| THE，TRUE WITNESS AND CATHQLC CHRONICLE．－．OCTOBER 21， 1859. |  |  |  |  |
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| Toulued Minilio， |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | $\begin{gathered} \text { Rafata } \\ 8596 \end{gathered}$ |
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| rire at six．＂Irom three to five，master．I first orersleptand then forgot myself．＂Murillo smited．＂And did you also forget |  |  |  |  |
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| able to stand，while he rentared to lifi his timadand tearful eges to his masier＇s face． |  |  |  |  |
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| kinuly． ＂Wen I think of all the lifficulties you have |  |  |  |  |
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| rest－nt the sleep of whels you deprived your－self，that you mght work secure from diseoveryor suspicion－when［ hank of all your atiention |  |  |  |  |
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| $\begin{aligned} & \text { pracice-l can only say I know not anything } \\ & \text { coud deny you as a reward. Say, then, what } \\ & \text { shall it i , } \\ & \text { Sebarien knew not whether he was awake or } \end{aligned}$ |  | ims |  |  |
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| anhecp．His alnost Lewildered gaze wanderedfrom the pleased countemace of his master tothe suiling faces of the puils，and he could hard－ |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | Lomald 6 mata | fice |  |
| ly believe that these kind roods were addressed to hun，or that anythng that concerned him could make another look so glad． |  |  |  |  |
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|  | Sill |  |  |  |
| ＂No，ask for goud clothes |  | come |  |  |
| ＂I think I can guess，gentlenen，＂said Villa－ vicemio ；＂I think I know what Sebastien would |  |  |  |  |
| prize most ；it would be to be received as one of the pupils of Seuor Murillo．＂ A gleam of joy shone for a moment in the |  |  |  |  |
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| haviag been the last received pupil． Sebastion shook bis bead． <br> No ！：＇said Murillo a little surprised |  |  |  |  |
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|  | deat inoof toe |  |  |  |
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| jt 1 ＂＇demanded Murillo． Sebasticn hung bis head，and repressed the rising sob． ＂My father＇s freedom first of all，＂said |  |  |  |  |
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