

had the whooping-cough (it's the heir, you know, to the peerage), and she wants to give it a country change. You're not afraid of whooping-cough?"

She shook her head.

"Then why not come over to Cerne a bit, after the Abbey? I shall stay on now for the winter, hunting. You'll get on with Irene and the baby and the League; you always get on with everybody. Think it over;" and he got up and looked about for his hat.

"You'll think it over?" were his last words as he left the room.

"Yes," she answered gently, "I'll think it over!"

From the window she watched him mount, and ride down the drive.

"No fear," she laughed to herself, "I'll think it over! Lilah," she added, "methinks you've not done badly for one afternoon's work. He'll be *very* easy to manage, and, after all, I really am fond of him!"

But Sir Hubert was looking in the direction of the little garden where Effie had given him a rose, and his sad thoughts were again of her.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

AN ARTIST'S HAUNT.


B

ETWEEN populous Portsmouth, noisy with the clang of its dockyards, and busy with the going and coming of its iron-clads, and fashionable and frivolous Brighton, a quaint, out-of-the-way land, not unlike parts of Holland, stretches between the bold range of the South Downs and

OLD MILL AND QUAY.

the Channel. Over shallow bars, up winding creeks and land-locked estuaries, lazy tides creep over miles of mud, or chafe against the low dunes and long sand spits of the Sussex coast. Inland lies a country of "broad meadow lands," dotted with red-tiled villages and the conical spired churches so characteristic of the county.

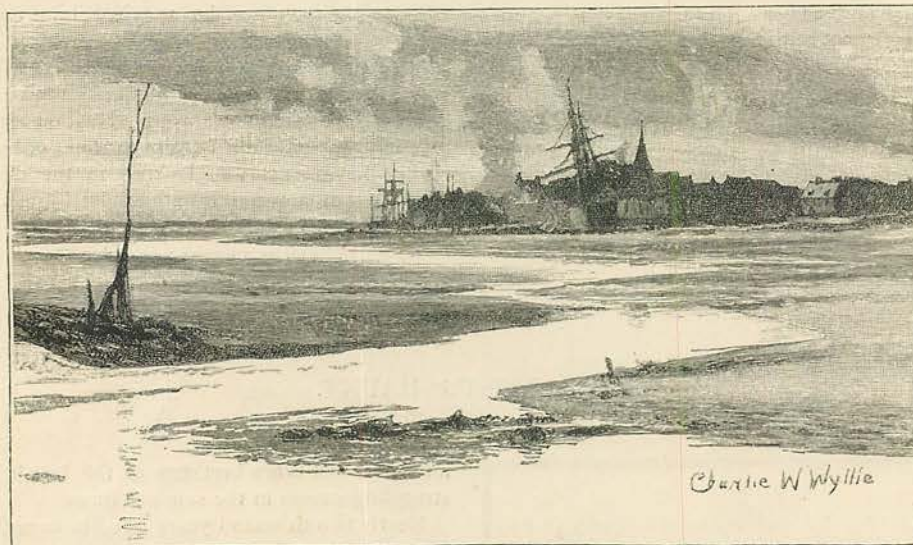
On such an estuary lies Bosham, undisturbed by the rush of the Goodwood traffic or the excursionists to Bognor and Littlehampton, though only a mile from the railway. It is an "artist's nook" indeed, and year

after year not a few brethren of the brush haunt its straggling streets in the summer time.

Nearly two thousand years ago, however, Bosham was a much more important place than it is now. Three miles off across the meadows was Regnum (Chichester), Vespasian's Aldershot, and full of Roman remains at this day. On the site of the present church of Bosham, he built a basilica or court house, and the bases of the pillars of the present church are undoubtedly Roman. Quantities of Roman tiles, bricks, and pottery, have been found under the nave, and are to be seen in the walls. When St. Wilfred began to christianise West Sussex in 681, the monastery at Bosham, mentioned by Bede, was one of the centres



THE MANOR HOUSE.



THE CREEK AT LOW WATER.

of missionary effort. The brethren were of the order of St. Benedict, and the rules were very strict. In the map of the MS. Saxon Chronicle, Bosham is one of the only five places marked in Sussex. A little later it was the residence of Canute, one of whose children was buried in the church, which it is not improbable that he built. The church and manor, however, passed from the Archbishopric of Canterbury to Earl Godwin, Canute's son-in-law, by a shameless piece of cheating. The rapacious Earl, whose possessions were already very large, went with an armed band to pay his court to the Archbishop, and to ask for the kiss of peace.

"Da mihi Boscum," begged the kneeling Earl.

The Archbishop, thinking he said, "Basium," replied—

"Do tibi Basium," whereupon the crafty Earl, with profuse thanks, hurried off to take possession of the manor of Bosham. He built a hall there, probably on the site of the old manor house, on the north of the church, for the moat remains, and a part of the material of the manor house is of great antiquity.

