

saying good bye to the captain, whose ship he watched till it disappeared in the distance, and being too tired and worn out for service, he sought his much needed refreshment and sleep.

In the morning he found that Tristan had a town, and that its name was Edinburgh, scarcely so large, however, as our picture shows, as its great namesake in Scotland. Governor Glass was so glad to have a clergyman among his people that he gave up the largest room of his house, known as "Governor Glass'" room, for Mr. Taylor's residence and church.

The active missionary set to work at once to organize a day school for the children and an evening school for adults. Of the forty who were anxious to learn, he found only six that could read and not one that knew anything about writing or arithmetic.

In a few days the islanders built Mr. Taylor a house, attached to Government House, and here on the first Sunday after his arrival he held his first service, and had a congregation of eighty people, that is to say the entire population of the island. When he came to the Psalms and read the first verse he found that nobody responded, although several had prayer books, so he stopped and shewed them how to do it, and after that he had no trouble on that score.

It was the beginning of Lent when Mr. Taylor arrived in Tristan, and by Easter time several had learned to sing hymns well, and some had been prepared for the Holy Communion and received it on the day of the resurrection.

But the zealous missionary was not content with Sunday services. As soon as a separate room for sacred purposes was provided for him he commenced daily service, and many from time to time attended it. And there these people were. They had a little world of their own; but never were lives more brightened than theirs were by the arrival and work in their midst of Rev. Mr. Taylor.

It will be remembered that a large box of books had been sent from England for Tristan, but nothing had been heard of it. However, a whaler had promised to call for it at St. Helena, where it was supposed it must have been landed. One day all were gladdened by the arrival of this whaler with the precious box, and how the eyes of all danced with joy when armfuls of beautiful and useful books were distributed amongst them. And so Mr. Taylor taught these people. They sang their carols at Christmas time, and in every church season they joined in the same services that went on all over the world wherever an English Church was known.

One day Mr. Taylor got a letter from home, and how glad he was to get it! For only once a year was he able to receive intelligence of his dear old home in England. Yet he was happy,—happy because he was doing work for Jesus and his Church.

And another day a steamer arrived at Tristan, and this was a great event. The whole island

turned out to see it, for but few of the islanders had ever seen such a thing. Even the governor, himself, had never seen a steamer.

Later on a large house that was abandoned as a dwelling was turned into a church, and a very good one it made, and church work and all other work went on quietly in Tristan.

In 1856 a bishop visited Tristan. And this was a great event. It was Bishop Gray, of Capetown, in the south of Africa. How glad Mr. Taylor was to see a bishop! Long and earnestly did he talk with him, and his voice was to him like music of days gone by. After holding a confirmation on the island the good bishop sailed homewards to the Cape.

And then people began to get lonely at Tristan. Poor old Governor Glass had died, leaving behind him an excellent name for truth and religion. His body lies in the little grave-yard by the sea, where the murmur and the roar of the waves alternately break in upon the silent and distant home of the dead. And many began to leave the island. Indeed all resolved to go. Mr. Taylor's five years were up, and he felt it was no place for man to live, and left it with forty-six others to live and work for God at the Cape.

But yet the people did not all go. Thirty of them remained behind, and Peter Green, a son-in-law of Glass', took up his abode in Government House. In 1875 there were fifteen families on the island, and in time a clergyman came once more to dwell in their midst. His name was Mr. Dodgson, and he arrived in Tristan on the 30th day of April, 1881, and remained there for four years, when he went home to England and represented that people ought not to be left on such a dreary spot and tried to get them removed; but he did not succeed, and, not wishing to desert them, he went back to labor again in their midst as of old. They were to him almost literally the few sheep in the wilderness, and there he is with them to-day.

The latest news from Tristan is as follows; it is taken from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

"According to the latest reports there are now on the island 19 families, comprising 97 souls, namely:—Aged men, 3; aged women, 5; men 20 years of age and over, 11; boys from 14 to 20 years of age, 9; married women, 3; widows (with large families), 16; girls over 14 years of age, 20; children under 14 years of age, 30 of both sexes; total 97. Some time since they sustained a disastrous loss, the whaleboat in which 15 of their men put to sea to intercept a passing vessel, being lost and everyone being drowned. Reduced in number in this way, they have been put to great straits. A plague of rats has also invaded the island and done great destruction to the potato crop. The vermin landed from a shipwrecked vessel which came ashore on the coast. The Government has considered the question of conveying the islanders to the Cape or Australia, but in the meantime they have contented themselves with instructing a