

## OUR LECTURE COURSE.

THE students were all delighted with the visit of Rev. W. B. Hinson, Pastor of the Moncton Baptist Church, N. B., who was their lecturer for the month of May. His subject as announced, was 'Moses.' He treated his theme by drawing lessons from the most prominent points of the Hebrew prophet's life. The lecture was no apology for the acts and writings of Moses; no further argument was assumed as needed for their truthfulness and grandeur than their own recital. The lecture abounded in chaste and beautiful figures which could not tire, and apt hits at society foibles which convulsed the audience with laughter. The *dude* and *rake* received no quarter, and the so-called *society woman* would have been more at ease had she stayed at home.

Mr. Hinson's opening words were striking,—“when Pharaoh's daughter lifted Moses from the bosom of the Nile, she lifted Egypt's direct curse, and Israel's greatest blessing, and all Egyptian and Israelitish history would have been other than it now is, had the young voyageur been drowned in the sluggish tide.” In the character of the Hebrew general the lecturer found the chief points of all earth's great deliverers. The typical Moses is a far-sighted, strong-handed, and withal a silent man, who speaks slowly and solemnly, but whose lips when once unlocked send forth sentences that are battles and revolutions. He is an *Ætæna* silent long, but speaking with an awful emphasis when at last the silence dies. And like all still men he can be stern, stern to face the angry mutterings of the hungry and thirsty host, to check lawlessness and rebuke familiarity, and hurl upon his enemies thunderbolts of power to terrify and annihilate.

He is an all-round man, this Moses. He can keep sheep, he can organize armies, he can brave the wrath of kings, he can strike down an Egyptian in hot anger, appeal to his brother with pathetic pleading, and talk to Israel's God.

Pharaoh commanded the death of the Hebrew children, but Moses, who was to be the stern conqueror of Pharaoh's race, alone was spared. 'Tis ever thus, people guard well their Babylonish wall, and the enemy marches in triumphantly by the drained Euphrates. Never mind the babes of Bethlehem, Herod! 'Tis the Christ you should kill, if you would save your life.

It is in accordance with the 'eternal fitness' of things that Moses should leave the sumptuous palace for the lonely hill-sides of Midian. The coming deliverer needs breadth of vision, the rosy freshness of the morning, the fiery glow of twilight, the everlasting hills, the rush of air that has a desert for its playground, the environment befitting an uncrowned king. 'All great men are lonely.' The smaller hills are surrounded by their fellows, the mountain lifts itself up into the heights. And this loneliness tests a man, for loneliness is full of thought, and full of beauty too, and man will never know the strength of his own soul, the possibilities of his own life, the grandeur of existence, nor the wealth of nature, until he stands alone.

The lecturer drew beautiful lessons for all men, from the burning, unconsuming bush that Moses saw in Midian. Mrs. Browning was quoted,—

'Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every crimson bush aflame with God.  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes;  
The rest sit round and eat blackberries.'

And truly his eyes are faulty who sees a Godless bush. For God is in the maple when its red buds glow with a crimson flush ere bursting into leaf. In the apple tree, as it wears its pink raiment in honour of Spring wedding Summer, while a thousand birds from the leafy bowers give marriage songs grander than those of mortals. In all these fair sights we feel the presence and behold the glory of a God.

'There are no trifles,' God is as much in the acorn as in the oak, in the birch-mast as in a forest, and the lowest, poorest beggar has a soul as meet for heaven as the lordly millionaire.

When Moses demanded of Pharaoh the release of his people, the proud king replies, 'Who is the Lord?' And bye and bye when the Red Sea's glassy walls fall flat; when the eddies whirl o'er Egypt's braves, and the foam of the waters fleck the horse's flanks, when the waters roar and rush, mingled with shriek and curse of Egypt's soldiery, then that question finds a terrific answer. And always, Pharaoh and the Wrong sink in Red Sea waves, while Moses and the Right stand on the shore and sing.

Was Moses' life a success? We must admit that it looked much like what the majority call defeat. For it was not given him to cross the Jordan, and see the walled cities fall, and enjoy the rich fruitage of the Promised Land. Mr. Hinson here made a touching