

A  
FEW REMARKS  
ON THE  
*Introduction of an Organ*  
INTO A  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



Ye Presbyterians be by me advised,  
And get your Churches quickly *Organ-ized*,  
Then may you do what has been done before,  
Write *Icabod* upon the temple door.



Most novelties create excitement, and we are led to suppose no recent event will excite more speculation among the various religious communities in this country than the erection of an Organ in a Presbyterian Church.

At an early hour last Sabbath Evening, we were attracted by a multitude of persons round the doors of the Relief Church in Roxburgh Place; when, not a little surprised at such a concourse of people in such a sacred place, and at such a solemn hour, we were led to suppose that the premises had taken fire, and resolving to render every possible assistance, we with much difficulty obtained admission; when, rushing forward with extended elbows, we found all right below, but all there gazing upwards; nor was our surprise lessened, when, looking up to the gallery, we discovered an Organ, standing directly opposite the pulpit. This, then, we exclaimed, is the cause of all the hubbub and anxiety manifested without, and the moving cause of all the crushing and jostling to gain admission. After the confusion ceased, and all who could gain admission were seated, the solemn services of the evening commenced.

The young clergyman gave out the 100th Psalm, and the key note being given, the congregation joined the Instrument; and, though previously prejudiced exceedingly against all such Instruments in churches, we were highly delighted with the performance; but when Dr Arnold's celebrated composition was introduced, we were almost petrified with horror at the discordant jargon which ensued; the leading parties had surely not perfectly understood each other as to what should be sung; it was with much difficulty we discovered the well known tune. The *letter-gae o' haly rhyme* seemed a little irritated in being attacked by this Jubalic antagonist, but, recovering himself a little, he seemed determined to make a bold push; and at last, with an almost desperate effort, he set Arnold's *Adagio* mode off at an *Allegro* gallop. The last performance was little better with respect to time, by the contending parties, nor could we discover from the chaos of sounds what tune it was. We were led to think, and perhaps justly, that the *letter-gae* was of the same opinion with many others present, that the sooner such carnal instruments in the service of the MOST HIGH are dispensed with, the better. Did our Presbyterians use *Te Deums* or *Chants*, or did they sing in an *unknown language*, the measure now adopted to lead their public worship might be tolerated; but where no such services are used, no such leads can be necessary, especially in a congregation which has, till lately, been so ably led, and so well disciplined. The next step, we imagine, will be *busted saints*, *ebony crucifixes*, and *jetty beads*.

If our Presbyterian friends are anxious to improve their manner of praising the great HEAD OF THE CHURCH, let them give those deserving laborious men who lead their worship, a more competent remuneration for their labours, and we have little doubt but they will in future, as he etofore, gratify the feelings of every enlightened Caledonian, without subscriptions for Organs, or an additional tax on their congregations for Organists.

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