RIGAND'S KANAGA WATER.

 nogorod the top of the pagoda, and the sun shone through the chinks in the roof. The air was thick with pollen, and there was a faint smell of smoke from the braziers. The priest, with a white beard, stood in the center, surrounded by a circle of devotees. He was chanting, his voice rising and falling in a steady rhythm.

 "May the gods be with us," he said in a booming voice, "and may their blessings flow upon our heads!"

 The devotees echoed his words, their voices blending together in a chorus of prayer.

 "Blessings upon the land," the priest went on, "and may the sacred words of the sages guide us on our path."

 The crowd fell silent, waiting for the next word. The priest continued to chant, his eyes closed in concentration.

 "Let the gods hear our prayers," he said, "and grant us the strength to carry on."

 The devotees repeated the words, their voices growing louder with each repetition.

 "May the gods be with us," the priest concluded, "and may their blessings flow upon our heads!"

 The crowd erupted in a burst of applause, their joy contagious. The priest smiled, his eyes shining with pride.

 "Thank you," he said, "for your support and your dedication."

 The devotees clapped again, their cheers lasting for several minutes. The priest stepped back, his task accomplished, content in the knowledge that his mission had been fulfilled.

 "Thank you," he said again, "for your support and your dedication."

 The crowd clapped once more, their cheers echoing through the temple. The priest smiled, content in the knowledge that his mission had been fulfilled.