

MRS. COOPER'S TRIAL FOR HERESY.

Religious circles have been somewhat agitated over the trial for heresy of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, a member of Calvary Church (Presbyterian), San Francisco. Mrs. C. was the teacher of a very large Bible class in the Calvary Sunday School, of which Mr. J. B. Roberts, the complainant, is or was Superintendent. The lady is well-known in connection with San Francisco charities and kindergarten work, and her conduct and acts have always been those of a benevolent and Christian woman, whatever may be thought of her creed.

A GREAT PRINCIPLE.

After the trial, Mrs. C. informed a representative of the Call that she would have withdrawn from the church rather than stand the publicity of the ordeal, had it not been for the principle at stake—"the great principle of religious liberty in the Presbyterian Church." Said she: "I determined to test the question as to whether an individual has any right to have an opinion in the church to which I am allied, and in which I was born, and where for over forty years I have been a learner and a teacher. The matter is quite outside the domain of a mere personal affair. I proposed to find out if the Presbyterian Church was large enough to let a woman expand her religious lungs without imperiling her ecclesiastical life. I think I have tested this matter pretty fairly." Of the complainant, she said: "Mr. Roberts began his persecutions shortly after I took the class, six years ago, and has followed them up with a zeal worthy an old Spanish inquisitor. But he is, after all, only the logical exponent of a cast-iron orthodoxy. I pity the man from the bottom of my heart. As has been said, the mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye, the more light you throw on it, the more it contracts."

MRS. COOPER'S UNORTHODOX REFERENCE.

When the lady was on the witness stand, her story, the Chronicle says, "was given with wonderful velocity of tongue and considerable dramatic force, and was spiced throughout with sarcastic allusions and personal hits at Mr. Roberts, which considerably enlivened the proceedings." Mrs. C. frankly acknowledged that at one time she said to Mr. R. in her parlor, when he "cast a scornful look of contempt" at a life-size portrait of Colonel Ingersoll (who is a cousin of hers): "That man is as superior to you as Hyperion to a satyr, and if hell is made up of such men as he, and Heaven is made up of such men as you, which I do not believe, I will go to hell every time. That man will yet be reaching over the parapets of Heaven to pull you in. He is grand and good enough to do it, and it would take a very good man to do that." She added: "I meant just what I said!" (Mr. Ingersoll, when in the Golden City, gave her \$600 for charities.) Mrs. C. also acknowledged that she once said to him: "Mr. Roberts, my past record as a Christian woman, I am not ashamed to have inspected; and celestial hound, on the hunt for heresy, that you are, you can put your nose to the ground and trace my trail clear back to my childhood, and you will find only the frailties and infirmities that attach to a steadfast but faulty Christian career."

CANDID ANSWERS.

Query by Mr. R.—"Did you say when I presented that paper [a newspaper article] against you in the session that I was a mean hypocrite?" Mrs. C.—"I shouldn't wonder if I did. I took it back, though." Mr. R.—"Did you ever make this remark with regard to Colonel Ingersoll, that he would have a perch somewhere in Heaven?" Mrs. C.—"I said that I thought he would be leaning over the parapet to pull you in; that he was large enough and good enough to do it." Mr. R.—"Large enough and good enough to do it?" Mrs. C.—"Yes, I thought he must be very kind-hearted to do that." Mr. R.—"You remember the Session's resolutions disapproving of your proposed diamond bracelet raffle for the benefit of the kindergarten?" Mrs. C.—"I shall never forget them on account of the spirit that actuated them." Mr. R.—"What do you mean by the spirit that actuated them?" Mrs. C.—"I mean you, Mr. Roberts." Mr. R.—"Well, I am not a spirit, I trust." Mrs. C.—"Well, it's a pity you are not." [Laughter.]

THE CLERGY IN DEEP WATER.

Mrs. Cooper was put through a long course of examination, as to her beliefs, extending from the fall of man to the doctrinal teaching of St. Paul. Upon each of the Old Testament accounts she was asked whether she accepted them as allegorical or literal historical statements of actual occurrences. This drew out a long discussion by the members of the Presbytery, eliciting the fact that even the ministers did not agree, and a general acknowledgment that they were getting into waters beyond their depth.

THE RESULT.

The Presbytery referred the matter back to Calvary Church Session for further consideration, if the complainant desires, he having said he was not accorded a sufficient hearing. It is thought he will not bring the case up a second time, as the lady has proved too worthy a foe. She is upheld by the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Hemphill, and a number of other ministers, and if she is guilty of heresy, they are also. If the case is pressed, the chances are good for a big division. In the meantime, the little woman teaches her Bible class—"holds the fort."

