

Department of Computer Science & Engineering

PHOENIX October 2014

A poem by "William wordsworth"

*A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?*

*I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That cluster'd round her head.*

*She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
--Her beauty made me glad.*

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we,
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea."

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven; I pray you tell
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maïd replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit--
I sit and sing to them."

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there."

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away."

"So in the church-yard she was laid,
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in Heaven?"
The little Maiden did reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

Collected by_ Mittal s. Kharwade ME WCC (10)

Inspirational Article on

When Sky is the Limit

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1st Year / 1st Semester

WHEN THE SKY IS THE LIMIT.....



CHHOLO Sitaron Ko --Door Nahin Hai Manzil.....

Every day we listen to those lines quite a number of times on TV & Radio, presented to the viewers and listeners by a well known firm of chocolate makers. These lines are just ignored almost by, all, for they are resumed to be the signature lines of the 'Cadbury' chocolate. Hardly one cares to go deep into the meaning of these lines. They stand for the famous poem titled '*Sky is the*

limit'. The poet had composed them in such way that they should create an impact in the minds of the people who are in a habit of postponing things, whether important or otherwise and thus not only bring ruin for their but also a catastrophe for their parents, who somehow or the other collect courage to bring their children to face the realities of life. Expecting for a few who might have been born with a silver spoon in their mouth, the life for a common man is nothing but

struggle. Like a bird he is to work for his living, everyday irrespective of anything. But at no stage comes a thought to him that one day he too like others should create a place for oneself, in this world. Though he may desire to do so yet as the proverb says that *'If the wishes were horses, beggars would ride'* No one forgets one thing that for achieving something remarkable one has to chalk out a programme, which serves one as a ladder.

As an American author Walter Elliot says in the magazine *'The spiritual life'* that *'Preserverance is not a long race, it is made of short races one after another'*. The success is one, leads to other, creating a confidence in one's mind but once the habit of procrastinating comes in mind it is difficult to move again. Then it is the beginning of neglecting one's work but attending to unimportant errands—anything to delay going to work, thus founding it only because of lack of interest. For going on the top rung of the ladder one must expect difficulties. Those who postpone matters very often assume that successful people just achieve their goals without frustration, self doubt and failure. This is just unrealistic. Highly productive people know that life is frustrating and they assume that they will be able to encounter obstacles and when they do, they just preserve, until they overcome them.

By avoiding an important task one must weigh the advantages of it against the disadvantages, by preparing list. Once it is prepared it should be reviewed seriously dropping those which effect very badly one's future then straighten the priorities. One must not keep lethargic attitude towards their work. The familiar sentence that "I will wait until my mood picks up" was no more. In psychology it is termed as sidetracking. When we hear on the TV 'Just One Minute' it means that life exists one minute at a time, so all one has to do at any given time is one minute's worth of work and that is not so hard.

“If you don’t aim at something you will never get anything” said one American philosopher EI Hogar Christine, which is equivalent of **“Rolling stone gathers no moss”**. So it will be better that one must time out negative thoughts which binder the progress .Once the job has been done nicely one must give oneself appreciation as well. As the English proverb says that *‘a good start is half the work done’* .By giving a mental reward to oneself it will boost one’s motivation.Many people give discount to their accomplishments and focus on what they have not been able to do. Unfortunately we usually think of rewards as coming from outside. A compliment for job well done one feels good. The true rewards are those which comes from within. If one never allows oneself to feel satisfied with one’s efforts it is needless to try. So no matter how small the achievement may be one must give oneself the credit for same, which will then encourage one to tackle even the toughest task, simply one has to begin now. As Pedro Luis once said in *“Flores de otono”* that Man is inept at two things:doing something that he fears and doing something he is not interested in. So let every viewer and listener should grasp the correct message of *“ Chholo sitaron Ko –Door Nahin He Manzil”* and make future bright.

वह स्वयंसेवक है...

जो दुर्गम पथ पर चलना सीखे,
जो व्यथाओं से भी लड़ना सीखे ।
जो नित आगे बढ़ना सीखे,
जो मानव सेवा करना सीखे ।
वह स्वयंसेवक है...

जो अंधेरों में दीप जलाए,
जो तूफानों में सहारा बन जाए ।
जो धर्म का सचा अर्थ सिखलाए,
जो कर्म का उज्ज्वल मार्ग दिखलाये ।
वह स्वयंसेवक है...

जिसे माँ भारती का आशीर्वाद मिला हो,
जिसे सिर्फ मानवता का हित पता हो ।
जिसे अपने कर्तव्य के प्रति प्रखर निष्ठा हो ।
जिसे शब्दों का स्तर प्रवर पता हो ।
वह स्वयंसेवक है...

जिसका शरीर स्फुटि से परिपूर्ण हो,
जिसका जीवन महापुरुषों का प्रतिबिंब हो ।
जिसका स्थान सेवकों में आदर्श हो,
जिसके रोम-रोम में भारत देश हो ।
वह स्वयंसेवक है...

राजीव न. वर्मा
नागपुर



A Dream Within A Dream

Submitted by:- Sudhanshu Tayade

Roll no:- 19

Branch:- M.E WCC

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep--while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?