

against the rulers of spiritual wickedness in high places. Let all the dear young people who hear of it, go and do likewise. Amen.

RICHD. KNILL.

THE RACES.

From the CHURCH Newspaper.

EXORDIUM OF A SERMON PREACHED ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THAT IN WHICH THE RACES WERE HELD.

Well, brethren!—and now that the follies of the season are fairly brought to a close,—and now that you enjoy some respite, and can breathe freely after the varied pressure of your late laborious vanities, do suffer me to ask,—do enquire of your own hearts, “what fruit ye have had in these things whereof (may I not say?) ye are now ashamed.” Since we last met together in this place, another week is gone to join the weeks that have been—is gone, to carry the long catalogue of our doings to the recording angel—is gone, never to return;—and we, short-lived creatures, are so much nearer to our latter end. And have we made a *corresponding advance* in holiness? have we experienced a *commensurate growth* in grace? If not, can we discern—do we suspect any cause of our deficiencies and short-comings? and does any one occasion of evil stand out prominently to view in the records of presumptuous sins? In all honesty, as regards the doings of the past week, did any of you find the race course, to which so many resorted, a place well suited for communion with God—a scene in which the soul might be readily called up to high and holy musings—transformed from glory to glory—and fashioned for its eternal destinies? Or did not rather every thing about you and around you conspire to drown these and kindred reflections; and if

happily a truant thought *did* whisper of “righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come,” was it not soon shamed into silence, by the consciousness that the race-ground was indeed but a strange land wherein to bethink oneself of God?

My brethren, let me narrow the compass of my observations. Briefly then, Horse-racing does tend either to promote the glory of God or to dishonour Him. I repeat it, Horse-racing does tend either to promote the glory of God or to dishonour Him. Now “Holiness to the Lord”—the Christian’s standard of duty,—this is the only question with which as a Christian he is concerned; and surely a question on which Heaven or Hell may hinge, is neither to be carelessly set aside, nor lightly entertained. “I speak unto wise men, judge ye what I say;” and I entreat you to take the Word of God in your hands, and in that spirit which becomes responsible beings, to canvass the subject in all its bearings fairly and calmly and dispassionately; and that you may arrive at a just conclusion, do let me implore you at once to dismiss from your minds all idle prejudices, and to discard that vulgar cant about *hypocrisy* and *fanaticism*, in which the meanest intellect may indulge, but with which alas! but too many, of whom better things might have been expected, will stop their ears against conviction. Nick-names are at best but sorry arguments,—nor are the grave observations urged against races, to be met by counter-statements that they are “good old English sports,” which nothing but an extreme of morbid sanctimoniousness could possibly decry. Good old English sports! Now what if I were to term them a *relic of barbarism*! There are many who would support me in this view of the matter, even on other than religious grounds, and thus issue might not unfairly be joined, on a