

It would appear, therefore, that the only explanation satisfying to undeveloped minds is that which attributes life, and consequently volition, to inanimate objects. The sun and moon travel across the sky—therefore, they *know* what they are doing—they do so purposely! Eclipses of these bodies are attempts on the part of great bears, or lions, or dragons, or serpents to destroy them and leave the people in total darkness, and here we detect one of the first forms of an almost universal belief in bad spirits. Not only are the orbs personified,—they are deified, and this marks another step. The sun especially becomes an object of worship, in whose honor fires are kept constantly burning, by the attendance of persons consecrated for this very purpose.

Within the last twenty-five years there has arisen a school of thinkers and writers professing to interpret almost every myth, to explain every child's game, and to account for many hitherto inexplicable customs by referring them to old-time sun worship, and while it is almost certain that this theory has been extravagantly overworked, there is, nevertheless, just as little doubt that a large number of our practices are directly, even although remotely, connected with the worship of the sun, on the part of our extremely remote forbears, for it must be remembered that not only do "Superstitions die hard," but their ghosts remain with us very persistently and we become so familiar with their presence that we forget they *are* ghosts. Wholly gratuitous as it may appear, yet I cannot help recalling in this connection that every day speech contains references to such beliefs in words and expressions like "My stars!" "ill-starred," "unlucky star," "good star," "disaster" and others, just as Sunday, Monday and Thursday remind us that the sun, the moon, and thunder, were so highly venerated as objects of worship that these days were dedicated to them.

But traditional folk-lore is on a totally different basis—it may be, and if pure tradition, must be, a statement of fact, the memory of which has been kept alive by the people for ages, but in most cases traditional stories or legends have become so intermingled with what is mythical or fictitious, that due allowance must be made for exaggerations. There is probably not a civilized country without its traditional lore. Instances connected with the Mother countries we all remember—some of us vividly, and even America, new as it is to us, has its Europeanized forms of traditional folk-lore. Many beautiful examples of the badly mixed kind may be found in all the school histories of the United States, as well as in some of a more pretentious character.

Tradition becomes corrupted either *consciously* or *unconsciously* on the part of the reciters.

Conscious variations result largely from exaggerations due to a desire to produce effect, and may be either intentional or unintentional. A certain hero was, perhaps, first referred to as a very big man, and in due course he