VILLAGE RECORD

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POETICAL.

WINTER IS COMING.

BY C. P. CALHOUN.

The winds are sighing through the trees,
A melancholy wail,
While high in air above our heads
The clouds with anger pale.

The leaves that clothed the verdant trees,
Are withered with the blast;
The grass and flowers within the fields,
Are numbered with the past.

O'er hill and dale, o'er field and plain,
No living plants are seen,
But barren as the desert waste
All nature loather to seem.

But merry hearts will still be found,
Though howling winds may shriek,
And smiling faces often meet,
When friends each other seek.

'Tis now the merry school boy's laugh
Is heard along the wood,
As jauntingly he onward moves
In merry chanting mood.

Within the city's crowded streets,
And every village lawn,
The ringing of the christmas bells
Is heard till early morn.

But far upon the tented field,
And on the blasted plain,
The rustic warrior heaves his steel,
And sings his martial strain.

Crowd round the fire ye gallant braves,
The fuel do not spare,
But warm the cold and chilling winds,
That in your faces stare.

Grieve not because your toil is great,
Nor for the piercing cold,
But manly stand the "tug of war,"
Like warriors brave of old.

Though chilling winds may pierce with cold,
And drenching rains may fall,
We fight for liberty or death,
Our country one and all.

THE LIGHT OF RELIGION.

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's little bound;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond:—
O what could check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Who then in peace could ever die?
Or who would breathe a wish to live?

Yet such were life, without the ray
From our divine religion given;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

MISCELLANY.

A BLESSED DAY.—What a blessed day is Sunday to a man who necessarily catches but brief glimpses of home during the toiling week; who is off in the morning while the little eyes are closed in slumber, nor back at night until they are sealed by sleep! What would he know of the very children for whom *he toils were it not for the blessed*, breathing respite of Sunday? What honest workingman's child will ever forget this day, when, clean and neat, it is his privilege to climb papa's knees and hang about his neck, and tell him all the news which goes to make up his narrow, little world. "Narrow," did we say? We recall the word, for it widens out into the boundless ocean of eternity Sunday for the working-man's children! So would he have it—a day hallowed by sweet, pure, home influences; when the little band, quite complete, shall rest from labor, and Love shall write it down the blessed day of all the seven.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—When the summer of our youth is slowly wasting into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past grow deeper, as if life were on its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of years. If we have a home to shelter us, and friends have been gethered by our waysides, then the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful.—Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart whose vibrations are so melodious, so touching to the evening of age.

DULL BOYS.—A boy may be dull and yet have a superior mind. There is all the difference possible between a dull boy and a dunce. The latter can never know much; on the contrary, a dull boy only requires that the instructions given should be slowly communicated, and in a close division and subdivision. Many a clever boy is ruined by being hurried over subjects more rapidly than he can comprehend.

NEVER DESPAIR.—True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the instability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself—it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object, but to its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.

INDUSTRY.—An hour's industry will do more to produce cheerfulness, suppress evil humors, and retrieve your affairs, than a month's mourning.

The Horrors of the Slave Power.

We extract the following from a correspondence which we find in the New York *Evening Post*. How terrible are the results of the slavocracy:

"Forty years ago, a wealthy planter came from Florida or Louisiana, to reside in Washington for a time, bringing with him a son a fine manly boy of thirteen or fourteen.—At the levees of his father, which were then fashionable, he received the caresses of the ladies, and the encouragement of the gentlemen that his age, intelligence, and his father's position naturally elicited. Of his family, none accompanied his father besides this son, in his visits to Washington. In due course of time the boy, on whom his father's affections were evidently centered, was sent North, and was there educated, graduating at Harvard or Yale, with an honorable standing in his class. On his return to this city he vowed a love for the North, acquired during his college, which was not restrained in its expression by his father, who fostered and encouraged it zealously, and readily consented to his permanent residence there. He desired, however, that his son should remain with him during his own stay. An appointment was procured for him as a clerk in the War Department, and he entered upon its duties.

