

Savonarola's death place ! Dante's haunt !

Oh, brooding Past, more near than is To-day,  
You draw the cold sun from these palace walls,  
And all about me is the warmth of May !

And all about me there are dancing feet,  
And through this space, as in the sweet, wild Past,  
Bay-crowned Lorenzo and the spring-clad girls  
Run through the shadowy moonlight singing fast.

I see the torches burning, smell the May,  
And look to find my Painter in the throng,  
And see him turn to lift an eager face  
To the monk's cell, high o'er the art-tuned song. . . .

And then the winter's sun dulls down again,  
And here I stand, at Florence' heart to-day :  
A Florence stilled through all her palace walls,  
Bereft by wars, and tamed by Time—and grey.

No more Medician fêtes, or fires of death for Love ;  
Only the naked heights of crumbling stone.  
Yet, Dear, we turn to where the Loggia smiles,  
And know that Art blooms on—blooms on.

## A BUDDHIST PRIEST ON THE FALL OF PORT ARTHUR.\*

Why was it necessary that the many horrors of this present war have come to pass ? Why had those poor soldiers to sacrifice their lives ? In every one of them a warm heart has been beating, and now they are all lying on the ground in piles, stiff and stark like logs.

O Mother Earth ! All these my fellow-creatures, it is true, are made of the same stuff of which thou art made. But do not their lives partake of something not of the earth earthy, altogether unlike thyself, and, indeed, more than mere gross matter ? Are theirs not precious human souls which can be engaged in the work of peace and enlightenment ? Why art thou so gravely dumb, when thou art covered with things priceless that are being dissolved into their primitive elements ?

War is an evil and a great one, indeed. But war against evils must be unflinch-

ingly prosecuted till we attain the final aim. In the present hostilities in which Japan has entered with great reluctance, she pursues no egotistic purpose, but seeks the subjugation of evils hostile to civilization, peace and enlightenment. But the firm conviction of the justice of her cause has endowed her with an indomitable courage, and she is determined to carry the struggle to the bitter end.

Here is the price we must pay for our ideals—a price paid in streams of blood and by the sacrifice of many thousands of living bodies. However determined may be our resolution to crush evils, our hearts tremble at the sight of this appalling scene.

Alas ! How much dearer is the price still going to be ? What enormous losses are we going to suffer through the evil thoughts of our enemy, not to speak of the many injuries which our poor enemy himself will have to endure ?

Were it not for the consolation that these sacrifices are not brought for an egotistic purpose, but are an inevitable step toward the final realization of enlightenment, how could I, poor mortal, bear these experiences of a hell let loose on earth ?

The body is but a vessel for something greater than itself. Individuality is but a husk containing something more permanent. Let us, then, though not without losing tenderness of heart, bravely confront our ordeal.

\* The Right Rev. Shaku Soyen, the Lord Abbot of Kamakura, is one of the most prominent Buddhist prelates of Japan. He visited Chicago during the World's Fair and was a conspicuous member among the foreign delegates to the Parliament of Religions. During the last summer he accompanied the army stationed before Port Arthur, Manchuria, where he was attached to the staff of H. R. H. Prince Fushimi. It will be interesting to our readers to become acquainted with the attitude of a representative Buddhist priest as to his opinions concerning war, especially the present war with Russia.