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TO-MORROW.

BY PROF. H. E. NICHOLAS DE ROERICH, *Naggar.*

I knew so many useful things
And now I have forgotten them all.
Like a robbed traveller,
Like a beggar who has lost his possessions,
In vain I remember the riches
That long since were mine ;
I remember unexpectedly, not thinking,
Not knowing when the perished knowledge
Will flash.

Only yesterday I knew much
But during the night everything dimmed.
It is true the day was great,
The night was long and dark,
Came the fragrant morning.
It was fresh and wondrous
And illumined by the new sun.
I forgot and was deprived of that

Which I had gathered.
Under the rays of the new sun
All the knowledge melted.
No longer can I distinguish
An enemy from friends.
I do not know when danger
Threatens. I do not know when
Night will come. And the new sun
I shall not be able to face.
All that I once possessed,
But now I am orphaned.
Pity it is that I shall again regain
The needed not earlier than to-morrow.
But to-day's day is still long.
When will it come—
The tomorrow ?

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