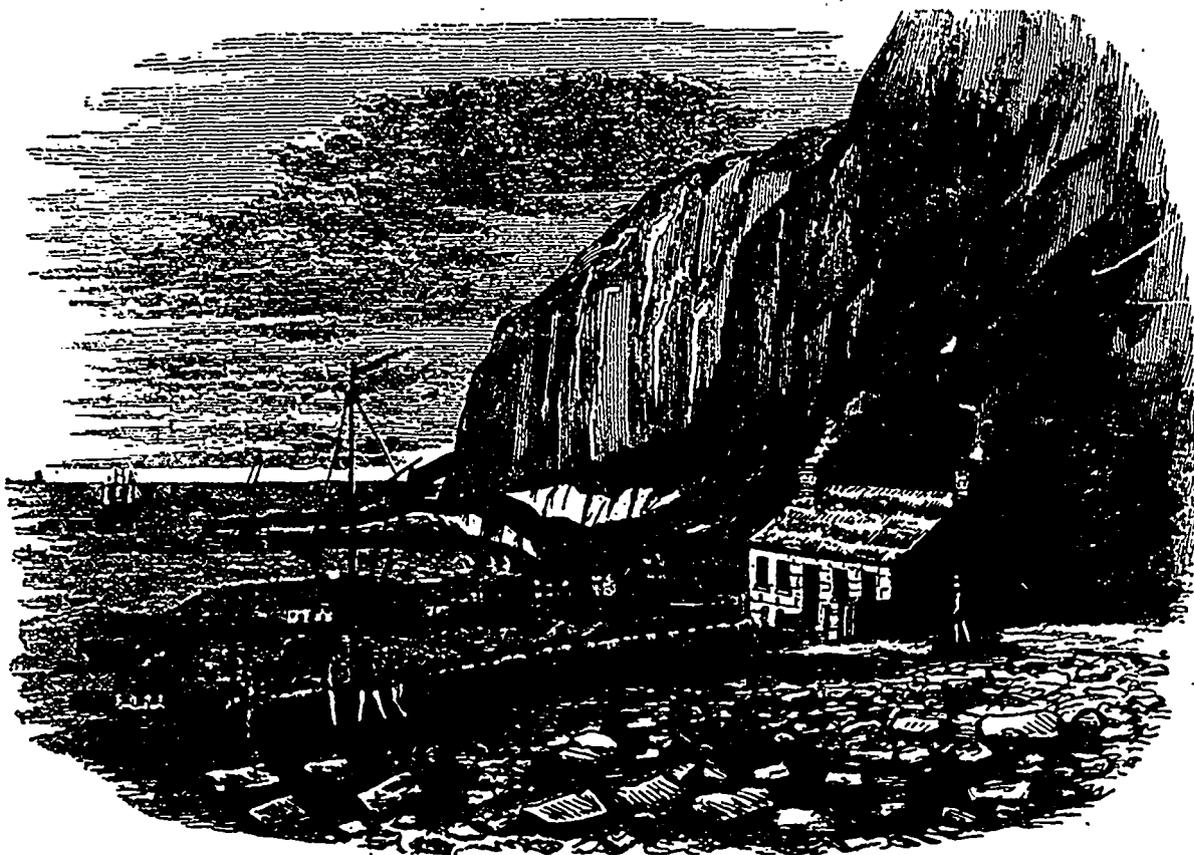


Young People's Department.



"EDINBURGH," TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

(Concluded.)

THE Island of Tristan D'Acunha is only five miles square, and stands alone, a tiny speck in the South Atlantic Ocean. Consequently it is a very difficult place to reach, and when Mr. Taylor, having been ordained priest, was ready to go, he was obliged to trust to the good nature of the captain of a vessel bound in that direction to land him there. "Wind and weather permitting," was the only promise he could get from the captain.

The ship sailed from England on Nov. 23rd, 1850, and it was not till the middle of February, in the following year, that the captain felt certain he must be in the region of the lonely island. During the long passage he had become interested in Mr. Taylor and his work, and determined to land him at Tristan, if possible. But his best endeavours were nearly thwarted, owing to the cloudy and unfavorable state of the weather. The good natured captain spent a whole week, beating against unfavorable winds, trying to find the mysterious island; but it seemed lost in the boundless waste of waters, and at last he declared that he must spend no more time in the attempt, but set sail for the Cape of Good Hope. This was

sad news for Mr. Taylor, and for all the passengers, who for days had been straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of Tristan. Towards evening, however, as the ship was put about to resume her course towards the south of Africa, Mr. Taylor himself saw in the path of the setting sun, a jagged point protruding above a bank of clouds, and that was Tristan! Amid cheers and congratulations the captain turned the ship again, with the hopes of landing Mr. Taylor; but night came on and they had to wait till morning. In the morning a heavy sea had set in, and it was feared that after all Mr. Taylor might not be able to land. As the captain, however, was about to lower a boat to make the attempt, a whale boat, well manned, was seen approaching from the island itself, and it was soon along side of the ship. This boat was under the command of Governor Glass himself, who, when he found out the good news that a clergyman had been sent to his people, was overcome with joy, and dear old England was blessed that day that she had not forgotten the lonely exiles in their sea-girt little colony.

Mr. Taylor had brought a small cabinet organ with him, and this, himself, and all luggage were landed safely on Sunday morning on his strange new home. The inhabitants of the island gathered round him and gave him every welcome, staring at him the while as a sort of living curiosity. After