



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

SEBASTIEN COMEZ ;
OR,
THE MULATTO OF MURILLA.
A SPANISH STORY.

The sun had only just risen, and all Seville was still buried in repose, when several youths, the youngest of whom might have been about fifteen, and the eldest twenty, met one morning in the month of June, 1558, at the door of a handsome house in the square of the little Cloister of San Francisco.

to Senor Ozorio. *Au revoir*, my young friends." "Sebastien! Sebastien! Sebastien!"

"Yes, master." "And do you sleep here?" "Yes, master."

Sebastien thinks and speaks to the point." "Just as the parrot, by dint of speaking, sometimes hits upon the right thing," added Tobar.

now-a-days; and why should He work one for us?" "Who knows, father? His reverence tells me that a Christian must never despair."