

Foutsa, huge of form, shall fluster  
 Round about him, and appear,  
 And to him the spot discover  
 Where his kindred breathe again,  
 And, though evils whirl them over,  
 Straight release them from their pain.  
 If that man, unchanged, still keeping,  
 From backsliding shall refrain,  
 He, by Foutsa touched when sleeping,  
 Shall Bhwagarit's title gain.  
 If to Boudhi's elevation  
 He would win, and from the three  
 Confines dark of tribulation  
 Soar to light and liberty ;  
 When a heart with kindness glowing  
 He within him shall descry,  
 To Grand Foutsa's image going,  
 Let him gaze attentively :  
 Soon, his every wish acquiring,  
 He shall triumph, glad and free,  
 And the shades of sin, retiring,  
 Never more his soul restrain.  
 Whosoever bent on speeding  
 To that distant shore, the home  
 Of the wise, shall take to reading  
 The all-wondrous Soudra\* tome ;  
 If that study deep beginning,  
 No fit preparations made,  
 Security shall be his waning,  
 Straight forgetting what he's read ;  
 Whilst he in the dark subjection  
 Shall of shadowing sin remain,  
 Soudra's page of full perfection,  
 How shall he, in mind, retain ?  
 Unto Him the earth who blesses,  
 Unto Foutsa, therefore, he,  
 Drink and incense, food and drosses  
 Should up offer piously ;  
 And the fountain's limpid liquor  
 Pour Grand Foutsa's feet before,  
 Drain himself a cooling beaker  
 When a day and night are o'er ;  
 Tune his heart to high devotion ;  
 The five evil things eschew,  
 Lust and flesh and vicious poison,  
 And the words which are not true ;  
 Living things abstain from killing  
 For full twenty days and one ;  
 And meanwhile, with accents thrilling,  
 Mighty Foutsa call upon—  
 Then of infinite dimension  
 Foutsa's form in dreams he'll see,  
 And if he, with fixed attention,  
 When his sleep dissolved shall be,  
 Shall but list to Soudra's volume,  
 He, through thousand ages' flight,  
 Shall, of Soudra's doctrine solemn,  
 Ne'er forget one portion slight.  
 Yes, a soul so highly gifted  
 Every child of man can find,  
 If to mighty Foutsa lifted

He but keep his heart and mind.  
 He who views his cattle falling  
 Unto fierce disease a prey,  
 Hears his kindred round him brawling,  
 Never ceasing night nor day,  
 Who can find no rest in slumber  
 From excess of grief and pain,  
 And whose prayers, in countless number  
 Though they rise, are breathed in vain—  
 To earth favouring Foutsa's figure  
 If but reverence he shall pay,  
 Dire misfortunes' dreadful rigor  
 Flits for ever and for aye.  
 No domestic broils distress him,  
 And of naught he knows the want ;  
 Cattle, corn, and riches bless him,  
 Which the favoring demons grant ;  
 Those who sombre forests threading,  
 Those who sailing ocean's plain,  
 Fear would wind their way undreading  
 Evil poisons, beasts, and men,  
 Evil spirits, demons, javals,  
 And the force of evil winds,  
 And each ill which he who travels  
 In his course so frequent finds,—  
 Let them only take their station,  
 'Fore the form of Foutsa Grand,  
 On it gaze with adoration,  
 Sacrifice with reverent hand,  
 And, within the forest gloomy,  
 On the mountain, or the vale,  
 On the ocean wide and roamy,  
 Then no evil shall assail.  
 Thou, who every secret knowest,  
 Foutsa, hear my heartfelt prayer ;  
 Thou who earth such favor showest,  
 How shall I thy praise declare ?  
 If with cataract's voice the story  
 I through million calags rear,  
 Yet of Foutsa's fame and glory  
 I may not the sun outpear.  
 Whoso'er, the tide learning  
 Of the earth's protector high,  
 Shall, whene'er his form discerning,  
 On it gaze with steadfast eye,  
 And at times shall offer drosses,  
 Offer fitting drink and food,  
 He ten thousand joys possessor,  
 And escapes each trouble rude ;  
 Whose into deed shall carry  
 Of the law each precept, he  
 Through all time alive shall tarry  
 And from birth and death be free.  
 Foutsa, thou, who best of any  
 Know'st the truth of what I've told,  
 Spread the tale through regions many  
 As the Ganges' sands of gold."

Is not this hymn the voice of aspiring and adoring humanity ? Is there not in it something of revelation, at

\* The sacred Codex of the Buddhists, which contains the canons of their religion.