

XI.VII.

THE BEGGAR.



*“Miser ego homo! quis me liberabit de corpore mortis hujus?”—Rom. vii.*

Almost naked, his hands joined together, and his head turned upwards as in the agonies of death, he is sitting on straw near the gate of some building, perhaps an hospital, into which several persons are entering, and some of them pointing to him as an object fit to be admitted. On the ground lie his crutches, and one of his legs is swathed with a bandage. A female is looking on him from a window of the building.