Among the acquaintances formed at this time was a gentleman from Pennsylvania, and the chief clerk of a bureau, who was the father of a girl yet in her teens, loveable in character, as very beautiful. Intimacy begot friendship, and it was hardly a matter of wonder that love should follow. With the blessings of all they were married at St. John's Church, in this city, it happening to be about the first marriage that ever took place there; and even now the long rows of carriages, the fair dames and rich attire, the music, the crowded parlors, the splendor and joy which crowned the wedding, are vividly depicted by those who treasure the chronicles of society in those days.

The young man's father had bought and furnished an elegant house for his children, and they removed at once to their establishment. Not long after the marriage, and while in the full tide of happiness, the father was called home, and left his son and daughter, intending soon to return. They received no intelligence from him for week after week, which caused them anxiety daily increasing to alarm. At last, one day, when the son had just decided to go in search of his father, a carriage dashed up to the door, a young man stepped out, and, followed by the sheriff of the district, walked into the War Department, and before all his companions, in the broad light of noon, arrested the son as the slave of his father!

The son solemnly declared that his father had manumitted him, and that he had seen the will long since in which it had been done. This outrage shocked the sensibility of even an effete slave community. Mr. Monroe, then President, and others high in power, used all the argument, all the entreaty tongue could utter, offered money without stint, for the ransom of one whom all loved and esteemed, and whose condition, to that hour, no one had dreamed. But the young man, possessed of a power in the case, and the son of an enraged family, mocked them, told them that money was no object, argument and entreaty alike unavailing. What he had now obtained was revenge, of which nothing should foil him.

The father had met with sudden death, the will had been either concealed or destroyed, and his pet son in all the appearance of Saxon birth, with the exception of a slight swarthiness common to all natives of the extreme South, was taken, chained as a slave, his house and furniture sold, and accompanied by his beautiful, heart-broken wife, faithful and unaltering in this living death, from the fashionable circles of Washington society, carried to the "plantations," to toil in slavery, beneath the infuriated lash of a vindictive family.

Mr. Monroe assured him that a situation should be given him if he ever could prove his manumission or escape.

He never afterwards was heard from in this district, for, as Napolean said of convents, "the terrible mysteries of slave prisons perish unrevealed."

[From the Nashville Union, Oct. 5.]

A Scorching Rebuke.

A highly instructive as well as amusing incident took place in one of the business houses on one of our principal streets, last Saturday, while the colored recruitment was marching along to the music of the national airs. Several gentleman were looking on the parade, among them a wealthy planter of Alabama, who is a large slaveholder.—One of the group stepped out of the door, looked for a few minutes, and then indignantly turning on his heel, addressed himself to the grave Alabamian, to the following purport:

"Well, I'll be—! that is not a burning disgrace which no decent white man can tolerate. Isn't that nigger regiment too great an insult?"

The Alabamian jumped to his feet, and replied, while his eyes flashed fire:

"Sir, there is not a negro in that regiment who is not a better man than a rebel to this government, and for whom I have not a thousand times more respect than I have for a traitor to his country. I think that the best possible use the government can make of the negroes is to take them and make them fight against the rebels. No traitor is too good to be killed by a negro, no weapon too severe to use against the wretches who are endeavoring to overthrow the government. Now, sir, swallow that, whether you like it or not."

The Rebel darted off in utter amazement, without finding a syllable of reply leaving the sturdy Alabamian, who cherished the jewel of patriotism as something more precious than flocks or slaves, colonel in his glory.

Diptherial Disease.

[From Hall's Journal of Health.]

