

had been in my house for some time after he came out of prison, committed suicide. He had really struggled for a while, but he lacked in moral stamina and I had begun to fear for him when the blow of his death fell upon me. It is not an easy thing to set a man on his feet again after he has fallen, but the task is there to be done.

I touch practically every man in Tokyo prison who is condemned to death. Many of them have faced death with steady courage and triumphant hope. Somewhat more than a year ago, an official letter came to me from the prison chaplain, a Buddhist priest, telling me of the execution of a man whom I had seen frequently. It is curious to note that the chaplain, Buddhist priest though he was, uses a Christian vocabulary when he speaks of the man's spiritual state. His letter, translated as literally as possible, is as follows: