

THE NEW ORGAN.

A DEVICE OF A CONGREGATION TO DISPENSE WITH AN ORGANIST.

The First Presbyterian congregation of Brighton, Vt., had for several years yearned for an organ. The small melodeon which was used to accompany the singing of the choir was not only squeaky and excessively out of tune, but it was the subject of Methodist derision, and the Presbyterians could not help feeling ashamed of it. A tremendous effort was finally made to raise the necessary funds for the purchase of a real organ. There was a fair, a picnic, a stereoscopic exhibition, a New England kitchen, and a series of grab-bags of unusual attractiveness; and there was great exultation among the congregation when it was found that the net combined profits of the various religious ceremonies amounted to \$1100. This made the purchase of the organ entirely possible, and the minister, on the following Sunday, made a feeling allusion to the prospect that the envious and wicked opponents of the gospel would soon be made to hang their ears with shame as they listened to the grand-tones of the First Presbyterian organ.

When the members of the congregation began to discuss the question of what kind of an organ should be bought, Elder Simpson took occasion to denounce the whole race of organists. He pointed out that ever since the introduction of the melodeon into the choir the organist had been a fruitful source of evil. Either he was an earnest man, in which case he constantly quarreled with the soprano and insulted the tenor, or he was a careless worldling who played snatches of opera bouffe whenever he had an opportunity, and thus violated the sanctity of the meeting-house. The elder admitted that a musical instrument of some kind was very desirable, and he felt strongly on the subject of the Methodist gibes at the inability of the Presbyterians to buy an organ. Still, he had said that, inasmuch as an organ could not be without an organist, he doubted whether it was not a duty to deny themselves any musical instrument whatever.

This speech gave rise to a heated debate, which might have had the most painful consequences had not the pastor happily suggested a compromise. He informed his flock that a mechanical organ could be purchased which would play two dozen tunes without an organist after once being wound up. Such organs were in use, so he was told, in several concert saloons in New York, and he saw no reason why one of them should not be consecrated to the use of the sanctuary. This proposal met with great favor, and a committee was appointed to have an automatic organ built to order, and to select the tunes to be played by it.

In the course of the next six months, the new organ arrived and was set up in its place. It was constructed so as to play twenty-two of the best psalm-tunes, and the committee, with a view to fairs and other entertainments, had instructed the maker to fit it with two secular tunes, namely, a Strauss waltz and the galop from Offenbach's "Orpheus." The arrival of the instrument created a great deal of excitement in the village, and on the following Sunday hundreds of Methodists and worldly people went to the Presbyterian meeting-house to listen to the new organ.

It had been understood that the management of an automatic organ was a very simple thing, and as a printed code of instructions was forwarded to the committee by the maker, it was supposed that no difficulty would be found in inducing the instrument to play whatever tune might be desired. The sexton, after the matter was explained to him, said that he would "work the thing," and accordingly took his place by the organ, ready to touch the spring that would set it in motion as soon as the minister should give out a hymn. The first hymn given out was to be sung to the well-known tune of "Ortonville," and the moment the minister had finished reading the hymn the organ struck up the tune and the choir sang with enthusiasm.

Everybody was satisfied with the performance of the organ except the visiting Methodists, who could find nothing with which to find fault. When, however, the hymn was finished, the organ did not stop. It kept on and played two more verses, much to the delight of the Methodists and the chagrin of the committee. When it finally got through with "Ortonville," and the minister arose, and remarking, "Let us pray," was about to begin a long prayer, the organ unexpectedly burst out with "Windsor." There was no possibility of making any headway with the prayer in opposition to the organ, and the minister, realizing that fact, sat down and waited for the sexton to stop the machine. The unhappy man tried every means in his power, but he had forgotten the location of the proper spring, and the organ played on until it had gone through with "Windsor" six times, when, to the great relief of everybody, it momentarily ceased.

Again the minister remarked, "Let us pray," but, as before, he was interrupted by the dreadful organ, which began to play "Coronation," with every sign of exulting in its own wickedness. Six verses of that tune were listened to by the anxious Presbyterians, while the visiting Methodists visibly chuckled, and one of them, remarking in an audible tone that he did not propose to attend a concert on Sunday, took his hat and went out. The organ went on from one tune to another. Every time it stopped between two successive tunes the minister vainly tried to get his innings, but every time he was beaten and forced to retire. The committee went to the organ loft and tried to stifle the diabolical thing with carpets, but nothing could overcome its grand, clear tones. At last its stock of religious melodies were exhausted, and it began to play the "Beautiful Blue Danube."

The minister, struck with horror at this sacrilege, shut up his Bible with a loud bang, and, shouting a benediction at the top of his lungs, dismissed the congregation. They passed out of the building to the strains of Strauss, and while they were yet on the threshold the organ began the dance music from "Orpheus." This was more than the minister could bear. He seized an axe from a neighboring woodpile, rushed to the choir, and with a few blows stretched the automatic organ a voiceless ruin beside him. The committee will, it is understood, remove to other towns, and it will probably be years before a Presbyterian will venture to meet a Methodist in the street and endure the calm smile and the sarcastic question of the latter as to the condition of the First Presbyterian organ. — N. Y. Times.

A young lady resembles ammunition—because the powder is required before the ball.

THE MIRTHFUL MUSE.

POETICAL VS. PRACTICAL.

LILLIAN.

Whenever the south wind blows,
Straight to the cliff I hie;
A little back from the edge,
On the brown turf, down I lie—
And there I ponder and muse;
I hear what the South has to say;
To me it is seldom news,
For I hear it every day.

Lillian thinks 'tis the stir—
The eternal sound of the sea;
'Tis not of the sea, but of her,
And her virgin love for me.
—J. H. Morse, in Scribner for May.

SILLY US.

On the rock where the lizards lie,
And the roses never have stung,
There stands the family goat
With his tail to the northeast wind.

And there he ponders and thinks,
And his thoughts are doubtless sublime;
But it is not new, for he stands
There usually most of the time.

Lillian says 'tis the sign
Of a storm; but I tell her nay;
'Tis only a sign that the goat
Prefers to stand that way.
—Andrews' Boar Cynic.

THE EMIGRANT FROM ARKANSAW.

Though great are all the stars that draw
In Brady's champion combination,
The emigrant from Arkansaw
Is brightest in the constellation.
He shines as rider and as clown,
And, though perhaps a little coarse, he
Feasts with the highest in the town,
Who gladly hob-and-nob with Dorsey.

Whenever he for sport and gain
Enacts the role of carpet-bagger,
Or to extend his party's reign
Does service as a bully-ragger,
So well his part he seems to play,
And such a wealth of artful force he
Puts in the role, that people say
There's none who can compete with Dorsey.

Soon as he understood the game,
Silence, Division and Addition,
Two rules he added to the same—
Multiplication, Expedition.
He now can juggle with the rings,
And gain from many an unknown source he
Can draw at will, and pull the strings
That caused the cash to flow to Dorsey.

This emigrant from Arkansaw
Is ready for investigation;
He dreads no vote, he fears no law,
Nor cares for public indignation.
While others tremble in the dark,
And fear lest they expose their sores, he
Is glad to be a shining mark,
And spread the name and fame of Dorsey.
—New York Sun.

LINES TO A PREMATURE MOSQUITO.

Unwelcome insect, that with feeble wing
Intrudest thus upon the backward Spring,
A vernal blunder,
Brief in this chilly world will be thy stay,
And if thou seeest the eve of one cool day,
'Twill be a wonder.

When mother Nature from a bed of slime
Evolved thee several weeks before thy time,
What freak convulsed her?
Why did she send thee, lean and naked, forth
To face the biting breezes of the north,
Without an uster?

With drooping pinion, guileless of a sting,
Thou seemest now a poor and broken thing.
Asking protection;
Not one whose droning song with night begins,
Joyful in dooming heated human skins
To vivisection.

Thou shouldst have died hereafter, in the strife
Of angry hands upraised to take thy life
And give no quarter.

Now quiet consumption, or a hacking cough,
When life has scarce begun, will take thee off,
A proto-martyr.

I will not hurt thee, Innocent and young,
And harmless yet, I count thee not among
My worthy toemen.

I note thee as a sign of bites to be;
But may the mercy that I show to thee
Avert the omen!
—Gentle Poet.

REFLECTIONS OF AN UNCONFIRMED P. M.

The ripest peach is highest on the tree—
And so this job, beyond the reach of me,
Is dearest in my sight. Sweet breezes blow
An office to me where I worship now.

It looms aloft where every eye may see—
The ripest peach is highest on the tree.
Such fruitage as this job, I know, alas!
I may not reach here from the orchard grass.

Why—why do I not turn away in wrath
And pluck some job hanging in my path?
Love's lower boughs bend with them—but, ah me!
The ripest peach is highest on the tree.
—George Steel when Senate adjourned.

The ripest peach oft tumbles from the tree—
And so this job has fallen down to me,
To quiet my unrest. Soft breezes blow
Sweet odors to me where I worship now.

It resteth now where every eye may see—
The ripest peach is garnered sure for me.
This fruitage of the choicest postal class
Has reached me here on the orchard grass.

Why—why did I not turn away in wrath
And pluck some job low hanging in my path?
Because, forsooth, I wisely knew—shrewd me!
The ripest peach must sometime leave the tree.
—George Steel (appointed).

THE VERY LATEST.

"Do you love me, sweet?" was the wail he woe,
As he pressed her close to his heart's wild throbbing;
"Does love's fierce tide irrigate your soul?
Is your heart with mine simultaneous bobbing?"
Her soulful eyes flew up to his face,
And pierced his own with their lovely glitter;
Then soft she murmured with witching grace:
"Do I love you, George? Well, I should twitter!"
—Quincy Modern Argo.

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