Harold, the unlucky, his son, succeeded to the whole tract of country round Bosham. He figures in the Bayeux tapestry as embarking, hawk on wrist, from the Manor of Bosham for Normandy. In the background is a church, proving that at that date, at least, there was a Saxon church at Bosham. In Domesday Book we find much mention of Bosham, one of the most richly endowed foundations in England, and one of powerful influence. The little hermitage of the Scottish monk Dieül, the co-labourer of Wilfred, had grown into a place of more importance than Arundel itself, for a feodary book of the fourteenth century, in the Duke of Norfolk's possession, mentions that six fairs were held yearly at Bosham, while at Arundel only three.

Becket's private secretary and biographer, Herbert de Bosham, was so called from the place of his birth. After his master's murder he withdrew to Italy, becoming archbishop, and then cardinal, and a tomb in the southern aisle of Bosham church is pointed out as "Herbert's tomb." He was a distinguished scholar and his most popular work, "Vita Sancti Thomæ," is still preserved at Cambridge.

About the reign of Edward IV. Bosham Manor passed to the Dukes of Norfolk; thence in 1475 to the Barons of Berkeley, one of the oldest families in the country, who still own it.

In the fatal year of 1665 the fearful scourge of the Plague came very near to Bosham. It attacked the city of Chichester, which was "boycotted" by the country-side, and whose inhabitants might have starved, but for the timely assistance of the Bosham men. Each morning and evening, as long as the Plague lasted, a cavalcade of carts, laden with provisions, left the village, and, crossing the broad meadows, were anxiously described by the watchers on the city walls. On a large flat stone by a water trough the articles were placed, and then, the Bosham men retreating, the infected citizens approached, and carried off the provisions, placing the money for them in the trough.

South of the church are some remains of the ancient college of Bosham, notably, a thick wall pierced by a pointed doorway. Within the enclosure was dug up the head of a gigantic figure of St. Christopher, now in the bishop's palace at Chichester. The college was dissolved by Henry VIII., but the stalls of the prebends are still to be seen in the chancel, carved with a *fleur-de-lis*.

The traveller who, approaching Bosham by water, over the harbour bar, past Thorney Island and its Norman church half hidden in the elms, and up the

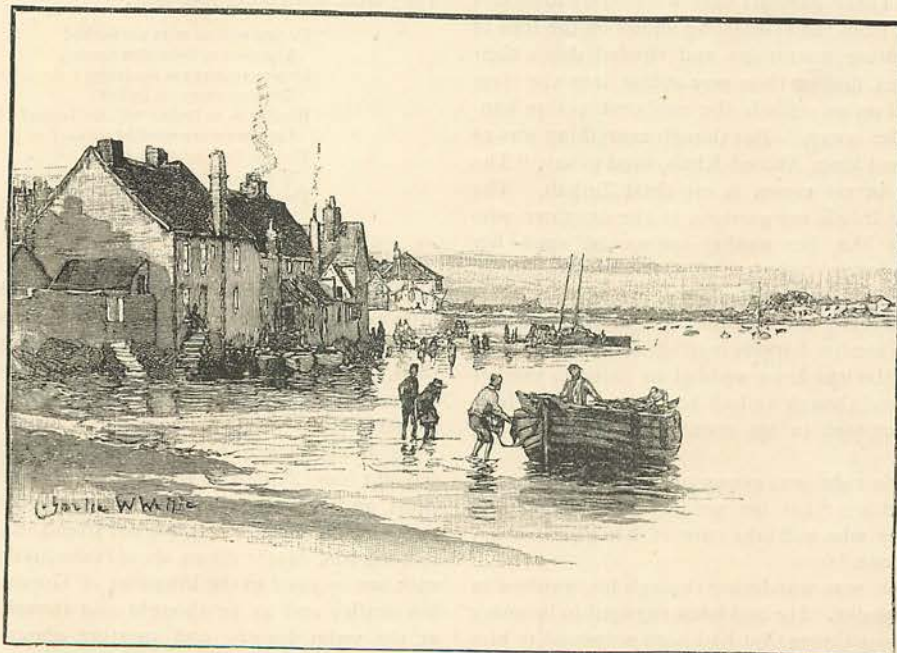
winding channel, drops anchor in Bosham Deep, sails over the Bell Hole, a worn, circular hole at the confluence of the Chichester and the Bosham channels, and which figures in the legend of the lost bell of Bosham. The monks, tradition says, had waxed lax in their duties, and their patron saint, St. Nicolas, to punish them, let the Norsemen loose upon them. The Vikings sailed up to Bosham Deep—mark a fen-country name here, as also in Thorney Isle—and plundering the village and the monastery, carried off with them, as a trophy, the tenor bell. No sooner were their dragon-prowed galleys espied sailing away down the estuary than the penitent monks fell on their knees in the church, and caused a thanksgiving peal to be rung from their Saxon tower with the remaining seven bells. But lo, and behold! from down across the harbour rang the tenor bell in answer; and, just as they were opposite Ichenor Point (mark the Danish ending of "nor," as in Bognor, close by) the horrified Vikings saw their galley open, and the bell descend into the water, the ship closing up behind it. The monks prayed the saint to restore them their bell, and he consented, in a dream, if they could find a team of milk-white oxen to draw it up from the water. An attempt was made, but failed, as one of the oxen had a black hair in his tail. So, still to this day, there are only seven bells in Bosham steeple, but, if you are sailing over the bell-hole when they ring, you will hear the lost tenor bell answering from below—so the legend goes. The truth of the matter is, that there is a remarkable echo at Ichenor Point; and, in addition, it is a well-known fact in acoustics that, if



BRINGING UP.

you strike a third and a fifth, the echo of the octave follows.

