

The great nineteenth century English novelist, George Eliot (the pen name of Marianne Evans), put little quotations at the beginning of chapters in her novel, *Daniel Deronda*.

Chapter seven has this little short poem. No author is given.

\*\*\*\*

What name doth Joy most borrow  
When life is fair?

"Tomorrow."

What name doth best fit sorrow  
In (young) despair?

"Tomorrow."

\*\*\*\*

When we are deeply happy, we want that happiness to continue, if possible, to grow even greater.

Love, the birth of a child, a deepening friendship, perhaps even a row of unread novels by George Eliot we look forward to reading.

Tomorrow may bring greater happiness, greater joy.

When we are deeply sad, we want to move beyond sorrow in some way. To leave the pain behind us, though perhaps not the source of that sorrow.

A loved one dies, and we want eventually to feel loss without despair. We hope for a future with loving memories predominating.

Tomorrow may eventually bring the relief of sadness in tranquility.

George Eliot wrote « young despair », and I have placed *young* in parentheses.

Because whatever age we are, we feel joy...and we feel despair.

We folks of riper years just have more experience of both...we know, as perhaps the young do not quite, that « tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow/Creeps in this petty pace from day to day: To the last syllable of recorded time. »

Thanks be to God.

Lorne Ellaschuk