

*Editors' Remarks*

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**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)\***

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This 20th volume No.3 includes research papers on **Mathematical and Computer Modelling**.  
Our journal policy is directed to fundamental and applied scientific researches, innovative technologies and industry, which is the fundamentals of the full-scale multi-disciplinary modelling and simulation. This edition is the continuation of our publishing activities. We hope our journal will be of interest for research community and professionals. We are open for collaboration both in the research field and publishing. We hope that the journal's contributors will consider collaboration with the Editorial Board as useful and constructive.

**EDITORS**



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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.

