

## AS TO TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

It was a Scotchwoman who on being asked, "Auntie, do you really believe in total depravity?" answered, "I do, I do." "And do you think," he said, "it is a good doctrine?" "Yes I do, and I think it is a great pity that more don't live up to it." They were orthodox and they stood by the doctrine. Why in those blessed days before communion Sunday they would often meet on Friday and have three sermons, three on Saturday and four on Sunday and wind up with a kind of gospel spree on Monday. They loved it. I think it was Heinrich Heine who said, "It is not true, it is not true that the damned in hell are compelled to hear all the sermons preached on earth." He says this is not true. This shows that there is some mercy even in hell. (Much laughter).

## ALCOHOL AND RELIGION.

Sometimes I have thought that the Scotch were saved from the gloom of Calvinism by intoxicating liquors. I think there is something in it. It may be John Barleycorn really saved the Scotch from the divine dyspepsia of Calvinism. I really think there must be something in it. I believe the Puritan was saved from his religion by rum. Had there been no rum in New England they would have been persecuting quakers there until this day. So I think schnapps must have saved Holland; and yet in spite of Calvinism, in spite of the mists and fogs, and in spite of the abominable winters of Scotland, that country produced the sweetest and tenderest song of all the world, and the greatest and noblest of all our singers, the one who gave us the greatest and noblest song, and that was Robert Burns. (Applause).

Robert Burns was a child of the people. I am glad of it. Robert Burns was a peasant, a plowman and yet a poet.

And why is it that millions and millions of men and women love this man? Why is it? He was a Scotchman, and all the tendrils of his heart struck deep in Scotland soil. He voiced the ideals of the best and greatest of his race and of his blood. He was patriotic to the last fibre and yet he is as dear to the citizens of the great Republic as to Scotia's sons and daughters. (Applause.) And why? We, of course, admit that all great poetry has a national flavor. It tastes of the soil. No matter how great it is, how wide, how universal, the flavor of locality is never lost. We love Burns because he made common life beautiful, because he idealised sun-burned girls who worked in the field, because he put honest labor above titled idleness, because he made the cottage far more poetic than the palace, because he painted the simple joys and ecstasies and raptures of sincere love and because he put native common sense above the culture of students. We love him because he was independent, sturdy, self-