



"THE MAN IN POSSESSION."
COME ONE, COME ALL, THIS ROCK SHALL FLY
FROM ITS FIRM BASE AS SOON AS I!

Gunhilda and the Bishop.
IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—GUNHILDA, THE BISHOP, AND THE TWO TURTLE DOVES.

The arguments about the Deceased Wife's Sister have converted Gunhilda, and as the whole argument used against her is a verse in Leviticus (which by the way has no bearing on the subject), she became convinced that whatever is laid down in Leviticus she should do. She was reading the 5th chap., and seeing that if one commits a little sin, a female from the flock—a lamb or a kid of the goats—was to be brought to the priest, she bethought herself that she had no flock. But she found by the 7th verse that if the sinner could not get a lamb, he or she could bring two turtle doves, the neck of one to be wrung off, (v. 8). Well, Gunhilda waited on Bishop Lewis last Sunday at 8 o'clock with two turtle doves, and said, "Offer these for me."

BISHOP LEWIS.—What do you mean.
GUNHILDA.—I am told to do this in the 5th of Leviticus, please wring this fellow's head off.

BISHOP LEWIS.—Why, Gunhilda, that is all past. Leviticus is no longer binding on us.

GUNHILDA.—Then why do you quote Leviticus against the deceased wife's sister?

BISHOP LEWIS.—Oh, well, give me the doves and I'll take them home for breakfast. "Let your light so shine before men, etc."

CHAPTER II.—GUNHILDA, THE BISHOP, AND THE SAUSAGES.

Bishop Lewis was so pleased with the two turtle doves which, through the conscientiousness of Gunhilda, he had had for breakfast, that he invited her and M. Girouard to dinner.

Gunhilda had provided herself beforehand with a bon-bon containing a motto from Lev. xvii. 10. The Bishop is fond of black puddings as a side-dish. Just as he had swallowed a mouthful of black pudding Gunhilda handed him the bon-bon to pull.

BISHOP LEWIS.—Wait till after dinner.
GUNHILDA.—Now! I have the privilege as a lady to take my bon-bons when I please. Pull, my Lord!

M. GIROUARD.—My Lord, will you read the leedle motto?

BISHOP LEWIS.—Wait till I finish my black pudding. But (with a bow to Gunhilda) the ladies before sausages, and so I'll read. What's this? "I will even set my face against the soul that eateth blood." (Lev. xvii. 10.)

M. GIROUARD.—The diseased wife's sister. She has you dere, my Lord!

BISHOP LEWIS.—Well, we'll drink her health. Here's to Gunhilda, common sense, sausages and bishops forever.

CHAPTER III.—GUNHILDA'S BON-BONS AND THE LAME DEACON.

Bishop Lewis made another dinner party, and had his whole diocese to meet Gunhilda, who, he said, knew more ecclesiastical history than he and all his clergy combined. Gunhilda had her bon-bons ready, and when a convenient opportunity occurred she turned round to a lame deacon and said, "Pull!" He pulled and read: "A blind man or a lame shall not approach to serve the Lord." (Lev. xxi. 18.)

LAME DEACON.—My Lord, why did you allow me to go so far?

BISHOP LEWIS.—What do you mean?

LAME DEACON.—Why, here I'm forbidden to do that for which my education has been designed to fit me.

BISHOP LEWIS.—Oh, Leviticus is not binding

on us now. I wish it was only your *foot* that was lame.

Just at this moment Gunhilda gave a bon-bon to a flat-nosed cleric. He read the motto "Nor shall he minister that hath a flat nose." (Lev. xxi. 18.)

FLAT-NOSED INCUMBENT.—My Lord, what am I to do?

BISHOP LEWIS.—Get a false nose, of course. It is not half so dishonest as stealing sermons; besides, Leviticus is out of date.

GUNHILDA.—And if out of date in one thing, out of date in all.

M. GIROUARD.—The diseased wife's sister! She have you dere, my lord.

BISHOP LEWIS.—O, well, here's to the deceased wife's sister. Grandmother the whole question. I wish I had let the bill alone. Rise, my children, and take my blessing. The first deceased wife's sister that marries in my diocese I'll perform the rite myself. Thomas? Bring another bottle of wine.

(Gunhilda and the ladies rise and leave the room.)

After a few minutes a song heard from the drawing room:

"Here we are, misters, six deceased wife's sisters,
All lucid in outline and lucid in brains;
Breathes there man so blockheaded as would leave us
Unwedded?
Six sisters with roses for chains,
With roses for chains."

BISHOP LEWIS.—Capital! Encore! Let us join the ladies.

The "Bob-Tail Car."

The bob-tail car! the bob-tail car!
It rattles along with a jolt and a jar
On its noisy path in a series of shocks,
As you try to deposit your coin in the box;
And the five-cent piece from your freezing paw
Will likely fall in the carpet of straw,
While the cold blasts blow through the door ajar
Of the economical bob-tail car.

If your destination is not very far,
Avoid ye the villainous bob-tail car;
The wretched driver is almost froze;
As the cold blasts beat on his rubicund nose;
And blue are his chilly fingers bare
As he hands you the change of your coin for fare.
Subjects for pity they verily are
Who drive on the man-freezing bob-tail car.



BETROTHED.
After Millais' well-known picture.