

Editors' Remarks

Endless Time

by Rabindranath Tagore

Time is endless in thy hands, my lord.
There is none to count thy minutes.

Days and nights pass and ages bloom and
fade like flowers.
Thou knowest how to wait.

Thy centuries follow each other perfecting a
small wild flower.

We have no time to lose, and having no
time we must scramble for a chance.
We are too poor to be late.

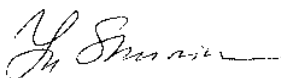
And thus it is that time goes by while I
give it to every querulous man who
claims it, and thine altar is empty of all
offerings to the last

At the end of the day I hasten in fear lest
thy gate be shut;
but I find that yet there is time.

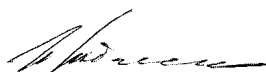
Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941)*

This 20th volume No.3 includes research papers on **Mathematical and Computer Modelling**.
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* **Rabindranath Tagore (7 May 1861 – 7 August 1941)**, was a Bengali poet, novelist, musician, painter and playwright who reshaped Bengali literature and music. As author of Gitanjali with its "profoundly sensitive, fresh and beautiful verse", he was the first non-European and the only Indian to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1913. His poetry in translation was viewed as spiritual, and this together with his mesmerizing persona gave him a prophet-like aura in the west. His "elegant prose and magical poetry" still remain largely unknown outside the confines of Bengal.