Seen from the water Bosham Church stands beautifully surrounded by the dark yews of the churchyard, through which runs the clear brook that turns the mill. The tall spire is backed by the green mass of the South Downs about Goodwood, rising away to the north, and the little quay is fringed by picturesque



AT THE BACK OF THE STREET.

old buildings with warm red-tiled roofs. To the left a ruined windmill gives a fen-country touch to the picture, and, in the foreground, are some rotten hulks, which sink and float with every tide.

The church itself consists of a tower with spire, a nave, side aisles, and a chancel. Of the basilica aforementioned the only traces are the bases of the chancel arch, and the materials worked into the walls and arches. The Saxon church consisted of the present tower, the present nave, and a chancel with apse. The aisles, the windows of the chancel, the five-light window at the east end, are of the twelfth century. The chancel arch appears identical with the one in the

picture of Harold in the Bayeux tapestry. In the southern aisle, beyond Herbert's tomb, is a small crypt, not uncommonly used as a storehouse in the smuggling days, not long past, when much good French brandy found its way over Chichester bar to Bosham.

In 1865, when the church was restored, the stone coffin of a child was found just at the spot under the chancel arch where Canute's daughter was supposed to have been buried. There is a curious parish chest with a quaint lock; but the invaluable parish archives of Bosham monastery, dating from the time of Canute downwards, were wantonly destroyed.

ANOTHER INDIAN TALE.

BY ARTHUR MILTON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.



ONCE upon a time in the fair country of Gumanistan there was a king whose name was Ahmed Khan. He loved his people very much, and did all he could to make them happy. He had a daughter whose name was Zainab. Everything in

this country of Gumanistan was very fair. There were rich fields which waved their golden heads in obeisance to the soft breezes that blew across them. There were gardens filled with all the fruits one could wish for which grew most luxuriantly, needing very little attention from the gardeners. These gardens were watered by fountains which issued from the everlasting snows on the tops of the neighbouring mountains and rippled down their wooded slopes, finding their way at last into the river which flowed on to refresh the sunburnt plains hundreds of miles away. But though everything was so lovely the good king, Ahmed Khan, used to say, "The fairest jewel in my crown is my child Zainab. The fairest flower in all my gardens is the daughter who is grown so like her mother—peace be upon her soul!" He always spoke of his wife with this prayer, for she died when Zainab was born.

For this daughter he had one thought, and that was he wished to see her happily married and settled before his death. He had been wedded to Zainab's mother late in life, and though he had had many other wives, as was the custom in his country, this girl was his only child.

And now that she was grown up, his great wish was continually this: "Let me see my daughter settled with someone who will take care of her and love her when I am gone."

One day he was wandering through his gardens in the cool of the day. He had been engaged in listening to the various petitions that had been presented to him by his subjects and giving judgments upon them. And

now, tired with his day's work, he was seeking refreshment for mind and body.

He passed down the grove of mango trees, through which a sparkling stream danced merrily, and came to one of his favourite spots, where the waters threw themselves over some rocks in a white cascade and lost themselves beneath the dark bosom of the pool below.

It was a fairy-like place, and it was no wonder that many and many a story of the good deeds of fairies was connected with it. It was always said and thought that this was the special abode of fairies on earth, but that it was only to good people that they ever appeared and spoke. There were some very old verses that the people used to say to one another about this place. They were something like this:—

"Do you wish to meet the fairies?
You must to their glen repair:
Do you wish to see the fairies?
Let your every act be fair:
Would you commune with the fairies?
Let your every word be pure:
Then to Fairyland the fairies
Will your thoughts and soul allure:
There to tell you what the fairies
Of the fate of mortals know,
And to warn you that the fairies
Bring to each his weal or woe.

Close by this beautiful pool of water there was a little nook, shaded by different kinds of trees, where the king often sat down to rest; and now, being unusually tired, he reclined on the grassy bank variegated by wild flowers, which seemed to form a pattern on Nature's carpet.

As he lay there his mind was full of his great thought for Zainab. It was quite heavy on his heart, and he wondered whether he ought to propose to the neighbouring king, his old friend, Rahim Khan, that his son, Mazár Khan, should take his daughter and with her succeed to the kingdom of Gumanistan after his death; and as he thought and thought he gazed at the water leaping and sporting about the rocks. Then, forgetting for a moment his care, he said to