At a recent ball given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Princess Fredrica wore a magnificent dress of white lisse, trimmed with gold Turkish embroidery, the gift of the Sultan. The skirt was made of flounces of embroidery, edged with dark old Valenciennes; the train was covered with veils of crepe lisse and gold, fastened with bouquets of magnolias and gold flowers; the body was trimmed with embroidery and lace, held by diamond stars; lace and gold scarf a la Turque, diadem of gold flowers and diamond stars worn in the hair, splendid necklace of Charltons, and stars of diamonds.

In England any one offering a reward for stolen property is liable to forfeit \$250 for every such offense to any common informer who chooses to sue for it.

METRICAL MELANGE.

LAY OF THE SHARK.

I am waiting here, at Coney, Sang a shark; Just myself and an old erony, On a lark. When we want to get a bite, We just loaf around at night, And sometimes we chance to light On a clark, In the dark; For me likes 'em young and tony, Sang a shark.

IN A WOOD.

Upon a sloping bank I lie, Among mint and pansies waving free; While, like a tender lullaby, The distant murmur of the sea Creeps softly o'er the yellow rye To me.

I see the muskrat gaily skip Along the bank where music flows; He dreams no trap of iron grip Is set to grab him by the toes, While in the brook he deigns to dip His nose.

He's happy; but he'd feel unwell, With consternation he would melt, His thoughts no poetry could tell, If he a single moment felt Some boy would capture him to sell His pelt.

The cat bird, hid by blooms of snow, Is blithely squawking over there; His minstrelsy, extremely low, Perhaps is for his lady's rare, Perhaps it's not; I neither know Nor care.

O perfect day, when cloud ships trim Float down the blue, and shepherds' toot Of Golden Ages, past and dim, Theocritus and Pan to boot, I'll strike a match and light this slim Cheroot.

Which, having smoked, I'll lightly throw Where yon primroses play bopeep; And then my hat, with amber glow, Substantial, durable, and cheap, I'll pull across my face and go To sleep. —New York Sun.

A SPELLING REFORM MADRIGAL.

CANTO I.—COURTSHIP.

She said he had a flattering tongue, And to his arms she fondly clung, And love's sweet roundelay he sung.

For that," said he, "my love, I guess You cannot, cannot love me less; Give me the little hand I pruss!"

"'Tis thine," she said, with glance oblique, While blushing roses dyed her cheek; The twain will be made one next wique.

CANTO II.—MARRIAGE.

The bride was led up the broad aisle, Got up in the most killing staisle; When asked if she'd be A true wife to he, She promptly replied, "I should smaistie."

CANTO III.—WEDDED BLESS.

I'll hear no more, I've had enough; You say you're in the right, And yet, you're talking perfect stough, Just to relieve your spite."

"Why, George, what makes you thus so rough? You speak as though you'd bight; I never saw you act so rough a; You really must be tight."

MY LUCK.

She had come to visit Nat's sister, And there I met her one night; A cousin, I think, of the family, And a girl rather handsome and bright.

I remember we looked at an album, And I told her how much I could guess Of one's character just from a picture; "Now, witness," said I, "my success."

"Here's a photograph of a young maiden, Both pretty and modest and true," She fairly colored with pleasure, "Why, that's," she exclaimed, "sister Sue."

"But here," I continued, exalted, "Is the worst looking fellow thus far— A stupid, old senseless curmudgeon." She simply said, "That's my papa."

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

"It was late last night when you retired?" "Yes, papa," I said, with a yawn Behind my fan, "for the horrid man He just talked on and on.

The more I hinted, the more he stayed; I knew you were wakeful, too, And I told him so; but he would not go— And what could a poor girl do?"

"It was very late when you retired?" "Yes, papa," I frankly said, "For the man, you see, just talked to me, Though I yawned till my eyes were red; And I went so far, when the clock struck twelve, As to count the strokes all through; But—the stupid!—he wouldn't see— And what could a poor girl do?"

"It was worse than late when you retired?" "Why, I tell you, pa," I cried, "If I hinted once to the tiresome dunces, 'Twas a hundred times beside! Why, I even said you'd been in bed For at least five hours, I knew; But he tipped his chair, and still sat there— So what could a poor girl do?"

"Well, the Jeemses-gosh! was you up all night?" "Why, papa, I humbly plead, "Don't thunder so! there's a man below; And he's sent you his card, and said That the reason why he stayed all night Was that he wanted to see you, too. That he might ask for the hand I gave— For what could a poor girl do?"

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