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Jookoji temple (Todamachi, Ota, Yokohama)

The temple dedicated to the Buddhist goddess Kichimojin, the Mother of Demons. That Kichimojin was the mother of one thousand fiendish children who lived on human flesh. The mother in order to get them food, daily hunted for children of men. One day on returning home after the hunt she discovered that one of the children was missing. Anxious and sorry, she searched for the child in every nook and corner. But her labour was in vain. She was furious with despair, cursed Heaven for not having taken care of her child, and cursed Earth for hiding it. Fatigued at last, she lay down despondently. Thereupon Shakamuni appeared in her presence, and asked her, "Woman, why are you so grieved?" "How can a woman help being grieved," she said, "when her dear child is lost? Lord, be merciful to me, and restore the child to me, if it is in your power." "Your child may have been killed by some fiend," said Shakamuni, "and served as his evening repast." "Oh, do not tell me so," said the mother, "the idea almost kills me; but, if there be any fiend that she has dared to feast on my child, I will avenge it on him." So saying, she stood up and was furiously going out, when Shakamuni stopped her, saying, "where are you going, breathing flames of vengeance?" "where?" said the mother, "I go of course to find out who and where is the devil that has killed my child." "Stay," Shakamuni said, "I may, perhaps, be able to restore your child." "Do so out of your bountiful mercy," prayed the mother, shedding a shower of tears. "Before I restore your child," said Shakamuni, "I want to ask you a question. Do you suppose that those mothers, whose children you have been killing to provide food for your thousand little demons, suffer less pain than you do now? You have a thousand children, yet the loss of only one of them is enough to make you mad with grief. The children whom you have killed may

Joseph's Temple (Continued, Dr. Johnson)

The temple dedicated to the highest power of imagination, the Master of Dreams
 for the imagination was the master of our dreams, finished children who lived on
 human food. He writes in order to get him food, only meant for children of
 men. One day on returning home after the hunt the discoverer the very
 child was missing. Doctors and every one searched for the child in every
 nook and corner. But he later was in vain. He was found with a
 bloodstain on his forehead. He was not having then one of his wild, and cruel
 fits. He lay down peacefully. The next day
 appeared in his presence, and said to her, "Woman, why are you so grieved?
 "How can a woman help being grieved," she said, "when the dear child is
 lost? And, I myself to me, and water the child to me if it is in your
 power." "You child may have been killed by some fiend," said the doctor,
 "and I should be his evening report." "Do not tell me so," said the mother,
 "the child cannot be killed; but if there be any fiend that she had been to find
 for my child, I will avenge it on him." "I'm sorry, she stood up and was
 in a great hurry, when the doctor said, "I'm sorry, where are you
 going, leaving your child?" "I'm going to the water," she said, "I go of course to
 find out who and where in the house the boy killed my child." "But, Johnson
 said, "Woman, I hope he will be able to restore your child." "Do so out of your
 mercy," said the mother, looking a shadow of tears. "Before I restore your
 child," said the doctor, "I want to ask you a question. Do you suppose
 that these masters, whose children you have been willing to provide food
 for your thousands of little demons, suffer less pain than you do now?
 "You have a thousand children, yet the loss of only one of them is enough
 to make you mad with grief. The children whom you have killed may

(2) Yoshijutemple

have been the only ones of their poor mothers. How much heavier than yours, then, must be their grief! Be instructed by your own affliction how cruel and wicked it is to kill the children of others to support your own. Now tell me what you think of this." Kishimojin was silent for a while, and wept bitterly. She prostrated herself at the foot of the Great Master and said, "Lord, your words have fallen like the rays of shining light upon my darkened conscience. How inexpressibly wicked looks my former conduct when seen by that light! Remorse rends my heart. Lord, deliver me from the pang for it is by far greater than the grief I had for my child." Shakamuni said "I am pleased to see your repentance, for it will save the lives of thousands of human children. I swear to me, then not to kill ^{any} of them in future." "That I will do", answered the mother, "but my children have tasted human flesh; and if do not provide them with it, they will get angry with me, and may raise their hands against me. They may hunt for human children by themselves." "I will give you a good substitute for the flesh," said Shakamuni, and taking out some pomegranates from his bag, gave them to her, saying "Try these and you will find their taste similar to that of human flesh. Give your children pomegranates in future, and strictly abstain yourself from the wicked hunting. Kishimojin tasted the fruits, and swore she would never kill a single soul in future. Then Shakamuni produced the lost child from under his wide sleeves, and said, "Behold your child. I wanted to give you a practical lesson on the wickedness of murder; so I did one of your children during your absence to place you in a condition similar to that of the bereaved mothers. You have repented your sin, therefore I restore you child." "Gracious Lord!" said Kishimojin worshipping

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 how cruel and wicked it is to kill the children of others to support
 your own. You tell me what you think of this. I am sure you will
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 great Master and said, "Lord, your words have fallen like the
 rays of shining light upon my darkened conscience. You are
 with those my former conduct was seen in the light. I never
 made my heart. Lord, deliver me from the pang for it is for great
 than the grief I feel for my child." "Blessed man, I am pleased to see
 your repentance, for it will save the lives of thousands of human children.
 I have to me, then not to tell ^{any} of them in future." "That will do,"
 answered the master, "but my children have tasted human flesh, and
 if do not provide them with it, they will get angry with me, and may
 raise their hands against me. They may hunt for human children
 by themselves." "I will give you a good substitute for the flesh,"
 said Abraham, and taking out some prepared from the bag,
 gave him to eat, saying, "Try these and you will find their taste
 similar to that of human flesh. Thus your children participate
 in future, and at the same time I myself from the world hunting
 Abraham tasted the fruits, and more she would never kill a single
 soul in future. Thus Abraham's promise is not child from under
 his wife's breast, and said, "Blessed you child, I wanted to give you
 a practical lesson on the wickedness of murder, so I did one of
 your children during your absence to place you in a condition
 similar to that of the heathen masters, you have repented your sin,
 therefore I restore you child." "Blessed Lord! But the children were sleeping

(3.) Joshoji temple

The Master, "You have condescended to save even me, who was lost in wickedness, from sin. My Saviour and ~~Restorer~~ Restorer of my child! I swear now in your presence that I will protect in future all the children of men. I was their murderer. Henceforth I will extend my protection to every one of them, for so doing I wish to atone my former sin. I and my children will be their faithful guardians."

If a mother has a sick child she prays Kishimojin for the cure. If some people have no child, they pray Kishimojin to give them one. Besides, the Demon mother is believed to have wonderful power to cure toothache. Prayers for the cure are made with a vow to abstain from eating pomegranates; and when the cure is obtained, thanks are given by offering some pomegranates to the Goddess-Mother.

Joshoji temple is a branch temple of the famous one at Nakayama Shintoo. Being situated on the ^{slope of} Ota hill, it commands a good view of the city. A festival is kept between the 8th and 18th of October.

