

the afternoon, which order I gave magisterially, in order to gratify these simple, honest people, and they then retired contented.

This humble family of Indian extraction is named Villiavencio. They are natives of the valley of Chorillo, but at present reside at Callao."

### WHAT IS DEATH?

"MAMMA, how still the baby lies!  
I cannot hear her breath;  
I cannot see her laughing eyes:  
They tell me this is death."

My little book I thought to bring,  
And sit down by her bed;  
And pleasantly I tried to sing:  
They hushed me—"She is dead."

They say that she again will rise,  
More beautiful than now;  
That God will bless her in the skies:  
O mamma, tell me how."

"My boy, do you remember, dear,  
The cold dark thing you brought,  
And laid upon the casement here—  
A withered worm, you thought?"

I told you that Almighty power  
Could break that withered shell;  
And show you, in a future hour,  
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,  
An empty shell it lies;  
Now raise your wondering glance above,  
To where yon insect flies."

"O yes, mamma, how very gay  
Its wings of starry gold,  
And see, it lightly flies away  
Beyond my gentle hold.

O mamma, now I know full well,  
If God that worm can change,  
And draw it from its broken cell,  
On golden wings to range.