. Nature is always preparing for the future. Even the tiniest plant that grows, on reaching maturity, produces seeds, that other plants might be produced. And in these seeds, food and energy is stored to nourish the seedling from the time it germinates till it produces sufficient roots and leaves to manufacture its own food and produce its own energy. When cool Autumn warns our forest giants that Winter is approaching, all save the evergreens discard their now useless leaves; the sap descends to the roots, and the trees rest and wait for signs of Spring. For them it is that joyful to-morrow, when dormant nature awakes, and the cycle of plant life begins anew.

The work of the world cannot stop for a moment, for every day brings its tasks which must be begun, if they are to be finished on the morrow; and thus all men are slaves, urged on by the compelling force of Time. This slavery is part of the heritage we received from our first parents as a result of their fall. They alone, of all the human race, knew a constant day, marked only by the rising and setting of the sun.

To-day we look with eagerness to the coming of to-morrow. But should to-morrow come—even this being uncertain—this to-day will then be only yesterday. Its pleasures and sorrows, deeds and misdeeds, accomplishments and failures will be but memories buried in the dark chasm of dim recollection with those of other thousands of yesterdays. Thus time rolls on unceasingly from day to day, from year to year, from entury to century, for the Omnipotent Controller of Destinies has decreed that thus it shall be to the consumation of the world.

Every day we work and plan for *that* to-morrow when our present tasks will be completed, when our hopes will be realized and those airy castles shall take on material form. How does the average person react to the impulse, "to-morrow?" The covetous man plots and plans to-day that he may to-morrow snatch the possessions of his

neighbor, the invalid hopes for the new health which to-morrow may bring, while the miserable and disheartened buoy up their heavy hearts with hope for the comforts and aid of to-morrow.

We do not like to think that, perhaps, to-morrow will be less bright than to-day; and, even when our reason warns us of impending calamities, we say to ourselves, "Something may turn up in the meantime to prevent them." True it is we have our expectations for a to-morrow which will come. We know from previous experiences that certain natural results usually follow from previous preparations, and so we strain our eyes to pierce the shade which screens to-morrow from to-day.

Is it not a blessing, this blindness of ours? For who would wish to know all that the future held in store for him? How ambitionless would not a man become, if he saw failure awaiting his efforts? His life would be a burden both to himself and to his friends. Instead of putting forth his greatest efforts in an attempt at least, to be successful, he would give up in despair, to become an object of pity and scorn in the eyes of his fellow men. Do we not take a certain amount of pleasure even in the very anxiety of the uncertainty of the future? Like a gambler who stakes his fortune on the turn of the roulette wheel, we stake our energy, labor and thoughts on achieving some seemingly great goal. Perhaps we win, perhaps we lose, but in either case we have gained in experience and are willing to spin again the Wheel of Futurity. Does not the anticipation of the happiness we expect to derive from some future event often exceed the pleasure which the actual realization brings? It is then for our good that the future is hidden from us, and so let us keep step with the world, let us keep on working and planning, and, on our dull days, let us hope for the sunshine of to-morrow.

"A shining isle in a stormy sea,  
We seek it ever with smiles and sighs,  
To-day is sad. In the bland To-be,  
Serene and lovely To-morrow lies."

—J.D.R. '30.

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Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds.—*Longfellow.*