

PREACHING AT THE RACE COURSE.

BY REV. JAMES LIVINGSTONE.

"WHERE do horsemen go when they die!" was the question that swept across the path of my mind when I read of a young jockey (on the Windsor race track) being thrown from his horse and picked up unconscious, with not a single hope of his recovery. The sad picture of a homeless boy being rushed to a lonely stall in some stable (while the mad race went on) with no friend or helper near to compassionate him in his hour of need, haunted me like the ghost of an awful dream.

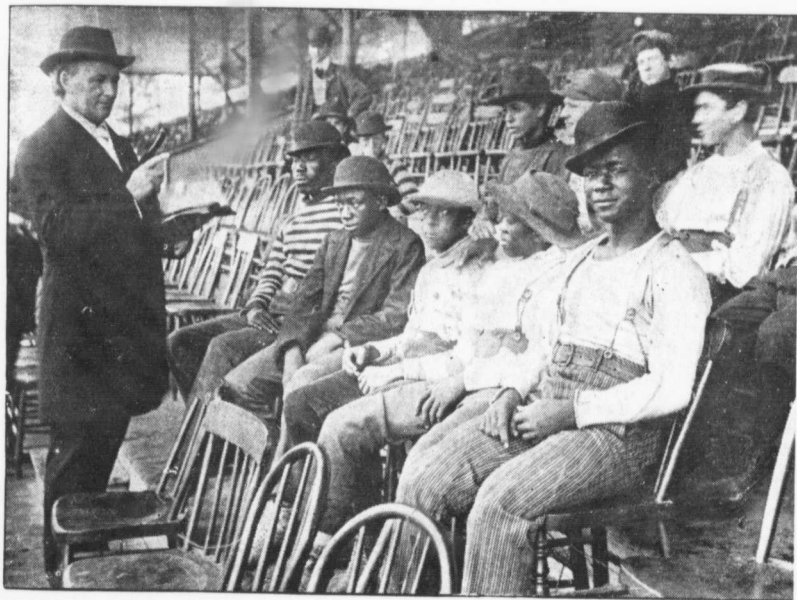
My thought widened until there stood before me a vast audience of the one

where so many hundreds and thousands of people spend many exciting hours during the summer months. The men and boys who live within this charmed circle number about 600 souls. When we arrived we found several white and colored boys playing "crap" under the shelter of the grand stand. On seeing the parson they snatched their blocks of ivory, and in a wild scramble hurried off, one colored fellow saying—"G'wate Sweezer let us git." I called to them not to be afraid, and the stampede became less furious.

In the centre of the field a matched game of baseball (with a fair-sized audience) was in progress; and was entered into with as much gusto as though Sinai's granite had never trembled beneath the

order by an old horseman, whose face was liberally covered with whiskers, and every hair on his head "prominently" stood for itself. This man had swung many a noble steed around the last curve in the race, and sent him under the wire leading by a neck. He had become interested in the preacher, and was determined that nothing should hinder him from having an open field with no fences. So talk about your peals of thunder from a cloudless sky, it was simply nothing compared with the voice of this graduate of the turf when he leaped to his feet and shouted, "Silence, I say," and was there? Does echo answer! No, there was no echo.

Synopsis of the Talk.—Text: Heb. xii. and part of the 1st verse. "Let us



REV. MR. LIVINGSTONE AT THE WINDSOR RACE COURSE.

Some of the Jockeys and Grooms who remained to speak to the Preacher after the Service was over.

hundred thousand men and boys in the United States and Canada who are immediately connected with the horse-race. I asked myself—What have I done to throw myself across the pathway of this great throng whose tramping feet make the broad way wider and smoother that leads into the doomed gateway of everlasting destruction? The answer was—Nothing. I in a moment resolved that if the management would grant me the privilege I would carry the message of "Redeeming Love" to the horsemen and their strange following on the Windsor race track.

The management willingly acquiesced, and on the following Sunday I, with a quartette of our League boys, and quite a number of prominent citizens, made our way to the great centre of attraction,

thunderings of the moral law. My esteemed friend, Nelson Clinton (who is afraid of nothing but of doing wrong), went over and announced that Rev. L. — was present, and would speak to them. They said, "All right, just as soon as we finish this game." So, true to their word, as soon as the last man was struck out they dropped their bats and started for the grand stand. When seated, my quartette started to sing "Nearer My God to Thee," which was caught up by two or three hundred voices. The stillness that settled down after the song made every one feel that God for the time being was having the right of way. After singing one or two more familiar hymns, a few boys who had arrived late and had not caught the spirit of submission, were suddenly called to

run with patience the race set before us." Some of you reject religion because you think it is too dull, and not swift enough. That is where you have made your grand mistake. For God has put the spirit of the race in all worlds. Take our own planet—it travels at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour, or about sixteen and one-half miles a minute, so you see even your fastest horse would simply look as though he were standing still were he to try to keep pace with God's world, that is just doing ordinary business. Do not think that the Heavenly Father loves stupidity and that He is only interested in slow-going coaches. You may have heard of Elijah, the prophet of God. He was God's idea of a racer. Elijah could run one hundred miles a day without stopping for refreshments. There was certainly