

Maker, the Author of the race to which he belongs ; but the object of his worship, the divinity that has power over his destiny, is the shades of the dead—the *amahlozi*, or *amatonga*, the departed spirits of his kindred and of the great ones of his race. For a Bible, a prophet, and a priest he goes to the *inyanga*, a fellow-man well versed in Delphic art. He admits that he is a sinner, believes in prayer and in the need of an atoning sacrifice ; that “ without the shedding of blood there can be no remission.”

When some calamity, as sickness, comes upon him, he goes or sends a deputation with a cow or other present to the *inyanga*, to learn the cause and cure of his sufferings. After much inquiring of the shades, he is told that they are offended at his neglect ; it is long since he has made an offering of any animal to them ; and now, if he will recover, he must slaughter that best cow of his for them. He accepts the answer, admits his negligence, says his prayers, brings out his spear and cow, gives her a stab in the side, and if she shows signs of distress, he says, “ Yes, that is good ; just what an animal for the gods ought to show ; let her cry and drive away the evil.” He then sprinkles the blood and gall upon his person and premises, puts the beef away in a hut by itself, and in the morning professes to believe that the divinities have been there, had a taste of the blood and beef, and been satisfied. And now his hungry neighbors gather at his kraal, bring out the beef, roast and consume it, pronounce the sacrifice a good one, and express the hope that the sick man may soon be well and out again. If so, that priest is praised ; if not, he is denounced and called a fraud ; and the sick man, resorting to another, goes through the same process again, and perhaps yet again, till finally either health or death ensues.

Another somewhat noted article in the Zulu's creed—the last we name—is his belief that departed spirits sometimes come back and appear to men for a time on earth, especially to their kindred and friends, in the garb of a snake. Hence it is that reptiles of this kind are always looked upon with a kind of sacred awe, and never in any way harmed, lest some great calamity befall those who maltreat them. When questioned on these points, and especially as to whether they really worship the snake, the Zulu says : “ No ; what we believe is, that we are mortal ; that between us and the spirits of the departed—the *amatonga*—there is a broad chasm ; and that the *amatonga* are of two kinds—some good, some evil. Those of our families which have an interest in our welfare are able to take on the appearance of a snake, and by that means not only form a link between us and the world of spirits, but in this guise of a snake they are permitted to watch over us. We do not believe in the snake as a snake, but in the *amatonga*, the spirit or spirits which the snake represents.”

From these few specimens of the Zulus' folk-lore stories, and a comparison of these with the like stories of other races and nations, we are impressed, for one thing, with the manner in which they help to show the common brotherhood of men. We see this in the common faith of all in