

church. But Beecher could make it, and no one dare say nay. So we find religious ideas undergoing a change, until there is scarcely a religious denomination today but what has done what the Pharisees of old did—put new wine into their old sectarian bottles, and the probable result will be, as Jesus said, their bottles will burst. They are endeavoring to patch their old sectarian clothes with pieces of new cloth, and the result will be that they will be obliged to keep patching in order to keep the garment together. And thus their religious ideas are drifting to and fro.

And what is true with regard to their religious views is also true with regard to their political ideas. I had an excellent opportunity recently to witness a remarkable change in public sentiment. Public sentiment, you know, is a very strong argument in the minds of some people. "Why, public sentiment is against you," they say. I remember listening to Gov. Bross, of Illinois, who spoke in front of the Townsend House, one night, some years ago. The foundation of his argument was that thirty-five millions of people in the United States were opposed to us; that in short, public sentiment was opposed to us. I had my mind directed to the fickle nature of public sentiment quite recently in Nashville, Tennessee. Some 25 years ago a certain race of people were held in slavery there. Slavery was an adjudicated question at that time. But it was claimed by the opponents of slavery that if a negro and his wife could be taken out of Missouri through Illinois, that they were entitled to their freedom because they were then upon free soil. It was, however, decided in the Supreme Court of the United States, by Chief Justice Roger B.

Tanney, that black men had no rights that a white man was bound to respect, that, in fact, they were chattel property. And the people of the United States almost *en masse* applauded the decision, a few only dissenting, they being what were called abolitionists. Wendell Phillips, a distinguished orator, undertook to lecture in Boston against slavery, and learned as Boston was, educated as Boston was, the noted lecturer was egged off the platform, having to make his escape from the mob.

Twenty-five years have gone by since Phillips was mobbed, and now for the contrast. Some four or five weeks ago I boarded a through passenger car at Nashville, Tenn., to Cincinnati, there were seated in the car some 25 ladies and gentlemen. After I got comfortably seated alongside a person who proved to be a Christian minister of the Campbellite persuasion, and an editor, we perceived a little difficulty as the car door. On investigation we learned that a negro woman held a first-class ticket, and demanded admittance to a seat in this, a first-class car. She was entitled to a seat there, having procured a ticket, according to the provisions of the civil rights bill; but the rules of the railroad company would not permit it. The manager was sent for, and after some conversation with the colored woman, addressing himself to the passengers already seated in the car, he said: Ladies and gentlemen, will you please take seats in the car to the rear. We did so. It proved to be a smoking second-class car. He then admitted the old negro woman, who occupied our car. After we had taken in the situation and were reseated, addressing myself to the gentleman whose acquaintance I formed on entering the