

STILL IS THE NIGHT-BREEZE.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

*Larghetto.**Dr. Harrington.*

1 Still is the night-breeze, still is the night-breeze, still is the night-breeze,
2 O'er these high battlements, o'er these high battlements, o'er these high battlements,
3 On all but me, I vain-ly ask his dew's to steep in short for-

not a lone-ly sound steals thro' the si-lence of this drea-ry hour,
sleep reigns profound, And sheds on all his sweet ob-li-vious power,
get-fulness my cares, Th'af-fright-ed god still flies when love pursues, still

steals thro' the si-lence of this drea-ry hour.
And sheds on all his sweet ob-li-vious pow'r.
still de-nies the wretch-ed lo-ver's pray'rs.

THE BEWITCHED PAINTERS.

A TALE OF STRASBURG.

It was in the ancient city of Strasburg, about the year 1630, that one fine spring day several young men were seen arriving, almost at the same moment, at the gateway of the house of a celebrated painter, Murillo. They saluted each other with cordiality,

and bounding up the stairs, they gained the studio of the painter.

The master was not yet there, and each one slowly approached his own easel, to ascertain if the work of the previous evening had dried, or perhaps to admire his own work.

"By St. Jacques of Compostello!" cried Isturitz, "which of you was last in the study yesternight?"