

present. The following sanitary suggestions were also made for the members of the Order:

*To members of the I.O.F. residing in the city of Ottawa and vicinity:*

As an epidemic of typhoid fever is now prevalent in your midst, in many instances proving fatal, all members of the Order are called upon to assist in every way the efforts of the health officers to promote the sanitary condition of the city and eradicate the disease. The following suggestions are issued for your guidance:

1. That you urge upon the civic authorities the necessity of a systematic flushing of the drains of the city.
  2. That you enter upon a thorough cleansing of your yards, lanes, closets and cellars.
  3. See that there is a proper connection between city sewers and house.
  4. See that a proper ventilating shaft, leading to the top of the house, is placed between outer trap and house.
  5. Disinfect all closets and cesspools. One pound of sulphate of iron to a bucket of water; also common slacked lime, is recommended for the purpose.
  6. Where well water is used it should be filtered and boiled. As an additional safeguard it is recommended that all waters used for domestic purposes should be similarly treated.
  7. Take no milk from dairymen whose cows have not free access to pure drinking water.
- S. Members of the Order are recommended to report to the City Health Officer all premises in an unsanitary condition that come under their notice.

Signed

ORONHYATEKHA, M. D.,  
S. C. R.  
T. MILLMAN, M. D.,  
S. Physician  
T. POTTER, M. D.,  
H. Physician, Ontario, and  
Physician Court Ottawa.  
WM. RALF BELL, M. D.,  
Physician Court Rideau.  
STEPHEN WRIGHT,  
Physician Ct. Mt. Sherwood.  
BEAUMONT SMALE, M. D.,  
Physician Court Laurentian  
and Sec. to Conference

Ottawa, Nov. 24th, 1887.

We hope to be able, within 30 days, to remove the quarantine. At the same time the members of the Order at large may rest assured that the executive will take no risk in the matter.

In this connection we are sure every member of the Order will hear with regret that the High Secretary of Ontario, Bro. J. B. Halkett, has been sorely afflicted. His sister-in-law has died of typhoid fever, two of his children have been very low with the same disease, while the Brother himself has been down with a form of dysentery brought on doubtless from the severe mental and physical strain put upon him. It is with sincere satisfaction that we learn that our good brother and his dear little ones are now improving.

### CHESS.

Communications and exchanges for this Department to be addressed, in all cases, Chess Editor, 480 Lewis St., Ottawa, Canada.

We regret that, owing to family bereavement; the serious illness of two of his children and indisposition of the Chess Editor himself, no chess is published this month. While knowing this will be a deprivation to lovers of the game, our regret is mainly for the causes for

non-publication, and we are sure not only those interested in this department, but every subscriber to the FORESTER, will join us in sympathizing with our brother, and in the hope his children will be restored to health and that he himself will recover his strength. May his great anxiety of the past month be soon removed.—*Ed. Independent Forester.*

## LIFE INSURANCE.

A Sermon Preached in St. Luke's Church, Portland, Sunday Morning, Nov. 20, 1887.

Before the Independent Order of Foresters.

By the Rector, Rev. L. G. Stevens, B.D.

"There is but a step between me and death."—*1st Samuel: xx. 1.*

"Take no thought for your life."—*Matthew: vi. 25.*

I shall not attempt this morning to establish the proposition that we must die—such an argument upon a proposition so firmly established would be an insult to your understanding. Yet, though we may not deny the fact that we must die, we are certainly apt to forget it; or if we do not forget it, we look upon it as a mere isolated fact, separate entirely from all those connections and results which alone give it power over the human mind. Practically death is a forceless thing, and we too frequently live as though Providence had given us a dispensation for its experience and rendered us invulnerable to the shaft which must pierce every other bosom, or to say the very least, we give the subject in our minds too little importance, neglect its application to ourselves, and act by it as though familiarity with it had entirely changed its aspect and taken away from it all its solemn relations and consequences. The subject of death is one that receives too little thought. You all know that death is a tacitly forbidden subject in good society. How many times in the course of your life have you gone among men and found them talking of death and the unseen world? Perhaps never. On every other subject they are enthusiastic and impressive, but this, the mightiest of all, they agree to forget. "There is a time to die," says the old preacher in Ecclesiastes. The words sound at first as if the time were known and determinate one. But we soon discover that it cannot be so, and from this, if we are wise, we should learn that it is not the time of our death that is important, but the fact itself. Not that "there is a time to die" but that "there is a time to die." The great thing is to get certainty of the fact fixed in the mind, and then we shall do as men do when they expect any great event—set about preparing for it earnestly and vigorously. What preparations for a birth, or bridal, or any earthly pageant! What restlessness until all things be ready! Men should prepare for death in the same way, not only by putting their worldly affairs into good order, but by meditating on the change which awaits them and the consequences it involves, until the thought of death became familiar and welcome. But practically the thought of death is unfamiliar and unwelcome. With death around us on all sides we feel confident of life. No man believes his own time will be short. "All men think all men mortal but themselves." We see others drop into the grave, the young, the strong, the healthy. Every accident, or sickness, we hear of, every new paper we take up tells us that life is uncertain.

But the truth that we ourselves must die gives us little concern. Every day we see our friends and neighbors pass away with a sudden shock that alarms our fears for the moment, and then we pass on as though we expected to live forever. We think not of the words of scripture:

"Go ye, now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."

Our minds are occupied with our plans, and our hearts with their prospective pleasures, and the world keeps us in a flurry of perpetual excitement, and when we have just matured some new enterprise and start out with hearts buoyed up with the hope of certain success, the messenger in the way suddenly meets us—the messenger who waits for the accomplishment of no plans, barriers for the enjoyment of no pleasures, but who hurries us away from our unfinished enterprises and our anticipated pleasures. What is your life in its certainty? What is your life in its security? At any moment your hold on it may be loosed, and it may be gone forever. In allusion to the remark of David that "there is but a step between me and death," most strikingly it has been said that

"The whole of life is ever parallel—side by side with death. Death is not a precipice at a distance, towards which we are gradually coming, and over which we must by and by plunge, but a precipice on the very brink of which we are all the while walking, and over which at any instant we may fall."

Yes, that's very true, we are ever on the verge of life, always on the confines of eternity, and between the path we tread and the gulf by our side there is no barrier to guard us—nothing to save us from falling, as others have fallen at every point of the path. Our daily path is by hidden pitfalls and lurking deaths. Between this world and the next there is less distance than men suppose. When we walk near the machinery of some great mill, we know that one single misstep and those mighty engines would tear us to pieces with their revolving wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So when we are thundering across the land in a rail car, and there is nothing but half an inch of flange to hold us upon the track. So when we are at sea in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land the partition that divides us from eternity is sometimes thinner than the oak plank or half an inch of iron flange. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold these beating powers in their place, are often not thicker than a piece of paper, and if that thin partition were pierced or ruptured, it would be just the same as if a cannon ball had struck us. The point of a needle is just as effective as the charge of a cannon. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Who that knows the human frame does not know how narrow the partition between life and death? An artery, that thin slender texture which throbs beneath our touch, holds in trust the life of man. A rupture in this frail channel is enough for our destruction. A little blood diverted from its ordinary course, quenches at once the vital spark. Who can place his hand on the beating heart and not feel the slightness of the bulwark which defends the citadel of life? This heart which beats with so many hopes, may be contracted with sudden and mortal spasms. How many drop down suddenly here, there, everywhere, and we explain it, O, so carelessly and indifferently, "O, yes, it was heart disease." This head, now filled