Diptheria is now a familiar household word; within a very few years, indeed, it had never been heard of by one in a million of the masses. Its fearfully sudden and fatal character, especially among children, makes it of the highest importance that those, at least, who have families, should know something of its nature, its causes, its *symptoms*, and its cure. By examining a great many who have died of it, some general facts have been ascertained, which are of considerable interest. Neither chemistry nor the microscope has yet been able to determine that any particular structure of the body is uniformly invaded; nor have any characteristic lesions or destruction of parts been found. One thing, however, is certain: the whole mass of blood is corrupted, is diseased, is destitute of those elements which are necessary to health; it is of a dark, grumous, ugly appearance, filling up every vein and artery, stagnating everywhere, clogging up the whole machinery of life, oppressing the brain, and arresting the flow of nervous energy in every part of the system. No wonder, then, that it crushes out the life, in a very few hours, of feeble childhood, and of older persons who have but little constitutional force.

The three most universally present symptoms of diptheria in the child are: 1st, general prostration of the whole system; 2d, an instinctive carrying of the hand to the throat; 3d, an offensive breath.

Children are almost exclusively attacked with diptheria, because it is a disease of debility—a disease which depresses every power of *life*—hence the weaker the subject is, the more liable to an attack. An adult has only to maintain himself, the child has to do that and to grow also; hence it has a double call for a constant supply of strength; and a very little deficit in that quality of the air which gives vitality to the blood, is sufficient to make it a fit subject for a diptheritic attack. The few grown persons who have diptheria have invariably some scrofulous or other weakening element. Neither a man nor a child in really vigorous health is ever attacked with it; they only suffer who are at the time deficient in stamina—have not the proper resisting power against the inroads of disease.

There is no evidence whatever that diptheria is "catching." The matter and breath of it have been introduced in the eyes, lips, mouth, arm, etc., of physicians who have generously hazarded these experiments upon themselves, without the slightest ill effects whatever. When several members of a family are attacked, it is not because it is derived one from another, but because of similarity of constitution, habits of life, eating, drinking, air, and other surroundings. It has not as yet been established that a stranger, going into a family where there is diptheria, takes the disease.

The treatment is a well-ventilated room, sustaining nourishment, and strengthening remedies.

Diptheria is not inoculable; prevails in every climate in all seasons, and is equally at home in the princely mansions which line the spacious and well cleaned street, and in the stenchy courts and contracted alleys.—It has no fixed course, may recur any number of times, but only fastens on the scrofulous or those whose constitions are impaired, or have poor blood; the immediate cause of attack being the breathing of a faulty or defective atmosphere.

Grammar Lesson.

Teacher—"Class in grammar, take your places. John, parse Vallandigham."

John—"Vallandigham is a noun—"

Bob—"Hain't nuther. He's a traitor."

Teacher—"You-re right. Bob, but let John do his own parsing. Go on."

John—"No, tain't; nothing proper about him. *Common* noun, because it is the name of a *thing*."

Teacher—"Fire ahead."

John—"Nominative (nominated by a lot of hard cases, called Copperheads) governed by *Jeff Davis, understood*."

Teacher—"What person is he?"

John—"A mighty mean person, spoken of (for Governor of Ohio), and the very last person that ought to be elected."

Teacher—"What is his number?"

John—"There's only one of him, thank God. Had he lived in the days of B. Arnold, their would have been two of them, which would not have been at all *singular*."

Teacher—"Do nouns ever have moods?"

John—"This one has, and it is a very bad one, though nothing to what it will be after the election."

Teacher—Well done Johnny, you can go out and play with the 'contrabands.'—*Cincinnati Times.*

A Joke.

A ragged-looking rebel went into a Hoosier's house during the raid, and got to putting on airs, telling the girls that he was John Morgan, and the old lady, who had "heern on him," fainted and rolled under the table. The girls kneeled over against the wall, fell over the chairs, &c. Sesh was about going into a cupboard, when a sandy-haired chap entered the room.

"Who the h—ll are you?" said Sandy, eyeing him closely.

"I'm Morgan. Why?"

