

WESLEYAN ALMANAC

OCTOBER 1878
First Quarter, 3 day, 2h, 56m, Morning.
Full Moon, 11 day, 4h, 55m, Morning.
Last Quarter, 19 day, 2h, 55m, Morning.
New Moon, 27 day, 6h, 44m, Afternoon.

Table with columns for Day of Week, SUN, MOON, and other astronomical data.

THE TIDES.—The ebb of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Farnborough, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Farn.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

JOHN MILTON AND JOHN BUNYAN.

BY LUCY CRELL WHITE (MRS JOHN LILLIE).

Milton was at once recognized as a republican and Puritan, and he was made Foreign Secretary to the Council.

Not long ago I walked through one of Cromwell's houses and saw its oak wainscoted walls and ceilings, its carved stair cases, and its innumerable small rooms, opening one into another.

Milton, we may presume, often attended these, for he was highly honored by the Protector, and was certainly devoted to his cause.

In 1650 Milton's eyesight began to fail, and an assistant named Andrew Marvell was engaged for him. Later the same Marvell became well known as a poet.

Up to this time Milton had continued to perform his duties as Secretary, at Whitehall, aided by Marvell; but when Cromwell died and the new King, Charles II., ascended the throne, in 1660, the poet's life was in the greatest danger.

He now turned all his attention to literature. In 1658 he had begun to

a copy of the agreement between Milton and his publisher made in that year. Twenty pounds (about one hundred dollars) was all that he or his family ever received for the copyright; and in eleven years from the date of its publication three thousand copies had been sold.

Milton had finished Paradise Lost in a little cottage at Chalfont; but later he established himself in a small home near Bunhill fields. He had married a third time by the advice of friends who felt that his household needed a mother's care.

We know from records just how Milton spent his time during his last days. Early in the morning a chapter of the Bible was read to him, in Hebrew, after which he remained an hour in meditation.

Milton's third marriage had not made his home happy for his daughters. Deborah, who was her father's favorite, was finally obliged to leave home; she went with a friend to Ireland and was afterwards married to a Mr. Clarke, and had a family of ten children.

Milton's famous works are the following, arranged according to their merits: Paradise Lost, Samson Agonistes, Allegro, Il Penseroso, Paradise Regained.

Among the specially known writers of the era ending with Milton's death, are John Bunyan, author of The Pilgrim's Progress, and Jeremy Taylor, a noted preacher and scholar, the author of Holy Living and Holy Dying, and many other works of a religious character.

Jeremy Taylor was one of the religious writers who adhered to the Church of England. He was born in 1613, the son of a barber at Cambridge; he was a staunch Royalist, and suffered imprisonment on this account in Cromwell's time.

hated sin, he tells us, dreaded and feared eternal punishment, yet continued in a careless mode of life. Certain verses and striking passages of Scripture were always ringing in his ears; the Puritan influence of the time affected him strongly, but he did not join any of the various sects until his thirtieth year.

He married early in life, as he tells us, a good woman, who was the child of godly parents. When they were married, Bunyan says, they had not so much as a fork or a spoon between them, but the wife possessed two religious books, or tracts, and these Bunyan read eagerly.

THE MINISTERIAL PARROT.

MR. EDITOR.—The following story of a wonderful parrot was compiled from authentic documents by Mrs. N. B. Hall, of Providence, and published in the Providence Journal last June.

The "Reminiscences of the Third Baptist Church," with the more recent notice of its new departure, has led to many urgent requests for an account of Father Dod's parrot, that used to speak in the meetings. We do not propose to send to the Journal a memoir of a full record of this wonderful bird, but merely a selection of his most characteristic sayings and doings.

August 22nd, 1789. Poll was found on a wharf near where the post office now stands. Mr. Dods going from his home on Westminster street, near Turk's Head, to get a breath of fresh air from the water, heard the pitiful cry of "Polly's hungry! Polly's hungry!"

Poll was supposed to be a fugitive (to use the words of the record) "from a Guinea vessel which had set sail that day from bold water; his language confirmed that supposition, calling 'all hands' making free use of sea phrases, and singing snatches of sailor song.

Poll was teachable, and soon adapted his conversation to his new surroundings. As one after another was added to the family circle, he gave a welcome to each, and watched over all with great vigilance.

A little truant boy living near by gave his mother much trouble that she was frequently at the door calling loudly for him by name. At last the little fellow sickened and died. The mother overcame her grief, was very ill for a long time.

less self-willed and more spirited, returning love for love; needing only gentle reproof for wrong-doing. In 1808 there was a powerful religious awakening in Providence, Mr. Dods, his wife, and eldest daughter, were at that time brought under the influence of the vine-truth, and received into the fellowship of the First Baptist Church.

It was not strange that so intelligent a bird as Poll should be impressed by these strong religious influences, and after a few years become so accustomed to the evening services and fraternal greetings as to really give evidence of being a good Christian parrot, speaking in the conference and prayer-meetings whenever an opportunity offered.

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But Poll, as he advanced in years, grew more thoughtful. After the removal of the family to the home on Transit Street, he was more than ever before associated with its religious life. All Father Dods' daughters were singers—what a blessing to the household! The eldest daughter frequently led the singing at these social meetings.

Poll was removed from the room by a member of the family, much to the chagrin of the young people, who believed he should be allowed full liberty to exercise his gifts.

His power of speech was clear and strong, and as he advanced in years, he seemed soon to tire of the regular exercises, and called out, "Brother Bushes, close the meeting by prayer."

open in the centre, and looped on either side of the window or only on one side; how much fringe, which was Mrs. Dods' own setting, should be used, &c. Poll was grave and quiet, watching all the doings with grave interest, but this manifestation of extreme worldliness was too much for him by long, improving a pane in the cooperation, he spoke out in his sharpest manner: "Mother Dods, all outdoors and no religion to day!"

In age and increasing feebleness Poll did not lose his remarkable memory. A beloved sister in the Church ("Sister Ross") who was a frequent visitor at the house, and very fond of Poll died very suddenly. More than two years had elapsed when a lady called on Mrs. Dods, who in size and dress, resembled the deceased friend.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

THE OFFICE OF PERSPIRATION.

A writer on hygiene for the "Prairie Farmer" makes the following allusions:—The amount of perspiration that exudes from the surface of the skin is greatly varied by circumstances. As for example, it is large when the body is surrounded by hot, dry air, even to the extent of five pounds in 24 hours, while in a cold and moist one the amount in the same time may be but one pound.

Another fact is worth a passing notice, namely, that the dryness of the skin retains the heat generated within the system and so creates a fever. Believe the skin, help it to do duty by warm baths or in some other way, and the fever disappears.

In health, the perspiration is graduated by the temperature of the air and amount of exercise. On reducing our temperature in hot seasons of the year, not only our health and comfort, but our life depends. The ordinary heat of the human body is 98° Fahr. If the air surrounding us is higher, we suffer more or less. Heat disease begins to manifest its power, and the great remedy is the free application of cold water to reduce the temperature of the body and induce free perspiration.

The English engineering papers are seriously considering the practicability of a scheme of a very novel character designed to ameliorate the climate of Canada. This involves nothing less than the closing of the Straits of Belleisle, which separates Newfoundland from Labrador.