

Our voyage is begun, Captain,
 We bow to Thee,
 The storm howls and the waves are wicked and wild,
 But we sail on.
 Let us not linger to look back for the laggards,
 Or benumb the quickening hours with dread and doubt.
 For Thy time is our time and Thy burden is our own, and life and death are
 but Thy breath playing upon the eternal sea of life.
 Let us not wear our hearts away in picking small help and taking slow count
 of friends,
 Let us know more than all else; that Thou art with us and we are Thine for
 ever.

II.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

*(Sent as a message by Mr. Tagore to the Society for the Promotion of National
 Education in India.)*

The lamp is trimmed.
 Comrades, bring your own fire to light it,
 For the call comes again to you to join the star pilgrims
 Crossing the dark to the shrine of sunrise.
 The day was when you went forth in your glad adventure of light
 And the star of hope thrilled in the sky and kissed your banner.
 But as the dusk deepened you fell behind in the march
 And slept with your lights gone out,
 While your dreams grew discordant
 Like the ominous cries of night birds.
 Yet, though it is dark, and wind in the forest
 Is like the wails of lost souls,
 Has not the breath of that prayer already touched your forehead
 Which comes from the past, echoing from age to age,
 "Lead me to Light from the dark,
 From death to Everlasting Life?"
 Sleepers, arise from your stupor of dim desolation!
 And know once more that you are children of Light.

III.

THE SONG OF INDIA.

Ruler of the minds of all people, Dispenser of India's destiny,—
 Thy name rouses the hearts of the Punjab, Sind, Gujrat, Maratha,
 Of Dravid and Orissa and Bengal;