"I'm told you're a cuss at kissin', and as you've hugged the ole 'oman and squeezed the gals to death, I guess you had better drop them pies and things."

"Pies—hang!" shouted the rebel turning pale as he dropped a load of pies, corn-cakes, hams, &c., which he confiscated, and had been eating heartily of, "I'm a gone gosling," and dropped upon the floor.

The girls tied him and Sandy and the old woman like to beat him to death and swore he was Morgan.

To fall once may be to rise higher.

[For the Record.

THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY M. E. S.

I say it is too awful bad,
A most unbearing slander,
It makes me bile, I feel so mad,
That I can't keep thy dander.

Just think, Ole Abe, the dirty rat,
Has set the niggers marching,
With drum and fife and purty hat,
For reis they say they're starching.

And there was Seward's lazy pet,
A Nigger Proclamation—
It beats the ten commandments yet,
Though swollered by the Nation.

To think he'd make the Nigger quite
As good as we white people!
Oh Lord! let Darkies fly the kites,
And white people clime the steeple.

But then he says, the Niggers fight—
A purty thing to talk on,
To think that blood will cure their spite—
The fool! he's nought to walk on.

The Southern boys will give 'em fits,
And sure I think they orter;
Smash up his head in little bits
And cut his coat-tail shorter.

The dirty, thieving, lying hound,
I know how I would lick em;
I'd hold him tight as he was bound
And git a mule to kick em.

And there's the Heebus Corpus too,
He went and tramp'd it under,
Bekase, said he, the thing will do,
To give the rebels thunder.

Now I am not a fighten man,
Yet love the Constitootion,
But don't see how such lying can,
Affect this revolution.

I'm for the Union as 'tis,
And pos'ed to Old Abe's going,
I believe my plan's as good as his,
Without such monstrous blowing.

But I forgot his "trary 'rests,"
And all dire commotion,
Kicked up by men pull'd out o' nests,
Of which they had no notion.

There's women crying grate big tears,
And little children bawling;
But he can't list to infant years,
Whene'er the Nigger's calling.

He says he fights for Liberty,
Pooh! bosh! a purty story,
When men can't ope their eyes to see
Without be en-call'd a tory.

I'm in for war, or in for "peace,"
As soon the one as tother,
But wish this cruel war would cease,
As I can't hit my brother.

I'd like to see the old flag wave,
But not of Ole Abe's planting;
I'd rather dig the Nation's grave
And turn my ghost to haunting.

Religious Courtship.

A young gentlemen, happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case, suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth:—"And I beseech thee lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth—"Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take knowledge of me, seeing that I am a stranger?" He returned the book pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full." From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.—A couple, not one hundred miles from Manchester, carried on their courtship in rather a novel manner. A young man had fallen in love with the daughter of his employer; but from certain ideas of wealth, a match was opposed by the father. The consequence was that the young man was forbidden to visit his employer's house. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the innocent bearer of their correspondence. The lady pinned a letter inside the lining of the old man's cloak every day, and when the father went into the counting house, and threw off his cloak, the lover took out the lady's epistle, read it, and sent the reply back in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful.

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present. Not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all; that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

A FIRM of biscuit manufacturers in Carlisle, England) by way of showing what could be done by rapid work, recently had a field of wheat reaped, the grain thrashed and ground, and the flour made into biscuit, which were served hot at the breakfast table at eight o'clock, to exactly four hours from the time the sickle was first put into the standing grain.

SHORT DRESSES.—All the girls with pretty feet and ankles are in favor of the new fashion of short dresses. All those who have enough to like clean stockings, are in favor of the same fashion.

A Red-Tape Story.

I remember a poor old loafer who was familiarly known to the people round about Cheshire, Mass., by the saccharine title of Sweet Bill. Now sweet Bill was a strange, half-crazy fellow, yet possessed of wit of no common order, though, from his ways of life, it was naturally rough and unpolished. Sweet Bill was a great visitor of the tavern, where his grotesque ways and repartee always predisposed the visitors in his favor, and as a consequence, Sweet Bill was generally under the influence, or, to speak more charitably, predisposed to the influence of liquor.

