

XXVIII.

THE MISER.



*"Stulte, hac nocte repetunt animam tuam: et que parasti, cujus erunt?"—Luce xii.*

Death has burst into his strong room, where he is sitting among his chests and bags of gold, and, seated on a stool, deliberately collects into a large dish the money on the table which the miser had been counting. In an agony of terror and despair, the poor man seems to implore forbearance on the part of his unwelcome visitor.