One cold day, previous to Thanksgiving, Sweet Bill cast his eyes upon a remarkably fat turkey belonging to the squire. Bill had a toothsome relish for fowls, and although impecuniosity prevented its indulgence very frequently, his ardor for turkey dinners was none the more abated because of his inability.

On the day in question, however, Sweet Bill was fully determined on enjoying his favorite dish, despite the fact that he had no turkey, and worse still, no money wherewith one was to be procured; still, he faltered not in his determination. I have said that he cast longing eyes upon a peculiarly fat specimen belonging to the squire, and she can imagine how the inner man of this same Sweet Bill arose and clapped his hands, when at longht through his brain flashed the lucky scheme by which the coveted fowl was to be placed at his disposal.

The evening previous to Thanksgiving Sweet Bill crept noiselessly into the barnyard, and finding himself unobserved, proceeded to tie a red cord about the leg of the doomed turkey. How this was going to secure him the coveted prize, the world, had it observed the action, could never have surmised; but Sweet Bill, in his heart of hearts, knew well enough, and had marked out every line of a plan drawn with mathematical accuracy, and mathamatically certain of success.

Thanksgiving morning came; a clear, frosty morning, with air bright and vivifying as the champagne air of Paris. The squire, warmly clothed, and with a homely yet fragrant pipe thrust between his teeth, stood upon the piazza of his house complacently contemplating his "paternal acres"; and, the bounteous good of nature, when Sweet Bill came lounging by, with much gravity upon his singular features. The following colloquy ensued:

"Good mornin', squire."

"Good morning, Bill."

"Nice day, squire."

"Beautiful, Bill."

"I say, squire, hev you seen a stray turkey 'round here this mornin'?"

"Haven't noticed one. Why?"

"Well, my turkey strayed off last night, and I'm hunting him up. I heered he was seen up around your barn-yard. Guess he's in among your fowls squire."

"It may be so. Come along and we'll look."

"Thankee, squire."

"Could you recognize him, Bill?"

"Course I can," answered Sweet Bill, with a positive air. "I was afeered he'd stray off somewhere, and so I tied a red string around one of his legs."

Into the barn-yard they went, and sure enough there was the fowl, fat and tempting, and with the cord about his leg. In a moment Sweet Bill had him under his arm, and marched off triumphantly.

A month or so afterward he revealed the joke to the squire, who readily forgave the deception on the score of the good laugh that it afforded him.

A YANKEE REVERSES HIS POSITION.—On the night of the 6th instant, says the Richmond *Examiner*, a Yankee prisoner Myram Little, company F, 6th Pennsylvania regiment, escaped from Belle Island by swimming the river. On the 15th he was overhauled by some rebel pickets, at Bosher's Dam, at the nine mile lock on the canal, and was turned over to Obadiah Gordon a member of Robbin's (late Wren's) cavalry to bring to Richmond. Obadiah got along well enough with his prisoner until he arrived within a mile of Richmond. The Yankee had pretended to be a little lame, and was allowed to pick up a big cudgle to help him along. It was night and, watching his opportunity, he turned the tables on Obadiah, compelled him to vacate his horse and arms, and the bold Yankee mounting one and buckling on the others, bid the trembling *Obadiah good night, and put out.*

THE GRATEFUL MILLINER.—A gentleman from one of the provinces went to a fashionable establishment in Paris to purchase a bonnet for his wife, which, he requested the mistress of the establishment to select for him. The lady selected a very elegant hat; and when the gentleman inquired the price, she answered that it was paid for. The gentleman was much surprised, and desired explanation. "Sir," said the lady, "ten years ago you bought some apples of a little girl in the streets of Paris.—The poor child had not enough to change a gold piece you gave her, and when she mentioned that her mother was very sick at home, you told her to keep the money till she had enough to change it. The little apple-merchant now stands before you. I have married a rich man, and must beg of you to accept the hat as a testimony of gratitude for the gift which saved my poor mother from suffering."

THINK OF IT, GIRLS.—Nothing can prevent an increase of bachelorism save an amendment in the code of educating women. When they learn common sense instead of broken French; when they learn some useful employment instead of beating the piano; when they learn to prefer honest industry to silly coxcombry; and when men find women in a helpmate instead of a burden; then, and not till then, may we expect to find fewer bachelors.

EPIGRAMS.

The most curious thing—a woman not curious.

Pretty women's kisses are selling at Jackson, Miss., for thirty dollars a bushel, but are paid for in stuff not worth ten dollars a bushel.

Why should the Nile not avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

Why is a woman often making a noise? Because she is generally in a puzzle.

The man who was lost in slumber is said to have found himself once again on waking.

WHY is sympathy like blind man's buff? It is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

NO ACCOUNT.—Who is he? said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter.

—Can't say, sir, replied the policeman, he can give no account of himself.

"Of course not," said the other, with an expression of much surprise, "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

If you want to make a girl who is vain of her beauty, mad, tell her you went to a party last night and was introduced to Miss——, the handsomest girl you ever saw in your life. The moment your back is turned she will commence making faces at you. That's so, try it.

How can it be proven that a horse has six legs? Because he has fore legs in front and two behind.

Mr. G., a clergyman, lying recently absent from home his son of four years, was asked to pronounce the blessing. "No" he replied, "I don't like the looks of them taters."

A German was asked to give a receipt in full. He studied, scratched his head, and after a desperate mental effort, produced the following:

WIDOWS.—A fellow out West gets off the following definition of widows: "One who knows what's what, and is desirous of further information on the same subject."

IT is useless to talk about love in a cottage." The little rascal always runs away, when there is no bread and butter on the table. More love originates in a full flour barrel than in all the rosies and posies and woodbines that ever grew.

WIFE, I'm to live but a few hours at most. I shall soon be in Heaven." "Yes? You'll never be any nearer than you are now, you old brute. You'd look well stuck up in Heaven.—I think I see you now.—"Dolphus, Dolphus," hoarsely growled the man, "bring me my cane, and let me wrap the old trollop once more before I die."

A very skilful mason was employed to build an oven, which he completed in his usual style. The first time it was used, the whole structure tumbled into ruins, and the owner having found the mason, the following conversation occured:

"I have some news for you."

"Ah! what is it?"

"The oven you built for me has fallen down."

"Oh that is nothing new—if it had fallen up that would have been news indeed." In spite of his vexation, the owner had to laugh at the mason's coolness, and left him, to seek a good workman to rebuild the oven.

THE heart that soars upward escapes little cares and vexations, the birds that fly high have not the dust of the road upon their wings.

Ill-bred people have the most to say about good taste.

Treat every woman as if she had a thousand dollars in her dress.

Don't be too sharp: half the failures in the world result from over-shooting the mark.

Try to get acquainted with wellbred people, but do notdespise those who have not your advantages!

It is easier to lose your manners than to gain them.

That is only of value which a man does with his whole heart. Intellect is the engine, will is the motive power.

To study one life, the length of a dozen is needed.

If you throw yourself into the dust you must expect to be trodden upon.

Trust a man thoroughly when you are obliged to trust him at all.

Elderly people like to have those younger pretend to feel great respect for them. It is a harmless flattery.

Avoid the acquaintance of a woman who talks loudly in a public conveyance.

It is well to remember that there are good people outside the church.

It is more important to discover a new source of happiness on earth than a new planet in the sky.

Death is but a kind and welcome servant who unlocks with unseen hand the door of our enclosed door, to admit us those within.

Would that we learn to die daily, for thy precede better life.